

noon after Vespers and we'll settle this thing.' Oh, I wasn't going to be caught between two fires unprepared. Think I, I must look for that paper.

Off they went, Tom out one door and Kitty out the other. After they went I stood there thinking. Think I, what in the world can be getting into them? Is it another fight they have had, and is this the way they're trying to get out of it? I would have been there yet turning it over and over in my mind, only one of my servers said a man wanted to see me in the parlor about something or another. And after that I had my lunch. But I was still thinking and thinking.

'Mary,' said I to the old housekeeper, as she was putting the last of my meal on the table, 'where were you when Tom Casey was here last night?'

'Faith, he wasn't here at all last night that I know of. There wasn't a one came to the door but the two Scanlon boys to know what time Mass would be in the morning.'

'No one but the Scanlon boys. My, oh, my! Mary! So much never went on without your knowledge since I knew you. - You're getting old, Mary. Well, so are we all. But I thought I heard you talking to Kitty after they left my study last night.'

Well, sir, I thought she would drop the dish she had in her hand.

'Kitty here last night! Faith 'twas myself called on her last evening, coming from my brother Pat's. And she was sick as a horse in bed. And I couldn't help thinking in my mind this morning when I saw her in church: "Ah then, Kitty, you're the good pious lass to be up and out after putting in such a day as you did yesterday."'

From bad to worse. And then the idea struck me—I'll just bet I was sleeping and dreamed the whole thing. I wanted to laugh; I guess I did. But, murder me! I knew I was in for it. I had dreamed the whole thing of them coming in and handing in their names. No wonder I couldn't find the script or scrap with a name on it.

Well, sir, if you ever saw a man get the vestments off in a hurry it was this same chap after Vespers. I wouldn't have these two come into that sacristy with my servers around there for anything.

I started over to the house and something delayed me, and when I did get there I saw the top of Kitty's hat in the window, and I lost all the courage I ever had and back I went to the church. I waited around there a little while trying to screw up my courage. Then said I to myself, 'You've got into worse scrapes than this and always got out, you might just as well face the music and be done with it.' Well, over I went and walked in brave as a whistle. They never saw me. There they were, the two of them, standing in the middle of the floor. He holding her pretty hand in his like she was praying to him, and they just looking into each other's eyes as if all the beauties of heaven were there. Think I, it's no place for me, and I backed out of the room. But they heard the click of the door and turned, and the pretty blush would have won poor Tom's heart if nothing else ever would.

I made the second announcement the next Sunday, and the third the next. And then I married them. If matches were ever made in heaven this one certainly was. Sure you can trace the finger of a higher power in spite of all the darts of Cupid or fifty Cupids, if you can muster that many.—*Extension Magazine*.

#### BEWARE OF THE SLIGHT COUGH.

Many big, strong men have found an early grave through consumption. This terrible disease began with a slight cough not worth buying medicine for, and before the danger was realised, it was too late.

Nothing can save you once you are fairly in the grip of the 'Great White Plague,' Consumption. Don't let your slight cough develop into something more serious. Cure it with Nature's healing herbs. Baxter's Lung Preserver is composed of herbal essences, healing and harmless. One dose will give good results, and a single bottle will cure the severest cold. It costs only 1/10 a bottle, at your storekeeper or chemist.

## FRIENDLY FOES

Laying down his pen and pushing his sermon aside, Vernon Blackburne sighed deeply. His trouble was not one that usually forms part of a priest's burden. He had come to his present parish with burning zeal for work amongst the poor. He found a congregation intensely respectable. What poor there were did not need him—they made no secret of it. A few were indifferent, belonging to no religion, and asking only to be left in peace; some were Methodists or Wesleyans, but the bulk of the poor were Catholics, and towards these the heart of the High Church parson yearned. If he could have won even a simple family from its superstition, that would indeed be work worth doing.

Mr. Blackburne's church was full enough on Sundays, but he had an uncomfortable suspicion that the young ladies who formed more than half of his weekly audience came more *pour ses beaux yeux* than for the spirituality he urged upon them. They offered themselves freely as helpers in his good works and sought him out, either by invitations to their homes or by boldly invading his vestry, all professing themselves deeply interested. When it appeared they must all work together, however, and that there were no poor who wanted to be visited or taught they lost their ardor. Finally there was only one woman of the hundred or more whom Mr. Blackburne could think of with any comfort, or, indeed, with common patience.

Mrs. Layton was his ideal of womanhood. A calm, gracious presence, with sons and daughters older than the young clergyman himself, she helped him in a gentle, dignified way, until at length, whenever dissatisfied with himself and affairs in general, he went to seek the soothing she could bestow. But one day it was Mr. Blackburne's turn to be comforter. A grievous trouble had fallen on the Layton household—Marjorie, the youngest daughter, a clever college graduate, had returned home with the unbelievable tidings that she was in heart and mind a Catholic.

Vernon Blackburne had been looking forward to making the acquaintance of this girl who had distinguished herself at college and yet who was so evidently the dearest of home birds. But he never thought to meet her as a stern, indignant judge.

They looked a well-matched couple. He with his boyish face set, his eyes severe; she, with the great happiness of her parents' reluctant consent to her reception, glowing on her countenance. He had been seeking work to do; here was a foe worthy of his steel, an opponent with whom he could argue, then crush. When the castle of her errors was in ruins at her feet, how gently, how firmly would he build up for her the edifice of Anglicanism.

Marjorie's views on the subject of religious discussion, however, were not at all in accordance with those of the zealous young pastor. Every remark of his, intended as an opening to his attack, was turned, apparently without intent or effort, into some harmless channel of daily platitude.

She had the advantage, for, never having known her as a member of his flock, he could not, in common politeness, call her to task, as he was longing to do, for her defection both from the Anglican Church and from the influence in religious matters of such a mother as hers. Before he took his leave it became evident that it was merely a battle of wits between them. He had to own afterwards to a certain admiration for the way in which she had not allowed him to find the least weak place in her defence and had obliged him to go as he had come, just a pleasant social acquaintance. What made his failure worse was the fact that Marjorie was a youthful copy of her mother, and his ideal in all but this incomprehensible infatuation for Rome.

But it was only this once, just some temporary spirit of mischief that had made Marjorie so insistently uncontroversial. She was not afraid of the vicar as an opponent, and when they met again she gave him the opportunity he sought. She did not provoke religious discussion, she only allowed it, but once embarked she became as eager as he, and whenever they

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