

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)-

Once, the heads now shyly bending, With the wealth of snowy bells, Were in conscious beauty lifted; So at least the legend tells,

Said the lilies, one day whispering:
"Earth has nothing half so fair,
Half so pure, as we white lilies,
And the spotless robes we wear."

Every fragrant chalice lifted Holds an incense sweet and rare, And within our hearts deep hidden Is a perfume like a prayer."

So the lilies, low communing, Spoke in arrogance and pride,-When among them walked a maiden, In her beauty glorified.

Glorified beyond all telling, And the purity she shed, From her gentle, modest glances, Made each lily hide her head,

Since that day in silent homage, Every lily's head is bent!

EASTER.

Easter! glorious Easter! "the Let us, as the Psalmist bids, "rejoice and be glad in it." For all who made a good Lent it is a delightful transposition. The fasts, the watchings and praying were hard on poor, weak nature; but now all is over, and ed, awakes on an Easter morn with a feeling of overwhelming joy. We realize that having suffered with Christ, we arise with Him and that His rethe soul purified and the heart renewsurrection means our own resurrec- the age of sixteen, the age of his in- Caroline ignored this inelegant retion to a higher and holier life. Alle- nocence and still uncontaminated pur- mark, and with beaming eyes reverted luia, alleluia, is heard from every ity, his father "threatened to banish, to a more important topic. Christian pulpit, and the joyful greet- disown and disinherit his rebellious ing finds quick response in every son"; and then inflamed with Angli- mira?" Christian heart. Peace and reconciliation are proclaimed to all who will renounce sin and atone for their offenses. It is a new era and a new life for all who will avail themselves ed Pavilliard, where in "exile and a to sit down with their elders," with

that first Easter morn now nearly two thousand years ago! Then was the great cloud of sin rolled back which had stood between heaven and earth for foar thousand years, that man might again meet the smiles of His Maker and feel anew the warmth of the son into the quagmire of unbelief. But his hatred of the Catholic Church still his hatred of the catholic Church sti his Maker and feel anew the warmth of His love. The same joy is ours no less to-day—if we are in a state to receive it. We need only die to sin to live to our resurrected Lord. He has brought a new life to us; we must give Him a new life in return. Nay, His life must henceforth be our life; for He took our nature that we might share His and be one with His catholic.—The Monitor, New-might lives and acts in many a so-called Christian heart. "Let him be anything, Unitarian, deist or infidel, but not a Papist" is the cry of many a modern Gibbon senior in dealing with his children. And consequently many of them prefer to be infidel and take their place in the army of hate of everything Catholic.—The Monitor, New-erything Catholic.—The monitor in dealing with his children.

\*\*Spect I'll have to be carried home. Come on, she'll let yer if yer tease real hard."

\*\*Elmira Jane shook her head mourn-fully. "You don't know Aunt Hep-monitor was monitored in the army of the profession of the monitor was monitored in the army of hate of everything catholic.—The monitor, New-erything Catholic.—The monitor in the army of hate of everything Catholic.—The monitor in the army of hate of everything catholic children.

\*\*The monitor of the catholic children in the army of hate of everything Him. Let us respond to the loving ark. desire of our Saviour, and make our hearts His dwelling place and the abiding place of His Heavenly Father, by purging our souls of sin through a good confession and by making them pure and beautiful through a worthy holy communion. In this way our Easter will be full of joy and hapearth, and it will give us the hope of er it is beautiful or hideous, divine down upon the intruders. "What d'ye endless joy and happiness one day in

Peace with God was the fruit which our Lord's victory over death brought the world, and this is the joy it will bring to every one dwelling in the world, if he will only receive this peace into a loving and grateful heart and bring forth fruit in patience. Happy Easter to all!

-"Seedlings."

CONFESSION AND HOLY COM-MUNION.

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. To speak so low and muffied that

the priest has to ask for a repetition. To confess other people's sins, to mention people's names. To be too scrupulous.

To be careless and mechanical in making one's confession.

To fail to ask the confessor to re peat the penance if not understood. To change confessors too often.

To rush in ahead of those kneeling around the confessional and awaiting

## ONLY A

BUT IT BECOMES A SERIOUS MATTER IF NEGLECTED. PNEUMONIA, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH or CON-SUMPTION IS THE RESULT.

Get rid of it at once by taking

### Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

Obstinate coughs yield to its grateful

We do not claim that it will cure Cen- at issue. sumption in the advanced stages, but if taken in time it will prevent it reaching that stage, and will give the greatest relief Catholic people who, having amassed to the poor sufferer from this terrible wealth, stifle the faith in their hearts

three pine trees the trade mark.

Mr. Wm. O. Jenkins, Spring Lake, fore we have the scardalous spectacle Alta, writes: "I had a very bad cold of the sons and daughters of those settled on my lungs. I bought two bottles who should be zealous members of the of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup but it household of faith filling the divorce only required one to cure me. I have believer met with any other medicine as good."

Wild Should be Zearded in the divorce courts, shocking the religious sensibilities of co-religionists, bringing un-Price 25 cts., at all dealers.

To leave the church before making a thanksgiving and saying the pen-ance 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.

It Is the Correct Thing:

To walk up to the railing quietly, making as little noise as possible, with the hands clasped upon the breast and eyes cast piously down.

To go up to the railing after the Domine non sum dignus when the bell rings three times.

To hold the communion cloth or in her feet. "Seems to me you be card securaly with both hands, under nowerful inquisitive all of a sudden."

card securely, with both hands, under the chin; to raise the head and extend the tongue when the priest approaches with the Sacred Host.

To lower the head after receiving, and reverently swallow the Sacred comin' up here."

down the dusty road, she cried, why, thar's Caroline Osgood, this early in the morning! Wonder now if she's comin' up here."

To leave the railing almost immediately if there are others waiting to approach the holy table.

To remain at the railing until the tabernacle is closed if there are only

THE CAUSES OF UNBELIEF.

a few communicants.

Gibbon, the author of the well written but unreliable "Decline and Fall "My land! Caroline," exclaimed Elof it.

What a joy to the world was that first Easter morn now nearly the lost his faith and became a Calvin-

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 or brutal it must stand as an expres- want?" she snapped shortly. sion of ourselves, as representing our

gives us a living, which provides the door. a question of how large and how come along with us.

money there is in it. no more get away from it than you Caroline Osgood, don't you be a teascan, of your own volition, rise from in' me again-d'ye hear?" the earth.

whole career and determines t. e qual-

ty of the destiny. to every calling. But a low, sordid aim will take the dignity out of any rage. occupation .- True Voice.

RICH CATHOLICS ARRAIGNED. Frequently it is claimed that the prelates and priests of the Church tolerate actions in wealthy Catholics Common Cold tolerate actions in wealthy Catholics which they bitterly denounce when the offenders happen to be poor. offenders happen to be poor.

This cannot be claimed true down in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, apparently. A few days ago Father Francis H. Wall delivered several blows from the shoulder which it is probable a number of his hearers will

long remember. The occasion was a sermon delivered by Father Wall in which he scored rich families who have let their social ambitions interfere with their re-

There is a strong tendency among men to divorce business from religion" mira Jane's little room, slowly creep he said. "It seems to be taken for ing toward the child where she lay granted that a man cannot be an em- face downward, on the rag carpet inent lawyer or physician or success- mat. She had gone until it seemed ful business man and at the same as if every tear in her body had been time an eminent and practical Catho- used twice over; she had groaned lic. If such were the case than the aloud in the unreasoning misery of cases, it gives prompt and sure relief. In Asthua and Bronchitis it is a successful ary and the mission of His Church an around in the unreasoning misery of childhood; her wails had reached Aunt natural, enabling the sufferer to enjoy refreshing sieep, and often effecting a per- cannot serve God and Mammon has no bearing whatever on the question

"It is sad beyond all sadness to and in their unhealthy greed for so-Be careful when purchasing to see that you get the genuine Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Put up in a yellow wrapper, where their faith is jeopardized and their moral character wrecked. Therefore we have the scardalous spectacle merited dishonor upon the Church."

### **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 Hepsey's tartar'n usual," she observed to the bandy-legged chicken, as he hopped manfully toward a stray kernel of corn overlooked by the vigilany roos-ter and his retinue. "She needn't bite my head off, if the minister be installed to-night!" with more vehem-To be recollected, and to avoid useless conversation before going to the church and on the way thither.

To be dressed neatly and with regard for cleanliness.

For ladies to lift the veil and to remove the gloves before going up to the communion rail.

ence than grammar. "Land sakes! Jes' poked my head in the kitchen when she hollers, 'Clar out, Elmiry, git along, child, I can't be pestered with the likes o' you with the hull church supper jes' starin' me in the face, 'in I clared, you can jes' calculate! When Aunt Hepsey says 'git' with her eyes nonnin' out mos' to her. ence than grammar. "Land sakes! To walk up to the railing quietly, making as little noise as possible, with the hands classed work as the sum of the railing quietly, at this juncture the same and the railing quietly, and the railing quietly, with her eyes poppin' out mos' to her front teeth, it means git."

At this juncture the railing quietly, with her eyes poppin' out mos' to her front teeth, it means git."

powerful inquisitive all of a sudden.' Then, peering from under her hand down the dusty road, she cried, "Why

Running down the flower-bordered path, Elmira Jane hailed her friend shrilly, "Car-o-line, Car-o-line Os-

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 an-

"Goin' to the church supper, El-

it welled up in her bosom. care! we'll ask, anyway." And hand in hand they approached the enemy's fortification, namely, the kitchen

"Morning', Miss Hepsey," said Car-oline, as a preliminary. Miss Hepsey, tall, and angular, with sleeves rolled the stone; for the image we produce must represent our life work. Wheth-

Thus accosted, the child drew back a step, and Elmira Jane, with in-The part of our life-work which stinctive tact, made a start for the

bread and butter and clothes and "Why, I'm jes' wantin' to know-if

grand a man or woman you can bring The woman drew her brows togethout of your vocation, not how much er and made an impatient gesture "No, once and for all, she can't. Your life-work is your statue. You Hain't I told you, Elmira Jane Ad- or look at the water. cannot get away from it. It is ams, a hundred times if I said it inspiring or debasing, as you make it. we're good 'nough company without It will elevate or degrade. You can her runnin' after the neighbors. Now,

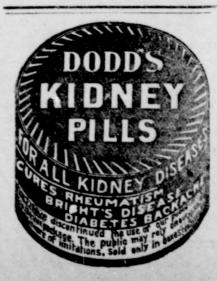
Crushed, with staring eyes and Every errand you do, every letter shaky knees, Caroline allowed herself you write, every conversation, to be drawn into the cool shed by every thought of yours- every- her companion. Slowly they pushed thing you do or think is a blow of the open the heavy door into the vegetchisel which mars or beautifies the able garden, then Caroline found her tongue. Like a shot she was under The attitude of mind with which we the kitchen window, her high, shrill perform our life-work, colors the voice calling up to Aunt Hepsey, "You're a mean, sour, old cross patch, 'n let me tell you we'd ruther It is the lofty ideal that redeems hev Elmiry Jane at the supper than the life from the curse of commonness, and imparts a touch of nobility patch! Old vinegar face!" she shout-

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 "Out of my sight, yer little home, witch; I want no more to do with you; 'n Elmiry, go up to your room 'n stay there till I call yer."

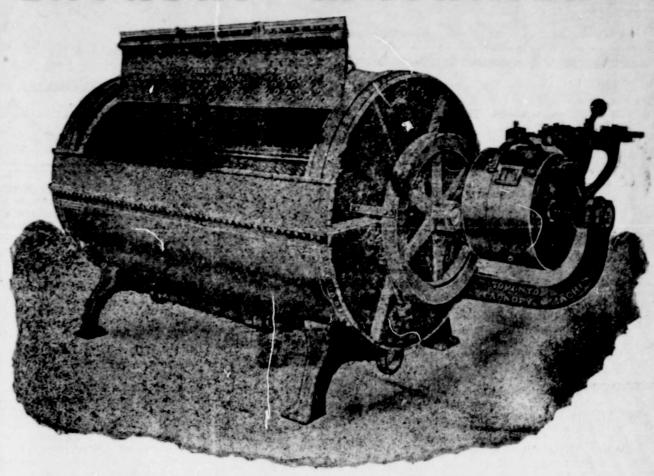
Slam! went the window, and El mira Jane burst into loud sobs. "Go on, Caroline," she choked out, "yer ought not to onsot Aunt Hepsey;

didn't do a bit o' good."
"I don't care," responded Caroline from the other side of the gate, 'you will come with us yit." Her eyes full of tears, she stumped off down the dusty road with an angry, determined tread.

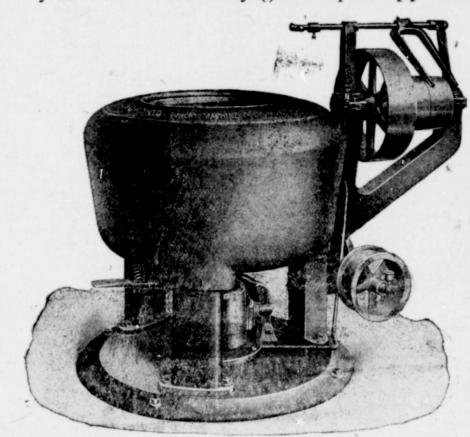
The long, slender shadows of the afternoon tremulously deepened in El-



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Hepsey in the kitchen below, but ap- Then, almost before she was aware of one else. Come on, El-mu-ry," in parently no heed was paid to them. Elmira, holding her breath, heard tongue. her depart, but would rather have

stretched tragically upon the bed.

"I dunno, though," she pondered, 'mos likely I'd be seh weak that I'd an angry stamp all her grief breaking crumple up in a heap an' fall down.

"I dunno, though," she pondered, 'mos likely I'd be seh weak that I'd an angry stamp all her grief breaking to Caroline's persuasive, "Comin'?"—

"No, Caroline Osgood, I ain't; Aunt forth afresh at the visions of this Hepsey told me to stay here till she

crumple up in a heap an' fall down. Elmira Jane tried various positions | Paradise Lost; thenfinally concluded that she liked the ing up softly, "Elmiry!" With a face downward method better than start, the child leaned from the winunsympathetic that Elmira Jane gave the tall lilac bushes. her long, tangled mane away from the back way. her tear-stained face.

wouldn't die ser quick; still, it would-n't be no harm ter taste a little wa-ter; that ain't specially nourishing." home again. She'll think 'twas some-

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music without any of that mechanical sound which is so

it, Elmira Jane had descended from a sing-song, persuasive siren voice.

in which she would prefer dying, and | "Elmiry" she heard some one call- or no supper."

any other. "It's more sorrowful dow and looked down upon Caroline oline. "I'm right proud of ver, child; she explained to the washstand; Osgood, resplendent in a new pink seem's if ye'd been tried mos but that piece of furniture seemed so frock and standing in the shade of up in despair and sat erect, pushing "I tell yer what, Elmiry-skin out

Aunt Hepsey's upstairs dressin', an' you jes' slip in-"My! but I'm dirty!" was her next ter yer frock-I'll wait fer yer- then remark, prompted by a glance at her come 'round the road with me. I'll dusky hands. Then eveing the bread tell ma! don't believe she'll mind." and water, she added, "'n hungry, "But what if aunt should see me at too, only I dasn't eat, because then I the supper?" gasped Elmira, dazzled

bread and butter and clothes and houses and shelter, is merely incidenthouses and shelter and clothes and house an al to the great disciplinary, educative come to the costerna—I mean instaling, with a slice of bread and butter to the costerna—I mean instaling, with a slice of bread and butter to great disciplinary, educative come to the costerna—I mean instaling, with a slice of bread and butter to great disciplinary, educative come to the costerna—I mean instaling, with a slice of bread and butter to great disciplinary, educative come to the costerna—I mean instaling, with a slice of bread and butter to great disciplinary, educative come to the costerna—I mean instaling, with a slice of bread and butter to great disciplinary, educative come to the costerna—I mean instaling, with a slice of bread and butter to great for her phase of it—the self-unfoldment, it is lation? Oh, Miss Hepsey, do let her and a pitcher of cool water, and pushand a pitcher of cool water, and pushand the costerna—I mean instaling, with a slice of bread and butter to great for her and a pitcher of cool water, and pushand the costerna—I mean instaling, with a slice of bread and butter to great for her and a pitcher of cool water, and pushand the costerna—I mean instaling, with a slice of bread and butter to great for her and a pitcher of cool water, and pushand the costerna—I mean instaling, with a slice of bread and butter to great for her and pitcher of cool water, and pushand the costerna—I mean instaling to great for her and pitcher of cool water, and pushand the costerna—I mean instaling to great for her and pitcher of cool water, and pushand the costerna—I mean instaling to great for her and pushand the costerna—I mean instaling to great for her and pitcher of cool water, and pushand the costerna—I mean instaling the great for her and pitcher of cool water, and pushand the costerna—I mean instaling the great for her and pitcher of cool water, and pitcher of cool water and pitcher of cool wate ed the tray through the open door. crumb meditatively on the end of her knew that silence might in this case win consent. The supper with its at-By this time it was almost dusk, tendant visions of chicken, crispy died on the spot than touch the bread and Elmira Jane had arisen and was rolls, pies, fat and tempting cakes gazing from the little dormer win- multiple as grains of sand, jellies, all cannot get away from it. It is ams, a hundred times if I said it beautiful or hideous, lovely or ugly, once. An' if she was goin' I calculate death," she cried, and a sort of sersby in the road below. "There reproachful face and her mother's sorgloomy satisfaction filled her soul as they be, all goin' to the installation row at this flagrant disobedience. she thought of Aunt Hepsey's remorse but me! There's that stuck-up Het-Perhaps it was this last which made when her lifeless body should be found to Price! She'll laugh when they tell her straighten up, her little head

called me down, 'n I'll stay, supper

'nough. gasping, "Aunt Hepsey!

Both children jumped, Elmira Jane

"Caroline Osgood," resumed the voice, "yer needn't go; I wuz a bit hard on yer this mornin', perhaps, but you wus a little vixen, no mistake. Come in now while I tidy up Elmiry Jane. I'm pizen glad she's such a dootiful little critter, anyway, 'n I'm 'es' agoin' to give her the reward of the righteous.

Hand in hand they went in togeth-Upstairs Elmira Jane presented flushed, happy little face in the doorway as Aunt Hepsey appeared, amp in hand.

"Aunt Hepsey!" bashfully, "say, Aunt Hepsey-I'll hem those sheets to-morrow. 'N say, Aunt Hepsey," with a shy little kiss, "I like yer aw-fully!"

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