



CURRENT COMMENT

We exceedingly regret that our current issue is smaller than usual. Our managing editor has been seriously ill and our literary editor has been away from home. Our next issue will be of the usual size. We must beg the indulgence of our readers.

The really important event of the past week has been the introduction in the Imperial House of Commons of the Irish Land Bill, and in Winnipeg, as elsewhere all over the world wherever sons of the Emerald Isle are to be found, this epoch-making episode in the politics of the empire has excited a great deal of sympathetic interest. At this distance, and with the meagre details given in the telegraphic despatches, it is impossible to speak intelligently of the details of the proposed legislation, but at any rate it is certain that the measure is a long step in advance of anything ever before proposed for the amelioration of the condition of the tenant peasantry of Ireland, and it shows that the "predominant partner" in the United Kingdom is at last prepared to concede that justice demands special legislation of a radical and far-reaching character. In Ireland itself the indications are that faction is dead, for the spectacle is presented of parties which have hitherto been apparently irreconcilable united in their determination to support a satisfactory solution of the land question; and in England we see a strong party in power that is evidently able and willing to go to extraordinary lengths to meet the demands that are made and to solve the difficulties of the problem. It is, of course, probable that there will not be actual unanimity regarding all the details, but so far as can be seen at present the proposed bill is fundamentally a good one, and it is devoutly to be hoped that any defects in it may be amicably remedied when it is considered clause by clause in committee.

Most readers of the Review have probably heard more or less of the missions to non-Catholics which are preached regularly in all parts of the United States by the singularly well-equipped and eminently able order of priests known as the Paulist Fathers, but few are probably aware of the full extent of the work or of the great number of conversions that result therefrom. The movement has now reached such proportions and has so far passed out of the experimental stage that an institution to cost \$250,000 is to be built in Washington wherein priests will be specially trained for this apostolate. The record proves that whenever and wherever the doctrines of the Catholic Church are preached by able speakers, in an attractive way and with clearness combined with a certain measure of eloquence, our separated brethren will flock to hear the preachers with the inevitable result that hundreds are converted and a mass of prejudice and misunderstanding is removed from the minds of thousands. And in this connection it may not be out of place to point out that what is evidently true of those outside the pale of the Church is to a considerable extent the case with those inside. It takes preaching ability to make the missions to non-Catholics successful and similarly—though of course to a lesser degree—good preaching is in this day and generation a most important factor—but one, unfortunately, very often found lacking, if the full measure of suc-

cess we all hope for in the regular parochial work amongst Catholics is to be achieved. This is especially the case in large centres of population, and if we wish to hold our own it is a condition that must be recognized and provided for as far as possible in connection with church work in the important towns and cities of each diocese.

Persons and Facts

Mr. J. A. Langford, during the past week, has been seriously ill with peritonitis, but is now on the road to recovery.

Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, has accepted an invitation to dedicate the Louisiana Purchase Exposition on April 30.

The venerable colored nun, Sister Mary Ellen Joseph, of the Oblate Sisters of Providence, died on the 15th inst. at the extraordinary age of 112 years. She became a Catholic in 1827, when thirty-six years old, and eleven years later joined the Oblate Sisters of Providence, yet she lived to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of her profession. Her religious life was entirely given to care of colored orphans.

The survival of Indian blood in Mexico and the social standing of the Indian there might be of some interest to the people of our Western country. Mr. Guernsey, writing in the Boston Herald, says: "The future of Mexico belongs largely to the men of Indian blood; this blood is vital and persists. It runs in the veins of statesmen, orators, poets, judges, generals, and diplomats. Two-thirds of the nation are of Indian stock. Thousands of the clergy are Indians. A man may be wholly or part Indian and be a man of high culture; he may be an international lawyer, a journalist writing Spanish, be devoted to French literature in his hours of rest, have travelled widely, be a painter or sculptor or chemist."

THE CATHOLIC CLUB.

A visit to the rooms of this wonderfully successful organization is an experience that no Catholic of the city who has the opportunity should miss. There are many of our people who should be members but whose names are not on the roll, and to these we would say that they are overlooking and neglecting a grand chance that is here presented them of assisting a really practical and admirably managed adjunct of the Church, and one that is destined to have a far reaching beneficial effect on the future of Catholicity in these parts. Each afternoon and evening the rooms are thronged with members, all of whom seem actuated by the one resolve to be true to the principles which the club represents, and to do all in their power to push the good work along. And indeed it is this splendid unanimity and the noticeable absence of anything approaching friction that is the special characteristic of the club, and that has contributed, perhaps, more than anything else to its great success. The Review is glad to be able to congratulate the officers and members and to bear testimony to the excellent record they are making. We recognize that in an institution such as this the result might have been very different, but good common sense united to sound administrative ability and to true Catholic loyalty have laid the foundations of the club deep and firm and with a continuance of these admirable qualities in the management and amongst the members a brilliant future is assured.

OPENING OF ST. JOSEPH'S, MOOSE JAW.

Catholics of Moose Jaw and those residing in the adjacent district to this thriving railroad town were present in large numbers on Passion Sunday and assisted at the opening and blessing of their new church, dedicated to St. Joseph. The new edifice is a substantial one built of red brick of local manufacture. The building is nearly square and is capable of seating about 175 people. This mission is served from Regina and its spiritual needs are looked after by the Rev. A. J. Van Heertum, O. Praem.

A slight sketch of the history of the Moose Jaw Catholic mission on such an occasion may not seem out of place. The mission was opened in an unpretentious way in the eighties. The first church was a little frame building bought from the Church of England people in 1889. This building originally stood some distance north of the present municipal boundaries and was then moved into town. Mass was said in the little wooden structure for about two years when the building was abandoned as a church. At a later date it was sold and used as an ice-house. The lots on which the first church stood were sold and came into the possession of Mrs. Katie Green, whose strong faith and optimism never allowed her to abandon the hope of seeing these lots again used for the erection of a permanent building for the use of Catholic worshippers. The opportunity long looked for presented itself and Mrs. Green's generous impulses refused to sell the lots at market price (which in the meantime had trebled in value), but allowed them to go back into church hands at the figure she originally bought the land for. In 1901 in the midst of many trying difficulties, the work on the present church was begun. The progress was necessarily slow and the financing of the undertaking uphill work. However, prospects soon materially improved and to-day the substantial brick church stands as a memento to the untiring zeal of the small band of Catholics in the Moose Jaw district who have rallied round their priest.

Worthy of special mention is the donation of a pipe organ constructed by Mr. Druschkowitz, a native of Poland. The gift is a handsome one, which the congregation undoubtedly appreciates apart from the intrinsic value of the instrument. Mr. Druschkowitz, who possesses an inventive ability of no mean order, set to work some years ago and gathered the materials for his organ from the prairies. He patiently collected from the ground around the shooting targets, outside of the town of Regina, the flattened lead of bullets fired at rifle practice a sufficient quantity of which he moulded for the metal pipes of the organ. Then buffalo bones that had been bleaching on the wind swept prairies were picked up. These bones were taken home and boiled and ground, and eventually reappeared in the shape of keys for the keyboard. There are four stops on the instrument, which are flute, hautboy, principal and bourdon. The tone of the organ is one which can not fail to please the ear, being rich and full in volume and a decided acquisition to the musical services of the church. It might also be mentioned that an offer of \$600 was made some time ago to Mr. Druschkowitz for the instrument, but he declined to sell and told his would-be purchaser that he preferred to present the organ to his church as his own personal donation than have the money.

Last Sunday's services commenced with a Low Mass, said by Fa-

ther Drummond, S.J., at 8.30, at which the major portion of the parishioners received Holy Communion. A large congregation assembled at 10.30 for the ceremony of the formal opening and blessing of the new church, when Father Van Heertum recited the usual liturgical prayers prescribed for such occasions. High Mass was sung at 11 o'clock by Father Joseph Luyten. The music of the Mass was that of the old familiar sixth tone Gregorian plain chant, the organ being played by Father Van Heertum. A choir composed of Messrs. H. Jagger and Seaborn, together with a few members of the Regina St. Mary's choir, assisted in the choruses of the Mass, Father Van Heertum taking the solos. Father Drummond, S.J., at the conclusion of the first Gospel, preached an eloquent sermon on "The Real Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament."

At the evening service, which had been announced for 7.30, the church was filled to its utmost long before the appointed time, and the number of persons who failed to obtain a seat or standing room in the sacred edifice and consequently went away disappointed was larger than those who found accommodation. Father Drummond delivered an excellent discourse on "The Mission of the Catholic Church as a divinely appointed teacher amongst the nations of the world." The address throughout was listened to with rapt attention by a congregation chiefly composed of non-Catholics. Mascagni's "Ave Maria" was given in excellent voice by Mr. Seaborn, who is well known in church circles of our "separated brethren" in Moose Jaw, as is also Mr. H. Jagger, who sang with feeling "O Paradise." Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament closed the day's devotions. The offertories at each of the services were most satisfactory.

Father Drummond announced before his discourse in the evening that an address would be delivered in the town hall on the following evening in aid of the local hospital fund.

ST. JOSEPH'S ORPHANAGE.

On Thursday morning, March 26, shortly after midnight the inmates of St. Joseph's Orphanage were startled by fire, which broke out on the ground floor of the building. The fact that the institution is standing to-day is due to the prompt energy of Mr. J. Thompson (undertaker), who happened to be passing along Carlton street at the time. The flames, which were already visible through the window of the boys' recreation room, attracted his attention and immediately he gave the alarm, first at the orphanage itself, and then at St. Mary's presbytery. In an almost incredibly short space of time the fire brigade were on the scene. Some of the men made for the dormitory to rescue the orphans in case of imminent danger, while others began to grapple with the fire which was already making rapid headway. In a few minutes all cause for alarm had subsided; the flames were put out and the firemen were tearing up the flooring with axes and crow bars in order to circumvent the fire and prevent it from spreading. The work was well and quickly done, and in less than half an hour from the time the alarm was given, thanks to the energetic efforts of Chief Buchanan and his men, St. Joseph's Orphanage was saved. One of the firemen remarked that ten minutes more would probably have placed the institution beyond all possibility of being saved. The dry old wood of 35 years' standing would prove very enticing material

for the flames to play upon. As it was the perilous situation of the inmates was only too evident from the fact that besides the large hole burnt in the floor the wood in every part of the room was scorched and blackened, the paint rising out in large blisters, while the plastering on the ceiling and walls was cracked in a thousand places, a large portion of it falling down on the floor.

The loss sustained, on the whole, is comparatively trifling. It is estimated that the injury done to the apartment and to the boys' wear (which were all scorched or burned) will not exceed \$150.00 or \$200.00 damages.

Rev. Sister Duffin and her fifty orphan boys are fully convinced that their escape was little short of miraculous, and it gives them renewed confidence in the protection of their great Patron, St. Joseph. At the same time the Rev. Sister wishes to convey her most sincere thanks to Mr. J. Thompson, Chief Buchanan and his men for their kind services and as the instruments employed by Divine Providence for the preservation of the orphanage.

IRISH HUMOR.

"Irish humor" seems to be as eternally green as the Irish shore. Nothing in the way of misfortune or trouble can wholly destroy it. A few days ago a typical son of the Emerald Isle, although he had found a hard lifework, far from his native land, was summoned to appear and give evidence before the anthracite coal commission. Before many minutes had been taken up in examining him the chance came for which he waited, as naturally as a duck waits for the rain. He testified that he had been half killed in the mines twice. The judge remarked that he must be dead then. "But no, one side got well before the other side was killed," quickly replied the Irishman.

In a minute the commission of staid and dignified men, and the judges and the lawyers were all smiling; like the flash of a sunbeam the mirth went from countenance to countenance, that had all been serious with the weighty problem of existence, that had cast a gloom over all gave away before the irresistible humor of the old Irishman.

Twice in his life, as he testified, the old fellow had been half killed. For thirty years he had lived in the underworld, always in debt to the company, and only once in seventeen years had he received his wages in actual money. Here was a man over 60 years of age, whose life had run in dark and tragic lines, one who had been a slave to the mines and one in whom it would seem that all joy had been stifled for ever. Yet as soon as this old Irish miner appeared before the prosperous and scholarly committee it was not ten minutes before his humor irradiated the dry proceedings and set the table in a roar.

How fragrant and perennial is that flower of Irish humor! exclaims a commentator on this incident. How like a star it is, too, shedding its kindly beams through the darkest night! Indeed it is both star and flower, diverse as they may be; for could anything be more delightfully wayward, deliciously perverse and serenely inconsistent than this same Irish humor! Being ever the twin sister of pathos one will find it blooming in melancholy sweetness by the new-made grave upon the wind-swept hill. But if we may be pardoned the Irishism, it is also the twin sister of joy, and so may be found frolicking where the sunshine of life falls brightest.—The Irish Standard.

Northwest Review

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A Catholic newspaper in a parish is a perpetual mission. Let all who truly and from their souls desire that religion and society defended by human intellect and literature should flourish, strive by their liberality to guard and protect the Catholic press, and let everyone in proportion to his income, support them with his money and influence, for to those who devote themselves to the Catholic press we ought by all means to bring helps of this kind, without which their industry will either have no results or uncertain and miserable ones.

POPE LEO XIII.



SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1903.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

HOLY WEEK.

APRIL.

- 5—Palm Sunday.
- 6—Monday—Feria.
- 7—Tuesday—Feria.
- 8—Wednesday—Feria.
- 9—Holy Thursday.
- 10—Good Friday.
- 11—Holy Saturday.

OUR OPINION ENDORSED BY THE PUBLIC.

Our article of last week regarding the imminent need of considerably increased church accommodation in the city has been the subject of a good deal of interesting comment and discussion in Catholic circles here during the week. We have heard it referred to by scores of members of the city congregations and the consensus of opinion seems to be that the article was most timely, as the question is one that has already reached an acute stage. It is reasonably certain that amongst the many thousands of new residents who will undoubtedly come to Winnipeg during the next three or four years, and who will begin to arrive in very large numbers this year, a fair proportion will be Catholics. Provision must be made for the new comers, and the fact that already many families that have been here for months cannot secure pews in the existing churches makes it evident that the problem is one which must be faced at once. An increased Catholic population is something we are all wishing for—we all hope that at least we shall hold our present percentage of the total population, and we trust to do even a little better—but this certainly means more churches, and that at a very early date.

PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS.

For the next three or four months the absorbing matter of public importance in the Province of Manitoba will undoubtedly be the general election, which is scheduled for June or July next, and as the campaign progresses we intend to comment on it from time to time, and looking at the fight from a strictly non-partisan point of view put on record our opinion of the various parties that may appeal to the electorate and the past achieve-

ments and promised policies on which they may base their claims to public support. The indications are that there will be no lack of parties for the independent electors to choose between. Heretofore, so far as political parties have been concerned, the choice has generally speaking been restricted and Grit and Tory have battled together for supremacy, but on this occasion it seems certain that in every constituency there will be three candidates at least and in some as many as four or five. Catholic electors will not have much use for the Prohibition candidates—men of one idea, faddists who will successfully appeal to the hysterical and sickly emotional element in the community; neither will Catholics be found in any large numbers, if at all, voting for the non-descript collection of disgruntled politicians who have banded themselves together in what is very inaptly termed the Political Reform Union. Catholic voters will undoubtedly go in a vast majority to the candidates of whichever of the old time parties the voters deem most worthy of their support, and it may be that a certain percentage will be given to the labor candidates in the city. It is a reasonably sure thing that not a single candidate of either the third, fourth or fifth parties will be elected, but the real fight will be between the followers of Mr. Roblin on the one hand and Mr. Greenway on the other, and narrowing the issue down to these limits it will be a comparatively easy task for Catholic electors to decide how they should cast their ballots.

OUR LADY'S DOWRY.

Both Mr. Brewer and Mr. Gairdner may at times cast shadows, from their own personal bias and misconception of the real dogma and discipline of the Catholic Church, over their frank admissions, and the general effect caused by them. But the silent testimony of historical facts continues to be, through their intrepid work in the cause of truth, increasingly in favor of the old faith and polity, and against the Anglican system. It rouses intense hope for the coming return of England, once "Our Lady's Dowry," to the communion of the Catholic Church.

Some Catholics, for instance, may long have thought that historical documents will yet be discovered proving with absolute historical evidence Pope Leo's already infallible pronouncement that Anglicans have not holy orders. The researches of Professor Brewer and Dr. Gairdner, their monumental labors and candid statements, afford extraordinary signs of such proofs already. But prayer is needed as well as proof, a good will to believe as well as eyes to see. For, as Dr. Gairdner searchingly remarks:—

"The copious stores of documents now available have rendered many long-cherished views untenable; but the results of investigation are as yet imperfectly known, and it is to be feared that the truth on very important subjects will have much prejudice to encounter before it can win general acceptance."

A noted humorist had often petitioned the council of the town where he resided to fill up a mudhole near his house, but without result.

One night he heard a spluttering noise and sundry ejaculations unfit for publication, and, going to his door, he found a respected member of the town council floundering about in the mudhole.

"Good evening, sir; I am glad to see you stirring in this matter at last," and so saying he closed the door and left the poor councillor to extricate himself as best he could.—Tit-Bits.

"Marie tells me that you and Arthur have quarrelled."

"Yes, we have—the detestable cur! I shall never speak to him again—never! I hate him!"

"Dear me! And did you tell him never to set foot in the house again?"

"Oh, no. If I had told him that he wouldn't have come back any more for a month. You have no idea how stubborn that boy is."—Kansas City Journal.

DR. GAIRDNER'S NEW WORK ON THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

Dr. Gairdner's Antecedents.
Boston Sacred Heart Review.

To appreciate properly the great importance of Dr. James Gairdner's new volume, "The English Church from the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Death of Mary," we must recall certain circumstances connected with its composition, as well as the main items of the author's career. Born in Edinburgh in 1828, in 1846 he became clerk in the Public Records Office, and in 1859 assistant keeper of the public records. In 1879, on the death of Professor Brewer, he was appointed to continue the labors of that painstaking and masterly student on the "Calendar of Henry VIII.," and Vols. V. to XVIII. have appeared under his editorship, as well as "Memorials of Henry VII.," and "Papers of the Reigns of Richard III. and Henry VII." In conjunction with the late Mr. James Spedding, he has written a set of "Studies in English Literature"; and he has, moreover, contributed numerous articles to the "Dictionary of National Biography."

The fact that he is a non-Catholic enforces the weight of the remarkable admissions made by him in his present addition to the real history of the Anglican Church, and the origin of the "Reformation" in England, as well as the persons concerned therein, whether for or against—as King Henry, Queen Mary, and those, too, who have written of it, as Foxe and Hall. Dr. Gairdner's learned predecessor, Mr. Brewer, to whom his own valuable work owes so much, was, moreover, an Anglican clergyman.

CALENDARING FOR PUBLIC ROLLS.

It is to be remembered that, to the study of history in our times, there has been brought a wonderfully minute process of delving into and methodically arranging the private correspondence, state papers, and public records of other days; and thus a new and strong light has been frequently thrown upon historical characters and incidents. To exemplify this method and its evident importance, we quote from Dr. Gairdner's preface to Professor Brewer's "Reign of Henry VIII. from His Accession to the Death of Wolsey." Dr. Gairdner says, and the words may be applied to his own patient and monumental labors, also:—

"The work which he (Mr. Brewer) was called upon to do was to catalogue and chronologize a number of miscellaneous documents of the reign of Henry VIII. which, it was believed, would throw much light upon the history of the Reformation. A primary examination of these materials convinced him that their importance had not been overmagnified, but that no satisfactory Calendar of them could be drawn up unless the whole collection from which they originally came were examined and catalogued along with them. For at that time the Public Records were dispersed in five different repositories, and there was the State Paper Office besides, now amalgamated with the Record Department. Portions of these miscellaneous papers had been transferred from one office to another.

Even parts of the same letter were not, unusually found in different libraries. Nothing remained except to bring the different series together, and patiently proceed "de novo" to arrange the whole in uniform chronological order. The task was extremely difficult and fatiguing. . . . Nothing seems more easy or obvious after the true order has been discovered; nothing is more perplexing before. . . . Step by step the whole series emerged from confusion. . . . It was only after all this vast labor had been gone through, after State papers and letters had been thoroughly sifted and described, after Patents, Privy Seals, and Signed Bills had been all likewise fully examined and summarized, after the whole of these documents had been carefully chronologized and the result already printed, Mr. Brewer sat down to write these prefaces, which are here presented in another form."

(To be continued).

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The Gratitude of Kittie.

(Continued.)

"But what can we do?" she said, despairingly. "We ain't rich people."

Kittie nodded her head mournfully. "It'd be awful workin' for any one else," she said. "Wish I could work for him forever!" Then she stopped and stared at Hilda's round countenance.

"I've got it!" Kittie fairly screamed. "That's what we'll do."

"Do what?" said the wondering Hilda.

"Work for nothin'!" cried Kittie, her eyes sparkling. "I'll bet the girls will do it! Come along, I'm goin' to tell 'em!" and dragging Hilda by a corner of her blue gingham apron, Kittie ran down the long room where most of the girls had congregated for their noon meal.

"Ain't she a crazy thing?" commented Millie Dulaney, who was seventeen and had a beau and fine airs in consequence.

"Kittie's all right," said Rosie Berger, who lived next door to the Maguires, and by virtue of being the oldest hand among the girls wielded some authority. "There ain't nothing she won't do for you if she takes a notion. Ain't that so, Kittie?" she asked as the little girl came to an abrupt stop in front of her. Kitty was too excited to reply.

"What's the matter?" asked Rosie.

"Ain't you heard?" said Kittie. "Don't you know the boss is hard up and is goin' to shut down the factory?"

The girls stared at her in astonishment.

"I told you she was crazy," said the superior Millie.

"But it's so," said Kittie, stoutly; "the foreman said so."

"Well," said Millie, smartly, "I don't see what we've got to do about it if it is."

"You keep still!" commanded Rosie, who was not demonstrative of her power unless there was occasion for it. "Now go on, Kittie. If it's true, what can we do about it?"

"I've got an idea," said Kittie, more slowly. Somehow her enthusiasm was ebbing away, and her wonderful plan seemed less easy of execution and less positive of results in the cold glitter of Millie Dulaney's black eyes. "Anyway, I had one. Guess it won't do, though. I thought mebbe we could do something, but—"

"What was it?" insisted Rosie.

"We might work for nothin'," said Kittie, slowly.

"For nothin'!" repeated Millie, scornfully. Some of the girls tittered. "What are you talking about?" even Rosie said.

Opposition was all that Kittie's heart needed to fan dying enthusiasm into life.

"See here!" she said. "It ain't as if we had loads of money. If we had, there ain't none of us, 'cept its Millie, who wouldn't lend it all to the boss after all he's done for us. But we ain't got it. But we've got something else. We've got our work. We could lend him that, couldn't we? S'pose we agreed to work for a month and take no wages until he could pay up? An' s'pose we said we'd wait for the back wages he owes us now and is worryin' about, I expect? That would be something, if every one in the factory did it."

Some of the girls looked thoughtful. Even when one is making only three and four dollars a week it means something of a sacrifice to give it up. Perhaps it means even more than when one is making thirty and forty dollars. Besides, there were the fathers and mothers at home to be considered. What would they say when the customary envelope was not forthcoming on Saturday night? They had said enough as it was because the last two weeks had not been paid.

"We won't make any money at all if there's a shut-down," said Kittie, interpreting their thoughts. "There ain't much work anywhere. My brother's been out of a job for a month, and things ain't very pleasant at home. We wouldn't be

gettin' any wages anyway, you see, an' we wouldn't have any comin' either. Mr. Bradford'll pay up some time."

"He's awful nice to us," put in Hilda.

"You bet!" said one of the older girls, emphatically.

"What's he ever done for us?" asked Millie Dulaney.

"You'd better go back to Beals' and see the difference!" said Rose, sharply. "The rest of us know without goin'. Say, Kittie, I'll do it if the rest will."

That was all that was needed.

"I'll do it, too," said one of the other girls.

"Me, too," chimed in another; and presently all the group, even to Millie Dulaney, were pledged.

"Now come on, let's tell the rest," said Kittie. Through the factory went the girls, Kittie at their head, her eyes shining, her whole face alive with joy at the thought of being able to help her friend, the boss. As they went they told the story and their plan of rescue, Kittie enthusiastically explaining and the others indorsing it with many interruptions. There were between two and three hundred employees in the place, and the girls went from top to bottom of the building, to make sure that every one was told.

The men in the mixing-rooms, where the sugar was boiling in great cauldrons, looked up impatiently when their quarters were invaded. Some of them laughed when Kittie outlined her scheme.

"You little idiot!" said one.

"Look out, Joe! The youngster's pretty near right," said a broad-shouldered man. "The old man's mighty white! We've known he was in trouble a good while, and we've been sorry enough about it, but none of us has ever thought of tryin' to help him."

"Why should we?" asked Joe, just as Millie had done.

"Well," said the first man, slowly, "I don't believe you've forgotten the time when your boy died with scarlet fever. How would you have paid the doctor's bill and the funeral expenses if it hadn't been for the old man?"

The other shifted his feet uneasily. "You're right, Jim," he said, presently. "But it's queer to have a kid like that tellin' a man what to do."

"Kittie," said Jim, "suppose you go and tell him? Say that if he'll keep the factory going, we'll work a month and let our pay run on until he's straightened out. That will mean several thousand dollars, and perhaps he'll pull through. Tain't much, compared with what we'd like to do, but it might help. Trot along, kid, and tell him."

"Me?" said Kittie, in confusion.

"Oh, I can't!"

"Yes, you can," said Jim, "Besides, it's your scheme. Now skip, before the 1 o'clock whistle blows."

Kittie turned to obey.

"Wait a minute," said the practical Hilda. "You've cried chocolate all over your face."

Then, while the girls giggled hysterically, Hilda calmly led Kittie to the nearest faucet and energetically scrubbed her face with a corner of her apron. It was a pink-cheeked maid that ran down the stairs, through the stock-rooms, through the shipping-rooms and into the office, deserted by all but the head of the firm, who had had no appetite for luncheon.

He sat at his desk, his head in his hand, but he looked up wearily as Kittie rapped. It was not often that any employee visited the office, and Bradford would have been surprised if his mind had not been engaged with other things.

As it was, he smiled, not such a smile as Kittie held in her memory, but the kindly, patient smile of a man who sees defeat ahead, but is strong enough to meet it courageously.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Please," said Kittie, timidly, "they say—they say—oh, Mr. Bradford, they say you've lost all your money an' the factory's goin' to close, and we'll all have to leave and—" and then Kittie broke down completely.

"Well," said Bradford, sharply, "what is that to you? You'll be paid!"

"It ain't that," said Kittie, "it ain't that. We don't want you to shut down at all, and we're awfully sorry, and we don't care whether you have any money or not, we'll work for you anyway, and—"

"What are you talking about?" demanded Bradford.

"Workin'," said Kittie, valiantly. "We don't want no wages. Anyway, we don't want any for a long time, and then you can save a lot of money, and p'raps you won't have to shut down at all."

Then Kittie, having at last found her tongue, went on, telling in her own way and with infinite detail just what had happened upstairs. The man at the desk listened in silence. Once or twice he put his hand to his throat as if he were choking, and then he dropped his head and sat so still that Kittie was sure he was offended.

"Perhaps he's mad," she said to herself, taking instant fright at the terrible thought of having given offense to the boss. She shivered at her own temerity. How had she dared to be so familiar?

"We didn't mean to—to do what we hadn't ought to," she said, in an abashed voice, from which the glad, enthusiastic note that had won her a hearing in the work-rooms had quite disappeared. She was very sober now. "You see," she said, timidly, "it was just 'cause you've been so good to us and 'cause we liked you."

"Did they all say that, Kittie?" Bradford asked, softly.

"Yes, sir, and Jim said it might help you to straighten things out."

The man at the desk put his lips together and threw back his shoulders in the way that his friends knew meant he would win or die fighting. After all, things were not quite so bad as Kittie's fancy had painted. It did look like failure, an absurd failure since it hinged on so small a sum. But there had been a somewhat indiscreet expansion of the plant, too close "sailing to the wind," too generous a faith in others' promises, and in the end disaster for himself, since there had seemed to be no one to whom he could turn for temporary relief. But the busy season would begin presently, and perhaps the new holiday stock, planned months ago, would sell rapidly. It seemed ridiculous to talk of failure, when if things could only be tided over for a month or so everything would be safe.

"You could pay it all back some time," said Kittie.

Bradford sprang to his feet. "Kittie," he said, with a new ring in his voice as he looked down into her eager, upturned face, "we'll do it! Go back and tell my friends that I'm proud to be helped by them, and that with their assistance we'll pull it through."

Three weeks later Bradford ran lightly up the stairs to the work-room, scorning the slower elevator, and stopped near the table where Kittie's fingers flashed above her pan of chocolate. There had been no pay-day for three successive Saturday nights, and the mothers and fathers had grumbled. But the children had had their argument ready. There was not much work to be had anywhere, they pointed out, and besides, some day the boss would be on his feet again.

In the factory itself there had been no discontent. A strange new feeling of comradeship had come over the workers, and from Kittie busy at her chocolate-dipping to broad-shouldered Jim in the boiling-rooms each one was inspired with something that made work a joy.

Bradford, looking down the room and catching responsive smiles everywhere, was thrilled anew with a warm and vitalizing sense of common brotherhood, such as had been his since Kittie had come to his office three weeks ago.

"Just one minute!" he said, in a ringing voice. "I thought you'd like to know that it's all right now. Wages and back pay to-morrow. We've got the biggest order we ever had, and the 'Fatinitzas' are a splendid success. I—" he looked down at Kittie and smiled cheerily, although his voice broke—"I'm much obliged to you, my friends!"—Ida May Jackson in The Youth's Companion.

LEO'S LAST PRAYER.

By Leo XIII.

Leo, now sets thy sun; pale is its dying ray;
Black night succeeds thy day.

Black night for thee; wasted thy frame;
Life's flood sustains No more thy shrunken veins.

Death casts his fatal dart; robbed for the grave thy bones
Lie under the cold stones.

But my freed soul escapes her chains, and longs in flight
To reach the realms of light.

That is the goal she seeks; thither her journey fares;
Grant, Lord, my anxious prayers,

That, with the citizens of heaven,
God's face and light
May ever thrill my sight;

That I may see thy face, heaven's queen,
Whose mother love
Has brought me home above.

To thee, saved through the tangles of a perilous way
I lift my grateful lay.

The above poem was included in the book presented by Leo XIII. on March 1, to each of the cardinals of the Sacred College, many of whom had gathered in Rome to congratulate him on his jubilee and ninety-third birthday. In its present English form it is a translation made by an esteemed Protestant journal, the Independent, which comments on the author as follows:

"And this poet, sage and Christian, whose imprisoned soul longs for the beautiful vision of the face of God, is he whom the Westminster Catechism declares to be 'that Anti-Christ, that man of sin, and son of perdition, that exalteth himself in the Church against Christ and all that is called God!' Wonderful was the ill-starred patience that waited so long before revision came."

LOST TO THE CHURCH THROUGH DRINK.

Rev. M. A. Lambing, spiritual director C. T. A. U. of Pittsburg, says—

"The greater number of those whom Catholics support in their charitable institutions are there either because they or their kindred drank, and were thus rendered either unable or unwilling to provide for them. This is not a random assertion, but a fact known to all who have made investigation. A bishop, appealing to his people in behalf of his orphan asylum, said that the parents of one-half of the orphans had been killed by drink. And the chaplain of another large orphan asylum said three-fourths of its inmates were there on account of drink. The St. Vincent de Paul societies bear witness that nine-tenths of the want they relieve or meet with is due to drink. And it is no better in other institutions. More than ninety-four per cent. of the inmates of a work-house drank, and more than half of them claimed to be Catholics; while more than seventy per cent. of the inmates of the same country's poor house were Catholics, though the Little Sisters of the Poor had two large institutions in that place.

"But what are they whom drink sends to these places compared with those whom it sends to hell? Whence, some one asks, are the Presbyterian Clancys, the Methodist Murphys, the Baptist Kellys, and Lutheran Lynches? They are generally children driven upon the street by drink, picked up by Protestant children's aid societies, and sent to Protestant families. The leaks of the Church are generally caused by drink. It drowns the virtue in parents, and sweeps the children out of the Church!"—Boston Sacred Heart Review.

Crimsonbeak—I saw a fellow slip on the ice a little while ago and go down hard; and, do you know, he reminded me of Christopher Columbus before he discovered this country.

Yeast—How's that?
Crimsonbeak—Why, he looked as if he didn't know just where he was going to land.—Yonkers Statesman.



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Bereaved—Well, doctor, now that the interval permits my speaking calmly of my husband's demise, I am prompted to ask you your confirmed opinion as to the cause of his death.

Doctor—A complication of diseases, madam.

Bereaved—Ah! That was so like him. He always was so versatile in everything.—Tit-Bits.

Young Woman's Corner

THE PEASANT'S EVENING SONG.

Now the sun is westering down,
And our toil is nearly done;
When the caller gloamin' comes,
We will seek our cottage homes;
There our weary limbs we'll lay
On our bed of rest till day;
Soft and still shall be our sleep,
Under midnight shadows deep.

Our good Angel from on high,
There shall watch us with his eye,
Though with toil our sinews slack,
Morning brings their vigor back.
Love and mercy at our side,
Sorrows we may well abide,
Tender ties our life endears,
Overcoming grief and fears.

—James Beattie.

SUN OF MY SOUL.

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

—Keble.

The experience of most persons has presented to them the type of individual who will not be advised. This type will declare with much vehemence that she cannot brook interference in her affairs and her manner expresses that she is proud of her attitude in the matter. She seems to say: "See my force of will." "See, what a strong character I have." As a matter of fact she is evincing weakness with vanity as the chief cause.

There is no harm in taking a stand against meddling interference in one's really personal or private family affairs, but where advice is given on a more or less public affair it should be received at least courteously.

Instance a girl who may be seen at any time in public places with a man of doubtful reputation. It is not alone her own affair. She is giving scandal. It is anybody's affair who chooses to interfere in the interests of society. When a friend speaks to her aunt being seen about with this man, if she is a girl with some force of character, she will discuss the matter and explain her association with this man.

To get angry and to say that it's her own business is to display a weak, conceited character. This character is weak enough to call its weakness pride. It is the character that says "I was too proud to explain."

There are certain conventions and rules of deportment to be observed. Those who defy them are making their affairs everybody's. There are certain positions and relations in life so exalted that the persons filling them are responsible to the public to a great extent for their actions.

To refuse to explain just for pride's sake is to make the narrow minded declare there is guilt, while the broader minded can only pity

such short-sighted weakness, and here is the point—short sightedness. The person who will not accept advice is the person who is made short sighted by her own conceit. She is the person who will say "I know more about myself than any one else knows." "I don't need advice." "I know what to do, if I want to do it." Even so. Why then should she find fault with some one who will advise her to do the very thing that she knows herself is the right thing to do. It is because she is too short sighted to see beyond the horizon of her own conceit and the pity of it is there are too many to tell her that she is not short sighted at all, but can see as far as most people. These are the ones whom it pleases for some reason or other to feed her vanity.

As far as character building is concerned, there is not a poorer sign of slow advancement than reluctance to take advice. It is not always necessary to act upon the advice given, but it should at least be listened to politely and given some consideration.

There is hardly a character so well balanced as to never need any adjustment and a person looking on from outside often sees the trouble quicker than the one who is trying to re-adjust. Then a timely suggestion accepted makes everything all right again.

AMICA.

Chats with Young Men

On March 27th Mr. N. K. Fairbanks died in Chicago. He was worth five millions of dollars, though he had begun life a poor boy. His parents had been well-to-do farmers in New York State and had given their boy a good common school course. They were preparing to send him to college when financial reverses blasted their hopes. N. K. spent an apprenticeship at laying brick and took lessons in book-keeping at evening classes. Soon he became familiar with the ledger and secured a position keeping books. Immediately his talents for business blossomed into fruitful speculations and he rose rapidly to the presidency of the Chicago Board of Trade.

This brief sketch of Mr. Fairbank's career is long enough to illustrate a truth to which young men should cling confidently: Reliance on self brings out and develops the best that is in a youth. Had reverses not upset the plans laid for young Fairbanks by indulgent parents, it is probable that the deceased millionaire would have passed from college to a profession or into the business world, and there, with his natural ability, would have attained success. But it is not quite so probable that circumstances would have directed his talents into their natural channel, nor that abundant means would have rendered necessary the close application to work, and the thrift, that were the forerunners of his great wealth. The lesson is short and clear. No doubt the boy Fairbank often, when laying bricks, thought wistfully of gay hours at college. Perhaps, too, some of my readers are lamenting the hardness of their lot, their poverty, the number of relatives they have to support, the scantiness of their pleasures, and so on, would they take comfort if they believed that their seeming misfortune is merely a probation period preceding a great happiness or a training for some great feats they are to perform later when they issue from a forest of difficulties into a clear field of success? That will be the case with those who struggle on cheerfully and hopefully. Hundreds whom you know, or have read of, were once in similar or worse plights. Many of them didn't venture to hope for the clouds to rise on this side of eternity; yet they had brave hearts, unconquerable spirits, faith in God and man, faith in themselves, and so they hewed away at obstacles until they gained strength enough and skill to free themselves.

The number of young men who are free from the need of exertion, to make a living is very small.

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Hence it is well for each one to consider his relation to the remarks on this subject. Each has a particular case. Difficulties beset each from within himself and from without. If those difficulties did not appear to each as more numerous and more formidable than those which, according to books, confronted Lincoln and Lord Strathcona, life would be a joke or at most a drama. There will be many jokes to tell to friends after each has solved the riddle of many audiences to applaud the hero of the drama of life. But for the present the joker must be satisfied if he can see each joke as he emerges from it, the actor must applaud his own naturalness. Life is yet a serious matter. Some will fail because of hopefulness, some from lack of confidence. But no one will fail who recognizes early in life that obstacles are good for him and who resolutely and cheerfully makes war on them, confident of victory.

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Vespers, with an occasional sermon, 7.15 p.m.

Catechism in the Church, 3 p.m.

N.B.—Sermon in French on first Sunday in the month, 9 a.m. Meeting of the children of Mary 2nd and 4th Sunday in the month, 4 p.m.

WEEK DAYS—Mass at 7.30 a.m.

On first Friday in the month, Mass at 8 a.m. Benediction at 7.30 p.m.

N.B.—Confessions are heard on Saturdays from 3 to 10 p.m., and every day in the morning before Mass.

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Agent of the C.M.B.A.

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Brandon Notes.

A meeting of the ladies of St. Augustine's church was held in the convent parlors on Sunday for the purpose of ascertaining how work for the bazaar was progressing. Miss Jeffrey reported the receipt of \$69.00 from a few of the merchants whom she asked for assistance. All the ladies are working hard, and if the present enthusiasm continues, success of the undertaking is assured.

Rev. Father Godts left for Winnipeg on Tuesday for the purpose of procuring brick for the new church.

Mr. C. B. Price, of St. Thomas, Ont., is in the city, the guest of his brother, Mr. Frank R. Price, Thirteenth street.

Mr. Philip Purcell has sold his residence on Ninth street to Mr. George Maybee, who will take possession the 1st of May. Mr. Purcell intends building on his lots on Third street, between Lorne and Louise avenues.

Mr. Anthony McKinley, of Rat Portage, who has just recovered from an attack of typhoid, spent Sunday in the city the guest of his sister, Miss Madge McKinley.

DEMOCRACY.

Relation Between the Church and Christian Workingmen—Timely Address by a Catholic Archbishop.

From the columns of "The Pittsburg Catholic" we take the following report of and a comment on a most important address just recently delivered by the recently appointed Archbishop of Chicago, the Most Rev. Dr. Quigley. We commend it especially to the earnest consideration of our workingmen readers, and we think they will find it a timely and powerful deliverance on a most important aspect of the social question, especially as it affects the wage earners. The address dealt with the relations between Democracy and the Church, and we quote first of all the admirable editorial introduction which refers it is true, particularly to conditions in the United States, but is equally applicable to our own Dominion:—

"Of late years the doctrines of Continental Anarchism and Socialism have made considerable headway in the United States. The pestilential theories in question have been carried to the shores of the great Republic by emigrants from Europe. Needless to say, the safety and permanence of the great fabric of constitutional equality and freedom which sprang from the brain of George Washington depends for its existence on the maintenance amongst the people of America of loyalty to the fundamental truths and principles of Christianity. If the authority and strength of the Republic are to be preserved its citizens must uphold the standard of Christian equity and morality. Of these standards, the Anarchist and the Socialist are the avowed and sworn enemy. In practical application, their doctrines, would enforce on all who are laborious and thrifty, on those who have toiled and saved the obligation of sharing their goods and possessions with the lazy, the dissolute, and the depraved. Talent, patriotism and industry would have no incentives to effort offered them in an Anarchist or Socialist Republic, because the man who drank and slept would have only to stretch out his hand in order to grasp the earnings of his neighbors who worked, and thought. The truth, of course, is that the doctrines of Socialism are self-destructive. They can only appeal to the unlettered and the unwise, but unfortunately, the majority of mankind are without advanced knowledge and far too many amongst the aforesaid majority lack capacity to accurately weigh the value of the actual facts and principals on the maintenance of which depends the stability of any system of regularly organized Christian society. Recognition of this truth is gradually forcing itself upon all thinking men in the United States, who are beginning to realize that the secularist State

schools of the Republic are but poorly equipped for the production of loyal or useful citizens."

In the address delivered by Archbishop Quigley to which we have just referred His Grace told his audience, who were all working men, that they knew, "as Christian workingmen, that God is the source of all right of whatsoever kind here upon earth; that especially is He the source of your right to band together in unions to protect yourselves and your families from the greed that would deprive you of just wage for your labor. Were you not taught in your catechism that the defrauding of the laborer of his hire is a sin which, like the blood of Abel spilled by a brother's hand, cries to heaven for vengeance? Your right then to band together in labor unions is a God-given privilege, and the Church, which is the representative of God, not only teaches you that you have the right, but puts the ban of her condemnation upon those who deny it to you and calls upon governments to protect you in the fullest enjoyment of it. But why am I telling this to you who know it all so well and show that you know it by your numerous presence here to-day at the call of your pastors? I am telling it, Christian workmen, because there is an evil influence in the labor world to-day, and right here in Buffalo, that is straining every nerve to place enmity between you and your God, between you and your Church, between you and your Bishops and pastors." These blunt and outspoken words went home to the hearts and minds of his hearers, who endorsed by their applause the eloquent and emphatic declaration of the Archbishop of Chicago that the Church is in no degree antagonistic to the exercise of the fullest liberty of combination on the part of the workingman in defence of his right to receive the due and proper reward for his labor.

Socialist emissaries have long sought to inuse into the minds of the toilers of America a wholly different opinion. They have endeavored to persuade those whom they strove to dupe that the Church is the foe of organized labor. No pretence could be more false. Leo XIII. in his encyclical letter on the industrial question has clearly proclaimed the right of workingmen and their employers to form organizations in defense of their respective interests, but he has insisted on the self-evident truth that such organizations should be governed in all their proceedings by a strict regard for the principles of Christian justice and morality. Referring to the false statements which have been made, Archbishop Quigley went on to speak as follows:—"They tell you that the Church is opposed to the organization of labor; and I wish to take the occasion to stand here before you and the whole labor community of Buffalo and brand the assertion as a falsehood worthy, in its malignity, of the father of lies who first brought enmity between man and his Creator. Because, in the interest of God and religion and honest Christian workingmen, we raise our voice in warning against the materialistic and atheistic principles with which social democracy seeks to poison the pure life of labor, they have cried out in frenzy that the Catholic Church is the enemy of organized labor in the interest of capital. The whole world knows, on the contrary, that the Catholic Church is the Church of the poor since the days of the Apostles. St. Paul said to the Church in his day: "There are not many nobles, not many rich among you," and he gloried in the fact. The trades unions have the approbation and the protection of the Church. Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., in his encyclical on the labor question, recognizes the God-given right of working men to organize for the protection of themselves and their families against the greed of capital; he recognizes the sacredness of their contracts, and warned employers of the awful sin of which they make themselves guilty when they use their power and the possible helplessness of the workingman to force contracts from him that do not bring him a just wage for his labor. He does not hesitate to declare such forged contracts oppression and injustice and a de-



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frauding of the laborer of his hire—sins that cry to heaven for vengeance." If, however, the employer and the capitalist are bound by the rules of Christian charity and justice, so also is the workingman. The latter is bound to give a fair day's work in return for a fair day's wages. He should not drink and smoke and idle in the period of toil wherein his employer depends on his honor for productive work. If he does these things, to the detriment of his employer, he is as guilty of robbery as is the thief who pilfers his cash till or misuses his cheque-book." Regarded from every point of view, the address of the new Archbishop of Chicago was a notable and useful one, and it is, happily, allowable to hope that the sound truths which it enunciated will bear worthy fruit, in their acceptance by the overwhelming mass of the Catholic workers of the United States."

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MRS. BENTLEY'S SURPRISE.

By Madalen Rock.

The triumphant and self-satisfied smile with which Mrs. Bentley had pursued her way through a voluminous correspondence changed with marvellous rapidity to a frown as she looked into the last letter of the pile that had been heaped beside her breakfast plate.

"She is really intolerable!" the lady cried, in an injured tone; and her husband looked up from his newspaper with a mild inquiry:

"Who, my dear?"

"Your Aunt Janet," Mrs. Bentley responded. "Here is a letter from her telling me that she and her companion are coming here to-day."

"Well?" Mr. Bentley observed, gently.

"It isn't well!" his wife retorted. "Do you forget that our house party assembles to-day?"

"No; but there's plenty of room, isn't there? I'm sure there ought to be. One doesn't pay over one hundred thousand pounds to be short of sleeping apartments." And the master of the house laughed.

"Oh, papa never understands!" the third occupant of the room murmured, plaintively. She was a tall, handsome girl, twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, and the sole heiress of Mr. Bentley, the wealthy Bradford manufacturer.

"Never!" Mrs. Bentley assented, most emphatically. "Just fancy Miss Nestle talking to the Countess!"

"I see no great incongruity in that," Mr. Bentley said.

Mrs. Bentley looked again at the note in her hand, and added:

"I suppose not. But, as it happens, Miss Nestle has a postscript to her letter, which informs me that she isn't coming. She has been called on to visit some old servant who is ill."

"What a mercy!" Juliet ejaculated.

"But it isn't," her mother answered. "This companion of hers is coming, and Miss Nestle desires that the carriage shall meet her. Carriage indeed!"

"How preposterous!" Juliet said. "Perfectly so. And this letter"—Mrs. Bentley shook the sheet of paper viciously—"this letter was written from London, and she gives no address. If she had I should have telegraphed to Miss—I can't decipher Miss Nestle's scrawl. Can you, Juliet?"

Miss Bentley took the letter, glanced at it, and replied:

"Norman the name is. What a funny composition Miss Nestle writes!"

"What are we to do?" Mrs. Bentley asked.

Juliet pondered.

"I suppose the girl must come."

"She must, I'm afraid; and she's certain to be some totally unrepresentable person. It is too provoking! And everything was coming off so well! The Countess of Darton writes so nicely. She hopes to be here on Thursday in time for dinner, and she expects Lord Tyndale to join her on Saturday. The others all come to-day." And Mrs. Bentley enumerated the expected guests. "Nine to-day, and the Countess and her son make eleven. Just a nice number for a country house party," the lady continued. For the moment she had forgotten her husband's aunt and Miss Norman.

"And the girl?" Juliet reminded her.

"Oh, the girl! Let me see," Mrs. Bentley's arched eyebrows met. "Yes, yes; the very thing!" she exclaimed. "Carrie's governess is away with a sick relative. I shall make this Miss Norman understand that we expect her to take Miss Helstone's place."

"Splendid!" Juliet clapped her hands. "Mamma, you're a genius! And perhaps Miss Nestle may be detained for a length of time."

"I certainly hope so. We could not avoid introducing her to our guests," Mrs. Bentley remarked. "She is a dreadful person."

"Entirely uncultivated," Juliet agreed.

"What does she mean by saying in her letter that I shall get a pleasant surprise?" Mrs. Bentley inquired, as she lifted Miss Nestle's epistle again.

"Oh, what does it matter?" Juliet answered.

And then Mr. Bentley, having finished the money article in the Times, left the room; and the mother and daughter began to make the final arrangements for the reception of their guests.

Mr. Bentley had made an immense fortune while yet a young man, and had married the daughter of a mediocre clergyman, whose great ambition it was to attain a high position in society. For years she had struggled with indefatigable energy for that position, and with indifferent success. She at length induced her husband to purchase the mansion and estate of Carrisbrooke from a bankrupt peer. He had also bought the furniture of the house at a valuation; and Mrs. Bentley was wise enough to leave it undisturbed and to retain many of the former servants. Of course various luxuries and comforts were introduced into the house. There was excellent shooting to be had, and Juliet Bentley was a very handsome and modern young lady, so that at length Mrs. Bentley's efforts seemed to meet with a fitting recompense.

During the previous London season she and her daughter had been received in many smart drawing-rooms. Rumor, too, credited Mr. Bentley with possessing a more colossal fortune than he actually had; and several mothers of impecunious sons looked on Miss Bentley with kindly eyes. The good Countess of Darton had been sounded by an acquaintance of Mrs. Bentley's, and had been reported as not unwilling to receive Miss Bentley as a daughter. She had accepted an invitation to Carrisbrooke for herself and son; and at the very hour when Mrs. Bentley and Juliet were discussing their coming guests the Countess and her sister were talking of Juliet and her mother. The breakfast table at which the two ladies sat lacked the brightness and luxuries of that of Carrisbrooke, and the Countess and her sister were dowdily dressed when compared with Mrs. and Miss Bentley.

"The girl is certainly handsome," the Countess observed, with a sigh; "but I should prefer Tyndale's marrying in his own class."

"So should I," Miss Ponsonby agreed emphatically. "But things are so involved. Darton can not raise enough money to pay the interest on the mortgages even, and the girls are all grown up now. I had hoped that they might have had a season in town, but it was impossible." And the speaker sighed again.

"How did things get into such a mess?" Miss Ponsonby inquired.

"I don't really know. To be sure there was never any money; but with falling rents and all the annuities on the estate to be paid, and increasing household expenses, there is less now. Then there were the losses in South African shares."

"You shouldn't have allowed your husband to dabble in stocks and shares," the spinster said, with a spinster's mistaken notion of a wife's power. "You shouldn't, Anna."

"I couldn't prevent him, indeed."

"Well, there's no doubt, I suppose, about Mr. Bentley's wealth?"

"None whatever; but, Elizabeth, I am rather afraid that Mrs. Bentley isn't a nice woman. I've heard that she scolds her servants publicly."

Miss Ponsonby laughed.

"Perhaps they deserve it, Anna. But, seriously, I myself was not much impressed by Mrs. Bentley. I met her once, and she seemed rather overdressed and arrogant."

"Well, I hope the girl is all right. I should rather go on living as we are than that Tyndale should marry a person with whom he would not be happy. You know his gentle nature."

Miss Ponsonby thought of her quiet, studious nephew, the heir of the Darton title, and said:

"Well, you'll have an opportunity of judging of her character, anyway. You didn't tell me yet how the girls are."

"Older! Oh, of course! Do you know, I sometimes forget that Mary is only a half-sister to Tyndale and the girls?"

"Mary must be over thirty," Miss Ponsonby said.

"Thirty-two. It is selfish of me, but I am often glad that she has not married. Her income is useful." (The Countess of Darton had been twice married, and the child of her first marriage had a small annuity of her own right.)

"I daresay. Now, Anna, if you mean to do any shopping, it is quite time we were setting out," Miss Ponsonby remarked briskly.

On the appointed day the Countess journeyed to the little railway station that was about three or four miles from Carrisbrooke. Through some mismanagement the train was an hour behind time, and dinner was over when the lady reached the house; but a "recherche" little meal was served in the sitting-room allotted to the Countess for her own particular use, and Mrs. Bentley hovered round her guest with much attention. It was in quite a different spirit the lady had come to Miss Norman on her arrival at Carrisbrooke. A fly from the village had met the latter at the station, and a servant had shown her to a rather dingy little room, where tea was waiting for her. Before she had finished her meal Mrs. Bentley, dressed in fine attire, bustled into the room.

"How do you do?" she said, hastily; and, without waiting for an answer, continued: "It is rather inconvenient that your visit should be paid at this particular time. We are quite crowded. Miss Nestle is very inconsiderate, and must be unused to this kind of life."

Miss Norman was a little person, whose bright brown eyes were full of humor. She looked in some surprise at Mrs. Bentley, and murmured something which that lady failed to catch. The mistress of the house resumed:

"Oh, yes, Miss Nestle's absurd! If she had given any address I should have asked her to prevent your coming. Now that you are here, however, perhaps you can be useful. My niece—my sister's little daughter—resides with me. Her governess very inconsiderately insisted on going to nurse a sick friend, so that Carrie is left to run wild. I presume you could act as governess while you remain?"

There was a mischievous gleam in Miss Norman's brown eyes as she replied:

"Yes, I could perhaps—what is it my knowledge is—"

"Oh, that doesn't matter!" Mrs. Bentley interrupted. "If you just look after the child and keep her from getting into mischief, I shall be greatly relieved. She is only seven years of age."

"Oh!"

"You can have your meals with her in the schoolroom, Miss Norman, is it?"

Miss Norman bowed; and Mrs. Bentley quietly took her to the schoolroom and introduced her to her pupil. The child wondered why her new governess laughed so heartily when Mrs. Bentley had left the apartment.

The two got on very well together; and on the evening on which the Countess arrived Mrs. Bentley came to ask Miss Norman if she played dance music well. On receiving a modest affirmative for reply, she requested her to proceed at once to the hall, where the young people were getting up an impromptu dance.

"You can arrange the child's dress and take her with you," Mrs. Bentley said, and hastened back to her titled visitor. "The young folk are getting up a dance," she informed the Countess, "and I have been requesting my holiday governess to play for them. Fortunately, she is a plain-looking person and not likely to attract notice. I disapprove of distracting the minds of such persons from their work."

Dancing was in full swing when the two ladies descended to the hall. The Countess glanced round her nervously, and started as her eyes fell on the figure at the piano. "Why surely—" she hesitated, and lifted her eyeglass to her eyes. "Oh, dear me, Mrs. Bentley, when or how did Mary come to Carrisbrooke?"

"Mary!" Mrs. Bentley ejaculated,

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following the direction her guest's gaze had taken. "Mary!"

"Yes; Mary Norman, my daughter."

"Your daughter!" There was a wail almost in Mrs. Bentley's tone of surprise. "Miss Norman!"

"Yes. I suppose you didn't know, I was twice married. Mary had been on a visit to an old lady, a Miss Nestle, whom she met at the seaside."

All Mrs. Bentley's hopes of seeing her daughter a peeress died at that instant. Lord Tyndale, for some reason or other, did not arrive at Carrisbrooke, and his mother's visit lasted only two days; and, naturally, Miss Norman took her departure at the same time.

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