

A Gluster of Snowdrops

(For a Religious Reception on the Feast of Our Lady of the Snow)

Midsommer snow upon a Roman hill, The Esquiline, one August long ago, Gave clients of Our Lady blest to know The site whereon, according to her will, Should rise a votive church, a shrine that still Across the centuries that marks time's flow Bids artist-souls with rapture deep to glow And Christian souls with love of Mary thrill. Each convent-home, by Faith's clear vision seen, Like snow-capped hill gleams pure and white above The soiled and sordid world of struggles mean, Of tepid faith and hope, and selfish love; And Novices, life's fairest flowers that blow, Are snowdrops for Our Lady of the Snow. —Arthur Barry O'Neill, C.S.C. August 5, 1917.

Hail, Queen of Peace

(Written for the Catholic Bulletin)

Hail, Queen of peace: Another star Is shining from thy brow afar, O pray, let not its shining cease, O Mother of the Prince of Peace! Hail, Queen of Peace! Another name Is brightening thy hallowed fame, O pray, let not its power cease, O Mother of the Prince of Peace! Hail, Queen of peace! A new hope fair Is answering the sad world's prayer, O pray, let not its promise cease, O Mother of the Prince of Peace! Hail, Queen of peace! Another dove Is flying from thy breasts of love, O pray, let not its message cease, O Mother of the Prince of Peace!

The Return of Sluggard Dillon.

Elizabeth Brady, in The Queen's Work.

(Continued.)

So the china changed hands and the next time Elinor called "the little Jew man" had delivered his bargain. The little place fairly shone. "I gave old Otto, the crazy man below, a dollar to clean up fine, and he put up the new bed by the fire here. The cells do be cold," she whispered to Elinor. "I've not long to wait, now. Will ye be tellin' Miss Moore about Larry? I can't be hidin' him if she should come, an' I can't keep her out. God be good to her—'tis a silly little wisp she is, miss, dear, an' let her not say bad of him—nor herself, either," very wistfully. "Not either of us," assured Elinor. "An' ye'll not let yer beau forget that he'll look up work for him where none will know. That night ye had yer beau here he was very kind." "I won't forget. Have you heard from your son?" "Not yet. But any minute now. I have day an' date in me heart these fifteen years. He's a big fellow. When he was a lad growin' up he—" Followed a tale of his beauty, his strength, his courage, his talent. The gentleman whom Mrs. Dillon called "yer beau" had looked up the record of Larry Dillon, affectionately known to the gangsters of two decades since as Sluggard Dillon, and had decided that he would get all the help a Christian should give another, but that once he arrived at his home Miss Elinor Brooks would never enter it again, nor go within a mile of it. He liked old Mrs. Dillon. Had she not read his heart and given him the status Miss Brooks could not even seem to see he desired to obtain? "That's so this is your beau, miss, dear, that'll be takin'—"

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't eat as well as you should. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted.

Among the signs of a weak stomach are: uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, and disagreeable belching.

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and tried every remedy I heard of, but never got anything that gave me relief until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I cannot praise this medicine too highly for the good it has done me. I always take it in the spring and fall and would not be without it." W. A. Newzer, Belleville, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

ye home," had earned for Sluggard Dillon the right to a good suit of clothes (made to measurements obtained from the warden by mail, a job of some kind, and a helping hand now and then. But not to see Elinor Brooks—probably she'd shake hands with him—not by any means!

On the first of November a letter came—the first, he it said, in years. "If you are in the same place I shall be home in the first week of November. Keep still about it."

"LARRY." "He wouldn't be walkin' the head of the place to be readin' what he would say. Larry was deep. So he told only the bare news. He'll be here today, so he will!"

"Hardly, Mrs. Dillon. This is only the first. But you can get ready. I'll see that you have all you want for a while, sometime today."

Next afternoon early, accompanied by "yer beau," who was taking no risks, Elinor called again. The suit was there, supplies for a week, and, as they were leaving, "yer beau" laid an envelope on the table.

"I wish your happiness," he said. "Please use this as you think best. My card is inside. Larry may come to me when he is read."

"May God's blessin' be on ye!" said Mrs. Dillon. "An' now, miss, dear, a word alone." "Yer beau" stepped outside.

She took Elinor's hands in her own. "If I could get to my knees—"

"Oh, no!" said Elinor.

"'Tis under yer feet I'd like to lie that yer steps could go softly all yer days! May the heart o' ye that lifted my sorrow never feel pain of its own! There'll be a hand to close me eyes, an' flesh an' blood o' me own to follow me to me grave—me that dreaded the last steps alone—an' a hand to throw the earth on me coffin—"

"Oh, don't, don't," cried Elinor.

"I'll not fright ye, then, nor sadden the heart o' ye. May God be good to ya. May the Mother who sorrowed for my Larry's sins pay ye his mother's debts!"

It was a wildly weeping Elinor who descended to "yer beau's" car, much to his amazement. He had never known her to weep except in her youth, and then from helpless rage. He merely replaced her useless handkerchief with a large one of his own, and waited enlightenment. In a few moments she wiped her eyes, returned the handkerchief, and said:

"I suppose I'm a holy show, Charles. I'm so relieved that everything's all right with Mrs. Dillon. I didn't know what was the matter with me, until I began to cry, and then I knew I had to do it thoroughly."

"Then you're not unhappy nor frightened?" he said curiously.

"Dear me, no!" she took a book of powder-papers from her bag, dusted her nose and eyes—"No, I feel well and happy. Drive through the park please!"

"And they say women should vote," he said to himself. "Glad to hear it," he said aloud. "I wouldn't go there much now if I were you."

"I am not going until next week, Sarah's coming, too. We're going to tell Mary Monica now. I wouldn't want her to stumble in on Larry. She'd die of fright."

"What day are you going? Call me up and I'll go with you, and I'll take you girls to dinner afterward." With this arrangement he left her at her door, after a long ride.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is the only emulsion imitated. The reason is plain—it's the best. Insist upon having Scott's—it's the world's standard fish and strength builder. ALL DRUGGISTS

When they decided to inform Mary Monica, Sarah and Elinor called one day and escorted her to Mrs. Dillon's. Larry had not yet arrived, but Mrs. Dillon mentioned him, and explanations were in order. Whereupon Mary Monica did what a refined young woman of the best family, carefully sheltered all her life, would do under the circumstances. She flatly refused to come again.

"And besides," she said, "I don't feel that I care to join in your work"—they looked surprised—"for I am engaged, though it is not announced yet, to Samuel Haskins. Millicent is withdrawing from your work, too."

"Our work!" said Sarah. "Who got us into it but you?" "I know," said Mary Monica, "but you are more fitted to deal with that class than I am. And as Samuel's wife, I feel my position—"

"You should," said Sarah. "I'd feel it terribly. He's no prize, Mary Monica."

That was the last they saw of Mary Monica Moore. She climbed socially beyond their vision, using Samuel as the first rung in the ladder.

"We can't go to see Mrs. Dillon so often," said Sarah. "It isn't the thing, Elinor, you know that. I'm not keen on meeting Larry, are you?"

"No. But we'll have to look after Mrs. Dillon. We'll let Charles do it after we go once and say goodbye to her."

So they called up Charles and informed him that they were calling upon Mrs. Dillon after lunch next day. He could not come, but arranged to meet them at five. But next day it rained and they put it off.

Still, he felt uneasy, especially as it cleared a little. They might go without him, and Larry might be there. He swore to himself at Mary Monica and social-service work, and started for Mrs. Dillon's, reaching there at four. He took up his stand at the corner to wait for their possible arrival, and at five-thirty, being sure they were not coming, he crossed the street and went up to Mrs. Dillon's rooms. He knocked and, receiving no reply, entered.

The little place, prepared with so much care, was in confusion. The few books and little keepsakes she had were scattered on the floor. The mattress was lying on the floor ripped open. The doors of the little closet stood wide, her few clothes lay wherever he lit the gas. There, on a chair, was the clue—The cheap black suit which the State gives its released convicts. "Larry, me son," had come—and gone!

The remnants of a meal were on the table, and among them lay the envelope "yer beau" had left. It was empty. Larry had donned the suit he had provided pocketed the money he had left for his uplift.

"The old lady!" thought "yer beau." In his surprise he had forgotten her. He made his way to the inner room, and there was Mrs. Dillon on the bed, barely breathing.

Down the stairs he dashed, called a policeman, and rushed a message for a priest. But they arrived to find Mrs. Dillon had slipped the burden of her years and sorrows at the feet of God.

They went away, and Charles explained at the police station. There was nothing to be done. "Larry, me son," had not been "wanted" for anything, and the death of his mother was from natural causes. The doctor said, "old age—shock, probably—but no violence." So Larry was allowed to disappear.

There was a Requiem Mass for Mrs. Dillon. There were flowers on the heavy oak casket, and her fear of going to the grave "with no respect" was unfounded. Behind the casket walked "yer beau," and the neighbors remember still his silk hat and elegant attire; while the grave diggers in the cemetery remember him as the man who kept them waiting to fill in the grave till he had recited the beads. "I didn't think to bring a book with the burial service, and so I thought that the beads would be about what was proper under the circumstances. The old lady was strong on ceremony, I remember."

No trace was obtained of Larry. His friends of the underworld disclaimed all knowledge of him. Inquiries and advertisements by the insurance company which held the policy payable to him were fruitless.

About a year afterward "yer

DIARRHOEA WAS SO BAD.

Thought She Would Lose Child.

During the hot weather young children are very much subject to diarrhoea, in fact, more so than adults, on account of the more delicate construction of their constitution. It behooves every mother to look after her children on the first signs of any looseness of the bowels, for if they do not soon get serious bowel trouble such as diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera infantum, cholera morbus, summer complaint, etc., is liable to follow, and they will perhaps, lose their little one by not taking the precaution to check this looseness of the bowels by using Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

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Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by the T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

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Good bread is obtainable only by using the Best Yeast, the best flour, and adopting the best method of combining the two. Compressed Yeast is in all respects the best commercial Yeast yet discovered, and Fleischmann's Yeast is indisputably the most successful and best known to the world.

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