

50,000 FRANCS

(By Janet Grant.)

"My word, but it's exasperating, Farrand! To think that a fellow cannot cross Europe for a summer sitting but his father and sister must needs be seized with a longing for foreign travel also, and now they arrive in London with amiable purpose of giving him a delightful surprise!"

Robert Downing stood at the window of the long drawing-room of the Westminster Palace Hotel, moodily looking out at the hoary towers of the Abbey without seeing them or noting the panorama of metropolitan life passing before his restless gaze.

Robert continued bluntly: "Well, little sister, much as I would be pleased to see your pretty face, I have no mind to play the cicerone for your sake. Luckily, this message was forwarded through my bankers. Betty, dear girl, does not know that I am in London, and I won't be to-morrow."

Robert regarded his companion with a quizzical frown. "Humph! stay in town if you will, old boy," he said, "but be prepared to make a round of pilgrimages to the Tower, the site of Tyburn, and the like localities. Betty is an enthusiast upon the subject of the English martyrs."

Farrand's face was a curious study. His usually swarthy cheek flushed a deep red, and he threw back his head with a pride equal to that of the millionaire, Robert Downing, Sr.

"Then I will meet you at the train this evening," he said. "You wish to go by way of Dieppe."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Schuyler; "but I wish father would decide to spend the winter on the Continent. You have seen nothing of Europe since yet, my dear."

"I will never believe it!" broke out Betty, passionately. "Mr. Farrand is of honest lineage, and he is fast making a social position for himself. You will find that you have cruelly misjudged him."

floor. She flashed him a smile, and then, ignoring her other cavaliers, ingeniously asked Downing to take her a turn through the rooms and get her an ice.

From that moment Downing was the willing slave of the Countess; while Farrand appeared to have forgotten a little American girl now traveling in Denmark; for he, hovered about the charming Russian almost as persistently as his friend.

But the Countess had no intention of spending the summer in Paris, and she flitted away to the Riviera. Both Robert and Farrand were suddenly seized with a wish to see the Riviera in summer also.

Here the two Americans found the beautiful Countess Schouloff surrounded by American and English ladies, who pronounced her charming, and prophesied that she would not long remain a widow, though it was understood that her marital experience had not been happy.

"I am as proud as your father," answered Farrand, laconically; "and the countess is very beautiful. You do not, I presume, object to my paying her the tribute of my admiration."

It was a pleasant September morning in London, and Miss Beatrice Downing and her sister, Mrs. Schuyler, were bound upon a shopping expedition.

"How agreeable it is, after our long tour in the North, to hear again our own language spoken on every side!" observed the young girl as they came out of the Langham Hotel.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Schuyler; "but I wish father would decide to spend the winter on the Continent. You have seen nothing of Europe since yet, my dear."

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couple are, no doubt, pursuing their bridal journey upon Robert's gains. Still, the sum is not too much to pay to teach my son a lesson.

"That proves how little you know of human nature, child," said Mr. Downing. "Yes, I admit, I never was so deceived in anyone. I am eager to get home to set an expert accountant to go over the books of my firm; the man may have defrauded us of thousands of dollars."

Having thus dismissed the discussion, he went out to telegraph a commission to his son to join him in London; sending also a remittance, since Robert's despatch had stated that he was left without funds.

"Poor little Betty! her girlish ideal was indeed shattered. David Farrand by a devoted manner, had given her reason to believe that he loved her; yet now he had married the beautiful countess! He had been false to her, was it strange that he should have been false to her brother also?

"Clearly my presence here is unlooked for, Mr. Downing," he said, with dignity. "Yet I didn't suppose it would be so unwelcome. I have called to tell you of what, in fidelity to the trust you put in me, I have thought best to do. I have to-day placed with the bankers of your son Robert a sum of money which I took charge of to prevent him from leaving himself penniless. I will not force business matters upon the ladies but if you will give me an opportunity of explaining the matter to you."

"Yes, sir. I see you know something of the matter. Since Robert always left me the management of his business affairs, I hastened to deposit the money. Surely, sir," he continued, with an incredulous laugh, "I did not think I had run off with it."

"But, young man, where is your wife?" he queried.

"Not until I was crossing the Channel did I learn that the Countess had hurriedly left the Riviera for Italy. She was said to have been engaged there, after repeated losses at Monte Carlo, he won fifty thousand francs. It seems that he and Farrand both fell in love with a woman of position whom they met at a reception in Paris. Rumors of the boy's infatuation had reached me. Now Farrand has gone off with the fifty thousand francs."

"I will never believe it!" broke out Betty, passionately. "Mr. Farrand is of honest lineage, and he is fast making a social position for himself. You will find that you have cruelly misjudged him."

CHEERFULNESS

One finds very often that one's zeal to do good, and attempt to amuse are bare of result. And this means; this very present, never ending, continually up-bubbling knowledge that we have missed our aim. It spells not failure, which is bad, but of placeness, which is worse, yet we can solace ourselves. And knowing that many of our acquaintances, good men, have failed, and have still been called good. Anxiously we listen to suggestions, in the hope that an indulgent critic will give us the thread which guides faithfully from a labyrinth of languor.

And having this begun, we will proceed. We hope we have begun well. Probably not so barren will be the discussion asked for. At least a person who asked us to talk on "Cheerfulness" will read out what we have to say—for something to say we surely have. But how to say it, and why, just at this time? Well, there's no especial reason except that just now approaches the winter of our discontent. And lest we forget, a clerical friend of ours said something of his own on the subject the other day which was suggestive. 'Way back in the days when Avon's bard reasoned in rhyme he talked about the necessity of 'fair face hiding what false heart doth know.' To be frank, one of the pressing needs of young people is the art of keeping troubles to themselves. You may think it exaggerated, but I offer as an absolute fact, an experience which a young fellow in one of the big executive offices in this city went through. The fellow was of normal intelligence, but of abnormal ambition, and that meant much to the office. He found things often out of sorts, you can't help it in a world of work and worry. He complained bitterly and complained loud. Things were distressing, he said, one couldn't be expected to do good work under such conditions. He looked for trouble, and, strange to say, he found what he looked for. Then he portrayed his sentiments in the glare with which he greeted everybody; scowled, muttered things to himself, and all that, until the result that people took him as they thought he wished they would. When he scowled they didn't run away; they didn't even get nervous or afraid of him, but they kept away from him and he lived for awhile in as triumphant a loneliness as De Foe's York mariner did, without the necessity of a barren island. His life was one continual war, until one day the manager of the office happened to be in his presence when he spit out his spiteful spleen, and saw him go through his antics. The effect was marvellous. You've seen a rubber ball thrown vigorously against a stone wall rebound; well the growling of this chap struck a stone wall in the shape of the manager, and when it rebounded, it ever went back. The chronic kicker thought he'd better kick less, and he did. He reformed just in time to save himself. I'd like immensely to leave out a noted journalist in our gallery of persons thus labelled. It wouldn't be fair, however, to do so, and, besides, the name will help point the moral. Let us be satisfied with this: that Joseph Pulitzer, journalist, emigrant, started out in life, and found fault with everything which put him to a little extra effort. He rebelled, he frowned and he scowled. He made life as unbearable for those about him as it must have been to himself. He saw a change came. Joseph Pulitzer saw a change came. He gradually, and without announcing it publicly, he changed his course. It was hard, but he was determined, and what he lacked in patience he made up in resoluteness. Every day, too, his pitfalls increased but he conquered them and made a name at which indeed the world has "grown pale." Sweet and lovely as a child" Congressman McCall described William McKinley. The editor of the World certainly deserves that description.

"Let's have done with 'example.' Of what use is it further to pursue, when obviously, if you're reasonable at all, you'll admit the truth of the charge. You can see the point of walk I am talking about if you but 'chop a hundred yards.' He looks as though he didn't mean it and if you ask him, when he looks so down-cast, he tells you that he isn't down-cast, and gets worked up over your asking him. He keeps on worrying himself and everybody else until some day he receives a jolt. Here the law of man or no man steps in, and whether your anarchism reforms or does not, depends pretty much upon the 'stuff' he's made of. If you ask how to keep immune from this disease of ugliness, it might not be a bad idea to lay down as a prime precept the necessity of minding one's own business. For the care of one's own interests, the doing of one's duty is about as big a job as one human machine working 16 or fewer hours a day can turn out of it. An idle brain you know is the best place in the world for the cultivation of traits that hurt a fellow; if you're busy in your own way, you're mighty sure to be happy in the right way.

Or you might remember that little paragraph of Van Dyke's which says something about being governed "by looked toward the girl. Her smile of entreaty said plainly: "Banish resentment from my sake."

"SIR, Miss Downing's confidence in me more than atones for your distrust," he replied. "And in truth, since Robert did not find my letter, appearances were against me."

Robert arrived at the Langham the next day. After sending the telegraph message, he had discovered Farrand's note, but a dishonest servant at his lodgings made off with the gold piece. Robert was ashamed enough because of his hasty accusation of his friend; there were hot words between the young men, and they met but once while the party were in London. The Downings did not sail for home until a fortnight later than they had at first intended, however, and during that time David and Betty visited together some of the scenes in which she had a social and reverent interest. After the return to the United States Betty disappointed the plans of her sister, Mrs. Schuyler, by marrying, with the consent of her father, the husband of her own choice. — Ave Maria.

your admirations, rather than by your disgusts. Then, he, too, looked toward the girl. Her smile of entreaty said plainly: "Banish resentment from my sake."

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Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENT, and the liturgical text for the Twelfth Month (December) 31 Days. Includes dates from Dec 1 to Dec 31 with corresponding vestment colors and feast names.

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