### The Fatal Admission

"He's a failure!" said his neigh-

But he wasn't one, you bet! For he started on to labor As he'd never labored yet; And he did his daily duty with a

grim, determined smile-For a fellow's not a failure w keeps busy all the while.

"He's a failure!" said his fellows But he wasn't-not just yet-Though he had a leaky bellows And a staggering load of debt. "He's a failure!" said his father. "He's an ornery, yellow pup!" But a fellow's not a failure if he

hasn't given up! "He's a failure!" sighed his mother,

"He's a failure!" sobbed his force her confidence. Often it . wife; There was never friend or brother

Who could help him back to Then he murmured "I'm a failure!"

But he wasn't-not a bit, Till that fatal moment came when he himself acknowledged it

No wonder that Brenda's heart was stirred as she walked along the path to the beach. This was the most delightful holiday she share in the thoughts that clushad ever had, and this village clustered on the strip of land between the mountains and the fingers; the mysteries passed beocean seemed to her the fairest place on earth.

"There's that lady again," she said, half aloud. "I wonder who she is, always by herseli, she seems sad and lonely; but per haps that is only my imagination. Surely no one could be sad long not mean to. I am sorry. But in such a place as this. It seems more beautiful every day."

Coming to the beach she made her way to her usual seat beneath the cliff, and remained some time in watching the rollers come in The grandeur, the majesty of the scene lifted her heart to highe things, from the creature to the Creator, who holds the seas in the hollow of His Hand. Then almost involuntarily she began to sing the "Salve Regina," softly at first then, responding to the beauty of the words, poured forth her love to the dear Mother whose heart yearns over her banished chi dren. As the last trembling note died away, she started up in surprise, for the lady who had so roused her curiosity was standing close beside her, and the sadnes of the beautiful dark eves went

"You have a beautiful and and so close to the sea?" The voice was low and pleasant, and the smile she gave robbed the question of any abruptness.

"I never thought of that; perso, the beauty and the grandeur, that I could not keep silence."

side Brenda.

you making a long stay?"

could be longer; but I must get the valley of the shadow. back to work. I suppose we wouldn't enjoy holidays if we always had them, though, would

"Certainly not, and nothing is more wearisome than a perpetual vacation, nothing more hard to bear than an enforced idleness. ought to know that. May I ask what your work is ?"

"Nothing very important, fear. I am only a musical student, and since I had rather overtaxed my strength, I am sent down to recruit in this delightful

wearies of everything. I have been here two years now, so that it is almost like home. But tel me of yourself; are you a vocalist?"

"I hope to be, though I am not very sanguine about it, but I love music above all-don't you?"

"Forgive me," she murmured. and laid her strong, cool hand on the frail ones that were locked so tightly together. There was silence for a while, and then Brenda began to speak of the mountains of all the besuty spots she had explored, and all she meant to explore in the coming weeks.

That was the first of many meetings, and Brenda grew to love Rosemary Fortescue with a

### Aching Joints in the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are nflamed and swollen by rheumatismthat 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

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

Removes the cause of rheumatism—no sutward application can. Take it. love she had felt for no one since her mother had died five years before. That there was some mystery about her she could not fail to note, but made no effort to

seemed that the wall of reserve would be broken down, but by a supreme effort she would regain

her self-control. --It was the hour of sunset, the mountain ridge was like a line of gold, and overhead the soft rose hues still lingered in the cloudmasses, but on the mountain side the mists were gathering, veiling in their folds alike bleak rock and living green. On a fallen tree by the wayside sat Brenda, but not now were eyes or mind on the scene before her; earth had no tered round the holy words as the beads slipped through her fore her winning, wounding, gladdening. Even when she had finished the Rosary she still sat motionless, heart and mind full of joy in the glory of Mary in heaven, and she started as a hand

was laid on hers. "Did I frighten you? I did you did not notice my coming Oh, are you a Catholic?"

"I am, thanks be to God." replied Brenda, rising, for there was no mistaking the dismay in the other's tone, even if she failed to note how quickly the hand had been drawn back at the touch of

"Do not be offended," pleaded Miss Fortescue. "I have felt so drawn to you in these days, and lesirous of your friendship. I have never had much to do with Catholics, but I always had an idea they were ignorant and superstitious. Now, I know you are not the first : have we not talked on books for many days, and, young as you are, you are well read. But it seems to me this." and she touched the Rosary,

'is certainly superstitious. What can you want with a string of sympathetic voice, but is it right, beads to say prayers on; surely think you, to sing in the open air the heart can go out to God with-

Then Brenda, seeing that the other was in earnest, sat down again, and explained clearly and simply the mysteries, joyful, sorhaps I should not, but I felt it all rowful and glorious, and how the recital of the rosary blends vocal and mental prayer. Then, ga-The other sighed, "Once I was thering courage, she spoke of the the same all emotion had to find Blessed Mother of God, given to expression in song, and now"- us as Mother also, by those dear she broke off abruptly, and turned words on Calvary; of the love as if to go, but after taking a few that fails not when earthly affecsteps, returned and sat down be- tions fail, making childhood purer and more blessed, strengthening "I have noticed you on the the heart when temptations gabeach every day for a week. Are ther, giving courage and help when the fight is hard and bitter. "Only a month; I wish it and throwing its gentle light on

> She ceased; and in the silence came the everlasting thunder of the ocean, and nearer at hand the mournful cry of the night-bird, and the rustling of the leaves overhead. Then Rosemary Forescue spoke, slowly, dreamily:

"I never thought of anything as beautiful as that. I have rather shunned religion as something dark and gloomy, that robs life of its sweetness, but as you speak of it it would be the light of life. Mysteries! I like that word, for are we not surrounded by mysteries, do we not walk begirt with them, and pass from one to another until the last great one of all enfolds us? Yes, yours is a living faith, no cold collection of hard dogmas and crude superstitions as I once thought. Ah!"

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her tone, "had I but a faith like! that to lean on, in the hour of darkness and despair, even this bitterness might have been sweet, and a ray of hope might have shone where all is now darkness. You are young; you do not realize how cruel life can be, how bitter the cup that must be drunk to the very dregs. In vain we seek to avoid sorrow; it steals

had blotted out the hills." "Look higher," cried Brenda ner voice vibrant with emotion over the earth the shadows may rest, but see the glory of the stars," and she pointed to where in the horizon the evening star gleamed in fitful splendor. A long, low cry broke from the other's lips, and ere Brenda could

stop her she had gone.

upon us and blots out our hopes

and aspirations as yonder mists

Day after day passed, and she had made no sign, and in a short time now all opportunity would be gone. In vain Brenda haunted the beach; the slender, blackrobed figure never appeared, and it was with a sinking heart she turned homeward on her last evening. Tomorrow she would be back in the city, and she longed to see her friend once more be- God as you seem to know Him, fore leaving, yet she could not and yet if I could know and bring herself to break the silence When she entered the cotnot mistaken, and though it was that labor and are burdened." but a short note asking her to It was some six weeks later

ess came to greet her. "I feared I behaved very badly rose of yesterday." hat evening and since; but you nust pardon me, dear; I was ore moved than I care to conng to shut my heart against what you said I find I cannot. Let us fer the friendly darkness."

"If you would rather not-

"Ah, but I must, only very briffy though. I have eaten out my heart in silence too long. The profession you aspire to was mine one said, and a golden future lay before me. I loved! I was loved all life was fair : then the mists fell, and all was blotted out. I listened to the malicious gossip of one I deemed a friend, listened and believed, and quarreled with o Western America and died there, I was miserable when he went away and grew careless One night, on leaving the concert hall, I contracted a cold, and, neglecting it, became seriously ill. My recovery was slow, and ther the blow fell-my voice was gone all my dreams of triumphs faded as utterly as my dreams of love. was persuaded to try a milder cears ago. Since then I have these parasites. Price 25c. drifted from city to city, until I found this haven of peace. I am still a young woman, but hope is dead : for me life has nothing but eariness. I have had my day, though it was short enough, and on know how the poet says:

Each morn a thousand ros brings, you say. Yes, but where leaves the rose

yesterday?' The rose of yesterday, how truly that describes my hopes, myself." Brenda, striving to find some neans to bring comfort to this stricken heart, "that your past is too bitterly sad? A good and PALPITATION learned friend of mine told me once to read two chapters of the Imitation' for every verse of

"Maybe you are right, but ove the bitterness, at least I did but since you spoke that evening I have been thinking of what you said. A mother's love, that I have never known, and when you spoke of Mary, our Mother; of help and strength, and comfort, and the note of passion thrilled in help and strength, and comfort, my heart cried out in its loneliness for all you had and I lacked. Your holiday is up soon. Tomorrow! Well, at least you will write to me and tell me more of this beautiful faith that seems the branch of healing for every Marah. It is strange for a Christian to say, but I've never known tian to say, but I've never known Co., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

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"Ah, pray to the Sacred Heart age where she was staying, a of our Dear Lord; He will help note was handed to her, and her you. He will guide. See, I'll eart bounded with joy, for, give you this Rosary; it was my hough she had never seen it be- mother's. I will teach you how ore, she felt sure the delicate to say it and then say it every haracteristic writing must be day, call every day on Him Who that of Miss Fortescue. She was has said, 'Come unto me all ye

call at "Rose Cottage" that even- that Brenda, on opening the using; she felt that all would come ual weekly letter from her friend right. As she paused at the gate by the sea, found only a few she noted the fragrance of the words written on the sheet-" I roses, whose abundance gave the was received into the Church totiny cottage its name, and she day, and I know now. With God ingered along the path, her host-nothing is impossible, and bud and blossom may return even to the

"A a letter in a strange hand from the South Coast," said Brenda one day, less than a month ess, and though I have been try- after; "I wonder has anything happened to Rosemary." The smile faded as she read the note sit here on the veranda, I want to from the good priest she had tell you about myself, and I pre- known down here. Miss Fortescud was dead, and Mother Church had but gathered her into her arms to lay her in those of death. She sent Brenda a last message: with dimming eyes the girl read the faint uncertain characters-Our Dear Mother, Queen of the Rosary; a place at her feet for the 'rose of yesterday."-Austrian

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> Mrs. Housekeep-You don't mean to tell me that you were ever a poet! Weary Willie-Yes num, when I was younger. That was how my feet first went

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