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# HER LEGACY.

The room was illuminated only by the glow of the open door of the stove. She sat on a low stool full of the cons of ruddy light, her fingers interlocked across her knees, her face grave and meditative, its pale-ness intensified by contrast with her dress of black. At her side, but a little further back, he was leaning forward in the rocking chair, elbows planted on its arms, hands clasped at the level of his chin, his face just within the line of radiance, its ex-pression like hers, set in the fixity of silent reverie. Both were young—on the debatable borderland between youth and maturity. Sounds of the outside night crept into the still-ness of the room—the intermittent swish of gust driven rain against the window panes, the continuous drow-zy hum of trolley cars a block or two away, the vague murmurs of a great city borne from the highways of traffic into the seclusion of a by-stander.

"I can picture the whole scene," he said at last, summing up the thoughts that had given pause to their conversation.

"Yes," she responded, her eyes still fixed on the embers, "You know those three uncles of mine well enough to understand my shame and indigna-tion. And Aunt Mary, too. She kept talking about her husband's store, about bad debts and the latest rise in coal oil, while her brother lay dead in the next room. Poor Uncle Henry—the only gentle and refined nature among them all—the only one whose life had not been given to sordid grubbing for cents and dollars."

"I used to enjoy a chat with him when I went along for a book, and invariably ended by buying some old print as well. What a quaint and interesting shop, too, with the stacks of volumes climbing up the stairs! Booklovers' Corner!—it was happily named."

"He was devotedly attached to the place—the books among which he lived, the people who came to rum-mage through his treasure heaps, the daily intercourse with scholarly men and women who sought his advice. It was a pathetic little life story, Uncle Henry's. Do you know it?"

"Only so much as his surroundings suggested. I often wondered at the contrast between him and his brothers."

"My mother told me a good many things last year, before she died. She was younger than her brother Henry—the youngest of all, I thought, and the first to go." The girl paused, and breathed a little sigh. "Henry was struggling, by teaching and in other ways, to enter college life long after his three elder brothers had become comfortably established in business. By goods, hardwars, hutchering—that was the bent of their minds. And Aunt Mary, too, had married the most prosperous groceryman of the district. Only Henry and my mother inclined to other things. My mother taught school before she married, just as I am doing now."

Her voice had dropped, till the last words came but as an echo, soft and low, of saddened sweetheart.

"Not for long now, sweetheart," he interposed, with a gentle hand touch of sympathy upon her shoulder.

She started, roused in the instant from her lapse into dreaminess.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of myself," she replied, brightly and resolutely. "I was thinking of my dear mother, and of my father, whom I can just remember and nothing more. But we were speaking of Uncle Henry, weren't we?"

"Yes; he wanted to get to col-lege."

"Well, not one of his brothers offered a helping hand, and at last his health broke down, and at last he was acutely ill—in a hospital for several months. Then he was dis-charged, in better state, able to crawl around, but with the verdict of 'incurable' hanging over his head. His was a chronic case now—one of those insidious internal troubles that kill a man slowly but surely during a year or two of increasing misery and suffering. One doctor, however, declared that there was still hope—still the reasonable chance of recov-ery. But the invalid would have to leave New York at once—to go to a hot, dry climate, like that of Arizo-na or Egypt, and live there for quite a spell. To have advice was one thing; to act on it was quite an- other. Henry had no money. His father and mother were dead. He was alone in the struggles of the world."

"But his brothers?"

"I think it hardly probable," she answered.

"Well, there is no use quarrelling with the terms of a legacy," he com-mented, with a shrug of his should-ers. "A thousand dollars isn't much—but it is a thousand dollars all the same."

The girl watched his face, in her own eyes an expression of mingled wonder and disappointment. But the young man was not looking at her. He got up from his chair, flung a shovelful of coal into the stove, then stood erect, his form outlined against the leaping, gleaming flames that instantly filled the iron cavity.

"It will mean a lot to us, Nettie, dear," he went on. "You needn't go back to the schoolhouse. Why can't we marry now, right away?"

She, too, rose to her feet, her lips compressed, her face paler than ever, her look of concern growing to one of real pain. But still her emotion passed unscathed 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 few hours ago I gazed on my dear uncle's face, when the others had gone. For many a long day there will be sadness in my heart. Now leave me, Norman. This evening I 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 mur-mured, abashed and confused. "I didn't mean anything else, Nettie. 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 good-night. 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 love had been changed to dross.

II.

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 relation 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.

He was a handsome fellow, square, 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. He paced the room, disturbed and nerv-ous, pausing every now and then to examine some trifle, aimlessly, half 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 minute later she entered the room. As he closed the door behind her he 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 was dry and warm, rosy with the cold and exercise. She gave him her hand, 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-swered.

He gazed at her black gown, her black hat—watched her drawing the black kid gloves from her fingers.

"You don't mean to tell me that 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 self-possession 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 bitterly. "When I didn't find you at home I began to fear it. So you have sac-rificed common sense to sentiment. You have deliberately thrown away that legacy."

Her face paled. She beckoned him to a chair 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 me 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 mem-ory? Would you have asked me to do that, Norman, for the sake of a thousand dollars or ten times a thousand?"

"His own deliberate act imposed

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The fire had burned low, the room was almost in darkness. But at last she stirred, and, rising to her knees, reached forth a hand for the engage-ment ring lying on the table. As she stooped toward the dull red of the ashes to gaze upon the discarded trinket, there was the shimmer of brilliants—and the gleam of love-light in her eyes as well.

Had the manliness with which he had taken his lesson redeemed him? Had her woman's heart been touched with new tenderness by his very need for her forgiveness? Had reflection brought realization that love may claim perfection, but can only hope to help toward it?

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

**AIDS TO LITERARY WORK.**  
 Shorthand, Typewriting and Phonograph Cylinders.

Literary men and newspaper re- porters are coming to discard the pen, as business men do, in the in-terest of speed. The Medical Times remarked the other day that the pen belonged to the era "of the stage-coach and weekly mail." Per-haps that statement exaggerates the truth, but not excessively. It is not every writer, of course, who can af-ford to avail himself of the most modern facilities for rapid work. Who-ther he operates a typewriting ma- chine himself or employs some one else to do so for him, the adoption of the practice involves some expendi- ture of money. The acquisition of the art of stenography is useful, es- pecially to court reporters. A writer may find it helpful in making his own notes, or in recording a com- munication that is received over a telephone, where accuracy is of great importance.

Generally, though, the literary man, like the business man, makes use of the services of an assistant who can take memoranda in short- hand, and subsequently produce the matter in full with a typewriter. Some persons operate the machine so skillfully that they can take a letter or story directly from dictation, and 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 adapted to record speech with accuracy and speed. It has been something of a disappointment, though, be- cause it is harder work to learn just how to use it than is commonly sup- posed. The Medical Times recently pointed out some of the embarrass- ments encountered by the man or woman who uses it.

After the recording cylinder is put in place in the machine and started on its revolutions, ready for dicta- tion, there appears at once in the operator a sense of hurry, similar to that experienced in dictating to a stenographer, but much more intense.

**UNIFORM 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 desir- able that the Roman pronunciation should, as far as possible, be gener- ally adopted in the ecclesiastical se- minaries and colleges of Ireland. It certainly will be an advantage to the clergy to pronounce Latin ac- cording to a uniform standard. Hi- therto college has differed from col- lege, but in none of the Catholic colleges, we believe, has the method of pronunciation that obtains in the English public schools, the Uni- versities and the Law Courts pre- vailed. Latin ought to be a univer- sal language, yet this method would be almost as unintelligible on the Continent as the jabber of a Mohaw 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 Eng- lish sound. As the Bishop of Canoe observes in the "Irish Ecclesiastical Record," the adoption of the Ro- man pronunciation of Latin now ordered by the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, besides bringing ec- clesiastical students and priests into line with the style of pronunciation in most Catholic countries, will enable them when visiting Rome to enter into familiar oral intercourse with people there, and will save them from being condemned to silence by a pronunciation differing too much from that of the Italians.

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The other day a visitor was ex- amining a class in a Boston school, when he came to the word *imagina- tion*, and then asked the meaning. No one could tell him.

"Now," said the visitor, "I'm going to shut my eyes and tell you what I can see. I can see my house. A baker's cart is at the gate. The baker goes up the steps and rings the bell. The servant opens the door 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 of the class.

"Well, Willie, speak up," said the visitor, "what do you call it?"

"A lot of lies, sir!"