TWO

" I'M NOT THE WIFE FOR HIM "

Mary was in Owny's field attend. ing to the newly yeaned lambs and their mothers, white clouds sailing in the blue overhead, and a wooden bowl of primroses lying on the young green grass beside her.

The fresh wind had brought a tinge of rose to her cheek, and loosened the dark hair into little rings about her face. Anyone looking on would have questioned whether some after. glow of youth might not yet bring a beauty to this delicate raturn of

Some such suggestion crossed Father Faby's mind as he came through the gap into the field, and did not at first perceive that it was Mary who was so busy with the lambkins.

Now, Mary have you been paint ing your cheeks, or is it with the fairies you'ye been ? I declare but I thought it was one of Tom Donohoe's girls that had come up to help

Mary smiled at the pleasant words but colored with the consciousness that they were spoken only to cheer

her. "The girls wouldn't thank you for

the mistake, Father." "Yes, they would, unless they're more vain than I take them for. But it wasn't to pay you compliments, Mary, that I came to look for you, I wanted to tell you some child thing that we've been keeping very There's a little movement on quiet. foot will carry us out of our troubles, I believe. With the blessing of God, Shan will be out of prison before long

Amen !" said Mary fervently. "I think we'll have only a little while longer to wait, and then it will be the wedding with us."

Mary looked grave. "I hope Shan will marry some

day, Father, when he has got over this trouble. But it won't be me." "Indeed and it will be you, Mary,

and nobody else." "I've wanted to tell you this good while back. All that happened long ago is past an' gone. If he could have married me then, he'd love me But he couldn't; and to-day resterday. I'm not the wife for isn't yesterday. He's as free as if he'd never "You are the wife for him, and he

doesn't want to be free." "He does, though he wouldn't say

fore the House, including the sworn it. I've broke my heart makin' up statement of Rorke and his servant my mind to it, and since I've give up that the cattle were unharmed in the all I'm gettin' peace. I can bear to go through my life alone, but I couldn't field an hour before the perpetration of the crime. Judging by the report see my husband all the days in the of the reception of the matter in year with that look on his face. I Parliament, very little attention had was ill in America, once, an' I wish I'd died ; but I prayed to live and get been paid to it. back to Shan. It isn't good to pray too hard against death — for, God knows, there's worse than that put Hourigan on his thrial."

Father Fahy was silenced by the sorrow in her voice and the courage in her face. He felt that her instinct was true, but he was resolved not to admit it to her. "You'll never desert him."

Mary did not speak, but her eyes looked reproach.

"I'm not going to put poor color on it, child, for I know your heart is true and grand, but what about the little penny of money you saved for him? Wouldn't the farm and Shan be the better of it, and would you efuse it to him after all that's come and gone ?"

The money is Shan's, Father. When I quit out o' this again I'll leave it behind me for him.' wouldn't take it, Mary."

have to take it, an' it

THE RETURN OF MARY
ing-room, public library, civic hall, o'mate ?
ward from the big rivers, lookin' for the big rivers, lookin' for dinner, " but there'll be ructions for dinner, " but there'll be ructions in Ballyorglin to-night. Sure it is sho took the bacon out of the pot for dinner, " but there'll be ructions of cities. All who had no recognities and it here forge held it or the populations of cities. Manage in debages made it their pleasure to orgo in at the proper moment for to what he sees, the flock moves
as she took the bacon out of the pot the bacon out of the bacon out of the pot the bacon out of the bacon out of the pot the bacon out of the pot the bacon out of the bacon out of the pot the bacon out of the bacon out of the pot the bacon out of the pot the bacon out of the baco nised business made it their pleasure to drop in at the proper moment for gossip or argument or for mere loung-ing, while the qualified talkers of the neighborhood told the latest note neighborhood told the latest news or spoke their minds. A few of the better off among them subscribed for like a rain cloud spreadin' an' dark enin' the sky—an' a mighty sight it is, nobody denyin' it to the glory o' the one copy of a leading Dublin weekly journal, which was forwarded to Mr. Tom Donohoe, at the forge, Killelagh, Maker

event of the week.

Father Fahy, long life to him !"

ing of a neighbor's " jinnet."

paragraph;

another column.' '

houghs no more cattle.'

hack

old Rorke.

beasts-

anybody doin' ?"

and its arrival was looked on as the On a memorable Saturday even

ing, the usual gathering at the forge was taking place, and a group of the most ardent local political charac-ters stood in front of the flame red Haven't we the manes o' sendin' our own members into Parliament in a saycracy between ourselves an' God ? doorway to watch the approach of the postboy on his bicycle, the messenger We've more votes, an' more power ; and them that suffers for thryin' to of the gods, bearing gifts. "There's news in that worth

put spirit into us can wear their own clothes when they're in prison. That's a small thing in itself, maybe, carryin' !" said the boy, springing from his wheel and tossing a bulky paper to the blacksmith. "Kille-lagh for ever! The band from Anamote's in Ballyorglin, playin' but it's a sign o' the times." "An' about the gulls, Father, said Miles, laughing; 'do y' see the Hervey Duff' before the barrack; an

"I do," said Tom; " slow enough, mody. Hourigan's bolted ! I darn't stop, for I have 'to bring the news to

to be sure, but comin'." "It'll be always comin'," cried Rorke contemptuously. "Who will ever see it come ?" "You're an ould Fenian!" cried Tom put the paper in his leather apron jacket, in defiance of the swarm

of eager faces pressing round him. "Wait a minute till I settle this Tom cheerily. "It's a pity that men like you won't believe in anyfella, for the iron's hot !" he said ; and nobody ventured to gainsay him while he finished his job of the shoething they didn't do their own way You done enough man, in your tin an' y' must let other times do for That done, the hammer was flung theirselves in their turn." "When you were talkin, o' what on the anvil with a resounding bang.

and the paper was unfolded. "It's thrue, boys, sure enough ! A we got." said one of the listeners. "why didn't you put it into the enumeration that we got lave to ruction in Parliament. Here's the wear the shamrogue?" "Well, if we did, sure we 'A question has been asked in

the House of Commons concerning the affair of the maiming of the wear it as always done? Didn't they make it the fashion, an' the cattle of a man named Rorke, at little girshas earnin' a small penny here an' there pickin' it out o' the Killelagh, Co. Kerry, an outrage for which Shan Sullivan, a small farmer grass an' sendin' it across the in the neighborhood, has been many wather ?' months in prison. It now appears. from evidence recently obtained, that

"Sure they put it on the same sthratum as ould Drizzly-sye's prim-roses !" said another listener. "Atther that, why would we be the outrage was telegraphed to Dub lin Castle by the police at Ballyorg-lin several hours before it was committed, and Serjeant Hourigan is likes o' Home Rule ?'' "None of us here 'll ever see it,"

bluon

accused of being the perpetrator. Our report of the proceedings in the House of Commons will be found in grumbled Rorke. Speak for yourself, man !" said Tom An' even if we don't, isn't The report of a "ruction" at West there other men nor us to be livin minster over the affairs of Killelagh in Killelagh in many's the year to was read and re-read, and the proba-

ble outcome of it was the argument of Faith an' they'll be Englishmen the evening. All the evidence worked up by Father Fahy had been put beor Scotchmen, then, for the big emigration is puttin' sentence o' death childher to come from, I wondher? When was there a young woman's

weddin' in Killelagh ? Mary shrank behind Bess, who fixed her gaze on the speaker with two angry tears standing large in her hazel eyes. Meg hugged her "For all that," said Miles Donohoe babe and rocked it while she listen. 'they'll have to release Shan, an' ed, as if fearing that the exigencies of cruel times would rise up and

"No, my boy, that isn't their way of workin', said Tom. "Hourigan'll be kep' hidin' for a while, an' Shan 'll be let out, when his year's up, on snatch it away from her. "I done my part," said Tom, glancing at the odd half dozen gamolling on the outskirts of the the score of good conduct in prison. They'll be terrible generous to him gathering. 'You're always boastin'," growled an' forgive him the other two years. Rorke; and after that the discussion on condition he behaves himself and

became too general and a little too lamorus to be easily reported. Aye, an' Hourigan 'll be brought The next day, being Sunday, Father Fahy spoke from the altar of some day and promoted," said Rorke. "Wasn't there plenty of the event of the hour, to wit, the

the same rascality done in the ould asking of a question about Killel-agh in the English House of Parliatime, twenty year ago. Was the tellegraft ever aisy a minute sendin' up outrages that nobody ever seen ment. He thanked Providence that we had men to bring our wrongs and our difficulties before the world, which was such a mighty place com-

"Thrue for you," said another man, "an' it was all to stop Home man, "an' it was all to stop Home Rule. An' now when they think Home Rule's gettin' its head up wants more, they want to put a spoke in the wheel again. Didn't the policitation of the state of the sta

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

two out of the business." "It would only get them that did it into trouble," said Meg Donoboe, who had stopped at Mrs. Dermody's to rest on her way home from the chapel, Tom having gone off to Bally-consist. The state of the more than the state of the state orglin with the rest of the men. "Here's Mary that has most of the raison to be mad about it all, an' not anin the say in it to the glory o' the nobody denyin' it to the glory o' the "raison to be mad about it all, an not "raison to be mad about it all, an not "a word is she sayin' while the whole of us is talkin'." Looked forward to the wedding. But "She's that glad about Shan, she a business man came from Belfast to settle in the village of James and Anne Bridget, "He took charge of an estab-

Wolles, struct by the structure of the structure

wooden dish. "What would y' say, Mary, if you were to speak ?" asked Bess laughwere to speak?" asked Bess laugh-ing. "Many a one would be clappin' her hands with joy to think of him gettin' out."

Shan'll never be content if he's let out in the way they talked about last night," said Mary-" on condi tion he behaves himself and houghs no more cattle. That won't be

arin' his character." "Oh, he'll have to take what he gets an' be thankful," said Mrs. Der-mody. "It's betther to be outside a gaol than in it, any way you look at it."

The "ruction" anticipated by a good many, including Father Fahy, did not fail to take place that even ing at Ballyorglin. The band from Anamote, with harp and green rib-bons flying on top of its band staff, was drawn up in front of the police barrack, playing every tune ever set to words contemptuous of the force, from "the Peeler and the Goat" to "Hervey Duff." At every pause in the fifing and drumming there cries for Hourigan. At last there were crowd around the barrack included nearly everyone in the town, the insulting merriment became every moment more fast and furious, and the derided "polis" issued forth with their batons and battered their

tormentors. Father Fahy's warning had been much needed, but without avail. The fifers and drummers, the jibers and jesters, were decidedly put in the wrong, and Killelagh and Bally talkin' about sich thrifles as the orglin got a particularly bad mark from the newspaper organs of law and order next morning.

TO BE CONTINUED

"I LOVE YOU, MARY"

BY JOHN G. COYLE, M. D. James Acheson lived in Division

gration is puttin' sentence o' death on the ould Irish race. Where's the the elevated railroad turns north on Allen Street, darkening that narrow thoroughfare so as to make it notori ously shadowy, and an invitation to dirt and crime, Division Street emerges from the steel superstructure and the heavy pillars of the railroad, begins again to look like a highway of New York, again to receive some of God's sunlight. There James dwelt in an old-fashioned clean tenement.

> He was old and ill when first I saw him. But he was handsome. His hair was wavy, somewhat long and of a lustrous gray. His frame was sturdy, his voice pleasant, and his manner and bearing, despite the heart diseases which made him fer, were those of a man of polite demeanor He could not lie in bed, for the

softening and enlargement of the heart caused him to strangle when he tried to lie down. Thus stricken, he was compelled to stay day and night in a chair. But he did not grumble. He looked upon the sickness as one of the visitations of God. necessary in this mortal life. A fine old North of Ireland Presbyterian, he had decided views about salvation. But these he did not present in con-but these he did not present in controversial or unpleasant way. He referred to them only when stating his view towards the illness, which deed had been done by a Killelagh man, all of us as Killelagh men would have shared in the disgrace. But it was not done by a Killelagh man. The identity of the criminal he realized was to be his last He was calm, pleasant-mannered and resigned to suffer. had been surely pointed out, but as Christians we were not going to cry Always, with eager eves, James followed Mary, his wife, when she moved about the room. He exfor vengeance. This man who had offended his God more than his felpressed regret that he was ill and re low-men would be dealt with by quired attention. So far as possible he strove to help himself. His cour-God. The thing we have to rejoin over now is that our own Killelagh age and determination were such that he was able to do for himself man is cleared before the world, and that we may expect to have him what most men, stricken like him, would have sought or required assist Now boys," continued the ther, "some of you will be going ance in doing. He disliked to inconvaniance her But Mary, the wife, was vastly dif ferent from James. She thought of herself first and last. She regarded affair, and I can't blame you. But I the illness of James as a most un-bearable trial to her. When I sat by his side she stood behind his chair give you a warning not to make a riot. If anyone is hurt or knocked about through your excitement, you and told me how often he had dis and I and all belonging to us will be attentions. put in the wrong. Remember it is God's holy day, and don't be swalturbed her during the night. He groaned, she said, so that she could not sleep. She "had to get up to give him a drink, all of three times" lowing strong drink and taking leave of your senses. Oh, and if that same drink could all be put in one big during the night. He was "a great trial" to her. She was "not well," cask and sunk to the bottom of the trial herself, she declared again and again. She was "nervous." The man was sea, it would be well for Ireland. She was "nervous." The man was "a care." This she said over and We have good hearts and good wills, James. and we have the faith, and Satan would have to give up his chance of over again. our souls as a bad job, if he hadn't There was, to me, no mistaking got the drink to floor us." the sincerity and the bitterness of A special prayer was then offered or peace, and after the service the vather went out into the chapel ber complaints. But always, James said, cheerfully: "Don't mind her, Doctor. She doesn't mean the half for peace, and after the service the Father went out into the chapel yard, in his shabby old soutane and of it. She's the best wife in the cap, and walked about among the world. men, chatting with them and hear-ing their views on the latest move-loyalty I'liked James Acheson for that fine ing their views on the latest move-ments of "the politics." "Oh, then, Father Fahy may say what he likes," said Mrs. Dermody, loyalty. But I knew that Mary

own age sitting there. He greeted me pleasantly, and introduced him-self as the employer of James. When I had ended my visit, the man was a laborer and the countryside looked forward to the wedding. But done to restore James to health. I answered that it was unfortunate, but true, that nothing could be done by mortal means. James was soon to die. The man shook his head sadly. Again he inquired if any-thing might be tried to ameliorate the condition of the sick man. Would a trained nurse help? Would Would removal to a private hospital be use-

to a better climate? I admitted that, perhaps, removal to a hospital, where the sick man would not be subjected to the inces sant complaining of his nagging wife would benefit the patient, but I thought James would not leave his d James. She it was who induced James to all out and to come to America. "He loves her too knows he has to die, and the only James obtained employment in a thing that would make him part small factory where he had remained from her would be to ease her, to make her days more comfortable That I am convinced he would do even though it meant additional suf fering for him. But I'll never sug

him. When he wanted drink he'd go me and told me that anything I could out, no matter what I'd say, and get it. Even if I took away his clothes, man would be cheerfully paid for by and locked the door, actually he'd him, the speaker. When I said it go out the window in his underwear was unusual to find so great consideration for an employee, the gentle man stood still for a momen and " Doctor, let me tell you then said :

And as we walked, he told me how James came to work for the speak er's father, the first and only em. ployment of Acheson in America. A faithful workman, never late, never complaining, always reliable, such was James. Year in and year out he was James. Year in and year out he worked, and never took a vacation, was never sick, and never shirked. In time came the big panic of 1893, when the savings banks shut off im mediate payments, compelling de-positors to wait sixty days, when when free soup houses were established in many parts of the city, and coal was sold in scores of relief stations, at wenty five pounds for five cents Men with money in business banks who wished to have their own checks cashed had to draw a check for 2% above the amount of cash they wished, in order to have their own money given to them. There was increasing disaster, day by day. There were failures upon failures.

The country was fall of idle and needy men. The father of the speaker laid off some men, then some more men. Money was tight, orders shrank, cancellations increased, and debts were uncollectible. Failure was looming

up. Cessation of business was in evitable. His money and credit was His money and credit was exhausted. He called in the four

end was in sight. One of the four men was James During all the years of her wifehood employer that all the money he had he had carefully kept away. She had married another. But his heart had been true to her. And when the \$3,000 of it saved up in the bank and other had passed out of this exist-ience James had then, and not till as a gift or a loan, if it would help or

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Charred Wood

By Myles Muredach

An adventure-mystery story of unusual power. You will read it with growing suspense-you will stay with it until you reach its surprising climax

distant. Twenty two years Mary lived with her husband and then he died. Three years after the death James reappeared in the village and paid court to Mary. James was now a farmer, owning his own land. He

had never married. So Mary accepted James.

sell out and to come to America. When they settled in New York, in unbroken service for thirty years. This she told me one day, in the nall, outside of the door, when James had sunk to sleep from the opiate I had given him. And she went on :

and get the drink. Oh, he was a terrible man. But he would never make you unlock the door or hand him back about this man James Acheson

his clothes ?" I asked. 'Oh, no," she answered; "he'd never find fault with my taking the clothes or locking the door." "Did he never drink in the house?"

queried. 'On, no, he'd never take a drink in

the house," was her reply. "Did he ever bring liquor into the

house, or any drunken men with him?" I inquired. 'No, sir," she quickly said.

"Did he ever abuse you, or ever make you fetch a drink in to him ?"

I put those questions to make the facts come clearly before her and my mind. "Oh, no," she hastened to say:

'he'd never take a drink in the house, and never threatened me." Well," said I, " whether or not he took drink, he respected his house. Don't you see that? Maybe he could

not master the passion for the drink, but his view was that drink ought not to be taken in his house, and that view he stuck to. I think that was fine of him."

But the old woman shook her head. "He was a bad man," she said mechanically, as if repeating both

the accusation of him and a defense of herself in the same terms.

I passed out. But James loomed more and more before me as a gentleman. He had never married, although his sweet-heart had been another's wife for close on Saturday. They must seek wife for close on Saturday. They must seek When, at work, if obtainable, elsewhere. The more than twenty years. When, at last she became free, he had respectfully waited for a conventional time.

raised in this house. Everyone in this house would do anything for him. But for her." That day when I entered the sick man's room, I found a man of my

ful? Could James endure a journey

nad given him. And she went on : "But he was a bad man. That man'd drink, and no man could stop "There is where he wants to die."

bank for him, an' me gone.

Now, Mary, I'd no idea you were such a scheming woman, and a de-termined woman into the bargain. To think of you plotting in your own mind to run away from us again after all the years we've waited to see you come back. Indeed, and you shall do no such thing, my child. Promise me that you won't do anything rash and foolish ?'

I'm not goin' in such a hurry, Father. I'll wait till I see Shan a free man, in his own place again, and then I'll slip away."

You'll promise me not to go without my knowledge ?" pleaded Father Fahy.

I will promise that."

And when Shan comes back and is walking his own fields again, and he crush is off his heart, you and himself will take another look at each other. And you won't be short or cold with him, Mary? He's been nearly upset in his mind, and very little wonder. And if you're hard on him

I won't he hard." said Mary gently; but her mind was made up.

CHAPTER XVII

"THAT WON'T BE CLEARING HIS CHARACTER "

The forge was full of life and noise again, and in the lengthening even-ings Meg and her eleventh infant were able to take the air outside the little house door close to the big red-lighted archway, Mary O'Murrough lighted archway, Mary 6 Additional her!" sitting near with a two-year-old child her !" " " What ha' we got ?" asked Rorke in her arms, and half a dozen other small creatures playing around her.

At this hour neighbors would At this hour height to write a control of the shart of the before the big thing that's comin'. before the big thing that's comin'. Did y' iver watch the gulls in a long Killelagh regard as their club, debat-

the polis tell Jakes Finucane that outrages was lookin' up, and there was want of a bigger force in Ballyorglin ?

God knows, I don't see what way Ireland's goin' to steer her ship at all, at all," said another ; "between big rents an' emigration, an' gover'ment that hides criminals an' punishes innicent men, an' pays polis to cut the legs an' tails o' dumb

"It's a pity they didn't hear y'," said old Rorke. "I knew a man that died in prison in the eighties for say-in' not half as much." back among us soon. not half as much. "Things is better than that now," "A Tom Donohoe. "We're not

Father, said Tom Donohoe. "We're not goin' back, if we aren't runnin' foroff to Ballyorglin today, to take your part in some kind of a demonstration of joy and triumph over this

"Maybe we're not goin' forrard at all, said Rorke. "I was in the Fenians myself. I was always in wan thing or another. But there's nothin' to be in now."

We are goin' forrard, maintained Tom. Tom. "We've got a good many things since the Fenian days, thanks to them, an' some that came after them. Thanks to Parnell, an' thanks to Dillon an O'Brien, the two that did Parnell's heaviest work; and thanks to great John Mande-ville, that put his big shoulder to the wheel, left his young wife an' child, and his good home an' means, an' got his death out o' what he suffered in prison. Little we'd had got, even what we have got, only for them an' the likes o' them-God rest them

rard faster than the snails."

sullenly.

'A good few small things, goin'

choice. James loved her with the love that comes but once, the love the earnings of his workman and risking them. that endures.

But, to my mind, Mary loved argued with his employer. neither her first husband, nor James. suaded the gentleman to a suaded the gentleman to accept offer of the money as a loan, but the employer told James that he could Had she loved the first, she would. have dilated upon his virtues, and contrasted them with the faults of not get the money from the savings James. Time mellows rough edges, softens bitter memories, and clothes events in other lights than those of hard fact. She could have magnified the virtues of the first husband, the money, and get it he did. bank officials questioned him. whom I had never met, to accentuate the faults of James, whom she was had never drawn a dollar, and now he wanted \$3,000. Was it fear of the bank's soundness? Did he desire to ever belittling to me. The fact that she never mentioned the first hus-band in terms of eulogy led me to ask her one day if the first husband had left her any fortune.

She answered that his business

the bank officials correctly estimated the man, the bank paid him the was in collapse when he died and she \$3,000, waiving the sixty day rule. was without money, when James, the The loan saved the employer from failure. And said the speaker: "Of prosperous farmer came to pay his course, my father repaid James the money. But he could never properly

It was plain that James was wel-It was plain that states was not money. But is contained and again come into repay the debt or reward James for the risk he took or the affection that prompted the offer. James has been watchman, not a laborer, for some she would not have to work for her own support. And more and more I felt convinced that she had never years, but my father told me, three years ago, before his death. to keep loved, either the first husband or James always on the payroll, sick or

Mrs. Fitz, the kind-hearted neigh-bor downstairs, frequently came into will cose that neither he nor his wife ever came to want. I am pay-Mary care for him, or relieve her of but that is nothing. Can't I do work. This Mary took as if it were something more for James Acheson work. This Mary took as if it were due. Mrs. Fitz was warm-hearted, sympathetic, neighborly. She sym-pathized with the troubles of Mary but plain it was that she respected James. One day she met me in the

Fascinating Entertaining Illumination James saw that and AN OPEN SECRET He es Muredach" is the pen-nam Monsignor Francis Clemen lev, the distinguished America \$1.25 Net bank, because the banks were not Postage 10c. Extra paying out money on immediate presentation of drafts, and sixty days would be too late. But James said he would try to get The Catholic Record LONDON, ONT. The

