

The Beautiful Morning

(Sacred Heart Review.)

Birds in the blossoms sing sweet to the skies;
Suns set in shadows, but bright stars will rise;
And joy, at the last, is the sweeter for sighs.

Bitter the crosses, and sad all the cares;
But there's ever a rose in the thorns of the years;
And the bright smile of Love is a tempest of tears!

Kiss hands to the trouble—take heart in the strife;
Though the sky with the black clouds and thunder be rife;
We shall reap in the sunlight the lilies of life!

The Uses of Adversity.

(From the Messenger.)

Some days past, August days of tropical heat, when golf or any active exercise was not to be thought of, Kitty spent most of her time in a hammock in the garden, while Mr. Rylands went a fishing down the river, where the trees made a pleasant shade and the water ran clear and cool.

For the most part he lay "with idle elbow on the grass," his fishing rod beside him, gazing abstractly across the river. One thought preyed upon him and possessed him—that one great thought which, when a man is compelled to entertain it, drives all other thoughts away—it was the thought that he must die.

He had not needed the recent visit to the specialist to assure him of the fact that he was no better; he knew himself the sinister import of the dreary night sweats which made his shortest sleep a horror and struck fear to his heart at every awakening. His doctor had suggested Davos, but he had shuddered at a word which he remembered as a visit to his sister there—he had gone to bring her and his mother home; they were returning in haste, for the Alpine air could not revive that poor, withering flower, and she wished to die at home.

He picked up his rod at last, and began to follow an elusive trout in its course down the river. His heart was weary with sad thought; he would fling away his troubles until another day. The world about him was full of life and stir; the water rippled and gurgled, over mossy stones, into calm, clear pools, over which swallows fitted and dived, and where tits and larks and birds of many kind, sibilant-coated, flaunting the gayer of fine feathers, bathed and drank and exalted in their happy summer life; bees were busy among the summer sweet and the forget-me-nots, fringing the water; the whirr of a reaping machine came faintly from a field beyond, where reapers were already busy gathering up the gold which the earth yearly pays her debt for man's toil and tillage.

"Here is a wire for you, dad," she said, handing him a telegram. "I thought I would bring it down to you and see what sport you were having. Have you caught anything?"

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrophulous ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes lumps in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, weakens the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

Kitty. "I heard you boasting to him yesterday of the big baskets you have had lately, and he said that anglers' statements must be taken 'cum grano salis,' and when you took him a trout he would believe you."

"Well, shall we go round to the vicarage now, and leave these? I am tired fishing, I think."

She took his arm and they set out for the vicarage at the far end of the village. They were familiar figures now, these two—the pretty girl in her smart, fashionable clothes, and the tall, handsome father, to whom she was so obviously devoted. Women came to their doors and, shading their eyes, gazed after them as they passed along. They had not yet made up their minds about these new people with their grand ways, their big, noisy looking dog and their swift, mysterious motor car; they were all frankly indifferent to their poorer neighbors, and they lived in a bright, gay world of their own, where sorrow or care did not enter in. Mr. Rylands and Kitty did their friendly errand at the vicarage, and they returned home slowly along the dusty road. The air had become close and sultry, and the roses in Kitty's belt drooped and faded. The dogs, with lolling tongues and drooping heads, fringed along close at heel, and only Faust had the energy for a short, grumpy bark at two men on bicycles shot past in rather a dusty plight, one of them hitting his hat as he passed.

"Who was that, dad?" asked Kitty.

"I don't know," he answered.

"I think they must be visitors for you," she said. "Look! let us dismount by our house; they are hurrying on and see who they are."

The cyclists had pulled their machines under the hedge by the roadside and they were attentively regarding the house. One of them, who proved on nearer inspection to be Father de Winton, was pointing out the tower to his companion.

"Ah! well met," said Mr. Rylands, hurrying forward; and they shook hands cordially, the priest introducing his friend as Father Bruce.

"Another Catholic priest," was Kitty's mental comment, as she greeted the stranger; "now I wonder what they are both doing here?"

But Father de Winton was already explaining to Mr. Rylands that his friend was spending a long day with him, and he was showing him all the places of interest. "We have just explored the old church," he said, "and I was going to show him this house, with its curious tower and secret room, but I fear we cannot get in, for the place seems to be inhabited."

"Yes, it is inhabited," said Mr. Rylands, laughing; "my daughter and I can vouch for that—we live here."

"You!" answered he, in surprise. "I thought you were domiciled at Stanton Grange; surely I saw your dogs and your motor car there the other day?"

"Yes, but we were only calling; so being the presiding genius of the Manor, Kitty and I will be delighted to show you round. My wife is at home, and she will be glad to see my friend of the moors, as she calls you. I told her of our meeting."

"Friend!" said Kitty, laughing. "Mother is so bored and bored today that, like Panch's honey-mooning gentlemen, she would welcome an enemy, so do come in."

They passed through the house and onto the lawn, where Mrs. Rylands was sitting under a shady tree. "Well, Father de Winton," said his friend, as he looked round the beautiful, well-kept garden and at the rose-covered house, "I think you have brought me here on false pretences. Is this the place of gloom and mystery you were describing to me? Is this the typical haunted house, given over to bats and owls, with its garden a scene of desolation?"

"Al! well, you see," said Father de Winton, "I came here last winter, and the genius of the place had not arrived then. That explains everything," he added, with a laughing look at Kitty.

"Here is a wire for you, dad," she said, handing him a telegram. "I thought I would bring it down to you and see what sport you were having. Have you caught anything?"

at Kitty. "It never occurred to me that this was a 'show' place, and that people might like to see it," said Mr. Rylands; "to tell you the truth, I know very little of its history."

"It will always be a place of interest to Catholics," said Father de Winton, gravely; "one of our English martyrs was done to death here."

"Ah, yes; I remember now," he answered. "Well, come along, Kitty, and show us your tower."

As they moved towards the house the big dog followed them sedately to the foot of the tower staircase; then, as they began to go up the manifested signs of great disappointment, beginning to whine with the peculiar sobbing sound he kept for such occasions when his tastes were being ruthlessly ignored.

Kitty turned round and told him to be quiet, whereupon he lifted up his voice with a most dismal howl, at which they all laughed.

"May he not come up," said Father Bruce.

"He may, but he won't. Nothing will induce him to set foot on these stairs; he is really very tiresome."

She opened the door of her study, and they followed her into the beautiful room. She noticed that the faces of the two strangers bore a grave, reverent look.

"Father had some fresh panelling put over the place, but the secret door is just here," she said, indicating the spot with her hand. "It slides back somehow towards the window, and the entrance to the hiding-place is actually in the wall. You go down a few stone steps to the tiny chamber, which is exactly under the window; it must be a very airless little apartment, for all the ventilation there seems to be is a small opening behind that old stone coat of arms on the wall just below this window."

"Do you know the story, Father de Winton?" asked his friend, softly.

"Yes; it was a Father Wellesley who suffered here. He was on his way south to his own people, whom he had not seen for years. He said Mass at dawn at North Drayton, and it is supposed there was a traitor amongst the faithful, for he was followed here, and, as you know, his host was just scolding him when his pursuers rushed in and struck off the hand that was closing the panel."

"Ah!" said Father Bruce.

"It was the man's cry of pain that brought Father Wellesley leaping up the steps. They seized him, but as he saw his host fainting to the ground, he flung them off and knelt down by him, thinking he may have had his death blow. He was a great, powerful man, and when, on a second attempt to seize him, he again thrust them back, as he stooped to hear a whisper from the prostrate man, one of them made a lunge at him with his dagger and stabbed him in the side. They say he died on his way to the jail, but, nevertheless, he was hanged, drawn and quartered, according to orders, and then"—and he shuddered—"they say his farm-boy kicked his head for a football all the way to Hurley Ford, where it rolled into the river."

"Oh!" cried Kitty, hotly, tears starting to her eyes; "why did you tell us that—I wish I had not heard it!"

"Why?" asked the priest, gravely.

"Because of the awful barbarity of it. Please don't tell us any more."

"Oh, but I must tell you the rest, Miss Rylands," he said, earnestly, detaining her, as she would have followed her father and Father Bruce from the room; they were going to the top of the tower. "It is summed up in the 'well-done' of the Divine Master, and the entrance of that faithful servant into the joy of his Lord."

"It is the crown and the kingdom, the exceeding great reward, glory everlasting, and life forever more. Think of this and rejoice with him that he was found worthy to receive the martyr's crown."

"You believe all that?" said Kitty, seriously.

"Yes; all Christians must believe that; do not you?"

"I am not a Christian."

"And you think, then, that for that noble spirit all ended in death, in murder and indignity?"

"Except for the example of constancy to his cause, yes."

"No, no, Miss Rylands, you can not seriously believe that; all the wisdom of all the ages seems to cry out against such a libel. No, it is victory, life eternal, and not the triumph of death; the Courts of the house of the Lord, not the tenement of the grave. Would that his spirit would hover here sometimes and instruct your heart in this great truth of Christian faith."

"Father de Winton," she said, suddenly, with a glance to the open door to make sure she was not overheard, "although I do not believe, still it seems to me sometimes that what you suggest is really true, and that this good man's spirit does really abide here at times, a sweet and elevating influence."

"When I come into the room I feel a sense of companionship, as if I were with one who loved me, one with whom I am always in accord; a feeling of peace and rest comes upon me."

and I am also happy here. Although this spot should suggest the tragedy, to me it is fragrant with the memory, not of his death, but of his life—of himself; and I fancy sometimes he is near me, a sympathetic listener to my unspoken thoughts. Is this what you call day dreaming? How do you account for it?"

"In this way," he answered very gravely. "You have a lover among the Saints of God—no wonder you are happy! He loves you because he is one with Christ, the Lover and Bridegroom of your immortal soul. I pray he may soo and win you for the Divine Spouse. Remember that this is a hallowed spot you have chosen for your sanctuary; precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints. A martyr's blood flowed here and his spirit is with God, merged in His bliss and His immensity."

(To be Continued)

Now comes the wool time, the sheep have to get their coats off—and their coat is worth money, worth more money than lots of coats that are advertised at half price. Wool is wool, and cotton is cotton; but the wool has fortunately for the farmers been bringing high prices. This is good for all, concerning, but the high price will not last long. Bring your wool to and get your us, cash or trade whichever you prefer.—If you take cash you get the highest price—if you take trade you get the lowest priced goods in addition to the best selection of dry goods, dress goods, millinery, white wear, and mens furnishings that are shown on P. E. I.—No matter what others say.

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Mrs. J. B. Rusk, Rusky, Ont., says: "I have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil for chilblains, and found it most effectual. It relieved the irritation almost immediately and a few applications made a complete cure."

An impecunious artist took a rejected picture of his to the pawnbroker's. "Thirty dollars," the pawnbroker remarked, curtly.

"But I paid more than that for the frame," the artist exclaimed.

"I know," was the reply; "that's what I'm lending money on."

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is an instantaneous cure. It has been used in thousands of homes for sixty years, and has never failed to give satisfaction. Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency.

Mrs. GEORGE N. HARVEY, Rosneath, Ont., writes: "I once recognized Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as the best medicine I have ever used for Diarrhoea and all summer complaints. I always keep it in the house and praise it highly to all my friends."

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Thousands of women suffer untold misery every day with aching backs that really have no business to ache. A woman's back wasn't made to ache. Under ordinary conditions it ought to be strong and ready to help her bear the burdens of life.

It is hard to do housework with an aching back. Hours of misery at leisure or at work. If women only knew the cause, Backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause in the world.

But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it's not to be wondered that they get out of order. Backache is simply their cry for help.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

will help you. They're helping sick, over-worked kidneys—all over the world—making them strong, healthy and vigorous. Mrs. E. Egan, Douglas, Ont., writes: "For over five months I was troubled with lame back and was unable to move without help. I tried all kinds of plaster and liniments but they were no use. At last I heard tell of Doan's Kidney Pills and after I had used three-quarters of the box my back was as strong and well as ever."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A little nonsense, now and then, Drips from the abler sort of pen. The writer may not think it is, But all opinion is not his. —The Boheman.

Pain in the chest and wheezing are promptly and completely cured by Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It's the best cough remedy in the world. Easy to take. Price 25c.

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"No, indeed; but why not uncle?"

"Because they used to be girls!"

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Mrs. John Lowe, New Germany, N. S., writes: "I have given Dr. Low's Worm Syrup to my children with excellent results. They are fond of taking it and it acts perfectly, requiring no cathartic afterwards."

Mrs. M'Duff.—This paper says that mice are attracted by music; but I don't believe it.

M'Duff.—Why not?

Mrs. M'Duff.—Because I never see any mice around when I play the piano.

M'Duff.—Well, that's no reason for doubting the paper's statement.

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