

Gatechism 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, 'tis 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. DONELLY.

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 hastening 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 attack. 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 quickened. "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 Scrofula— as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes blemishes on the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

"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 scrofula since." J. W. McBurn, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

catspaw; 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 apprenticeship 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 Gaertner, who stared after him uncomprehendingly.

"I'm going to my freedom; farewell, Marten," he cried exultantly, 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 consequence 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 considered 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, however to return the glance with one that showed nothing of his real feeling. His gravity and composure 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 clapped 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 resistance?"

"Towards never resist. You forget: 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 misconceptions 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 enjoyed giving me the detested tasks. That is over. If I lived I

should never again lift my hand to do aught but a soldier's duty, a subject's where it did not conflict with honor and the standard of right. Coward you may call me, but you know in your heart that I am not afraid of you. You can torture me and do as you choose with me because I am in your power; but even death is welcome compared to further service with a man like you."

"To the tower with the cur, and if he opens his lips again, silence him," cried the King, his usual coolness deserting him for the moment.

Once in his cell and alone reaction came to Van Anden. His high exaltation left him. Life seemed very dear. Often had he faced death on the battlefield, but how different was that to this waiting for the torture, for the many devices that Nicholas alone could invent. Helene's face came before him. Why had he let her slip away so soon? After all these months to see her only for one short hour! And now never again!

The next day passed somehow, and the night came. Van Anden was calm. He did not understand. He would meet death, as a soldier should. He rested in a big chair that somehow had been allowed his predecessor. He must have dozed when sounds below in the stone corridors awakened him. The tramp of feet, a struggle, a fall. He listened, alert. His hour had come.

The door was thrown open. Men with lanterns entered. They came towards him, seized and carried him out and down the winding stairs. Without, Van Anden, found himself facing a company of armed and mounted men. What was the need of such a number to kill one poor man, he thought?

He looked intently at the men in the darkness. To his surprise he could not recognize one. The orders were given oftener by signals than by word. As if taking part in a pantomime, Van Anden felt himself lifted to a horse; and then silently, swiftly, the whole mass moved on, out of the quiet, sleeping city, miles into the country to the boundary. All at once Van Anden was conscious of someone at his side a page in green livery on a cream-white horse. Something gripped his heart. What did it all mean?

Did you think that I would leave you to your fate?" asked a voice he knew so well.

"But how did you know?" Van Anden's voice was full of wonder.

"A friend of court. I was sure that Nicholas' vengeance would be swift. He never dreamed that your defection was known. He thought still less that Orsini after his recent raid would repeat it so soon. He had doubled his guards, but what were they against my brother?"

"Helene, what do I not owe you?" Helene, what do I not owe you?" "You owe me nothing. What did you do for my sake? This is a trifle to that."

Her lovely face was raised to his. Van Anden felt his past resolves taking wings. "Helene, I am an exile, a wanderer, but even so I must tell you this once how I love you!" There was a sound as of stifled laughter.

"Did you suppose that hidden from me, O blindness of Otos?" "I thought myself a marvel of secrecy, but I was ever blind and stupid where you were concerned. The little girl 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 dot 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.

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 occurrence, and I did not take any particular 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 prescribed 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 from the drug-gist. After taking it, according to directions, 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 consider myself afflicted as I was. I shall always put in a good word for it whenever the opportunity offers itself."

"I can assure Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup from any druggist or dealer. Price, 25c and 50c. The genuine is manufactured 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.

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

Mary Orvington, 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, Stratford 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, a box 50c."

We are going to give up having 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 DANDRIF.

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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