REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTÎNE FABER

CHAPTER XLII come, and hilarity reigned in The Castle to an extent it had reached castle to an extent it had reached hardly ever before. This was partly owing to the factory owner's own abnormal frame of mind. Within the memory of any of his gueste,—and there were those among them who had made the regular biennial visit from the very first issue of the from the very first issue of the she had not sought to question.

invitations,—Robinson had never Now, however, she reproached hershown so utter an abandonment to self for not having been more vigilthe mirth of the hour; indeed, to the stonishment of all, he had frequent new diversions to propose, and he studies, m down at last to the fact of his approaching marriage. He had announced that fact to his guests immediately on their arrival, but he had also to couple it with the statement that Miss Burchill declined to resume her relations with the com pany until after the ceremony; and as the ceremony in accordance with or wish, must be strictly private, he could be obliged to limit the stay of surprise, and to put the same feeling her wish, must be strictly private, he his visitors, which limitation, how ever should be amply compensated

And the guests, though somewhat disappointed by this intended curtailment of their pleasure, were yet thankful for and quite prepared to enjoy their present good things; nor did the fact of Miss Burchill's absence, she who had mingled with them on other occasions, disturb them in the least; neither did they miss Gerald Thurston. A sense of what they owed to their host made them ask for Cora, who in her attachment to Miss Burchill had determined to follow her example of seclusion, and even to regret frequently her absence. Her uncle, however, was content to let her have her way, all the more as it afforded him an opportunity of inviting Mrs. Phillips to his evening festivities. With neither Cora nor Mildred present, the widow could mingle as often as she liked with the company at The Castle. And she gladly availed herself of every opportunity to do so, acting with unusual vivacity of manner, and even assuming a regard for and delight in Robinson's presence that were extremely flattering and pleasant to the factory owner. Her unsatisfied and tumultuous passions impelled her to this She lived now but for one aim: to see another as unhappy as she was herself; and when her voice was softest in Robinson's ear, and the touch of her dainty hand most gentle on his arm, her mind was gloating over the repugnance, orror which Miss Burchill must feel in consenting to become his wife. While she smiled on him she was taking an inventory, as it were, of from observation, and she every line in his repulsive face. whole being shrank from him, and her sensations when he bent to also of a feeling of triumph, for would not Miss Burchill be the constant victim of just such emotions?

Barbara's absence on the night of the day on which the latter had gone to New York had surprised and even alarmed Mrs. Phillips not a little,-Barbara who had never been a night away except when she boarded Burchill's and who to Helen's knowledge had neither relatives nor friends to visit. She thought freand with nervous disquietude of her own imprudent words, but she as often dismissed the notion with Miss Balk's unusual absence. On the next day she was invited to The Castle to make one of the gay party assembled there, and when she returned that night, Miss Balk was

Where have you been?" asked Helen, so relieved at seeing Barbara have been able to secure such a that her tones were almost cordial. Visiting," briefly responded Miss

But where?" persisted Helen. "I never knew you had any friends

Certainly none that I have made by such tricks as Mrs. Phillips uses," and Barbara swept past the aston-

ished widow into another apart-Miss Burchill and Cora were not

the only people in The Castle who kept themselves apart from the visitors. Wiley, who had many and grave reasons for doing so, also secluded himself; and though Rob inson was confident that there could be no danger, now that his brother in-law had changed considerably in appearance, and the hue and cry after him had subsided, he did not persist in requesting him to be introduced to the company.

Cora saw him often; indeed, he seemed to watch for opportunities of speaking to her, and she was too of a prey than ever to the malicious spond to them. Thus they were seen so frequently together by some of the servants that it came to be a and comments were made as to whether Mr. Robinson favored what appeared to be a fast growing attach. answered quietly enough, and with a firm assurance that the questioner's supposition was wrong; but in her own mind new and troubled thoughts

The subject. Mies Burchill and opened that letter and given its contents to Robinson. Her rabbi for dinner today." For a moment against the door post in grim silence. Then she spoke with decision: "All I have to say is, if you is not supposed to the cottage chimney.

August, September and October and opened that letter and to whose memory she alone in the two whose memory she alone in the robinson. Her whose memory she alone in the two w

CHAPTER XLII child evinced for him sprang rather Robinson's winter company had child evinced for him sprang rather from the impulse to love him as a suitor than from any natural filial instinct? Then, also, she remem. bered that, while the girl had seemed

ant, and she went at once to Cora. The girl seemed to be at her but from her abstracted, was himself the perpetrator of more listless and even weary air, it was than one surprising and amusing evident that her mind was not on jest. They set the lively change in the subject before her. the subject before her.
She smiled on Miss Burchill's

entrance, and the latter fancied that even the smile was forced 'There is something the matter

with you," she said, teating herself beside Cora, and taking Cora's hand; you are not like yourself, nor have you been for some time."

into her tones as she answered : "What do you mean?"
But the first glance into the kind,

arnest eyes fixed with affectionate interest upon her own disarmed all the pride and reserve she had summoned to her aid, and she burst into

"I don't know what is the matter with me," she said. "I am at once happy and unhappy,-happy in Mr. Wiley's society, happy in thinking of him, and yet unhappy in remember-ing the gloom by which he seems to be haunted; then I am tormented by the strangest yearning to do some thing which would put away thi melancholy from him, and altogether from The Castle I could never, never

be happy again."
Miss Burchill had heard sufficient She needed no more to tell her that the time had come for Cora to be told of her relation to Wiley; and while she could not assume the responsibility of there and then enlightening her, she determined that the communication should be delayed no longer than that evening. explain the necessity which existed

for telling Cora.

That evening she sent a note to Horton, requesting him to meet her in a remote and seldom used room at the end of the main ball as soon after getting the message as possible, and having received the reply that he would be with her immediately she hurried to the appointed place. This particular time had been selected by her because, being the dinner hour for Mr. Robinson and his guests, she would be more secure through the balls, thankful that she attached to him. did not even meet a servant. how, strange and unreasonable as it and her sensations when he cent to her were those of sickening disgust. But even then she was conscious an indefinable dread of being seen love him more. in any part of the house save that which contained her own rooms, and she shuddered as she thought how soon even the poor privilege of such seclusions would be taken from her.

In the main ball however she was confronted by Mrs. Phillips. That lady, brilliant from the combined effects of her own natural beauty and an exquisite costume, was on her way to the dining room. Mildred after one surprised and hasty look, would have passed on, but the widow

sprang before her.
"I must speak to you, Miss Burchill," she said, with her prettiest and most appealing air. "I must threw herself sobbing on Mildred's a question which somewhat amazed the farmer. ment to Mr. Robinson as you are; it will take you from a life of poverty, and possibly, humiliation. Indeed, Miss Burchill, you in the room at the end of the main are to be envied for the shrawdness and policy by which alone you must

within Mildred such a spirit of indignation as perhaps she had never felt before. She closed her mouth firmly lest the hot retort which sprang to her lips would burst which sprang to her lips would burst of her strange conduct, using the which sprang to her lips would burst own presence being desired in another part of the house, where another part of the house, where her self-control she answered, quietly, but with a sternness of nanner before which Helen with all her effrontery, quailed a little:

"Were your congratulations other than the sarcastic ones they are, I should be compelled to doubt them from your own admissions in the past of untruthfulness. Regarding melting in tenderness, it was also melting in tenderness, it was also cruelly wrung by its old haunting than of rearrest. To be torn from and knowmy engagement to Mr. Robinson, I fear of rearrest. To be torn from forgive you, and I hope your own her now, when she knew, and know forgive you, and I hope your own conscience in the future arraign you too severely for it."

and vindictive feelings which so

constantly possessed her. or the servants that it came to be a sort of secret gossip among them, and comments were made as to entrance to her mind But Mildred was sorely troubled entrance to her mind, came now with redoubled force and persistency It was hard for her to doubt longer It was hard for her to day.

Mrs. Phillips' deceit. She thought

the letter which had been hear it: a servant at work in the apartments of the governess, and desiring to gratify her own curiosity, felt, though not without a struggle ventured in her homely way to against the conviction, that Mrs. broach the subject. Miss Burchill Phillips had opened that letter and

arose. What if Cora's impetuous, might recover her wonted demeanor. ardent affections had gone forth to And as she leaned there, pressing her Wiley in the way asserted by hands on her wildly beating heart, she made one rapid but firm decision Might not Wiley, in his own to obtain from Robinson the promise intense parental love, be unable to that after her marriage Mrs. Phillips should never on any pretence visit

The Castle. Her uncle was waiting for her, and though his face still retained much of its haunted, melancholy expression, there was so cheerful an air about him that she strove also to assume a cheerfulness, less her depressed manner might weigh upon

She told him in a few words and with naive delicacy the object of her summons. He was shocked, and at first somewhat incredulous : then he covered his face with his hands and turned away. Mildred quietly and gravely waited; her own thoughts were so varied and turnultuous it gave her breathing time, as it were, to put them at bay. When he unto put them at bay. When he un-covered his face and turned to her ne was frightfully pale, and the lines about his mouth seemed more marked

I thought not to tell her," he said, "for some time yet; during that time my innocence in some way might be proved, or I might pass to a etter world. In that case she need never have known; but now to her all! and perhaps she will believe with the world that I am guilty. But she is my child, my only one, and as such she must love me. Tell her, Mildred, go to her now and tell her Tell her. all: then send her to me. I shall wait for her here."

He seated himself by the table, and

buried his face in his hands. Miss Burchill left the room and burried to Cors.

ment, sitting by the window and gazing with moody abstraction out on the clear, starlit frosty night. So absorbed was she in her thoughts that she did not seem to notice Miss Burchill enter, and it required a repetition of her name to make her answer.

The proper execution of her hurried commission was a source of no little anxiety to the governess. and now, having seated herself in order to begin it, she hesitated so strangely that the girl wondered and begged to know what was the matter.

I want to enlist your sympathies for some one," she began at last,—"some one who has suffered much, and who is now placed in a strange and trying position." And then she told her uncle's story, concealing names, and making it appear as if it were some tale which had suddenly "Qu and recently come to her own knowl edge. Cora was in complete ignorance that the tale had anything to with burning cheeks and brimming eyes, as Mildred depicted the agony of this man; agony lest the child who had learned to love him while farmer. ignorant of his relationship to her, should spurn him, when that relationship should be revealed, because of the guilt which the world said

'How could she?" burst out Cora. When she would know him to ba her father, she would-she must-

Miss Burchill arose: "This story is your own, Cora. Mr. Wiley, or Chester Horton, the escaped convict of whom we have both read, is your father."

' My Father ?' She had arisen also, and now stood like a statue, color and even the power of motion seeming for the moment to have fled.

"Your father,' repeated Mildred, softly .-

"My father!' said the girl at last. latched. "Oh, why was I not told before?" Tears came to her relief, and she

Waiting only to have the burst subside, Mildred said, softly again:
"Go to him; he is waiting for you

She needed no second bidding; There was a ring of mockery in the soft tones, which, combined with the last taunting words, aroused within Mildred such a spirit of indignation as perhaps she had indignation as perhaps she had selected by the streated by any report

The last doubt of his child's affection was dispelled from Horton's heart when she bounded to his arms, and sobbed within them in all the conscience in the future will not arraign you too severely for it."

She was gone, leaving Helen more and kissed her again and again, while his tears mingled with her own.

A JUDICIOUS REMARK

TO BE CONTINUED

Rabbi Freuder of Philadelphia, according to the Catholic Herald tells a good story on himself. He was invited one day to dine at the house of a "gentile" friend. The host's wife went into the kitchen to give some final orders and incidentally re-marked: "We are to have a Jewish

want to have a Jewish rabbi for dinner, you'll have to cook it yourself."
Which reminds us of a story Father

Lissner, a missionary in darkest Georgia, told us last July at Notre Dame, says the Catholic Citizen. He had, in his search for straying souls, gotten off at a small station in the southern part of the State and he inquired of a woman whom he met:
"Are there any Catholics around here." "Idunno," said the woman. "I never seed any myself, but the sheriff, who lives over near the blacksmith shop, caught some wild animal

last week and has the hide of it nailed

A FRIEND OF THE DEAD

up to the barn door."

As the feast of All Souls an proaches, my thoughts invariably turn to poor Marie Le Galec. I have only to close my eyes to see her before me, her sweet peaceful countenance, her eyes still possessing all the innocent candor of a child's. her head, slightly bent upon her shoulders, clad in a black shawl and wearing the white cap with flowing streamers, customary to the locality.

Some of the neighbors were in-Her one and only thought was the dead, and to their remembrance she was indeed faithful. She had arrived at the village at the close of a radiant summer day, dragging her weary feet along the road with difficulty. had stopped at the first house, which belonged to Farmer Cavillon, to in quire from him the name of the village. The farmer gave the information in a kindly manner, as he quickly recognized by the careworn face that the woman had met "Friend Sorrow" on her way through life.

Marie Le Galec was grateful for the farmer's sympathetic manner She continued to gaze for a few minutes down the road which lay straight before her and then she made a further enquiry: "Would there be by any chance a cottage to let near here ?'

The question puzzled the farmer. What was bringing this old woman to settle in the village, he wondered. The man, therefore, did not reply at

Then he said : Where do you come from, my good woman

From Brittany, sir," was her response. Do you live alone ?" the farmer

Quite alone, sir." These two words fell like two notes of sorrow on the evening air, but of a sorrow bravely borne by do with herself, and she listened, a resigned heart. The woman was with burning cheeks and brimming evidently of a valiant, pious nature. " Are you likely to remain here for

any length of time?" queried the "I hope to stay as long as God

gives me life," answered Marie.
Farmer Cavillon was silent for a oment and then he said: Well.

follow me." The man turned into his garden and Marie turned obediently after him, down the garden path, amid the humming of the bees and the perfume of the flowers, until he reached the long alley of apple trees, almost on the border of the road, and from which one could see the Valley of Brive shrouded in the dusk of evening. Here there stood a tiny cottage, with a small porch, covered with purple iris. The garden which lay around it was a mass of weeds.

Will this suit you ?" inquired the father,' repeated Mildred, your sorrowful, loving which groaned as he pushed it in, so long was it since it had been un-

Marie did not reply at once. She

Will flowers grow well here ?"

Splendidly," was the reply. Then I shall take the cottage, replied the old woman. If that be the case," said Farmer

Cavillon, with an eye to business, "the rent will be seven ecus a 'I understand," answered the new tenant, " I shall have to pay seven ecus yearly.'

"Have you any furniture?" inquired the farmer.
"I shall have it when I carn it," the old woman said; and as she spoke drew a distaff from under her

This distaff was her sole posses-When leaving Brittany, she had taken the yellow stick which was shining and well-worn by the effects of constant use and age, but remarked quite in good order for spinning. All it on the second of November tells along the way from Brittany she had large the way from Brittany she had large the way from Brittany she had large the death of Marie. Her absence was indeed manifest, as the whole of constant use and age, but remained supported herself by means of this humble distaff and her sustenance still depended upon its employment.

Cavillon encouraged Marie by saying. The spinner who worked in this "The spinner who worked in this village is not long dead, so you will find work amongst us here, my good these flowers on Marie Anne's

God will help me," was her answer, as she blessed herself devoutly

That very evening a slight smoke

sion from her spinning wheel was the care of her flowers, for already she had improved the garden. And the first money earned in the village had gone, not in the purchase of a soft bed for herself instead of the straw one upon which she lay, in the buying of seeds and plants for her garden. Was it any wonder that the villagers were mystified about Was it any wonder that

Marie got many Masses offered for the dead. Her daily life was one of contemplation, and although not a single one of the villagers could claim to be a special friend of hers, Marie's purse was always open to relieve those in want.

As the days passed by she continued her spinning and the curiosity as to what she intended to do with the flowers in her garden increased in the locality, but no one could solve the problem. That was to re-main a mystery until All Souls' day. village cemetery was very uncared for, no one ever attempted beautify the graves; indeed the grounds were never touched save by the grave digger, when he prepared ing soldiers and statesmen, lift a the last resting place for a dead small corner of the diplomatic cur-

villager. The cemetery was a realistic emblem of decay. Broken tomb stones be seen in it. The surprise of the people of the village can easily be imagined when on the second November, following the arrival of Marie in the village, they found each grave in this formerly neglected cemetery, neatly settled and covered with flowers. Not a single grave neglected and those without cross or headstone were perhaps the most tastefully arranged. The villagers looked at each other in amazement | the prominent figures of the and inquired :

lous change here?"
Some guessed that it was the grave-digger, some that it was the sacristan of the church, others that it was such a one in the village, still

it was universally felt that the sesur-

mises were not correct.

At last was the problem unriddled. Two dressmakers, who lived close to the cemetery were able to throw light on the subject as they had often seen the old woman pass their win-dow going in their direction and carrying flowers. The two seamstresses moved about the ceme tery saying to the villagers: You may be quite certain that it was Marie Le Galec who had tidied the cemetery and planted the flowers." Consequently there was a continuous stream of people all day long to

Marie's cottage. She laid aside her distaff and ceased her spinning and came out of her cottage to a seat in the garden, where she sat with her rosary in her hand. As the visitors passed in and out Marie received, with her sad but peaceful expression of countenance unchanged, the demonstration of thanks from the living, on the part of their dead. She would whisper softly now and then: "Not a word more. I decorated the graves in memory of my own dead who

were lost at sea.' No one knew who it was to whom poor Maria La Galec referred. relative had been lost at sea, was never disclosed. Whether it had been her father, husband, son or finance was never told by her, it came to be well understood in the village that the graves in the ceme-tery there had replaced in her mind and heart those of her own dear dead which were missing in her Only a fair and unprejudiced mind

lonely life. The days went on and with the usual forgetfulness of the world Marie's kindness was soon forgotten, but she still continued to live her utmost these appearances to the mising Masses for them and in carrying flowers to the cemetery.

herself died. The neighbors, when will serve well enough as an example they heard that the gentle old woman had gone to receive her reward, got refraining from direct statement it is the parish priest to sign Mass cards not one whit more fair or noble in which they laid on her wooden coffin. spirit. Forced to resort to conjecture This was their tribute to her for for lack of anything more solid upon what she had done for their dead. which to feed its suspicion and fur-Flowers were also laid in numerous bunches on her grave, but as they is never—"it is; it is not," but, were not planted they quickly with-quite possible," and similar as ered and died, with the result that the grave was soon barren and covered with weeds.

The whole cemetery had once more fects assumed its neglected appearance when the people went out to visit it on the second of November followplace was overgrown with weeds and in disorder, but to the bewilderment of the villagers Marie Le Galec's grave was one mass of radiant

antumn flowers. This surprising fact amazed the grave

This time, the two neighbors, the windows of whose house overlooked the cemetery, and who had told of with the Sign of the Cross.

"A strange sort of tenant I have taken on," pondered the landlord of the cottage, "poor indeed she is, had not seen anyone passing in or out of the cemetery, and who had told of Marie's frequent visits to the graves, taken on," pondered the landlord of the counter the counter of the cemetery since her fureral. with an empty purse, and apparently a simple mind. I may well say she is in need of everything. But what matter? If she can pay the rent?"

had not seen anyone passing in or out of the cemetery since her funeral. Consequently the people of the village decided that the flowers blooming in such perfection on the poor woman's grave was a proof of the gratitude of the forgotten dead

one who had been faithful to their memory and who had never failed to pray for them in their suffering.senger of the Sacred Heart.)

"WHEN ROGUES FALL OUT"

When rogues fall out honest men get their due." In current events we are getting samples showing the truth of this well-known adage. The falling out of former war associates and their revelations regarding one another are some of the in the last months. We have reasons now to suspect that the official red, white, blue, black and yellow books issued as propaganda during the War, when they do not deliberately pervert the truth, tell us very little about what went on behind the scenes of the great conflict. The recent publications of secret treatain, and we get a peep at things as they actually happened. The things we see do not all well comport with and weeds were the only things to be seen in it. The surprise of the honest men lying like gentlemen for the good of their respective countries is, to say the least, depressing. Alas! with the philosopher of the 'Superman." we have to admit it is "human, ali too human.

Few war reputations, if any, have been enhanced since the signing of the armistice. More than one halo has suffered loss of lustre. But if future developments are destined to the credit and praise of any one of the present is not bare of hints that Who has wrought this marvel- that man will be Pope Benedict XV The late declaration of Mathias Erz-

berger that the Allies through the Papal Nuncio at Munich, made peace soundings in August, 1917 can be called by M. Ribot, the then French Premier. " a distortion of the truth," but it gives promise that the stigma of moral turpitude and pro-German partially fixed upon the Holy Father, mainly by sectarian zealots, will be effaced in the near future by a better informed and more aplightened upon the Whatever the second control of enlightened public. may be of truth or of the lack of truth in the Erzberger revelation of the twenty fifth of last July, it is calcu ated to make the sometime defamers of the Papacy cautious and, perhaps, too, apprehensive lest a higher raising of the curtain put them in a more sorry plight.

Erzberger promised " more important revelations in a few days.' yet, they have not been forthcoming. The sudden husbing of the press discussion provoked by the German Vice-Premier's speech is a disappointment as well as significant.

There is no doubt that the Holy Father's peace proposal of Aug, 1917, coming as it did at the high tide of German military succes. afforded the main ground for the suspicion of some and for the open charge of others that he, the Pope, was but the catapaw, or worse still the particeps criminis of the German peace propagandists.

Other things helped to lend some color of truth to these conjectures. It will be recalled that Mathias Erzvery active in the peace movement of the summer of 1917, and as the leader of the Centre or Catholic party of the German Raichsta was thought to have inspired the Papal proposal for diplomatic parleys could resist the anti-Papal appeal of this seeming concatenation of circum stances. The non-Catholic religious quiet hidden life and thought of the trust and hurt of the Holy Father dead. Her time was spent in secur- before the world. One need not go over the files of the religious publi cations of the meaner sort to dence of all this. The pages of The One day it came to pass that Marie | Living Church (Protestant Episcopal) More careful than the former in spirit. Forced to resort to conjecture ther its offensive of hate, its speech quite possible," and similar assump tions.

For example, we read in the col umns of this anti Papal organ: "It is quite possible that the facts may never be positively known; but the impression that the Kaiser promised the restoration of the Temporal Power of the Pope during the continuance of the War, would be his most effec ive punishment of Italy, and would forever give him and his successors, along with the inherited privilege of Austria, a strong control over papal elections and policies. Through the Pope, the Kaiser would rule such portions of the world as would not have been brought under his more direct sway. It is inconceivable that all this advantage was not thought of by the Kaiser and by his Austrian catspaw, and the papal attitude throughout the War fits admirably

into such an understanding."
Plainly the editor of The Living Church feels that his intelligent readers will demand something more than his mere say-so in support the above charges, and he himself admits that "actual evidence does not exist" in objective reality, he is compelled to draw it from the inner-most regions of his poisoned imagi-

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