13, 1905. URCHES. rrugated arm Air

RURSDAY, JULY 13,

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tion. And Aunt Mary, too.

Unole Henry !- the only gentle

their conversation.

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IS Patented

el Savers H. SCHOOL tem furn'shes rly warmed hot nost Efficient, nitary Warming possible.

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RECTORI.

OCIETY-Esta. 1856; incorpose 1840. Meets in 92 St. Alexan-Monday of the e meets last Wed-Rev. Director. P.P.; President, 1st Vice-Presiey; 2nd Vice, E. rer, W. Durack; cretary, W. J. Secretary, T. P.

A. AND B. SO. the second Sunin St. Patrick's ander street, at ittee of Managee e hall on the ery month, at 8 . Rev. Jas. Kil-. H. Kelly; Rec. elly, 13 Valle

B. SOCIETY. -Rev. Director. il; President, D. . J. F. Quinn, street; treasur 18 St. Augustin the second Sunh, in St. Ann's g and Ottawa p.m.

A. Branch 26 November, 1883. at St. Patrick's ch month. The the transaction on the 2nd and ch month at 8 cers: Spiritual Killoran; Chan-President, J. ce-President, J. ice-President, J. ng Secretary, R. erdale Ave.; An-W. J. Macdon tary, J. J. Cosain street: Treay; Marshal, J. J. O'Regan; W. A. Hodg-R Cahan T Advisers, Dr.

She started, roused in the instan from her lapse into dreamine "Oh, I was not thinking of myself," Again the listener pricked up his she replied, brightly and re bely king of my dear mother "What was that ?" and of my father, whom I can just "That no one should attend the ber and nothing more. But we funeral-the legacy in each case was were speaking of Uncle Henry, were- to be forfeited if the beneficiary fol lowed the body to the grave "Yes; he wanted to get to col-"By Jove. I don't wonder ! I was a subtle little stroke. Your un "Well, not one of his brothers of cle wished no mockery of mourning fered a helping hand, and at last as health broke down. At first he before the world." "But my legacy is exactly in the same terms," said the girl, glancing vas acutely ill-in a hospital for se-veral months. Then he was dis-charged, in better state, able to up at her lover. "And Uncle Henry and I were always the best crawl around, but with the verdict 'incurable' hanging over his head. "Well, he treated you pretty shall His was a chronic case now-one of those insidious internal troubles that



The duty was so obviously theirs that others who might have helped w of the open door of th She sat on a low stool full naturally stood aside. My mothe cone of ruddy light, her fingpleaded with Ebenezer, Hiram, James ers interlocked across her knees, her face grave and meditative, its pale -not one had a single dollar that could be spared from his busin ace grave and mentature, its pale ass intensified by contrast with her Aunt Mary wouldn't even put the juestion to her husband; she wrote of black. At her side, but a little further back, he was leaning to Henry before he left the hospital telling him that change of climate forward in the rocking chair, elbows planted on its arms, hands claspe was useless, that she knew a young at the level of his chin, his face just lady who went abroad afflicted jus within the line of radiance, its exthe same as he, but, after spending ression, like hers, set in the fixity no end of money, returned home, only of silent reverie. Both were young-on the debatable borderland between able to walk from her bedroom her parlor for months until she died." Well, I'm blowed ! That was with and maturity. Sounds of the cheerful for a sick man." utside night crept into the still-

ness of the room-the intermittent "So, with plentiful words of wish of gust driven rain against the fection, she counselled resignation, vindow panes, the continuous drowand sent him a little book about r ligion that perhaps cost her a dime. two away, the vague murmurs of "Pshaw '

great city borne from the highways of traffic into the seclusion of a by-"My mother read that letter, and she never forgave . Mary her callou cruelty-never spoke an intimate "I can picture the whole scene," word to her again so long as she Well, the doctor, it the lived. seen

said at last, summing up thoughts that had given pause tr guessing at the truth, mentioned the case to Mr. Boone, of Booklovers "Yes," she responded, her eyes still Corner. And it was he who sent the fixed on the embers, "You know those invalid to Arizona, kept him there three uncles of mine well enough to for two whole years, and when he reunderstand my shame and indigna turned, cured and well, gave him place in the book store. That She kept talking about her husband's how Uncle Henry came in time to be store, about bad debts and the lates a partner, and at last the only acrise in coal oil, while her brother tive member of the firm.

ilay dead in the next room. Poor "Mr. Boone is still alive ?" "Yes, the dear old gentleman h

refined nature among them all-the ome North from his home in Flori only one whose life had not been da to bury his dead friend. Now you given to sordid grubbing for cents will understand a great deal bette

what I am going to tell you next "I used to enjoy a chat with him Mr. Boone is Uncle Henry's executor, when I went along for a book, and and it was in accordance with the invariably ended by buying some old latter's instructions that all relaprint as well. What a quaint and tives were called together the day

interesting shop, too, with the stacks before the funeral. That was how I of volumes climbing up the stairs came to meet my Uncles Ebenezer Booklevers' Corner !-- it was happily Hiram and James and Aunt Mary and her husband this morning in th

"He was devotedly attached to the dining room above the book store. -the books among which he liv-The young man sat up with suicked, the people who came to rum med interest. mage through his treasure heaps

"But your Uncle Henry didn't die the daily intercourse with scholarly rich, did he ?' men and women who sought his ad "No, not as the world counts me

It was a pathetic little life rich nowadays. But he had a little story, Uncle Henry's. Do you know to divide. When we were all assen bled, Mr. Boone read the will. The "Only so much as his surrounding are legacies of a thousand dollar

suggested. I often wondered at the to each of my uncles, to Aunt Mary, contrast between him and his broand to me as his other sister child.' "My mother told me a good man

"You say he forgave them thei things last year, before she died. She contemptible meanness ?--- that he left was younger than her brother Henry a single dollar to the woman who -the youngest of all, although th first to go." The girl paused, and breathed a little sigh. "Henry was had written him such a letter in the old days ?' struggling, by teaching and in other "It was just like Uncle Henry"

ways, to enter college life long after sweet forgiveness to treat everybody the same-to forget all that had hap his three elder brothers had becom pened. The rest of his estate he has comfortably established in business Dry goods, hardware, hutchering left to the charities in which he was that was the bent of their minds long interested-the Young Folks'

'And Aunt Mary, too, had married nmer Holiday Association and the Hospital for Incurables." the most prosperous groceryman of the district. Only Henry and "And what de these bequests m mother inclined to other things. My amount to ?"

mother taught school before "That was what Uncle Ebeneze married, just as I am doing now asked. But Mr. Boone replied tha Her voice had dropped, till the last nothing would be known until words came but as an echo, soft estate was realized. Uncle Hiran and low, of saddened musing. laughed at his share-a thousan "Not for long now, sweetheart,

dollars, he said, wasn't worth th trouble of his coming out of fh house on such a rainy day. The they fell to discussing the reason o the condition attached to the lega wered.

black

Well, there is no use quarrelling with the ms of a legacy." he com -but it is a thousand dollars all absent. It the same. The girl watched his face, in her

young man was not looking at her. He got up from his chair, flung shovelful of coal into the stove, then stood erect, his form outlined against the leaping, gleaming flames instantly filled the iron cavity. that "It will mean a lot to us, Nettie,

lear," he went on. "You needn"t go back to the schoolhouse. Why can't we marry now, right away ?' compressed, her face paler than ever, her look of concern growing to of real pain.

But still her emotion passed unseen by him; she had turned aside and was resting an elbow on the piano.

"This is no time to talk of such a thing," she said, coldly. "Only a a thing," she said, coldly. "Only a to wrong my conscience, to go few hours ago I gazed on my dead trary to my sense of right, for uncle's face, when the others gone. For many a long day there will be sadness in my heart. Now leave me, Norman. This evening wish to be alone.

Her eyes sought his now, and at last their reproachfulness smote him. "Oh, of course, there will be the usual period of mourning," he murnured, abashed and confused didn't mean anything else, Nottie. You know that, don't you ?'

"Go, please, go." She held out her hand; there was a sob in her voice, the shine of tears in her eyes

She suffered him to kiss her goodnight. Then he went on his way into the rainstorm and the darkness and she was alone with the fire glow, her chastened grief for the dead, the dull awakening consciousness that something in her golden dream of lowe had been changed to dross.

----JI.

On the following evening he found himself again in her rooms. She had been out all day, but it could not be long now before she would be home So the landlady, who knew the rela tion in which the young people stood, had meantime made him comfortable, turning on the electric light and re plenishing the stove. Heavy rain,

unremitting during several days, was still splashing dismally outside. was a handsome fellow, square, He built and strong, comely of feature with ability, self-reliance and correct

living written on every line of his face-such a man, by outward seem ing, as any maiden might have deem ed herself happy to have won.

paced the room, disturbed and nerv ous, pausing every now and then to examine some trifle, aimlessly, unconsciously—a photograph on the mantel, a book on the table, the

broad-leaved potplant in the window recess. At last he heard the outer door open, and he came to a half. A min-

ute later she entered the room. As he closed the door behind her caught a glimpse of the dripping cloak, umbrella and rubbers that had been surrendered to the landlady in

the hall. But, disencumbered from her panoply of waterproofing. she and warm, rosy with the was dry cold and exercise. She gave him her th and, but evaded his effort to take her into his arms, and seated herself

by the table. Where have you been ?" he asked. "Where would you think ?" she an-

He gazed at her black gown, hat-watched hef drawing the black kid gloves from her fingers. "You don't mean to tell me that ed for this very contain

"I think it hardly probable," she the condition," was the sullen rejoin "I bet that not one of the others turned up at the gravesidethey stuck close to their legacies." "Yes; his brothers Ebenczer, Hiram mented, with a shrug of his should "Yes; his brothers Ebenezer, Hiram ers. "A thousand dollars isn't much and James, his sister Mary, all were was the more fifting,

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

therefore, that I should be there. "And you never thought of me,-o own eyes an expression of mingled our future ! You know my struggle wonder and disappointment. But the to get a start-my helplessness in the law business without some capital You know quite well that that monewould have got me the partnership with Kingston. I went to see hin this morning; we talked it over everything was sattled. And now come here to find that all my efforts are undone."

In his agitation he had risen from his seat, taken but a moment before She, too, rose to her feet, her lips at her bidding. She surveyed . Jain calmly; she spoke with gentle sudness, but with none of the trembling irresolution of the night before. "Two days ago, Norman, I should

have deemed it impossible that you would have spolen like this to me that you would have counselled me the sake of money. You say I have thrown away my legacy. But I loss much more than that-I lose the faith I had in you. My dream of happiness is over."

He moved uncomfortably and his face flushed.

"Oh, it needn't amount to that." he murmured. "I suppose we'll get over the loss of the money." "But the loss of faith ?"

"Sentiment again," he protested. 'Then sentiment shall rule m life," she replied, drawing a ring from her finger and placing it upon the table. I begin to think that sentiment may be a better guide to one's conduct than reasoned judgment.

"Everything is ended. But I want you to learn the lesson that the instinct of right is always the wiscet one to follow. Let me tell you what happened to-day, Norman. Please sit down again."

Mechanically and without a word he obeyed her.

"Uncle Henry was laid in the grave by his old friend, Mr. Boone and myself. When all was over, we return ed to Booklovers' Corner. There, to my surprise, I found my three uncles and my aunt once more assembled. They had been sent for by Mr Boone's instructions. For there was a codicil to the will to be read after the funeral."

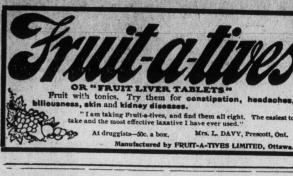
The glimmer of dawning intelligence was in the listener's eyes now The girl continued :

"The first legacies were revoked and \$10,000 was left to each bro ther or sister who had forfeited his or her benefit under the will by taking part in the funeral. An equal sum was left to me, but with no condition attached, doubtless for my dear mother's sake. However, the will further provided that if I had attended at the graveside I was to be sole residuary legatee after tain large charitable bequests had or story directly from dictation, and

been paid out of the estate." "So he was rich after all ?"

"In the old days of youthful ailing, it appears that he had gained friendship of a miner in Arizona. Through this connection there came the chance, later on, to take a finan cial interest in a prospecting venture. For ten long years Uncle Henry paid contributions to a doubtful mine Only two years ago it turned out to be a bonanza. But he would never eave the old shop-the Booklovers' Corner he loved so well-the business he was managing for his aged bene actor

"His brothers will fight that will." "That is what they at once threatened. But Uncle Henry had providency. A year



was almost in darkness. But at last she stirred, and, rising to her knees, reached forth a hand for the engagement ring lying on the table. As she trinket, there was the shimmer light in her eyes as well.

Had the manliness with which he, the revolving wheels. Then it with new tenderness by his very need for her forgiveness? Had reflection learned. brought realization that love may claim perfection, but can only hope to help toward it?

She did not restore the hoop gold to its accustomed finger. But she looped it on a bit of ribbon her breast, and, after a long, lingering kiss, slipped it within the folds of her dress -Edmund Mitchell New York Tribune and Farmer.

AIDS TO LITERARY WORK.

Shorthand, Typewriting and Phonograph Cylinders.

Literary men and newspaper porters are coming to discard the pen, as business men do, in the inremarked the other day that the pen belonged to the era "of the stage-coach and weekly mail." Perhaps that statement exaggerates the truth, but not excessively. It is not every writer, of course, who can afford to avail himself of the most modern facilities for rapid work. Whether he operates a typewriting machine himself or employs some one else to do so for him, the adoption of the practice involves some expen diture of money. The acquisition of the art of stenography is useful, especially to court reporters. A writer may find it helpful in making his own notes, or in recording a communication that is received over telephone, where accuracy is of great

importance. Generally, though, the literary nan, like the business man, makes use of the services of an assistant who can take memoranda in shorthand, and subsequently produce the matter in full with a typewriter some persons operate the machine so skilfully that they can take a letter

the author is thus enabled to get his copy sooner than otherwise Another resource, the phonograph once promised to be a great con venience to writers. That instru ment seemed to be admirably adapt ed to record speech with accuracy and speed. It has been something of a disappointment, though. hecause it is harder work to learn just how to use it than is commonly supposed. The Medical Times recently

man who uses it. After the recording cylinder is put in place in the machine and started on its revolutions, ready for dictation, there appears at once in the operator a sense of hurry, similar to

pointed out some of the embarcass

ments encountered by the man or wo-

The fire had burned low, the room | Until he can teach his brain cells that no space is being wasted when he is not dictating, for the machine can be easily controlled in its revolutions, the operator loses the thread stooped toward the dull red of the of his discourse in his desire to keep ashes to gaze upon the discarded up, apparently, with the rapidly reof volving cylinder. It takes time and brilliants-and the gleam of love- training to learn to keep one's wits

from being distracted by gazing at is had taken his lesson redeemed him ? humiliating to discover how indis-Had her woman's heart been touched tinctly one seems to talk; the knack of speaking into the tube must be

Again, only about twelve hundred words can be dictated to a cylinder before it must be cleaned off for further use; this cleaning of cylinders is an accurate, time consuming work which is no child's play. Moreover,

the machine is a very accurately made instrument, which must be kept in perfect order; it is not especially complicated, but it demands careful overhauling from time to time. The

expense of the phonograph was, five years ago, in itself prohibitory; it is now within reach commercially.

But the most senious objection to the phonograph, as to the stenograd pher, is that it requires some one to take off dictation on papen; it is left in an unusable form by the dictator. If the writer does this himself, he, of course, saves no time beyond arrangterest of speed. The Medical Times ing to do it at times when it would be impossible to compose. If he has it done, he quickly learns that the labor of "reading off the cylinder" is very brain fatiguing, and many typewriters seem unable to understand the work. There is also some likelihood of mistakes in copying from the cylinder, although the percentage is less than in shorthand work, but the notes can be gone over any number of times.

UNTFORM LATIN PRONUNCIATION

A resolution was recently passed by the Irish Hierarchy at a general meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops in Maynooth to the effect that the time has come when it is desirable that the Roman pronunciation should, as far as possible, be generally adopted in the ecclesiastical seminaries and colleges of Ireland. It certainly will be an advantage to the clergy to pronounce Latin BCcording to a uniform standard. Hitherto college has differed from college, but in none of the Catholic colleges, we believe, has the method of pronunciation that obtains in the English public schools, the Universities and the Law Courts prevailed. Latin ought to be a universal language, yet this method would be almost as unintelligible on the Continent as the jabber of a Mohawk Indian. A native of the Continent acquainted with Latin would never understand a Latin word in which the letter "a" was pronounced as it is in make and take, or in which the letter "i" received its ordinary English sound. As the Bishop of Canca observes in the "Irish Ecclesiastical Record," the adoption of the Ro-

man pronunciation of Latin ed by the Archtig shops of Ireland, besides bringing che

rical students and priests into line

with the style of pronunciation in



E. J. O'Con-

alls, N.Y., July 3, pecial Act of the ure, June 9, 1879. increasing rapidy 0,000 paid in cars. mber 25th, 1964,

ctioned by Pope od by Cardinals, eral of whom are

SS: ELANGER, puty, irand Council, EET, QUEBEC

MBAULT, nee of Quebec, AME STREET. DENISST,

inted and publishes street, Mentrea rauss P. & r. Co to, proprietor.

e interposed, with a gentle

touch of sympathy upon her shoul-

bily in the end, ranking you merel with people who had used him s

kill a man slowly but surely during ill." "You must not speak like that," was the firm rejoinder. "Such a thought would be only worthy of those others, who went down their dead brother's stairs grumbling and disputing about the meaning of the will. It was a shamehil, pittful dis-play. I shall never toget i6—nover." The shivered in the intensity of her anger and disgust. "Like the greedy, thankless crew." muttered the young man below his brach. "Will they go to the functal temorrow ?" he asked aloud. a year or two of increasing misery and suffering. One doctor, declared that there was still hope

will the reasonable chance of reco wy. But the invalid would have the lave New York at once-to go to hot, dry climate, like that of Arts or Egypt, and live there for g pell. To have advice was by: to act on it was guite er. Henry had no monor.

T. Henry had no money. er and mother were dead. He is in the struggles of the wor but his brothers 7'

in."

you went to the funeral ?" His voice vibrated with the restraint he was imposing upon himself.

"Yes, I have been to poor Uncle Henry's funeral." With grave selfpossession she unpinned her hat, and laid it by her side on the table. He took a step forward and looked

down at her.

"What foolishness! What utter fool ishness !'' he exclaimed hitterly "When I didn't find you at home I began to fear it. So you have sa

crificed common sense to sentiment You have deliberately thrown away

that legacy." Her face paled. She beckoned hi Her face paled. She beckoned him to a ohair at a little distance. "Yes, I threw away that legacy. Sit down, Norman. When you left me last night I weighed every ques-tion involved. Was I to allow the uncle who had always been kind to

he and my mother to go to his and and my mother to go to his grave unwept and unhonored—no one of kin to him giving sign of regret for his loss or of respect for his me mory? Would you have asked me to do that, Norman, for the sake of a thousand dollars or ten times a flousand?"

THis own deli

before he died he had deeded all his property to Mr. Boone. So there was no real will-just an honorable

understanding between two friends. sealed now by death. Why I am so late to-night is that Mr. Boone and I have been to a trust company's office, where everything has been transferred into my name

The young lawyer drew a deep reath. He stood erect and began breath buttoning his coat.

"You are right, Nettie. This ends our dream. If you had remained poor, some day I would have owned

my fault, and begged your forgive-ness for my ill humor to-night. For even while I was blaming, in my beart I was admiring you. But, of course, my self-respect forbids apolo-gy now. Good night."

She made no move, uttered word to detain him.

word to detain him. When he was gone, when the click of the closing front door had reached her car, she rose, tunned off the elec-tric light, threw open the stove, and nestled down on the rug amid the warmth and the softened radiance. Thus for a long time she remained, searching her heart and weighing the life issues.

that experienced in dictating to a stenographer, but much more intens

THAT'S THE SPOT!

Right in the small of the back. Do you ever get a pain there? If so, do you know what it means? It is a Backache.

A sure sign of Kidney Treuble. Don't neglect it. Stop it in time. If you don't, serious Kidney Troubles are sure to follow.

most Catholic countries, will enable them when visiting Roma to enter into familiar oral intercourse with people there, and will save them from being condemned to silence by pronunciation differing too much from that of the Italians

The other day a visitor was examining a class in a Boston school. when he came to the word imaging ion, and then asked the meaning. No one could tell him.

"Now," said the visitor, "I'm ing to shut my eyes and tell you what I can see. L can see my house. A baker's cart is at the gate. The aker goes up the steps and rings The servant opens the the hell loor and takes a loaf from him and pays him." He opened his eyes and inquired : "Now; then, what would you call that ?"

Up went a little hand at the back

Up wont a little hand at the back of the class. "Well, Willio, spenis up," said the visitor. "what do you call it?" "A lob of lies, sir 1"

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