Enwreath'd about her rosebud Was many a golden curl,

And in her dimpled hand

A rosary of pearl. A baby quite-of summers three-She bowed her shining head; And as she told the beads sh

lisped. With lips of cherry-red, Her only prayer (two words!) night before getting ready for

she smiled, And "Haily Mary!" said.

Again, again, and yet again, The baby breathed her prayer Her face outshining, like a star, From clouds of golden hair, The while she press'd the polish'd

With meek and rev'rent air. Her azure eyes on Mary's face, A look of rapture wore, Such as the eyes of Gabriel,

The great Archangel, bore Queen In Nazareth of yore.

(God bless the little fairy !), A chant that could not vary;

'Twas always "Haily Mary!" "Come hither, May!" her mamma cried.

On Aves and on Glorias

From Country Lanes

In the hull city there's none that I know-not one," sighed old Dinny Garrity, rocking to open the discussion of Home and fro in the sun parlor of his Rule. That was talk indeed! familiar sights and sounds of the country. Wistfully he gazed down the beautifully elm-shaded boulevard, reviewing in thought the years of the past.

A poor immigrant, he settled in the peaceful farming community known to its inhabitants as Tyrone Valley; there, with Bridget his wife, he had toiled through many hard years, wresting a living from the soil Times had grown easier as the years went by, and the Garritys had been able to give their children a fine education, even sending them away to colleges in the city. The young people were bright and industrious, and had done well, but they had become widely scattered, too, slipping at last into homes of their own in far away places. When Bridgets death left Dinny alone, his ehildren had begged him to sell the farm and make his home with some one of them, but he clung tenaciously to the place that held memories so dear to him. Then Anne, the only unmarried daugh: ter, had given up the brilliant violin that had been his treasurmusicial career that was open to her to keep her father company. She had tried to give up her ambitions and adapt herself to rural surroundings, but her father for a different life from the one she was living; and so, after head bowed low. few years, he consented to sell and move to the city.

The fertile valley acres for a great price, and Dinny Garrity was a rich man. He re warded his daughter's loyalty by allowing her the choice of th home and Anne had promptly chosen a beautiful home in the neighborhood where lived several of her old college acquaintances they were people of wealth and social position—and Anne was gate end wandered down the ambitious.

Anne was good to him, but she ped to pull a straggling weed was trying hard to emulate her friends; there was a maid in the kitchen, the meals were served in style. Dinny would have preferred the old-fashioned ways It seemed to him he could be content if only he could have his supper out in the kitchen, and sit with his feet on the hearth of the cook stove, reading a paper by the light of a kerosene lamp; it would seem "natural," he told himself. But it was wishing for that, for the maid would have no one in her kitchen-and what good was a gas range anyway? In the old days Dinny's last move each

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS ETC.,

All Stuffed Up from catarrh, especially in the morning Great difficulty is experienced in

לינה זבין כה ליני שינת כני מיד מקבר ביין שוניים זה מוכבלי וים עים

ing the head and throat. No wonder catarrh zauses beadac impairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomnch and affects the appetite.

To cure catarrh, treatment must constitutional—alterative and tonic.

onstitutional—alterative and tonic.

"I was ill for four months with catarrh in the head and throat. Had a bad cough and raised blood. I had become discouraged when my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and persuaded me to try it. I advise all to take it. It has cured and built me up." Mas. Hour Rubolfh, West Liscomb, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures catarrh—it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

bed was to get down the old drawing knife and the soft pine board to make shaving for the morning fire. There was no need for shavings for the gas ange, nor was there comfort in looking into its blue flame.

Now he was trying to console himself with arguments: "Sure, I'm always dressed up an' have nothing to do," he told himself with an attempt at cheerfulness. What more should I want?" Then he began thinking about When first he hailed the Virgin the work he used to do on the farm-the chores around orchard and stables. "I've not even 'Twas "Haily Mary!" on the a woodshed now," he thought sadly. He got up from his chair and took a round-about And on the Pater-Noster grains way to the rear of the house. Anne had a "roomful o' company," he knew, and he didn't want to see them

> "What good is their talk," he muttered contemptuously. He was remembering the group of his old friends that used to gather about the yard on a Sunday afternoon; someone would produce a copy of "The Irish World," and Tim Galvin would

> He stole up the stairs that led to the attic. Here were stored many old relics that Dinny had had not the heart to part with. He sank down into the rocking chair that had been his particular favorite for many years: automatically his elbows found the supporting curves of the

It was strangely still in the attic; the little shaded windows made a twilight in the room, friendly shadows filling the cornners. Near him was the bench that he himself had put together when he and Bridget had first begun housekeeping in the New World; there was the small hair trunk that had brought their scant possessions from the old country; there was the old book ease with its treasure of duty. ime - stained volumes. The friendly shadows shifted further into the room, like old familiar shapes seen dimly. Dinny could almost believe the ears of corn swung by their husks from the rafters; he could imagine the faint sweet fragrant from festoons of dried apples. He went over to the old hair trunk and took out the battered

ed possession through life. A ittle tremulously, he slipped it into position and began to play "The Wind that Shakes the Barley"; but the bent old fingers were even less nimble than usual. and the tune died quaveringly away as the old man sat with

Presently he arose' and tiptoed down the stairs, through the immaculate kitchen into the yard in the rear of the house A wire netting fence ran along the edge of the yard. A wide gateway gave egress to the alley, or driveway, that cleft the square. With a sudden overpowering longing for the byways of the world, the old man opened the alley-way. He walked slowly, with his shoulders a little more bent than usual. Once he stopnaming it over to himself as something familiar. It seemed as alien to the fashionable square

as himself. After a while he had passed out of the square in which he lived and into another, still keeping to the byways, then suddenly he "stopped in his tracks," as he

in spring and summer, it's the natural time to store up health and vitality for the is Nature's best and quick

himself afterward said. He was standing in the alleyway behind grand stone house—finer than his own, it was and coming toward the alley, stealthily, with many a backward look, was one whom Dinny instantly described to himself as "the cut an' likeness av Patrick Casey, my good old friend." There was the long

surprise and uncertainty. Then Dinny staked his all: "Thigga thu Gaelic?" It was the old cry of the Celt

neart-hunger in alien land. The newcomer reached for Dinny's hand:

for style an' all !"

went on Cavanaugh. "I've beknownst, as I did today." found what beats the style!" "Y'll see, y'll see !"

In the meantime he had led

It was a long ride they took, whirling away from the neighborhood of wealthy homes through a long stretch of business area; then swerving abruptly, the car line wound into a quiet avenue, where the homes were modest and unpretentions, yet in no way shabby. After a block of this, Cavanaugh signaled and getting off, led his friend

down a side street. Neat little houses were set well back upon lawns shaded by box elder and cottonwood, and behind each house stretched a garden plot tidily cared for; two vacant lots joined to form a long meadow like stretch of grass in which grew wild hemp and field daisies; a red cow browsed leisurely. Dinny saw it all with a warm glow in his heart. He had not known there could be

such places in the city. Across from the vacant stood a small red brick store building, with evidences of livng rooms above it. It was to this store that his friend was eading him. Into the front door they went, and with a nod man who was attending to a customer, Cavanaugh marcked price 25 and 50c. per box. bim to the back of the room and out into an inclosure behind it.

A giant box elder threw a generous shadow across the grass; under the boughs a company of men and women, gray haired and toil marked, sat in comfortable old fashioned postures, ll talking eagerly and interestedy. The two women sat in rock-

ng chairs, knitting while they talked, their needles twinkling with the rapidity of their fingers TWO MONTHS OLD BAB ust as he had seen Bridget's do nany a time. Cavanaugh was giving Dinny time to take in to he full the homelike qualities of the scene. Snatches of their talk began to reach his conscious

"And I was hailed out the ery same year besides losing the best ploug horse I had—" voice was telling.

"It happened in Roscommonsaw this myself--" another voice, laden with mystery, was

"Any wan that knows Irish story—" thundered a burly nan, pounding his own knee for mphasis; Dinny stood listening

Then Cavanaugh called out: "Have ye welcome for

leartily. A man and woman came forward to be acquainted with the new guest. These two were O'Toole and his wife, who owned the little store which their

Could Not Work or Walk Any Distance.

old friend." There was the long slightly aquiline nose, the pointed white chin whisker thrust forward as he walked with neck a trifle outstretched, and even the walking stick, clasped in both hands behind his back.

Dinny stood waiting, a pathetic eagerness gripping him. He knew it was someone that looked like him.

The newcomer upon the alley paused, and looked at Dinny in surprise and uncertainty.

son was running for them. Then Dinny was introduced all around and given seat in the circle, with Cavanaugh beside him.

Now the latter was ready to tell him his story of how, sick "Thigga thu, shanvar, thigga of the fine neighborhood that he lived in, and longing for country Then followed questions and scenes he had once voiced his answers. Dinny gave the out-home sickness in the presence of lines of his story, trying not to Father Maloney, the kindly faced make it seem like complaining; priest of the church on the avenue. but Cavanaugh slipped an arm 'He said nothing at all at the through his and fell into step. time," said Cavanaugh, "but a "Don't you know, then? few days afterward didn't he Didn't I farm it thirty years an' come for me with his car, an' more, an' then didn't we come down here he brought me an' here to the city, and the old made me acquainted. 'Twas his woman an' and the girls going in first parish in the city, an' being countryborn himself, 'twas al-Dinny listened with mouth ways like home to him. Well half a rane; there was growing with him backing me up the in his heart the joy of a com- girls could say nothing, so I come -un here once a week regular-

"But do ye come with me," or oftener, if I can ...,

To be Continued.

"You ought to have surprised look on the cop's face when his prisoner suddenly "That was natural. A bolt

from the blue is always surprising, you know." The Nova Scotia

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> What was the question?" "Who broke the glass in the orch window?"

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