## Thursday, Aug. 6, 1908



### SIGNS OF RAIN.

(From an Irish Reader of 1840.) The hollow winds begin to blow, The clouds look black, he glass is low;

The soot falls down, the spaniels

sleep, And spiders from their cobwebs creep. Last night the sun went pale to bed, The moon in halos hid her head. The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,

For, see, a rainbow spans the sky; The walls are damp, the ditches smell,

Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel. Hard! How the chairs and tables

crack; Old Betty's points are on the rack; Loud quacks the ducks, the peacocks crv;

The distant hills are looking nigh. How restless are the snorting swine! The busy flies disturb the kine; Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,

The cricket, too, how sharp he sings. Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws. Through the clear stream the fishes rise

And nimbly catch the incautious flies. The glowworms, numerous and bright Illumed the dewy dell last night At dusk the squalid toad was seen Hopping and crawling o'er the green; The whirling wind the dust obeys, And in the rapid eddy plays;

The frog has changed his yellow vest, And in a russet coat is dressed; Though June, the air is cold and chill The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill, My dog, so altered in his taste, Quite mutton bones, on grass to feast:

And see yon rooks, how odd their flight,

They imitate the gliding kite, And headlong downward seem to fall As if they felt the referring ball. "Twill surely rain; I see with sorrow, Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

### A WISE CATHOLIC BOY.

A graduate of one of the Catholic away to the sick-bed of a clear relaschools was recently brought into a tive, and had to leave Winnie as her controversy; the subject related to the father's housekeeper. At any other Holy Eucharist. A non-Catholic time the girl would have enjoyed such friend told him candidly that he could an honor-but now! not believe in it. "Do you believe But it so often happens that blessthe words of Christ?" asked the oth- ings come very much disguised.

"Here are His words which are re- her father picked up a magazine. corded in every Bible, and language "Advertising has made great strides cannot be plainer: "This is My Bo- since I was a young man," he obdy; this is My Blood. Unless you served. "These pictures are good eat the Flesh of the Son of Man and enough to be illustrations for Shakedrink His Blood you have no life in you. 'He that eatheth My Flesh Winnie stood still, the frying-pan in for. lasting life, and I will raise him up her. on the last day.' 'My Flesh is meat No sooner were the supper dishes those who had been content with so Father hath sent Me.

HOW WINNE ENTERTAINED. "I don't believe that any one was ever quite so unlucky as I am! As the girl who said these words was about fifteen, appeared to be in ed by any person who is the sole head excellent health, and wore a nice blue serge dress, it may be supposed that her words were too strong for the

situation! They were, indeed. Yet quarter section of 160 acres, more or Winnie Armstrong was in what her brothers teasingly called "a tight less place.

Her mother had just told her that until her father's next "pay day" (on the twentieth of October, and this was the twenty-seventh of September) she could have not even twentyfive cents for her "turn" of the "Girls' Guild." And it was a serious matter to Winnie. The guild met at the members'

homes month.y. Some kind of entertainment was provided by the youthful lostess, and a sligh' admission fee was charged. These went toward whatever purpose the minister

of the church thought best. The Guild had fitted out a traveling bag and lunch vasket for a poor man, a consumptive ordered to Southern California, whose railway fare had been provided for by the grown-ups. It had bought a second-hand sewing machine for a girl who had to leave the store in which she had worked, in order to be with an invalid mother. In fact, the Guild was rather men

proud of itself-not without reason And now Winnie was to entertain, and being a thoughtless little girl, had confidently counted on mother's land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in broken reed. The Armstrongs were the vicinity of the homestead, or upfar from well off.

"I never hoped to pay fifteen dollars for a graphophone, or to have perform his own residence duties by a rich uncle engage a singer at twenty-five dollars for my turn," she al-most sobbed. "But I did"-"If you had given me more notice said her mother, gently, "I dear,'

might have done something. The next day, to make matters worse, Mrs. Armstrong was called measurement.

It was so in this case. As she was

"Most decidedly," was the reply. preparing her first supper for him,

and drinketh My Blood hath ever- her hand. A thought had come to

indeed, and My Blood is drink indeed.' put away than she revealed this inexpensive an entertainment must ght a little hesitatingly to her have something





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and I live by the Father'-that is father. substantially-'so he that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me.'"

wheat. That grain was the seed. her father, and the magazine pictures nice to have a daddy like you! But from it in the harvest time and the old Shakespeare. Now all spring up two dozen grains! It had was ready. er grains. Can you understand that? hard-boiled eggs chopped up with in the Holy Eucharist."

### BLOWN AWAY.

"I'm tired of everything, mamma. Do tell me what to do," said Beth cake was cut in nice square wedges. Lincoln, coming into the room where The day was very warm, and Winher mother was sitting.

me?' "With you, mamma? I didn't know

you could play basket-ball." basket, and I am going to weave the little dining-room beyond. yarn in and out over the ball," said Mrs. Lincoln, smiling and holding up a wooden ball, over which she stretched the heel of Madge's little stocking. "Oh, that kind! I don't call that

play," said Beth. "You and your friend Nellie had a a sewing society, and why may I not one or two pictures. a sewing society, and why have play -play that my real work is play -basket-ball, for instance? I will toss touch of stateliness. "You are to put

she came close to her mother: But, to these." mamma, without joking, what can I do? I am tired of everything and can do.

"Is my daughter really tired of herself?" asked Mrs. Lincoln, with a slight emphasis on "herself."

"Why yes. Didn't I say so, mamma?"

"How would it do to stop trying to please self, of which you are so tired?

toddling into the room, and said intent eyes and knitted brows. wistfully, "I ha en't any one to play The first selection on the nor with '

Mrs. Lincoln gave Beth a meaning look, and said:

little girl?"

room, and she found two happy chil- And the girl who first decided that dren when she returned half an hour Number 17, a sketch of a vegetable later. What were they doing? Beth strainer, was meant to complete the was blowing soap bubbles, and Madge pictorial allusion, was loudiy ap-was trying to catch them. Mrs. Lin- plaused. coln stood for a moment in silence, thinking, "What a beautiful picture!"

Beth looked up and saw her mother, and said, "Aren't the bubbles beautidear?"

"I have two dears now out what has become of that tired self?" "Blow away, mamma, with the bubbles," laughed Beth.

best testimonial one can have of the give the second quotation in its virtue of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is numbers. the treatment of bodily pains, The young people were so much in-coughs, colds and affections of the terested in the guessing that the af-

"A capital idea," he said. "Where without some trouble. The last quo-are your scissors?" Policies Secured by Assets & Front St., near Bathurst,

"But I can't understand it, all the Before long the parlor table was and it needed but one number. And same," said the Protestant friend. "But what can we understand? asked the other; "it does not follow he could ranage "ice-cream enough have guessed that "Number 25," i6 Wellington Street East, because we don't understand a fact, for twelve fairy-like girls," and Win- Shakespeare himself, was meant to that the fact does not exist. Go in-to a wheat field in the spring of the her party would not merely "do," list. 

to 1ot before it reproduced those oth- She had made sandwiches, with But it is a fact. God's power nuts for meat; sandwiches with nasis there, the same as it is manifested turtium seeds minced; sandwiches

of bread and butter. Resides this, squares of home-made fudge were piled in little glass dishes, and plain nie and her father had made one or "Why not play basket-ball with two sacrifices to get lemons at the grocer's without increasing the monthly bill. Altogether, Winnie not be sectarian. We might as well was in no way ashamed of her pret- take a Protestant Mathematics or Why not? I have balls in the yarn- ty parlor, nor of the glimpse into the Jewish Euclid.' The idea expressed

the guests. The pictures were covered with squares or oblongs or ovals of denim, a dull red in tone (old curtains). that they were saying something very smart. Its use in the English a dull red in tone (old curtains).

nice time yesterday playing you were five. On each, secured by pins, were discrediting the Catholic Truth .

Beth caught the ball, and said, as whatever numbers you think suitable tant Academy shows the fallacy of whole literature of the late sixteenth

"These" proved to be half-sheets of teen quotations from the immortal bard.

The first selection on the note paper was, "The Quality of Mercy."

A pair of scales, marked "Number was easily identified as bearing "How would it do for my big girl to some relation to justice, and hence get away from self, and amuse my to Portia's famous speech. But the other number-each quotation had to Mrs. Lincoln was called from the have two-was not so easily chosen.

"Good-night! Good-night! Part-

ing is such sweet sorrow.' The picture of a lady on a balcony

and a youth clinging perilously by ful, mamma, and isn't Madge a one hand to its rim, was declared to be Romeo and Juliet. There was one number. But the other?

At length, by a process of exclusion, the picture of a lamp whose fumes are an antidote to all bronchial affections, and which, therefore, se-Trial Proves its Excelience .- The cured a "good-night," was found to

If not found the sovereign remedy it is reputed to be, then it may be rejected as useless, and all that has been said in its praise denounced as untruthful. Doan's Kidney Pills will cure all kinds of Kidney Trouble from Backache to Bright's Disease, and the price is only 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill On, Toronto, Out.

But the first prize was not won

Is There Such a Thing as "Catholic Truth."

for their pains

In it's issue of June 6, London with marmalade between thin slices Academy comments upon the following sentence which occurs (very appropriately, says the Academy's editor,) in a review of some treatise on Modernism: "We hear occasionally of 'Catholic truth,' which requires the efforts and subscriptions of in this sentence has often been put "But what does this mean?" cried forth in this country. We have seen it even from the pens of Catholic writers who considered, doubtless, Over each was pinned a large figure. treatise referred to by the Academy The numbers ran from one to twenty- was apparently for the purpose of Society of England, an organization which since its inception has done historical positions from the attacks splendid work for the Catholic cause. of the cranks and maniacs who have This is the way in which the Protes- discovered that Bacon wrote the

the flippant sentence: "From this passage we gather, tinted note paper. Neatly written, in firstly, that the truth needs no de tribes of Israel. And in the same everybody. Please tell me what I Winnie's st map-printing, were thir- fense, and no demonstration, from way medical writers are to beware Number twenty-five, too, was of, say, an "English Historical So- to convincing people of the danger of a large picture of him, gazing benign-antly down upon them. "Oh," said everybody, much im-pressed. "Oh," said everybody, much im-There were columns for the numbers about about past events; therefore ders to cure Cancer." to right and left of each quotation. it would be ridiculous to make any heresies against the Truth of Medi-Armed with this paper, and its at- efforts to clear up doubtful points, cine and Hygiene, therefore, no ef-

# Would Lie In Bed For Days And Was Scarcely Able to Ture Liniments and Plasters Did No Good But DOAN'S KID-

**NEY PILLS Cured** Mrs. Arch. Schnare, Black Point, N.B.,

Mrs. Arch. Schnare, Black Foint, N.B., writes:-For years I was troubled with weak back. Oftentimes I have lain in bed for days, being scarcely ible to turn my-self, and I have also beer a great sufferer while trying to perform my household duties. I had doctors attending me with out avail, and have tried liniments and plasters but nothing seem to do me any good. I was about to give up in depair when my husband induced me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and after using two boxes I am now well and able to do my work. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all that you claim for them, and I would advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial.



YARDS

and early seventeenth centuries, and that the Anglo-Saxons are the lost All these are "Mamma, what do you mean?" tached pencil, each young guest wan-Just then dear little Madge came dered round among the pictures with tions, to defend sober and scholarly or pamphlets are needed to defend Truth in question. It would the

Established 1864

tor to fight the delusions and absurdities of "Christian Science" with all the knowledge and all the energy at his command.

"And 'Truth cannot be sectarian." If this means anything, it means that it is not possible to imagine the exiscence of a difference of opinion on any possible subject; that every 'fact' of the universe must be absolutely clear and certain, and that from each of such facts there is only one conceivable deduction. It is difficult to believe that any man in his sober senses can have deliberately emitted a proposition as this; yet, such

there it stands, and, considering all things, it is perhaps the most false statement that has ever been made light." the propositions of religious truth ver was a prominent politician.

are exactly analogous to the propositions of mathematical truth. Et homo factus est is as clear, self-evi-

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triangle are equal. Now, it is highly unlikely that there has been any radical alteration in the constitution of the human brain in the course of ages; yet here we have a grown man, of some education, endowed with a certain measure of literary facility, uttering propositions which would

have proved a sure passport to the Rod and Booby's Bench if they, or anything like unto them, had been advanced by an eight-year-old child in the twelfth century. The modern or (modernist) spirit is certainly very curious." -Sacred Heart Review.

JEW BECOMES A CATHOLIC ON HIS DEATHBED.

Among the converts recently receivsince the world was "a fluid haze of ed into the Church, was Isaac Stein Nevertheless the writer's of Denver, Col., who was baptized meaning is plain, for he goes on to and received the last rites on his say that one might as well talk of deathbed. At the close of the cere-"Protestant Mathematics or Jewish mony, he passed quietly away. Mr Euclid"; whence it follows that this Stein was a member of the Jewish 'modernist" reviewer believes that faith, and in the early days of Den-

Rev. Father Masse, of Joliette dent and certain as two and two make four. Et resurrexit terria die weeks ago, celebrated his first Mass is a proposition as demonstrable as on Sunday in the Church of St. Re-the angles at the base of an isosceles dempteur, Hull.

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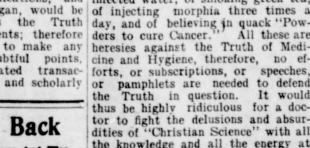
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