

On Prayer

(Written For The Catholic Bulletin By Martin Kilsdonk.)

It may not indeed each day be the rule. Nor yet each week or each year. That effects of appeal to our Maker are seen by eye or heard by ear. But come there will,—some moment— Nay, perhaps a great traverse of time When, unless life's tissues be welded by prayer,— as for crime! Our Omnipotent, all-merciful Creator Would have us acknowledge His power! By plea to Him addressed, we manifest This duty to Him, may His graces shower! On earthly domain, we but an instant remain, As by sufferance, from cradle to sod! Most humbly let us pray a soul's sweet lay. In knowledge that our all is of God! So let us perceive,—twere better than grieve— Our dependence upon God for all care, And that welfare of soul and body and all May be entrusted to Him with our prayer.

A Thrilling Adventure.

Some years ago an American boy visited Europe with his parents. After some time spent in Paris, they went to visit relatives who lived in a city in Russia.

Mr. and Mrs. Page and Harold Page were the travellers, and the relatives they visited were the Clayton family. Mr. Clayton was a brother of Mrs. Page, so Harold and Harry Clayton were cousins.

Harold thought Russia a very delightful country, even though it was cold that winter, and he greatly enjoyed the snow, the skating and the sleigh rides.

Harry had never seen the United States, and asked his cousin all kinds of questions about the great country over the sea. Sometime perhaps, he would make his cousin a visit and see it all.

One evening the boys planned to take a skate on the Gulf of Finland which was now a shining field of ice. So they had an early breakfast next morning, and the cook fixed up a package of sandwiches and cakes, so that each could carry his lunch in his coat pocket.

It was splendid exercise skimming over the firm, glass-like field of ice. They had been skating for some time when they slowed down to rest.

"Say, well have to go easy near the middle of the gulf," Harry explained. "Father says one has to be on the lookout for fissures of several feet in width, the water looking black and cruel beneath."

The boys had intended to go on for several miles to another town, but now this unexpected obstacle threatened to prevent their going further. But they were fearless and not easily discouraged, so they decided to go carefully and see if they could not continue their trip. But the fissure widened as they skated along beside it, and at last Harry proposed that they attempt to jump across. Both boys were young athletes so that did not appear to be much of a difficulty. Harry first "did the stunt," and by running and jumping with alacrity cleared the wide crack which menaced their progress.

The American boy was not to be outdone by his cousin, and an instant later he had leaped across. "Great sport!" he exclaimed. "It's a change from smooth sailing all the way."

A minute later, and they were speeding toward their destination, slowing down for a time to eat the sandwiches and cake which they were provided. It was very enjoyable—this skating on the crisp air, and Harold was enthusiastic over the experience, which was a decided novelty to him.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES OLD ETC.

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather.

"I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism, but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grateful." Miss Frances Barra, Prescott, Ont.

"I had an attack of the grip which left me weak and helpless and suffering from rheumatism. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine has entirely cured me. I have no hesitation in saying it saved my life." M. J. McDossan, Trenton, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

Finally they reached their destination. It was a rather small town, with odd, quaint buildings, and Harold thought it a most interesting place, like something one might read about in a romance, he said.

The boys were hungry, despite the fact that the lunch had been disposed of with relish, so Harry suggested that they go to the inn and have a good, square meal. Of course, his comrade had no objections to offer; so they took their way toward the place, which was situated in the center of the town. It was a picturesque building, and presented a most hospitable interior, with a cheerful fire blazing in the big fire place at one end of the dining room.

Seated at the table close to the comfortable fire, the lads ate their dinner, talking and laughing merrily and enjoying themselves as only two healthy lads can enjoy a meal after vigorous, exhilarating exercise.

After dinner they walked about town for quite a while, and after "taking in all the sights," as Harold expressed it, they started homeward.

They were well out of town and were speeding along rapidly, when in some unaccountable way Harry wrenched his foot. After that, travelling was not so rapid, for the ankle gave him considerable pain. They sat down to rest for a minute, when suddenly a sound in the distance caused them to look around. Several black spots, so they seemed, had appeared upon the white ice behind them.

"Wolves!" exclaimed Harry, and his face grew paler than the pain from his burning ankle had occasioned.

Harold, too, felt his heart almost stand still. "Great guns! What?"

Harry rose to his feet. "We'd better move," he said, trying to speak cheerfully.

They started off with all the speed that Harry's injured foot would permit, and, needless to say, the state of mind of the two skaters was far from pleasant, as glancing backward, they saw that the wolves, although quite a distance away, were surely following.

To add to their discomfiture, Harry was forced to sit down and rest. His ankle refused to carry him further. Fumbling in his pocket, he soon pulled out a small revolver, much to Harold's surprise and relief, as well as to his own.

"I wanted to be on the safe side," he explained. "For we have to look out for wolves occasionally."

Harold felt much more secure at sight of the weapon, although he was feeling far from easy and for the first time since leaving America wished he was safe at home where wolves were unheard of—at least in his particular locality.

Presently Harry said he felt he could go on for a while, so Harold assisted him to rise, and they set out once more. Their pursuers were still coming, and this brief halt had allowed them to gain considerably on the travellers. Occasionally a wailing howl came faintly to their ears, and Harold, entirely unaccustomed to the terrifying sound, felt his blood chill and his courage ebb. He had often heard coyotes, but this sound was beyond description.

Again Harry declared he couldn't go further without resting. "You get behind me," he told Harold, who was shaking

with fear, "if they come up I'll take a shot."

"Can—are you sure you know how to use the gun?" stammered Harold who was entirely unacquainted with firearms.

"Sure—I can shoot as well as any body. You're scared stiff, aren't you?" he said as Harold stooped down behind him.

Nearer and nearer came the wolves. When within a few yards, the leader of the band gave a blood curdling yelp, and came leaping toward the boys, the rest following.

Harry then raised his revolver and fired. One animal fell and at once the others pounced on their fallen companion, those that couldn't reach the victim jumping round and yelping dismally.

While they were thus occupied he suggested that they try to reach the wide fissure. "I think I can leap across," he said, but Harold was afraid that would be impossible, with his ankle so badly swollen and painful. But they set out and fortunately they made good progress. However, the howling pack was soon in pursuit, and once Harry turned and fired another shot into their midst. This failed to hit but it had the effect of causing the wolves to fall back for a brief space.

To the boys' extreme relief the wide part of the fissure presently loomed up before them.

Harold was much afraid that his companion would not be able to jump across, but to his surprise he cleared the wide crack and landed safely. Harold quickly followed. The exertion left Harry quite exhausted and after the leap he sat on the ice unable to move farther. Up towards the fissure the wolves came tumbling and snarling. In a few minutes several of them were struggling in the black water, but three managed to leap across and made direct for the fugitives.

Harold never forgot that moment as long as he lived. He could see nothing but blazing eyes and gleaming teeth as the animals advanced to where he crouched behind Harry, who held his pistol ready to fire. It seemed to the frightened lad that hours instead of minutes elapsed before he heard the sharp crack of the revolver. A wolf lay lifeless at Harry's feet and the other two turned and fled. A number of the pack presumably had drowned and the rest intimidated by the fate of their companions had no attempt to leap over the fissure, and had retreated the way they had come.

The boys were in great glee over having a wolf to bring home as a trophy. At least, Harry felt jubilant; but it was some time before Harold could feel that danger was over. He kept scanning the landscape for some time until his cousin's laughter and bantering put him in a more optimistic mood.

That morning they had passed a stopping place known as a half way house, so to this location they set out, rather laboriously, for the sprained ankle was very troublesome by now. But they dragged the dead wolf along with them much to Harold's disgust, however, for he declared he had seen enough of wolves for the rest of his days. Harry would not think of leaving this souvenir of the trip behind for anything, so the carcass accompanied them to the half way house where they telephoned on to Harry's father, explaining the boy's disabled condition.

Mr. Clayton came an hour later and took the boys and the "prize" home in the sleigh.

They had a very thrilling tale to relate as they drove home, and of course repeated the story again when they reached the house.

It was a never forgotten experience for Harold, and when he returned to America he brought the skin of the wolf which, his cousin presented to him as a memento. When the visitors inquire about it, Harold has an interesting story to tell of the winter he spent in a foreign country and where he enjoyed one of the most delightful visits he had ever experienced anywhere.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

WIFE'S COLD

Husband's Bronchitis

CURED BY DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

My husband suffered terribly from bronchitis, and did not know whether he was going to recover or not. At my druggist's, Mr. J. H. Dickey, I was advised to try your syrup, which I did, and am so thankful that I cannot recommend it highly enough.

Many people on the first sign of the slight cold or cough neglect it, thinking, perhaps, it will disappear in a day or two, but the longer it is let run the worse it gets until it settles on the lungs and sets up serious trouble.

On the first sign of a cough or cold, get rid of it before it gets settled. Take a few doses of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and see how quickly it will disappear.

This sterling remedy has been on the market for the past 30 years, and stands high on the shoulders of all other cough remedies.

Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c. Manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The devout client of Our Blessed Lady, who last May, through the columns of the London Catholic Universe, initiated the Million Rosaries scheme for victory of the allies, builded better than she knew. For, by reason of the urgent necessity that existed at the time, by reason of the unceasing labors of the lady above referred to, who worked day in and day out and spared herself neither time nor trouble nor expense in order to achieve the desired object, the million was easily surpassed. On a recent Sunday Cardinal Bourne was able to announce that over three million Rosaries had been said for this particular purpose.

Mary Ovington, Jasper Ont writes:—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Haggard's Yellow Oil and it cured my mother's arm in a few days Price 25 cents.

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W. H. O. Wilkinson, Street ford says:—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price 25c. a box.

"What are you taking for your cold?"

"Make me an offer."

HAD PIMPLES ALL OVER HIS BODY.

The nasty, unsightly little pimples that break out on the face and other parts of the body are simply little irritating reminders that the blood is out of order and requires purifying.

Burdock Blood Bitters has been on the market for the past forty years, and its reputation is unrivalled as a medicine to drive all the impurities out of the blood, thus eradicating the pimples and leaving a bright, clear complexion.

Mr. T. W. Seward, 105 Avenue Road, Toronto, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with pimples all over my body. I happened to mention it to a friend who advised me to use Burdock Blood Bitters. I am now using the third bottle, and I am very pleased with the results. I have no more irritation and feel a whole lot better in every way. Your medicine seems to have fixed me up in general."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. See that their name appears on the wrapper.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

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