

The Fatal Admission

"He's a failure!" said his neighbor. 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 who keeps busy all the while.

"The Rose of Yesterday"

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

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward 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 force her confidence. Often it 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 clouds still lingered in the cloud-masses, but on the mountain side the mists were gathering, veiling in their folds alike bleak rock and living green.

"Did I frighten you? I did not mean to. I am sorry. But you were so lost in thought that 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 the Rosary.

"Do not be offended," pleaded Miss Fortescue. "I have felt so drawn to you in these days, and desirous 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," she touched the Rosary, "is certainly superstitious. What can you want with a string of beads to say prayers on; surely the heart can go out to God without that?"

Then Brenda, seeing that the other was in earnest, sat down again, and explained clearly and simply the mysteries, joyful, sorrowful and glorious, and the recital of the rosary blends vocal and mental prayer. Then, gathering courage, she spoke of the Blessed Mother of God, given to us as Mother also, by those dear words on Calvary; of the love that fails not when earthly affections fail, making childhood purer and more blessed, strengthening the heart when temptations gather, giving courage and help when the fight is hard and bitter, and throwing its gentle light on the valley of the shadow.

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 upon us and blots out our hopes and aspirations as yonder mists had blotted out the hills."

"Look higher," cried Brenda, her 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.

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, black-robed 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 before leaving, yet she could not bring herself to break the silence first. When she entered the cottage where she was staying, a note was handed to her, and her heart bounded with joy, for, though she had never seen it before, she felt sure the delicate characteristic writing must be that of Miss Fortescue. She was not mistaken, and though it was but a short note asking her to call at "Rose Cottage" that evening, she felt that all would come right. As she paused at the gate she noted the fragrance of the roses, whose abundance gave the tiny cottage its name, and she lingered along the path, her hostess came to greet her.

"I feared I behaved very badly that evening and since; but you must pardon me, dear; I was more moved than I care to confess, and though I have been trying to shut my heart against what you said I find I cannot. Let us sit here on the veranda, I want to tell you about myself, and I prefer the friendly darkness."

"If you would rather not," began Brenda.

"Ah, but I must, only very briefly though. I have eaten out my heart in silence too long. The profession you aspire to was mine. My voice was marvelous, so every 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 Leonard. He left in anger, and I never saw him again, for he went to 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 then the blow fell—my voice was gone; all my dreams of triumphs faded as utterly as my dreams of love. I was persuaded to try a milder climate than that of Europe and came out to Australia some twelve years ago. Since then I have 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 weariness. I have had my day, though it was short enough, and you know how the poet says:

"Each morn a thou/sand roses brings, you say. Yes, but where leaves the rose of yesterday?"

The rose of yesterday, how truly that describes my hopes, myself."

"Do you not think," said Brenda, striving to find some means to bring comfort to this stricken heart, "that your past is too bitterly sad? A good and learned friend of mine told me once to read two chapters of the 'Imitation' for every verse of this."

BRONCHITIS WAS SO BAD

Coughed Every Few Minutes. DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURED HER.

Bronchitis starts with a short, painful, dry cough, accompanied with a rapid wheezing, and a feeling of oppression or tightness through the chest. At first the expectation is a light color but as the trouble progresses the phlegm arising from the bronchial tubes becomes of a yellowish or greenish color, and is very often of a stringy nature.

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Get rid of it by using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. This well-known remedy has been on the market for the past 25 years.

It cures where others fail. Mrs. Geo. Lotton, Uxbridge, Ont., writes: "I have had bronchitis so bad I could not lie down at night, and had to cough every few minutes to get my breath. I had a doctor out to see me, but his medicine seemed to do me no good. I sent to the druggist for some good cough mixture, and got Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. One bottle helped, and could lie down, and rest well at night. I cannot praise it too much."

God as you seem to know Him, and yet if I could know and love—"

"Ah, pray to the Sacred Heart of our Dear Lord; He will help you. He will guide. See, I'll give you this Rosary; it was my mother's. I will teach you how to say it and then say it every day, call every day on Him Who has said, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are burdened.'"

It was some six weeks later that Brenda, on opening the usual weekly letter from her friend by the sea, found only a few words written on the sheet—"I was received into the Church today, and I know now. With God nothing is impossible, and bud and blossom may return even to the rose of yesterday."

"A letter in a strange hand from the South Coast," said Brenda one day, less than a month after; "I wonder has anything happened to Rosemary?"

The smile faded as she read the note from the good priest she had known down here. Miss Fortescue 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 Messenger.

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

MINARDS LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER. "Do you always stutter like that?" asked the doctor examining the recruit. "N-no, sir," was the reply. "Only w-w-when I t-talk."

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