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PABO'S RED BEARD

From his earliest youth Pabo Jones indulged the vanity of personal adorn-ment; and at the dawn of manhood of the street turned his joy to sortaneously, quite undecided as to hue. It seemed inclined to grow brown. But as he reached the age of thirty it showed a definite tendency towards a more apparent color. It turned very red. It grew apace, luxuriously, all over his features. So

her dark eyes, wide, good-natured mouth and abundant dark hair, did not lack attraction for the amorous males of her species. And Pabo lived in a turmoil between his love for her and his admiration of the you. flowing, flaming beard which Marr-gatt Ann could not abide.

He came to her for the eleventh time, begging of her to marry him. "Cut it off, and I will," she ans-

wered, tearfully. "Oh, jawch!" despairingly said Pa-

bo, smoothing the offending thing. "Take it off, Pabo bach (dear Pabo)." "No!"

"Then I'll marry Gwilyn!" she re-"He's after me shaved." torted with a sob. everywhere, and I've only got to say the word.

"You got more look on him than on .me," cried Pabo, in jealous despair.

But at the back of his brain he could hardly believe that any girl street, with a most annoying jauntithink more of another man ness in his carriage. "Let her went," muttered Pabo, could while the exquisite Pabo Jones stood in view. 'Gwilyn would do anything for me.

And if he had red whiskers he'd take um off." said she.

Pabo. Marrgatt Ann's heavy lip trembled,

because she wanted to cry. And she said, sorrowfully:

"Well, don't speak to me-nor come near me again. Pabo looked at her appealingly,

with fingers of one hand combing his beard, and said in despair: "You ain't goin' to say you 'ont

have me, Marrgatt Ann?"

but all his hopes of salvation in the next.

They parted immediately-not en-tirely because they wanted to; indeed, although Marrgatt Ann turned from him, she retired so slowly that no one could accuse her of willfully hurrying to her doom. Of the two, Pabo went away with

more haste. He, with all his despair, went to catch a train.

could see no reason in her rooted objection to his distinctive beard or her wish to see him shorn of it.

breath came in gasps. He forgot, for the moment, the cruelty of Marr-gatt Ann, and a melody in thrilling bass voice came rolling from him. But at that moment the sight of a

he watched with anxiety the growth of a promising beard. It began like frayed worsted clinging to his jaw, and appeared in several places simul-teneared in several places simulbowler hat. But the other man look-ed pale and meagre in contrast with Pabo's robust figure and gorgeous red beard. Yet the sight of this insignificant person brought a groan from Pabo.

turned very red. It grew apace, luxuriously, all over his features. So at forty Pabo wore a big red whisker -red as a prairie on fire. "And I can't abide red whiskers," said Marrgatt Ann most bitterly. You will understand her bitterness when I tell you that Marrgatt Ann loved Pabo very much. She, with her dark eyes, wide, good-natured

get Marrgatt Ann after all-this time agen.

"Nor you, neither," retorted Pabo. "Didn't F, indeed ! Aha! Come

furnace.

annovance.

of thoughtfulness.

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Into that expressive colloquialism Some you," his rival put so much mystery, so much confidence, so much buoyant derision, that it carried awful conviction; it struck the knell of

Pabo's love. "Good-bye, Marrgatt Ann, now whatever," he groaned.

But he plucked up, and to hide his despair from the taunting gaze of

Gwilym, he shouted back: "I could have her now if I only

"Aha!" came the contemptuous re-sponse, which urged Pabo into saying: "And she'll be miserable all her life without me."

"Come you," said his rival, and he ran off along the shady side of the

trying to hasten without faltering. "Jawch! Think I'm going to do what a woman tells me? No, ny choir. And to the railway station jingo! Let her have him. She'll that night came every man, woman

off, there you!" His hands unconsciously went up lay to the train worked the excitewith affection to the thing that mert up to fever heat; and when at stood between him and his beloved, last the train steamed in, and the smoothing and combing it, while the

made it flame and glare. People pass-ing him averted their eyes from it as from a fierce furnace with the door open door open.

"It will make the choyer sing out sprang from some unknown source, that, with such intense enthusiasm thrown apart, with a single horse, there for you, Pabo Jones!' that, with such intense enthusiasm "Oh, anwyl y byd!" he cried in did they take their part in the Eis-teddfod they would not nause even

> hirsute vanity. hirsute vanity. They paid but little homage to his musical gift. No people can better judge the value of a voice; and Pabo's enthusiasm more than his quality made them find a place for him in the chorus. His vocal power— yes, that expresses it. His bass voice thrilled them like a danger signal. thrilled them like a danger signal. "But Pabo makes more noise than fight to get into that vehicle-the de-voice thrilling with anxiety.

He felt depressed at the thought of music," said they. Marrgatt Ann's stubbornness. He And this Pabo, And this Pabo, this vain man, elected to let a tender-hearted woman who loved him throw herself away and the officia,s—went beyond the who loved him throw herself away and the officia,s—went beyond the secretary who loved him throw herself away and the officia,s—went beyond the secretary and the officia,s—went beyond the secretary and the officia,s went beyond the secretary and between himself and her we were being placed in the secretary being placed in t

recognize him. This frightened Pa bo. He thought she had decided to

> "Is she goin' to marry him?" he gasped. Then he cried out, appealingly:

She looked at him-startled at hearing a familiar voice coming from an unfamiliar form. "What you want here?" demanded

Gwilym. But Marrgatt Ann recovered from her mystification. She saw the bald chin-the pale cheeks. She rushed to

"Oh, Pabo bach! dear Pabo)" cried

"Ahy, I done it for you, Marrgatt my love)," said she, clinging hard to

Poverty is the sixth sense.

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good in human life.

ney-Liver Pills.

wealth

"I did," roared Pabo, his big bass He feared now that he might lose



canary birds for company. But he did not care for them. He wanted



own in

one else, why not

get a farm of your

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"I would do anything to have her-I 'ont cut it off!

Then his thought took a modifying turn. He shuddered at the thought of the shears in cold blood. But if antly. his red treasure were taken from him without his knowing it? Ah! He

could not help that. "If she only came upon me asleep and cut it off-like that girl in the Rible

Pabo's robust vanity permitted comparison of himself even with the strong man of the Jews. But the cases differed. In Samson's hair lay his strength; in Pabo's lay his weak-

Then Pabo became defiant.

"Well, if she 'ont have me with my whiskers, she shan't have me at allthere you!"

And, like a man coming to an heroic determination, he drew himself up and walked briskly over the pavement.

Along this street of flat-windowed houses, with red brick edging the stone work around the doorways, many people, men and women, youths and girls, hurried-all in their best clothes, the men in black suits and gray suits, the women in dresses of red, white and blue, with sashes and ribbons all the colors of the rainbow fluttering and glittering in the sunshine. They all hurried to the railriver.

They talked volubly; but the differ- do well to rid himself of a thing ence between this crowd of Welsh peo- which met with only disrespectful ple and all other crowds lay in the musical qualities of the noise they

made. Now and again snatches of melody rose above the chatter. On the side of the street where the sun shone a few youths and girls hurried along in a group, singing with perfect the coaches in front the chords of harmony the thing they had practised that magnificent chorus, "Thanks Be for the day's competition. For all to God," in "Elijah," came back on these good folk had but one destina-tion, the big Eisteddfod down at Ca-they did not yell. With this chorus erphilly Castle. And in holiday mood Caegarw, at the previous Eisteddiod, they bustled along. Above the roofs came out victorious, and came home of the irregular streets, up on the hilarious. Pabo's compartment joinhillside, rose the black framework of ed in, followed by the compartments hair-dresser, with a vague thought of collieries, with wasting steam idly back to the uttermost end; and with hair-dresser, with a vague thought of remedying the disaster by a fresh rolling around. The colliers ignor- the train pulsating a regular thuded to-day these signs of their life-hardship. They shouted greetings across the street and slapped one an-other on the back. the street and slapped one an-

said their hearts.

dren in either hand, stepped lightly around them. "Let the hills re-along, their manacles for the mo- sound," says one of their national changed into links of happi- songs. ment ness. The children jostled, bumped, cried, laughed, sang, skipped, half walked, half ran, in their hurry to beard and Marrgatt Ann until he get to the Eisteddfod. The men, up- reached the Eistoddfod grounds. trammelled, pushed their way through | With a sense of the picturesque, the the women and children.

the women and children. "Come on, Pabo Jobes," his friends shouted as they hastened by, "or you'll be late, machgen i '(my lad)." Pabo himself formed one of the big choral competition; his village, Cae-garw, boasted that their "choyer" mains of the great "Minstrel Hall" the singers poured out their souls in melody. If you saw tueir excite-ment, you would not doubt the ment, you would not doubt the should as they hastened by "or a grand old castle. And in the re-you'll be late, machgen i 'my lad)." Pabo himself formed one of the big choral competition; his village, Cae-garw, boasted that their 'chover' would bring back the prize. And Pabo, finding himself in the middle of this musical, light-hearted bustle, felt a sudden gayety. His step uckened with the pat-pat-pattering wals upon the singers on the jike the lamb." The guickened with the pat-pat-pattering to wals upon the singers on the jike the arter, the same, "Worthy is the Lamb." The sunlight streamed through the broken hops of conquest pulsating in the air like heat waves, with lifted space taneous bursts of song from the boxe and girls around him, lifted Pabors and girls around him, lifted Pabors and girls around him, lifted Pabors

thought, enhancing it! "Let her went," he shouted, defiantly. "Think I'm going to do any-thing to please a woman? Not me!" And away he went to the Eisteddfod.

The difficulties that beset him that morning culminated in the shadow of a catastrophe. He nearly lost the train! Many hundreds of men, women and children crowded the platform. And during the excitement of getting aboard-in which he succeed-ed at the risk of his life, for the engine whistled and the train began to

move before he could find space-Pabo once more forgot Marrgatt Ann. In the crowded compartment his beard thrust itself into everybody's face and its color attracted notice.

"Whew-she-garr!" said somebody. 'It's awful hot in here!"

The compartment laughed. But Pabo thought it personal. He looked reproachfully at the jester. "Oh, I didn't mean them," said this person-a haulier-with much simplicity, as he pointed to Pabo's beard. "But it's like a furnace here."

Again the other eighteen in space of ten laughed. Nothing makes us lose faith in our-

selves so much as a touch of ridiway station at the other side of the cule. And in that moment Pabo wondered if, after all, he would not

treatment. But in spite of a vain man's selfconsciousness, Pabo, fair play, could sometimes forget even his fine homegrown beard. He forgot it now because the train began to sing. From the coaches in front the chords of

"We're out for a day in the sun," from the hundreds of singers and became a natural part of the breeze Mothers, each with a chain of chil- and the sunshine among the hills says one of their national They do.

promoters of the Eistoddfod had ar-

upon one whom she did not love at all, and make her life wretched, all because he would not part with an annendage which really detracted from the blare of the brass band they crowded and climbed sex, had found only one real fault ed to distinguish my step. Often but that," he said to himself. 'No! because he would not part with an band they crowded and climbed sex, had found only one real fault ed to distinguish my step. Often around the cab. Then a great bunch in her suitor; all the other little de his clear, sweet tune could be heard his personal beauty, instead, as he of flame seemed to thrust itself over the edge; Pabo struggled to climb in. His beard put the red glare of the torchlight to shame. But a man standing in the cab with a burning torch thrust the thing into Pabo's

sire of unimportant persons to gain

"Get out, whiskers!" said he.

The malace of this escaped Pabo, whose whole soul lay at that moment wrapped up in the desire to ride in that glorious cab with its eminent occupants. He wanted Cae-garw to see him in such a place of honor. He could not see that his rival, Gwilym, had by some means got into the cab, and seemed determined to keep him out. Pabo, repelled on the left side, ran ing Post.

around and attempted to scale the right battlement. . Owing to the eccentric motion of the horse, he near-ly fell under the wheels. He clambered up, but as soon as he thrust his head into the cab the burning torch in his face sent him back again. He smelt something burning, but in his absorbed state of mind could not specialize. He felt his face warm, so he brushed it with his hands. Then As a Purifier he ran around the back of the cab to the other side once more. But the torch met him again.

"Mind your big whiskers, Pabo, roared the crowd.

Once more he brushed his face with his hands without knowing exactly why.

Each time the burning torch came into his face it singed the great bunch of red hair, but he could scarcely tell the difference between the flames and the color of his heard

"Oh, anwyl y byd," Pabo roared, putting up his hands to hide the nakedness of his jaw.

Then he recalled the muttering of his rival while swinging the torch at him: "I'll give that Pabo," said Gwilym: 'comin' between me an' Marrgatt Ann..'

Pabo, in his horror at the baldness of his iace, rushed to the nearest supply of hair.

His friend, the barber-naturally keen on the subject of growths - exkeen on the subject of growths - ex-pressed profound sympathy with him purify the blood of poisonous imat the loss of such a great gift. "But all I can do now for you, in perfect order.

Pabo, is shave off the bits." "Oh, jawch!" groaned Pabo. The thought then of the man who

did this brought up a still more ex-citing thought. Pabo left the barber's His clean face made him feel painfully shamefaced. But he conquered this feeling.

He went straight to the home of Marrgatt Ann. "Gwilym will be there, I know."

he muttered.

fects of character she could forgive pouring from his dainty throat. Or now that he had got rid of that one perhaps he was silent. It was all perhaps he was silent. It was all the same. The instant my step objectionable thing about him. sounded in the hall below or on the Gwilym, his rival, blustered, and wanted to expose the whole secret. stairs, the whistle ceased, or the silence was broken. "Come h-ere, come He wanted to explain that it was he ere, come he ere!" was the eager through him that Pabo had shaved. But Pabo, a much bigger man, caught Of course I always did "come cry. him by the shoulders and put him heere." And then the delight of the out. And Marrgatt Ann watched dear little fellow was touching. Down this performance with admiring eyes he jumped to the door of his cage and a heart singing a song to heaven for sending her such a wonderful hus-band, who could do such wonderful ball, he bowed right and left, dancing to and fro as if wound up to run for things, and who made such a wonhours. And such a sweet piping as derful sacrifice for love of her .-- Josthere was, too! eph Keating, in the New York Even-But he never played about the room

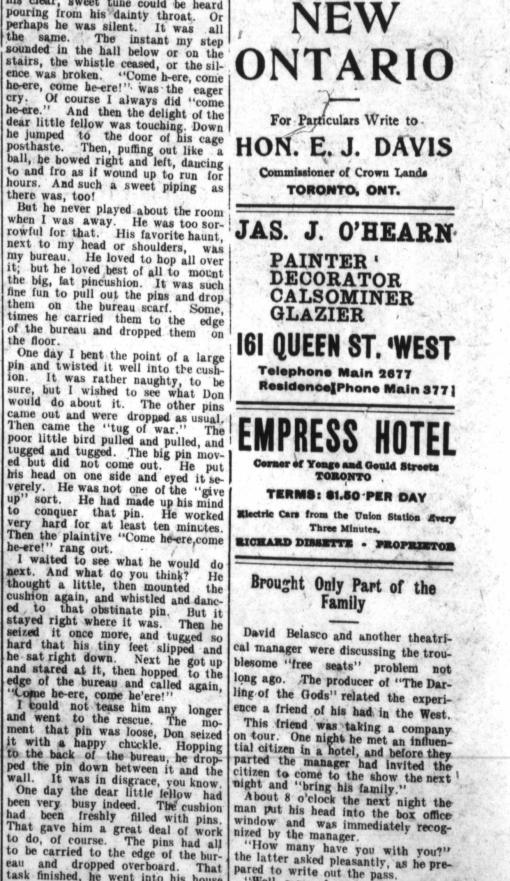
when I was away. He was too sor-rowful for that. His favorite haunt, next to my head or shoulders, was my bureau. He loved to hop all over Generosity is more charitable than it; but he loved best of all to mount the big, fat pincushion. It was such Religious education is the great prinfine fun to pull out the pins and drop ciple of the life of society, the only them on the bureau scarf. Some, means of diminishing the total of times he carried them to the edge evils and of augmenting the total of the bureau and dropped them on

the floor. One day I bent the point of a large pin and twisted it well into the cushion. It was rather naughty, to be sure, but I wished to see what Don would do about it. The other pins came out and were dropped as usual, of the Blood Then came the "tug of war." The

poor little bird pulled and pulled, and And Means of Enlivening the Action of the Kidneys, Liver ed but did not come out. He put and Bowels There is no his head on one side and eyed it se-Treatment so Effective (as verely. He was not one of the "give

up" sort. He had made up his mind to conquer that pin. He worked very hard for at least ten minutes. KIDNEY - LIVER PILLS Then the plaintive "Come he ere, come he ere, come he ere, come

I waited to see what he would do People sometimes forget that there next. And what do you think? is no way in this world by which the thought a little, then mounted He the blood can be purified except through the action of the liver and kidneys. But since this is a fact which any cushion again, and whistled and danced to that obstinate pin. But it stayed right where it was. Then he physician will corroborate there is no preparation more satisfactory as a blood purifier than Dr. Chase's Kid-he sat right down. Next he got up and stared at it, then hopped to the edge of the bureau and called again, "Come he-ere, come he'ere!" Acting directly on the Liver, Kid-neys and Bowels, these pills increase the vigor and activity of these or-I could not tease him any longer and went to the rescue. The moment that pin was loose, Don seized purities and set the digestive organs it with a happy chuckle. Hopping to the back of the bureau, he drop-ped the pin down between it and the There is no surer way of, ridding the body of pains and aches and prewall. It was in disgrace, you know. venting the serious diseases that arise One day the dear little fellow had from impure blood than by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. been very busy indeed. The cushion had been freshly filled with pins. Mrs. C. Nash, the well-known That gave him a great deal of work nurse, 391 King street, Ottawa, Ont., to do, of course. The pins had all



"Well, some of my family are sick," replied the man, "so I have brought only 42." "You see," commented Mr. Belasco, "my friend had forgotten he was in

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be muttered. But Pabo contemplated a bloodless great deal feom weak back, caused telling Don that he was a laughty

