

Gatchism of the Clock.

Her catechism on her knee,
Her lovely face in study bowed
A little maiden sat by me,
And combed her task aloud.
Upon the wall above her head,
The clock was ticking in the sun;
"How many Gods are there?" she
said,
And straight the clock struck
One.
"How many natures in our Lord?"
Again she asked, "Pray tell me
true,
How many natures in the Word?"
The clock responded, "Two!"
"In one God," she softly cried,
"How many persons may there
be?"
The clock stared quite open-eyed,
And slowly uttered "Three!"
Well answered! laughed the
little maid.
"But now the cardinal virtues
o'er
I pray you count me." Half afraid,
The timid clock struck Four.
Dear me! how very clear it
sounds!
But tell me now (with love
alive)
How many are our Lord's chief
wounds;
The grieving clock struck Five.
The maiden sighed upon her perch,
And meekly kissed her crucifix.
"Pray, name the precepts of the
Church."
She said, The clock struck Six.
"How many sacraments, now tell?"
The clock upraised one hand to
heaven;
With gladness in its silvery bell,
It sweetly answered, "Seven."
"Upon my word, your funny
moods,"
She said, "astonish me. Will
you state
The number of beatitudes,"
The ready clock struck Eight.
"And now the choirs of Angels
bright,
I fain would number at a sign;
The clock amid a blaze of light,
Triumphant, answered, "Nine."
"Well! I declare, its very odd—
You queer old clock, I'll try
again.
The great commandments of our
God,
Pray tell," the clock chimed,
"Ten!"
"The number of Apostles, name
When Christ ascended into
Heaven!"
With thoughts of Judas, full of
shame,
The clock gasped out, "Eleven."
"And now, at last, the Holy
Ghost—
How many are its fruits, I
pray!"
The great clock gave twelve rapid
strokes,
And struck no more that day.
—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

The King's Catspaw.

(Concluded)

Van Anden, already in his
uniform, hurried to obey. At the
armory the men fell into rank
under their officers and rushed to
the prison. But they were late.
The prisoner was gone, and in the
distance came the sound of hasten-
ing feet. They followed in hot
pursuit beyond the city limit,
past the dead and wounded guards,
out into the open, but they could
not overtake the invaders. Hours
later the troops entered the city
in defeat, every officer with the
added sense of Nicholas' wrath
hanging over him.
"It was a clever thing, and
only Orsini could do it, Marten
Von Gaertner said to Van Anden.
"The truth is, our army is not
what it was. Here at the capital
it is inadequate to a sudden at-
tack. How Orsini must enjoy his
victory! He hates Nicholas and
the hate is mutual. Nicholas will
never forgive his rejection by his
sister, for whom he has a passion."
"Van Anden's interest quicken-
ed. "You mean the Countess de
Kaza?" he asked in surprise.
The other nodded. "Had you
not heard it? It has but lately
leaked out. She left the court on
that account. It is said that she
talked more plainly to the King
than he is accustomed to. The
Countess is absolutely fearless.
Would I had been there! We
fools truckle to His Majesty and
despise ourselves for the doing."
Von Gaertner stopped with sudden
remembrance.
The color came dully in the
listener's face, as he comprehended.
"I may have been a fool and a

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is so useful—
as ugly as ever since time immemorial.
It causes bunches in the neck, dis-
figures the skin, inflames the mucous
membrane, wastes the muscles, weak-
ens the bones, reduces the power of
resistance to disease and the capacity
for recovery, and develops into con-
sumption.

"Two of my children had scrofula sores
which kept growing deeper and kept them
from going to school for three months.
Ointments and medicines did no good until
I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla.
This medicine caused the sores to heal, and
the children have shown no signs of scrofu-
la since." J. W. McNamee, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and per-
manently, as it has rid thousands.

catpaw; but I have never been a
traitor or a tale-bearer, Von
Gaertner," he said quickly, "And
now," he added fervently, "I need
no longer be the first; my ap-
prenticeship is over thank God!"
Von Gaertner looked at him
curiously. "What do you—?" he
began when a sergeant-at-arms
approached the men.
"His Majesty wishes to see the
Count Otto Van Anden at once,"
he announced.

As Van Anden walked off with
him he looked back at Von Gaert-
ner, who stared after him uncon-
prehendingly.

"I'm going to my freedom;
farewell, Marten," he cried ex-
ultantly, and strode on.

Nicholas received him calmly,
politely; but Van Anden was not
deceived. Well he knew what
that cynical smile boded! A
violent rage would be a relief,
but Nicholas seldom gave away
to anger.

He dismissed his attendants,
and turned to Van Anden:
"What have you to say for
yourself?"

"Merely that I refused your
command to assassinate Milan."
His glance met the King's steadily.
"You mean you take the con-
sequence of such an act?"

"I do."
"Not only to yourself but to
others?"

Van Anden bowed.
"Do you realize what the result
is?"

"Death," Van Anden replied
tersely.

"Death?" repeated the King
thoughtfully. "Yes but there are
different modes of leaving this
world. I have made quite an
exhaustive study of the subject,
and at the risk of being consid-
ered boastful, I must say I have
proved an adept in the art."

His cool, tantalizing eyes looked
into Van Anden's and the man,
brave and undaunted as he had so
often proved himself, shrank back
appalled at this further glimpse
into the other's dark sinister
nature. He forced himself, how-
ever to return the glance with one
that showed nothing of his real
feeling. His gravity and com-
posure seemed to act on the cool
cynicism of the King as an irritant
at last.

"Towards cannot even love as
other men," he sneered.

"I confess I know nothing about
them from experience;
perhaps your Majesty could
enlighten me?" courteously.

Nicholas clasped his hands
suddenly when four armed men
came into the room as if by
magic.

"Take this fellow to the Tower,
to the room lately vacated by
Milan," the King commanded in
his even tones.

"Your Majesty does me too
much honor, said Van Anden.
"You must have expected resis-
tance?"

"Towards never resist. You
forgot: I merely wish to guard
against possible escape. Your kind
are excellent runners."

Van Anden stepped suddenly
nearer the King. At once his
guard seized him. But the man
offered no resistance.

"I shall do him no harm," he
said quietly. Then turning to
Nicholas, bound as he was, he
said: "This is probably my last
interview with your Majesty, and
I wish to leave you with no mis-
conceptions as to my purpose.
You are aware that there is only
one reason that could have made
me your tool. I have loathed your
service as much as you have en-
joyed giving me the detested
tasks. That is over. If I lived I

"I thought myself a marvel of
secrecy, but I was ever blind and
stupid where you were concerned.
The little god is always pictured
blind you know."

"And you need not be a
wanderer. My brother wishes to
offer you a vacant place in his
army," Helene went on.

"And is your brother still bent
on your marrying the prince?"
Otto demanded.

"Helene," Van Anden rode
more closely to her side, "Helene,
could you care for such a dolt as
the man by your side?"

"I'm sure I ought to take care
of such a creature for sweet
charity's sake; but unfortunately
I—!" She paused.

"You love another?"
Van Anden had to bend his tall
form to hear.

"Unfortunately, blind as he is,
I loved him long ago."

"And the moon looked down and
the stars shone, and the soldiers
marched stolidly on, and all was
as it had been expected for two
young hearts which had suddenly
found this old earth a Paradise—
RHODES CAMPBELL, in Rosary
Magazine.

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As The Result

Of a Neglected Cold
He Contracted
SEVERE BRONCHIAL TROUBLE.

Mr. W. T. Allen, Halifax, N.S., writes:
"I feel that I would be doing you and
your great remedy, Dr. Wood's Norway
Pine Syrup, a gross injustice if I did not
write and let you know the wonderful
results that I have obtained from its
use."

"Last spring I happened to contract a
cold. Of course, this is a common oc-
currence, and I did not take any particu-
lar notice of it at the time. However, it
did not break up as quickly as colds
generally did with me, so after two weeks,
and no sign of improvement, I began
to get alarmed, and went to my local
physician who informed me that I had
contracted severe bronchial trouble as a
result of neglecting my cold. He pre-
scribed some medicine for me, which I
took for about two weeks without any
sign of improvement. I was getting
pretty much discouraged by then, but
one day a friend happened to be in to
whom I was relating my trouble, and he
advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway
Pine Syrup, saying that he had obtained
very beneficial results from its use in a
similar case. I took his advice and
procured several bottles of the syrup, and
after taking it, according to direc-
tions, for about two days, I noticed a
decided improvement, and from that
day on I began to get better, and in ten
days I was in my usual health. I con-
sider this an excellent showing for
remedy, and can highly recommend it to
anyone afflicted as I was. I shall always
put in a good word for it whenever the
opportunity offers itself."

As a caution, Dr. Wood's Norway
Pine Syrup from any druggist or dealer.
Price, 25c and 50c. The genuine is
marked only by the T. Milburn
Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.
Gentlemen—Last winter I
received great benefit from the
use of MINARD'S LINIMENT
in a severe attack of LaGrippe
and I have frequently proved it
to be very effective in case of
Inflammation.

Yours,
W. A. HUTCHINSON.

"You know, Elsie, that 'ferment'
means 'to word,' said the teacher,
"Now you may write a sentence
on the blackboard containing the
work 'ferment'."

After a moment's thought Elsie
wrote as follows: "In summer I
love to ferment among the flowers
in our garden."

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

"Why is a clock like a pretty
and vain young lady?"
"I fail to see any resemblance,
Why?"

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES
NEURALGIA.

I wonder why there are so
many more borrowers than lenders
in this world?

The explanation is most simple
my dear fellow. Fully 90 per cent.
are born borrowers and always
remain such, and the few who
start in as lenders are soon driven
into the other class.

W. H. O. Wilkinson, Stra-
ford says—"It affords me much
pleasure to say that I experienced
great relief from Muscular Rheu-
matism by using two boxes of
Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price
a box 50c."

We are going to give up hav-
ing Johnny get a education.
For what reason?

Well, we can't get him sterilized
every morning in time to get to
school.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES
DANDRUFF.

Gerald and Vanessa are going
to be married. I get the credit for
making the match.

Take all the credit you can get,
my dear. In a few years they may
be giving you all the blame.

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Nervous Prostration.**

Many people although they know of
nervous prostration do not know what
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society, a dread of things falling from
above, fainting on railroad
trains, and disturbed and restless,
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dreams.

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nervous I could not do my own work.
I did not want to see any one, or would I
go any place. My nerves were bad for
three years, and my heart was so bad it
made me tremble all over. I took three
boxes of your pills, and I never was better
than I am now. I weigh 20 pounds
more than I ever did."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are
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pan, kettle or boiler just when she wants to use that article.
Few things are more provoking and cause more incon-
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The housewife has, for many years been wanting,
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