

The QUIET HOUR

A LEGEND OF THE LILIES.

(By Mary A. Conroy.) Once 'tis said, the dainty lilies, (Not St. Joseph's lilies tall, But the lilies of the valley, Purest, sweetest flowers of all)—

EASTER.

Easter! glorious Easter! "The day the Lord Himself has made!" Let us, as the Psalmist bids, "rejoice and be glad in it." For all who made a good Lent it is a delightful transposition.

To leave the church before making a thanksgiving and saying the penance enjoined, if time will possibly permit of fulfilling that duty. To tell any one what penance the priest imposed. To ask a friend or any one what penance he received.

THE CAUSES OF UNBELIEF.

Gibbon, the author of the well written but unreliable "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," a title, by the way, taken from Montesquieu's earlier work, tells us that after his conversion to the Catholic faith at the age of sixteen, the age of his innocence and still uncontaminated purity, his father "threatened to banish, disown and disinherit his rebellious son"; and then inflamed with Anglican hate of the true Church sent him in exile to Lausanne, in Switzerland, to live in the house and under the tutelage of a Calvinist minister named Pavillard, where in "exile and a prisoner, after some irregularities of wine, of play and of idle excursions," he lost his faith and became a Calvinist, to end his career as was natural, in infidelity.

THE MODEL OF YOUR IDEAL.

A sacred thing, this, approaching the uncut marble of life. We cannot afford to strike any false blows which might mar the angel that sleeps in the stone; for the image we produce must represent our life work. Whether it is beautiful or hideous, divine or brutal it must stand as an expression of ourselves, as representing our ideals.

CONFESSION AND HOLY COMMUNION.

It is Not the Correct Thing: To go into the confessional without having duly examined one's conscience and made all necessary preparations. To speak in a tone so loud that those kneeling near the confessional may overhear the confession.

ONLY A Common Cold BUT IT BECOMES A SERIOUS MATTER IF NEGLECTED. PNEUMONIA, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH or CONSUMPTION IS THE RESULT.

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ELMIRA JANE'S TEMPTATION

Elmira Jane swayed mournfully to and fro in the June sunshine, twisting a shaggy portion of her front hair with a meditative finger. "Seem's though Aunt Hepsy's tartar'n usual," she observed to the bandy-legged chicken, as he hopped manfully toward a stray kernel of corn overlooked by the vigilant rooster and his retinue.

Running down the flower-bordered path, Elmira Jane hailed her friend shrilly "Car-o-line, Car-o-line Osgood!" A freckle-faced, sandy-haired girl, arrayed in a gown similar to the style of Elmira's, swung her dilapidated sun-bonnet by one string in answer to the whoop and then made a mad rush toward her friend.

"My land! Caroline," exclaimed Elmira Jane when she came up, "yer haven't got no more wind in yer than yer old hoss! Look now how red yer be."

Caroline ignored this inelegant remark, and with beaming eyes reverted to a more important topic. "Goin' to the church supper, Elmira?" Her companion dug her brawn toes into the dust. "No," she answered slowly. "Ma's away, an' Aunt Hepsy says it ain't proper for children to sit down with their elders."

Elmira Jane shook her head mournfully. "You don't know Aunt Hepsy, Caroline! When she is once set a certain way, Bezebb himself could not move her."

"Morning", Miss Hepsy," said Caroline, as a preliminary. Miss Hepsy, tall, and angular, with sleeves rolled up and elbows deep in flour, glared down upon the intruders.

"Why, I'm jes' wantin' to know—if it— with a big blurt, "kin Elmira come to the costerna—I mean instalment? Oh, Miss Hepsy, do let her come along with us."

The woman drew her brows together and made an impatient gesture. "No, once and for all, she can't. Hain't I told you, Elmira Jane Adams, a hundred times if I said it once. An' if she was goin' I calculate we're good 'nough company without her runnin' after the neighbors. Now, Caroline Osgood, don't you be a teasin' me again—d'ye hear?"

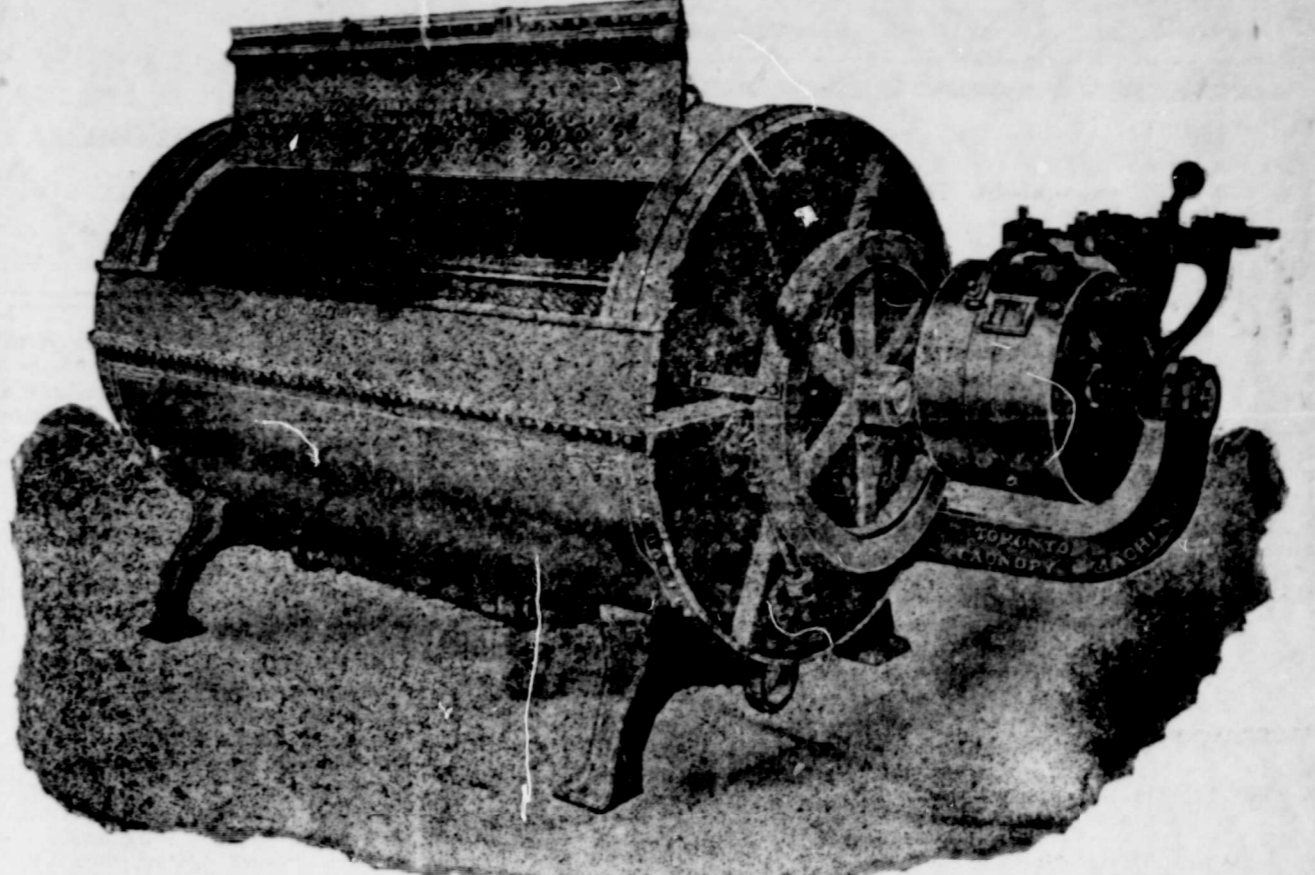
Crushed, with staring eyes and shaky knees, Caroline allowed herself to be drawn into the cool shed by her companion. Slowly they pushed open the heavy door into the vegetable garden, then Caroline found her tongue. Like a shot she was under the kitchen window, her high, shrill voice calling up to Aunt Hepsy, "You're a mean, sour, old cross patch, 'n let me tell you we'd rather hev Elmira Jane at the supper than a hundred billion like you! Old cross patch! Old vinegar face!" she shouted, her little body trembling with rage.

For a moment the woman stood transfixed, then she leaned out of the window, pointed a shaking, wrathful finger in the direction of Caroline's home, "O'n of my sight, yer little witch, I want no more to do with you, 'n Elmira, go up to your room 'n stay there till I call yer."

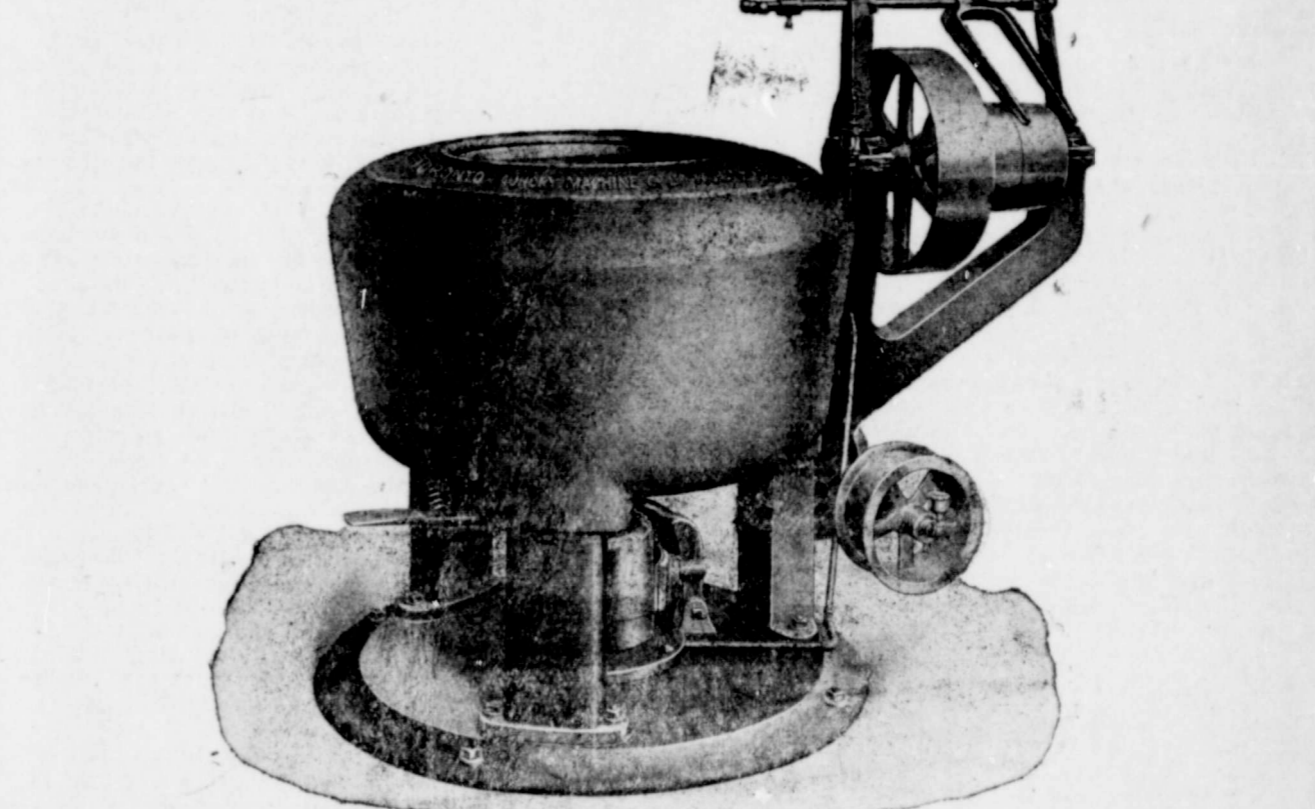
"I don't care," responded Caroline from the other side of the gate, "you will come with us yet. Her eyes full of tears, she stamped off down the dusty road with an angry, determined tread.

The long, slender shadows of the afternoon tremulously deepened in Elmira Jane's little room, slowly creeping toward the child where she lay, face downward, on the rag carpeted floor. She had gone until it seemed as if every tear in her body had been used twice over; she had groaned aloud in the unreassuring misery of childhood; her walls had reached Aunt

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Hepsy in the kitchen below, but apparently no heed was paid to them. At one o'clock Aunt Hepsy had mounted the stairs, grim and unbending, with a slice of bread and butter and a pitcher of cool water, and pushed the tray through the open door. Elmira, holding her breath, heard her depart, but would rather have dissed on the spot than touch the bread or look at the water.

By this time it was almost dusk, and Elmira Jane had arisen and was gazing from the little dormer window at the increasing number of passersby in the road below. "There they be, all goin' to the installation but me! There's that stuck-up Hettie Price! She'll laugh when they tell her how I couldn't go! I want ter go! I want ter!" she sobbed with an angry stamp all her grief breaking forth afresh at the visions of this Paradise Lost, then—

"Elmiry" she heard some one calling up softly, "Elmiry!" With a start, the child leaned from the window and looked down upon Caroline Osgood, resplendent in a new pink frock and standing in the shade of the tall lilac bushes.

"I tell yer what, Elmira—skin out the back way, Aunt Hepsy's upstairs dressin', an' you jes' slip in ter yer frock—I'll wait fer yer—then come round the road with me. I'll tell ma! don't believe she'll mind." "But what if aunt should see me at the supper?" gasped Elmira, dazed at the daring stratagem.

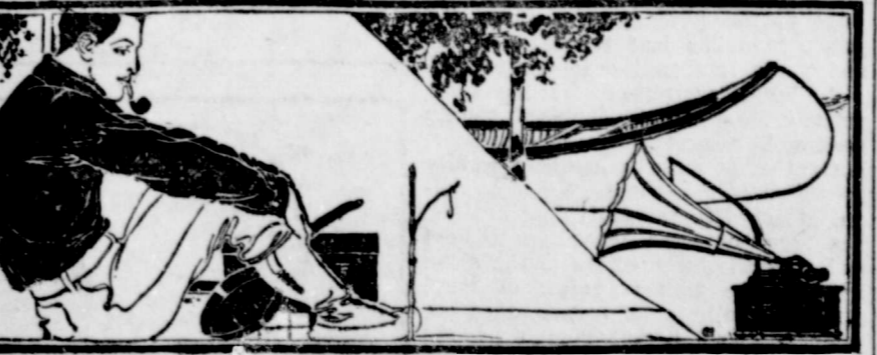
one else. Come on, Elmira— in a sing-song, persuasive siren voice. "Poor Elmira Jane! She gripped the sill with strong fingers; the temptation was almost too great for her strong little soul, and wily Caroline knew that silence might in this case win consent. The supper with its attendant visions of chicken, crispy rolls, pies, fat and tempting cakes multiple as grains of sand, jellies, all floated before her; then Aunt Hepsy's reproachful face and her mother's sorrow at this flagrant disobedience. Perhaps it was this last which made her straighten up, her little head thrown back a trifle, and in reply to Caroline's persuasive, "Comin'?"

"No, Caroline Osgood, I ain't; Aunt Hepsy told me to stay here till she called me down, 'n I'll stay, supper or no supper."

"N I call yer down now, Elmira Jane," said a voice from behind Caroline. "I'm right proud of yer, child; seem's if yer'd been tried mos' 'nough."

Both children jumped, Elmira Jane gasping, "Aunt Hepsy!" "Caroline Osgood," resumed the voice, "yer needn't go, I wuz a bit hard on yer this mornin', perhaps, but you was a little vixen, no mistake. Come in now while I tidy up Elmira Jane. I'm pizen glad she's such a dootiful little critter, anyway, 'n I'm jes' agoin' to give her the reward of the righteous."

Hand in hand they went in together. Upstairs Elmira Jane presented a flushed, happy little face in the doorway as Aunt Hepsy appeared, lamp in hand. "Aunt Hepsy!" bashfully, "say, Aunt Hepsy—I'll hem those sheet to-morrow. 'N say, Aunt Hepsy," with a shy little kiss, "I like yer awfully!"



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