AUNTY.

Y, AUGUST 20, 1908.

hia Ledger.
, boy," he said, "you l, don't yer?" replied the boy. ucation, ain't yer?"

use of yo' education et hool a whole year an' how long hit takes ter t hatchet?"

he Depressed.—Physical

he Depressed.—Physical perpession usually have a disordered state of and liver, as when these ranged in their action their action their action per perpensive processes at the public processes at the processes and processes are presented in the processes at the processes and processes are processes are processes are processes are processes are processes are processes and processes are processes are processes are processes are processes are processes and processes are process

petition Pills. They re-petive processes, act be-he nerves and restore no other pills will, p, simple and sure, and lasting.

rving was frequently a interjections of gallery daying "Macbeth" one reached that dramatic banquet scene when in he bids the ghost of ish:

ish:
norrible shadow,
ockery, hence!"
and, shuddering conped to his knees, con-

with his robe. As the a shrill voice in the the momentary silence, now, 'Enery; he's

the momentary silence, in the convergence of the co

i, and two of the mgaged in an agry culminated in a fierce at the skirmish one of i was nastily hurt on the employer, who me on ehe scene of acce fight was finishing a of more temper than vised the injured one mt for the other's are matter was being

number of works

number of workmen ered bund, a big, who had heard every-the whole affair made e man with the dam-and said:

vant to get no war-

ist go to the ched get yourself two er-good big ones bicce on yer head an'r mouth an' you'll be ndon Mail.

ne Companion for

sue of Woman's Home il of delightful stories sort of midsummer to pick up the ma-at the little Dutch andmill on the cover sool and comfortable.

authors are Temple Wilson Herrick, May nton Dangerfield and ggins. And when we ese stories are illus-

ggins. And when we ese stories are illusit Lowell, Alice Barcharlotte Weber-Ditzmous artists, you what a treat this
e has in store for

cious and practical ctor Hale talks helpep and Re-Creation." August." many rerealads, meat and christine Terhune mmer Fashions by Gould, Sam Lloyd's e are a few of the interest most every is the August Wonpanion.

oled With His

Over Twenty-Years

Cind of Medicine, But KIDNEY

npanion

LLS CURED HIM

ugust.

and two of engaged in an

NTICLIMAX.

rithmetic an figgering on' tak two whole days answered the boy.

di the old man, "you
r bring back that hatbur, wasn't yer? An'
o whole days sence you pipe. Ugh!

'Yes, and do you know I believe

'Yes, and to you know I believe

papa looks forward to seeing that

pipe as much as he does Auntie,''

cried Dick, scornfully, 'Why, when he

cried Dick, scornfully, 'Why in he cried Dick, scornfully; why, when he spoke about the pipe last night his face actually lighted up. And it seems so funny, because papa never smokes nor chews."

"Come, come, children," chided

paid her a combon for him."

she ever done for him."

she ever done for him."

Your father isn't much of a hand to talk of himself, but from things he talk of himself, but from things he has said I fancy this Aunty helped him a good deal when he was a boy. But here he comes now."

A slow, heavy step came up the street and turned in at their gate, a moment later the door opened and John Gundy entered. He was a short, heavily built man, with an injusually impassive face. But just now the face was animated, and there was a warm look in the eyes.

The kissed his wife and Elsie, and patted Dick on the shoukder.

"It's nice to get home from work "It's nice t

and find things so comfortable," he said, glancing appreciatively about the cosy little room; "an' what's that smell, pumpkin pies and lamb and brown bread—extra cooking for Aunty, I suppose?"

answered his wife smiling-

"Yes," answered his wife smilingly, "we want to give her a good impression of our new home."

The man's face warmed yet more. "She'll like it mightily, I know she will, I know she will," he beamed, seating himself in a big chair by the window. "Seemed like I was dog-tired when I left the factory, but I stopped at the post-office and found a letter from her, and that rested me. She'd got one of the boat men to write, and it said she was getting on first rate and was about to be put on the train. She'll be here on, the eight o'clock sure; the eight o'clock sure be here on, the eight o'clock sure; and it's after seven now, glanding at the clock. Then his gaze wandered to the table, where there was no sign of supper, and he chuckled understandingly. "Putting off supper for her," he went on gratefully, "it's thoughtful of you. Lizzie; and nice of the children to be willing to wait. The Lord's good to give me such a family." such a family.

such a family."

His big. toil-worn hands rubbed across each other caressingly, and his gaze wandered out through the window, unseeing and retrospective.

"Twenty-two years since I saw her," he said dreamily, "and now she is coming to spend the rest of her days with the little boy she pickat my table, and I'll see her go out on the doorstep to smoke her long black pipe just like I used to." He turned and saw the eyes of the children fixed on him, and laughed apolectically.

from freezing or from the owners of boxes or old buildings that I crept into for shelter. But I never stole nor begged, like most of the boys I was with—that is, not until I was ten. I hunted for jobs and scraps of food that had been thrown away; and when I couldn't get them, I'd starve—and 'twas generally starve. But one day when I was about ten I got desperate and rushed into a baker's shop and grabbed both hands full of bread."

'Oh, papa,'' breathed Elsie. (By Frank H, Sweet.)
"I don't see why he needed to have sent for her," muttered Dick, discontantedly; "the house is only just big enough to be cosy for us four. She'll he a nuisance. She isn't anything

"And she can't read nor write," joined in little Elsie. "You know she always gets somebody to write her letters to papa; he says so, and they are mostly in different hands. And he says she smokes a long black full of bread."

''Oh, papa," breathed Elsie.
''I was desperate," the man repeated, his voice lower; "I hadn't had a bite in two days. Of course I knew 'twas wrong. Every intelligent boy knows what's right and what's wrong. But I'd never been gent boy knows what's right and what's wrong. But I'd never been told the why of such things, and just then I was so hungry I didn't care. Well," glancing again at the clock, "the baker had me by the shoulder and was dragging me off to police court when a poor woman seems so funny, because papa never smokes nor chews."

"Come. come. children," chided their mother gently, "you mustn't dillow yourselves to get prejudiced allow yourselves to get prejudiced sainst Auntie in advance. We must swelcome and be nice to her on papa's welcome and be nice to her on papa's welcome and be nice to her on papa's welcome and be nice to her on papa's groward to her coming for a ing forward to her coming for a long time, and is just as pleased as long time, and time by who worked in one of the mills. She begged me off, to eath the mills. guspect that we are not just pleased."

"Of course not," grumbled Dick;
"I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world. But what's the good of having her come here? He's sent her money time and again, and that's paid her a dozen times over for all she ever done for him."

"I'm not so sure about that, Dick. Your father isn't much of a hand to talk of himself, but from things he has said I fancy this Aunty helped him a good deal when he would have to school, for she didn't know much about such things. But she did nor write herself. But she did nor write herself. But she will had good food and warm clothes, and when I was sick she cared for me as tenderly as a mother. And when a party of the neighbors was getting ready to start for America a few years later, she came to me one day with tears in her eyes.

"Johnnie," she said, 'ye must go along with 'em. I hate to have a line with the said in the properties of the said in t

passed a cuffed and kicked and starved childhood on the streets. No city missionary could have pictured to me a heaven so beautiful as that. Evening after evening I would sit on my little stool at one side of the fireplace, watching Aunty at the other smoking her long pipe. And knocking the ashes now and then into the fire. I was happy with the consciousness of a full supper, and the knowledge of a little bed up in the loft to which I could go when I felt sleepy, and that breakfast would be ready for me in the morning without any exertion or apprehensive skulking on my part. Even to this day I can't see a woman smoking without at thrill at my heart and a longing to go and say something pleasant to her."

Elsie was by his knee now, gazing

sometiming pleasant to her."
Elsie was by his knee now, gazing
up wistfully into his face, her eyes
moist. Dick was standing a few
fest away, regarding his father
thoughtfully.

"And you've never seen her since
then," Elsie whispered.
"No. She had forty youngs.

then," Elsie whispered.
"No. She had forty pounds,

y. "Putting off supper went on gratefully, "it's of you. Lizzie; and nice lidren to be willing to Lord's good to give me ly."

toil-worn hands rubbed other caressingly, and ndered out through the limit of the light of the ligh got too old to work in the mill I wanted to bring her here, but couldn't see my way to it until the company advanced me to the position of foreman last month. But it's twenty minutes of eight," his eyes shining; "I think I'd better be start-

twenty minutes of eight," his eyes shining; "I think I'd better be starting for the station."

At the door he paused.
"You children have wondered why I built this house so different from others along here," he said; "well, it's almost a copy of Aunty's little home only about three time as his

cause it was nearer."

The old woman was pausing every few steps, and peering about anxiously. Suddenly she seemed to see their house, and to recognize the familiar vine and windows, for even at that distance they could see her face light up, and the almost childish eagerness with which she hurried across the street toward them.

"It's Johnnie's children, it's Johnnie's children!" she cried, her voice tremulous with the joy it could not hold. "Oh, my dearies! my dearies!"

ies!"

That completed the subjugation of the children; and when she reached the sidewalk, there was Elsie waiting to welcome her, and just beyond Elsie was Dick holding open the gate with beaming face. Nor did Dick with beaming face. Nor did Dick at that moment considet himself too old to receive and return her kiss.

Then he thought of his father, and that he ought to run and tell him of Auntie's arrival, but there was no need for even each between

of Auntie's arrival, but there was no need, for even as he turned he saw the familiar form hurrying up the street with long, eager strides.

# To Purify

### A Mysterious Way.

A rather strange thing happened the other day. My little maid came to me and said that Mr. Tyler had brought the ribbon I had ordered, and the price was sixpence. As I had never heard of Mr. Tyler, and consequently had ordered nothing from him, I said so: and then, as I had my walking things or eard was consequently had ordered nothing from him, I said so: and then, as I had my walking things on and was going out, I asked, "Is he at the front door? I will speak to him myself. There is some mistake."

I found at the door a respectably-dressed little man of middle age, whom I did not remember to have seen before, and, who envolusted circumstance.

seen before, and who apologized ci-villy when I explained that his parcel was not for me.

cel was not for me.

"I'm fairly muddled in my head," he said in a low tone. "I've had a blow. Could you teil me, madam, if there's a pillar-box anywhere near here?"

was broken; the first glimmer of hope, like the rays of the sun, had moted it. Her husband rose and came round to her.

"Come, my woman," he said, and led her unresisting to her bedroom. Then he came back to me.

"She'll do now," he said brokenly. "God forever bless you. Won't you st down."

For I was crying very heartly my-self.

"No one cares," she said quite evenly, and put her head down-again.

The man drew up a chair and sat down at the table too.

I put my other arm around her shoulders.

shoulders.

"Tell me about it," I said; "I don't know." "I wanted to make her cry if I could.

could.

Again she raised her head.

"No one's been," she said. "The vicar, he went next door and said there was no hope; at least he shook his head and sighed, Mrs. Green said, so that showed; and he ain't been here."

here.' Then I understood that her preoc-cupation was all for the boy's soul. I knew exactly how the ease would appear to the smooth and polished gentleman in charge of the parish but a passion of rage and grief seiz-ed me.

but a passion of rage and grief seizhought of his father, and ght to run and tell him arrival, but there was reven as he turned he miliar form hurrying up with long, eager strides.

Purify

The Blood

But a passion of rage and grief seizhough for the ground in the ground he mercy sought and mercy found."

She sat up and eyed me hungrily. Say it again," she breathed. And I repeated the words.

Then her face fell again, as one that dared not hope.

"It isn't in the Bible," she said.
"No," said I. "That isn't, but something else is. A man was dying—a man who had robbed and perhaps murdered—and he said. The liver and Kidneys must be enlivened by Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills.

Ing—a man who had robbed and be said.

Lord, remember me, and was promised Paradise. Mind, he didn't make a long prayer, and say he had simed and was sorry; he hadn't time The blood not only carries nourishment to the cells and tissues of the body but also takes off the poisonous waste material or ashes which remain from the fire of Mfe.

These poisonous substances can only be removed from the blood by the fiver and kidneys and this accounts for the extraordinary success of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a means of purifying the blood.

By acting directly and control of the poisonous and the property of the control of the cont

the fiver and kidneys and this accounts for the extraordinary success of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver bilood.

By acting directly and specifically on these organs this medicine ensures regular and healthful action of the bowels and a thorough cleansing and invigorating of the whole digestive and excretory systems.

The blood is purified, digestion improves, the vital organs resume their various functions, billousness; constipation, liver complaint and kidney trouble are overcome and rheumatism, backaches and all pains and aches disappear.

There is no treatment so prompt and certain and none so reasonable in price. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont. Portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on every box.

A B M S WELL S WEL

der. "We believe in hell," I answered

as quietly. "But a good and holy priest once said to me that we only know for certain of one man sent there. And nothing and no would convince me that our Fa would send your boy there if called upon Him for help, when, called upon Him for help, when, as you say, he has been clean-living and honest and a good son. I daresay he wouldn't go straight to heaven, you know; but we believe in a place of training, a place where forgiven souls go to prepare, to be made where they are never out of Father's hands."

She listened greedily. She listened greedily.
"It'd be a good place," she said
simply, "anywhere where God was.
And for Fred to go straight to heaven wouldn't p'raps make him 'appy,
not at first. He'd want to get used not at first. He'd want to get used to thinking about good things all day like, instead of horses and racin But," her face clouded over once

Hittle cry for mercy from every soul that utters one. Don't you think when your boy fell—"

She turned suddenly back to her old position on the table, crying: "Oh, my boy, my boy, my baby!"

I felt as if I had stabbed her. But the blessed tears had come; the ice was broken; the first glimmer of hope, like the rays of the sun, had melted it. Her husband rose and came round to her.
"Come, my woman," he said, and

and she did not move as we went in.

"She ain't done nothing else since," he said, and with a gesture drew my attention to the room, which bore evident marks of neglect in the dust-covered sideboard and chairs, while the wife herself was in working gown and aprom, with her sleeves tucked up to her elbows.

For a moment I hestated; then I laid my hand on her shoulder. "Oh, you poor dear!" I said, and she looked up at me. I have never seen such despair on any human countemance, but there was no sign or trace of tears.

Stow, who or what made that man come to me with sixpennyworth of ribbon? And how wide will the circles grow from that one lifttle misstate? These good people come to Mass and Benediction every Sunday now, and the woman at least will never rest till she is a Catholic. When I found her the chances were, as we say, much more in favor of her idilling herself or going into a lumatic asylum. Truly, "God moves in a mysterious way," as Cowper has it.—The English Messenger.

## Frank E. Donovan

Office: Alliance Building

107 St. James St., Room 42,

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One roof may look much the same as another when put on, but a few years' wear will show up the weak spots.
"Our Work Survives" the test of time.

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All the troubles and diseases which come in the train of a disordered liver, such as Jaundice, Chronic Constipation, Catarrh of the Stomach, Heartburn, Water Brash, etc., may be quickly and easily cured by

#### MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Mr. 8. Gingerich, Zurich, Ont, writes:—
1 had suffered for years with liver complaint, and although I tried many medicines I could not get rid of it. Seeing
Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills advertised I
decided to try them, and after using them
four months I was completely oured.

25 cents a vial or 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

#### The Return of the Gael.

(By Very Rev. Canon Sheehan, D.D. in Catholic Union and Times.)
Back to Banba of the Shamrocks!
back to Banba of the streams! back to Bamba of the streams! Shall we see it as it hovered over all our waking dreams, Fair, God's Holy City, couched 'mind ridges of the deep, Cradled in its arms so mighty, julled

adled in its arms so mighty, fulled to far-forgotten sleep? have heard its streamlets singing.

as they swept the chords along.

Agate rock—and ruby public—jewelled stops for silvern song.

We have seen its purple mountains, laced with all—their shimm'ring veils.

Clouds and mists of stodaym versals.

Clouds and mists of shadowy vessels, hung with all their phantom sails.

sails.
We have heard in dreams the rushing of its rivers to the sea:
And the forest organ-thunders, as the storm-wings sweep the lea.
We have seen its feathered pine-groves.
Hit their lances to the sky.

lift their lances to the sky.
Dipped in windswept salutations to
the phantoms fleeting by:—
Ghosts of legions from the dead past,
haunting every dale and glen.
Long-lost warriors whom the fireside
legends say will come again:
Terms unkempt and gallowplasses,
spurred and booted cavallers,
Heroes of the scion and pike-shaft,
warriors of the sword and spears,
Fairy queens, and elves of moon-

Thou shalt tell thy sons returned all thy glorious history,—
Not the tale of Troy and Carthage, or their hundred storied peers,
But thy own dear fight for freedom lasting twice three hundred years.
Mother Ireland! we will crown thee, chance or change, whate'er may hap.

hap, et with Britain's nodding helmet, Not with Britain's nodding helmet, not with Gallia's Phrygian Cap: But a coronal of shamrocks, dewy from the fragrant sod, Blessed for ever by Thy Saint, as symbol of the Triune God!

Shall we see it? Thou who swingest

Shall we see it? Thou who swingest suns and systems into space, furn Thine eyes to rest a moment on the cradle of our race!
The a speck in Thy vast worlds! But what are Kingdoms unto Thee!
Suns and sands alike are atoms in.
Thy vast immensity.
What Thou seest are souls that spring from out the matrix of the earth, Souls that strain to reach the splendors of a promis d second birth.
Valiant souls that spurn the gifts of Fortune, to be ever free.
Lovers ardent, clients fervent of their country and of Thee.

country and of Thee.
Will Thy face e'er turn towards us?
Lo, there's light upon the sea.
Trembling upwards as the black
Night spreads his raven wing to
flee.

flee.
Sky and sea have felt Thy breaths earth is shaken 'neath Thy feet,
As the thunder rocks the heavens in the track of lightnings fleet.
God, 'He comes! the zenith lightens 'neath His eyes, from pole to note:

pole pole; From His right hand stretches down-

From His Fight hand stretches down-wards all our history's blood-stained scroll!
Whither goes He? whither turns He?
To His Israel of the West!
We shall see it. God has spoken. Na-tions answer His behest!

#### Current Literature's Break.

There is a magazine published over in New York that owes an apology to the Catholic Church in America, to the Catholic Church in America, and to the Jesuit Order in particular. The title of this periodical is "Current Literature," and the name of its editor is Edward C. Wheeler, Catholies take this publication because it pretends to present a selection of the best literature that the age affords. Usually there is much in its pages that is dangerous, but one article in the August number contains a statement that is absoluted. contains a statement that is absolucontains a statement that is absolu-tely untrue. In presenting excerpts from a paper by G. Stanley Hall we find, on page 189, this remarkable editorial statement: "Every child, it is well known, is something of a Jesuit and inclined to take the view that the end justifies the means."

the means

This is stating an untruth in This is stating an untruth in the plainest possible manner. If the editor of "Current Literature" does not know that it has been proved in open court, in a case tried before a German Protestant judge, that no Jesuit has ever held such view as the one here attributed, he is grossly ignorated with few by nostitue. If he all her centuries of wrong,
Darkened but by fitful gleam of patriot-sword and poet-song?
Hath she not repelled in scorn threats
of hell and bribes unpriced,
For your honor, O ye nations? for
Thy sacred creed, O Christ?
Summon then, from farthest shares

Thy sacred creed, O Christ?
Summon then, from farthest shores,
Thy winged angel, Liberty!
Let her spread her mighty pinions o'er the Sleeper of the Sea!
Let her wave her wings of light, and gather from the speeding years
All the remnants of her army, all the world's pioneers!
Le! across 'the ocean swinging, plunge the argosies of light;
Hark the anthemed echoes ringing through the watches of the night!
Hearts of steel and hands of iron gird their motherland once more,—
Great world-builders, thewed and sinewey like the mighty men of All the remnants of her army, all the world's pioneers!

Lo! across the ocean swinging, plunge the argosies of light; Hark the anthemed echoes ringing through the watches of the night! Hark of steel and hands of iron gird their motherland once more,—

Great world-builders, thewed and sinewey like the mighty men of yore.

Gates of Ocean! swing your seawings back from Camden and Carlisle.

Flers of power, gramte sockets, for the wide world's turnstile!

Saxon mames still cling unto you; on your cliffs are Saxon guns;—
Those we'll change, and these will thunder where the swirling seatide runs.

As the sea-tide homes, and fills darkened bight and river nook, Shall our legions spread and fill the sacred soil they once forsook?

Fine-fledged mountain, caverned seasince d soil they once forsook?

Pine-fledged mountain, caverned seasince and they once forsook?

Pine-fledged mountain, caverned seasince, stately city, hermit dale.

Echo back the shout exultant of the sea-united Gael.

Mother Treland! Mother Ireland! gand the part of the presence of the properties, and besides a huge organ night disfigure the admirable symmetry of the interior.

It was also alleged that an old tradition forbade instrumental church music in the Papal presence. History, however, contradicts this tradition and it is recalled that one upon a same famous organists, too, such as Frescobaldi, whose music drew great transept or else in a recess situated that the papal presence in the may be a movable structure, and as for acoustics, modern organ builders ought to basilica.

