



The Altar Boy.

Beside the priest at holy Mass each day,
The altar boy kneels there in rever-
ence low;
To wait upon Christ's minister so
blest
From whose pure hands God's
strengthening grace doth flow.
What sacred privilege to be so near,
What at the mystic words Christ
then appears,
And in the priest's frail hands His
body rests,
Whose precious food He gives for
thousand years.
Ah! Surely Jesus' love will fill the
heart,
Of those who serve around His altar
sweet,
And He must mark the altar boy
with grade
Who often comes His presence dear
to greet.
Ah! pure must ever be His faithful
ones,
And He will fill their souls with
gifts most fair:
Their lives with His united in such
joy.
Must find a dream of heaven resting
there.
—Rixford J. Lincoln.

In the Restaurant.

"Look at the girl at the corner
table, Alice—the one with the white
shirtwaist and green hat."
Alice turned and looked across the
palm in the center of the restaurant
toward the little round table near
the last window. "Oh, the girl with the
pretty auburn hair?" she ex-
claimed. "Lovely color, isn't it?"
"Whom does she remind you of?"
"Why, I don't know," Alice stud-
ied the face shaded by the green hat
and the girl, apparently suddenly
conscious of observation, looked up.
Then her eyes dropped, and a flush
mounted to her cheeks.
"There is a familiar look about
her," Alice exclaimed, "but I can't
seem to think who it is that she
looks like."
"Isn't it Miriam Ellis?"
"Miriam Ellis? Why, of course!"
Alice continued to study the pretty
face of the girl at the corner table.
"She's nicer looking than Miriam,
but I don't believe she's so full of
fun. Oh, dear! Do you remember
the time Miriam tried to ride the
calf, and how dreadfully the poor
thing bellowed?"
Both girls began to laugh. And as
the most spectacular of Miriam's
many pranks started them along the
path of reminiscences, they made a
gay luncheon. Neither noticed that
the face of the girl at the corner
table had clouded over, and if they
had noticed, they would have been
far from supposing that they had
any connection with the fact.

But to the girl at the corner table
all was plain enough. First the girl
with the roses on her hat had no-
ticed her and pointed her out to her
friend. And the girl had looked and
stared indeed, till Margery's cheeks
had flamed under the ordeal. Then
both of them had laughed, and they
were laughing yet. It seemed likely
that the joke would last through the
meal.

The girl at the corner table looked
down at herself rather piteously.
What could there be about her to
cause such uncontrolled amusement?
When Aunt Joan had invited her to
luncheon at the fashionable restau-
rant, Margery had taken especial
pains with her toilet, for to her the
occasion was an important one.
There were no restaurants at Green
Lake, which was Margery's home.
It had all seemed to her like a chap-
ter out of a story, till the two
girls on the opposite side of the
room had begun to look and whis-
per, and betray amusement.
"You're not half eating," said
Aunt Joan's crisp tones. "Don't you
like it, Margery?"
"It's all so different," the girl re-
turned with a wan little smile. "It
would take a while to get used to it."

They were kind-hearted girls, the
two at the other table, who had
looked the stranger over as if she
had been a piece of statuary, and
had commented on her appearance
unmistakably, though inaudibly and
not unkindly. They would have been
highly indignant if anyone had ac-
cused them of a breach of good man-
ners. And yet they were responsible
for spoiling the pleasure of the girl
at the corner table. It really was a
pity.

My Mother.

We sit in one big chair, for mother's
little
And rock and talk, all in the fore-
light's glow.
She pats my hand—perhaps you
think it's funny—
It's somehow easier to visit so.
She loves to read the very books that
I do.
That tell of Lancelot, and all the
rest;
She thinks that Charlemagne was
such a hero.

The City Cousin.

He's my own cousin, mamma says;
but my! he's awfully green!
Because he's always lived in town
and so he hasn't seen
So very many things. He said he
never milked a cow.
And all the grass he ever saw was
in a yard till now!
He never gathered roasting ears, and
it's the first time he
Threw up a stick to knock down
nuts and ate 'em off the tree!
And he don't know where honey
grows and never learned to swim.
My! I would hate to be that old
and not know more than him!

When he is home there ain't a creek
and so he never goes
A-fishing, and he hasn't got a suit
of real old clothes.
The kind you have to have to fish;
and he says he can't go
Barefoot with us because the grass
and weeds would hurt his toes!
He won't chew slippery elum bark
or beeswax; he's afraid
Of it because he told us that he don't
know how it's made;
And he won't dig up angle worms
because they wiggle so.
I never saw the place he lives, but
my! it must be slow!
—J. W. Foley.

The Doings of Donald and Dorothy.

Donald and Dorothy were twins
and every one said they were
the cutest, most mischievous, most
lovely little couple in town. They
were usually very good, too, but one day
they did something which was
very funny afterwards, but which was
very serious at the time. Isn't it
queer how many things that are
funny afterwards are not funny when
they happen.

The twins had been playing all the
morning, but at last they grew tired
of their block houses.
"Let's not play this any more,"
said Dorothy at length.
"Yes, let's not," agreed Donald;
"it's too sitting still."
"I know what we can do," con-
tinued Dorothy. "You know that
lovely little playhouse we found up
in the attic when mamma was find-
ing papa's fur coat?"
"Uh-huh," assented Donald.
"Well, I'll take Rosa, and you can
take Teddy, and we'll go up there
and play 'Alice in Wonderland.' You
know, mamma read it to us yester-
day. Teddy can be the white rab-
bit 'cause he looks more like a rab-
bit than Rosa does."

Donald agreed to this plan, so they
tropped gaily up the stairs,
hand in hand.

After much rummaging they found
everything they needed for the game
but a rabbit hole, and for a little
while even their active brains were
unable to devise a suitable one. At
last Dorothy found a loose brick in
the chimney—which ran through the
attic—where they could take out
enough bricks to make a "dandy rab-
bit hole."

"You can be 'Alice' first," said
Donald, generously, "cause you're
a girl. Dorothy did not object to
this arrangement. So after tossing
poor Teddy into the dark hole, fat
little Dorothy prepared to follow
him. The hole was a tight squeeze
for her, but at last she slipped in.
"Oh, dear," she called a minute
later; "I've stuck, an' it's so dark
I can't see to 'magine 'marmalade.'"
"Wiggle hard," answered Donald,
"an' hurry, so I can go, too."

"There was no answer, but a slight
shuffling noise. Donald sat by the
rabbit hole a long time, and listened.
"I wish I dared holler," he thought.
"But I might stir her 'magine'ing."
When Donald got down he found
mamma looking for them, as papa
had come to take them for a drive
before lunch.

"Where's Dorothy?" said mamma.
"Dorothy's don't down the rabbit
hole, and she ain't got back yet."
"Well, you go and call her," said
mamma, wondering what they had
been playing.
Donald was back in a few minutes.
"She won't answer me," he said; "I
saw her opening the garden door
now. Teddy's the white rabbit."

"Donald, stop your fooling at once
and tell me where Dorothy is," said
mamma sternly.

How to Appear Smartly Dressed.

Dress becomingly.
Be individual in your style.
Do not dress beyond your means.
Learn the right times and seasons
for wearing your clothes.
Make a study not of your good
points but of your weak ones before
buying your frocks and hats, says
the Norwich Bulletin.

Learn materials and their wearing
qualities, especially if your clothes
must do duty another season.
Study color effects and know what
combines well, as well as what is
suitable to your type.
Learn the lines that suit you and
stick to them. Only modify them
enough not to be hopelessly out of
date.

Do not trust to what your dress-
maker or milliner tells you. Use
your common sense.
Do not buy a frock or hat because
it takes your eye; only to remember
when you get home that you can-
not afford it and have no suitable
occasions for wearing it.

CONSCIENCE MAKES COWARDS.
A quiet, bashful sort of a fellow
was making a call on a Capitol Hill
girl one evening not so very long
ago, when her father came into the
parlor with his watch in his hand.
It was about 9.30 o'clock. At the
moment the young man was standing
on a chair straightening a picture
over the piano. The girl had asked
him to fix it. As he turned, the
old gentleman, a gruff, stout fellow,
said:

"Young man, do you know what
time it is?"
The bashful youth got off the chair
nervously. "Yes, sir," he re-
plied. "I was just going."
He went into the hall without de-
lay, and took his hat and coat. The
girl's father followed him. As the
caller reached for the door-knob the
old gentleman again asked him if he
knew what time it was.

"Yes, sir," was the youth's reply.
"Good night!" And he left with-
out waiting to put his coat on.
After the door had closed the old
gentleman turned to the girl.
"What's the matter with that fel-
low?" he asked. "My watch ran
down this afternoon and I wanted
him to tell me the time, so that I
could set it." —Denver Post.

POET'S CORNER

ONE OF THESE DAYS.

Say! Let's forget it! Let's put it
aside!
Life is so large and the world is so
wide,
Days are so short and there's so
much to do,
What if it was false—there's so
much that's true!
Say! Let's forget it! Let's brush it
away,
Now and forever—so, what do you
say?
All of the bitter words said shall
be praise,
One of these days.

Say! Let's forgive it! Let's wipe
off the slate!
There's so much good in the world
that we've had
Let's strike a balance and cross off
the bad.
Say! Let's forgive it, whatever it
be;
Let's not be slaves when we ought
to be free.
We shall be walking in sunshiny
ways,
One of these days.

Say! Let's not mind it! Let's smile
it away!
Bring not a withered rose from yester-
day,
Flowers are so fresh by the way-
side and wood,
Sorrows are blessings but half un-
derstood.
Say! Let's not mind it, however it
seems;
Hope is so sweet and holds so many
dreams.
All of the sere fields with blos-
soms shall blaze,
One of these days.

Say! Let's not take it so sorely to
heart;
Failure be genius not quite under-
stood;
Hates may be friendship just drifted
apart;
We could all help folks so much if
we would!
Say! Let's get closer to somebody's
side,
See what his dreams are and know
how he tried;
Learn if our scoldings won't give
way to praise,
One of these days.

Say! Let's not wither! Let's branch
out and rise
Out of the byways and nearer the
skies;
Let's spread some shade that's re-
freshing and deep.
Where some tired traveler may lie
down to sleep.
Say! Let's not tarry! Let's do it
right now!
So much to do if we just find out
We may not be here to help folks
or praise
One of these days.
—J. W. Foley.

WORK IS WORSHIP.

He always prays who always work-
eth well—
The lightest touch
Laid on a child in love, yet serveth
much;
He, whose behest is labor, in God
doth dwell—
Heaven is of such
Here ever holds
That dear New Kingdom fashioned
out of hearts;
Here lies its strength, and at this
fountain starts;
A baby moulds
Its boundless measure, of broken
lives and parts.
Divinely, on bruised reeds and pierc-
ed breasts,
Its glory rests.

Be thou a servant, brother, and thou
shalt be
A sovereign then;
Royal in thy coming down and royal
in ken,
And of the Heavenly Kingdom great-
ly free—
God's citizen
Thy loftiest rise
Who lowliest kneel, to wash a beg-
gar's feet
Or snatch a jewel thrown upon the
street;
The Paradise
Is here and now, and maketh suf-
fering sweet.
Earth groweth sad, and darken skies
and droop,
Unless we stoop.

He always worships, whose delight
is toil—
Simply to serve,
And never from the track of duty
swerve;
One with the freshness of the flow-
ers and soil,
And planets' curve.
Bending to lift
Weakness, he raiseth higher Heaven's
new walls,
In answering outcasts' cry and sor-
row's calls;
Where'er souls drift,
He casts himself beneath the sinner's
falls.
In truth's foundations yet shall lie,
with trust,
His sacred dust.

Be thou a servant, brother, and like
our Lord—
Helping the least,
A wounded bird and stricken and
starving beast;
Christ will Himself with thee, in
Love's accord,
Wait at thy feast,
And holy bread,
The life eternal, thus shall feed thy
soul.
And in thy going make thee His and
white.

His table is spread
At every kindness, that thou dost
not do,
Within the humble heart, God's low-
er skies,
Heaven's Kingdom lies.
—F. W. Orde Ward, in Animal World

THE BOOK OF YEARS.

In sleep I turned the volume of my
years;
The leaves were many, rough and
soiled and marred,
And here and there a line was
blurred and scarred,
Where to erase it I had tried with
tears.
No page was perfect, but through all
there ran
Fair lines and many spaces white
and clear:
Ah, small they were, the blotted
lines too near,
But each showed where a higher
thought began.

Unknowningly I traced these pages
interlined,
I thought them but loose leaves
soon torn and lost;
I knew not then the tears which
they should cost
When in the western sky my sun de-
cined.
Could I but write them now, how
fair they all should look,
When the great angel comes to close
and seal my book.

Funny Sayings.

"Mrs. O'Rourke," said Father Mc-
Murphy, "why do I never see Patrick
at church now?"
Mrs. O'Rourke shook her head sad-
ly.
"Is it Socialism?"
"Worse than that, your reverence."
"Is it Atheism?"
"Worse, your reverence."
"What is it, then?"
"Rheumatism."

BEYOND THE REACH OF LAW.

Dr. Pigou, the dean of Bristol, has
for long had the reputation of be-
ing one of the brightest humorists in
the church.

One of his stories turns upon the
deceased wife's sister. It appears
that a vicar of Dr. Pigou's acquaint-
ance had, in ignorance, solemnized
such a marriage, and he interviewed
the old vergier, whose business it
was to look after such things.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the old man.
"I knowed the parties. I knowed
them."
"Then, why in the world didn't
you tell me?" exclaimed the vicar.
"Well, vicar, it was this way, you
see," replied the old fellow. "One of
em parties was 83 and t'other was
86. Says I to myself, 'It can't last
long; bother the laws and let 'em
two wed.'"

Two men walking along beside a
river saw a man fall in where it
was very deep. One of the men went
to rescue the poor fellow, but it was
a paper one and it came away in
shreds. He then caught hold of the
man by his hair, but it was a wig,
and it came away also. He then, in
desperation called to his compan-
ion: "Come here and help me, Jam-
ie, this man's comin' awa' in bits."

For years Mother Graves' Worm
Exterminator has ranked as the
most effective preparation manufac-
tured, and it always maintains its
reputation.

Regarded as one of the most po-
tent compounds ever introduced with
which to combat all summer com-
plaints and inflammation of the bow-
els, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery
Cordial has won for itself a reputa-
tion that no other cordial for the
purpose can aspire to. For young
or old suffering from these com-
plaints it is the best medicine that
can be procured.

Two Jews were once discussing
the death of a friend. Said Jacob:
"Sure Ike was a good fellow?"
"He was that," replied Isaac, "a
mighty good fellow, Jacob."

"And a cheerful man too was Ike,
and very generous as well."
"Vell," replied Isaac, "I don't
think too very much about that.
Did Ike ever buy you nothing?"
Jacob said, "sure, very near; von
time he come into Cohen's saloon,
vere me and Abbe and Moses were
drinking, and he said, 'vel, men, vat
are ve going to haft-rain or
snows?'"

"And where have you been my
pet?" asked Willie's mother on his
return home after an unwelcome ab-
sence of several hours.

"Playing postman," said the fam-
ily hope.
"Playing postman?" repeated Wil-
lie's mother. "And how does one
play postman, sweet?"
"Why, I just left a letter at each
house in the road," explained the
prodigy—"real letters, too."
"Real letters, darling?" inquired
mamma, smiling. "But where ever
did you get the real letters from?"
"Out of your wardrobe drawer,"
responded Willie—"those old ones
tied up with pink ribbons." —An-
swers.

Little Harold, before going out to
dinner, was admonished by his moth-
er to eat everything like a little
man. His hostess noticed his soup
with macaroni standing before him
untasted, and asked him:
"Harold, don't you like your
soup?"
"No'm, 'cause my mamma general-
ly eats the windpipes out."

Belgian Priest Becomes Collier.

Sociology too often is but an arm-
chair study. The schemes of its stu-
dents come down with a rush at the
first test of practical experience. The
same fate has not overtaken the
person or the teaching of a well-
known Belgian Dominican, the fam-
ous Father Rutten, and for a very
good reason, says the London Ca-
tholic Times.

Preparing a lecture upon the con-
ditions of life among the colliers, he
could not find any reliable data upon
which to work. It was all hearsay.
With the permission of his superiors
the friar doffed his habit, put on the
miners' old clothes, went down into
the pit in his turn, and lived for se-
veral weeks in lodgings with a col-
lier's family.

The result was that this good
priest returned from the Belgian
Black country with his face begrimed
with coal-dust but his heart
cheered by the many good qualities
of the men with whom he had worked
below.

Utilizing the knowledge thus gained,
Father Rutten set about pro-
viding for the deficiencies he had no-
ticed, and gave himself up to the
work of organizing them on Chris-
tian lines.

Anyone interested in social work
could not do better than pay a visit
to Ghent, the home par excellence of
the many Catholic social works
which have grown up in Belgium and
render so strong in that country the
position of the Catholic Church. We
must not forget that Belgium is the
very home of local self-government.
Each town has its own specialty in
"ouvres" just as in other social
matters. I may mention that, for
instance, if one wishes to get an in-
sight into the works for country-
people, such as the "Boerenbond"
and its offshoots, Louvain is the
place to go to. But if the indus-
trial classes and their interests ap-
peal more to one's sympathy, then
Ghent is the place to visit.

There we shall find at home the
subject of these lines. In appear-
ance this friar and collier is hand-
some and sharp-featured. He has
scarcely passed the thirties. Like so
many other Belgians, clerical and
lay, his tastes are most catholic and
not narrowed down to his social
work. Go with him to the fam-
ous Cathedral of St. Bavon, to ad-
mire van Eck's "Adoration of the
Lamb," and you will realize quick-
ly that in the heart of this leader
of men both the artist and the dream-
er have found a home. Imagination
plays a great part in scientific
discoveries. She has also a place in
social work. She shows us
what "might have been" quit to let
experience and methodical observa-
tion teach us what may be done.

Father Rutten, the artist, is be-
sides, a speaker of the first water.
His Lenten lectures have recalled
many a soul to a more practical
Christianity. But when treating of
social questions this fire is quenched.
Experience has taught the friar
the danger of being carried away by
imprudent generosity from the hard
facts of every day life.

Thus some years back, when a
great stir was made over all Bel-
gium concerning the legal limitation
of working hours in the mines, this
brilliant orator, with his practical
experience down below carefully re-
frained from any exaggerated state-
ments. It would, however, be un-
fair to give the subject of this no-
tice the whole credit of the social
works in Ghent. One must not fail
to mention the engineer, M. Arndt,
the popular president of the Demo-
cratic League, Mr. Verhaeghe, and
last, but not least, a Mr. Eysen-
bosch, an ex-printer, the soul of this
social movement.

Looked at askance at first, Fa-
ther Rutten has met the fate of all
apostles with new ideas. After his
time of trial, he has become to-day
one of the most useful members of
the Catholic movement in Belgium.
Mr. Bernaert has spoken of the
"moine-ouvrier," as one of the most
useful assets of his party. In France
the followers of M. Le Play and all
the notabilities of the Catholic So-
cial School frequently invite Father
Rutten to lecture before them. "The
Belgians," said the friar in one of
these lectures, "are fonder of work-
ing than wasting their time speak-
ing."

HER PREFERENCE.
"Does your daughter play Mo-
zart?" inquired the young man with
gold-rimmed glasses.
"I believe she does," answered Mrs.
Sanders affably. "But I think she
prefers tennis."

Was Troubled With His Liver For Four Years.

Doctors Gave Him Up.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

CURED HIM

Mr. Harry Graves, Junkins, Alta.,
writes:—"I can not say enough in regard
to your wonderful Milburn's Laxa-Liver
Pills. For four years I was troubled
with my liver, and at times it would get
so bad I could not move around. At
last the doctor gave me up saying it was
impossible for me to get cured.
My father got me four vials of your
Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills, but I told
him there was no use trying them, as
that it was only a waste of money,
however I took them and to-day, six
months later, I am a well man and
weigh twenty-four pounds more than I
did. I would advise all liver sufferers to
use them."
Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25 cents
a vial, or 5 vials for \$1.00, at all dealers,
or will be mailed direct on receipt of price
by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto,
Ont.

Home

(Irish)
The main ob-
ject of the forthcom-
ing United Irish Le-
ague held in Buffa-
lo, N. Y., is of course
Ireland.

That is the
of questions—for
Irish party now
since the party
Then Home Rule
it has remained
at the front still
subject at every
vention, at every
ing of every kin-
ning and ending
tionalist demon-
self-governing na-
all the time.

This explains
of the Irish Party
the Budget and the
Ve's power. The
the Budget main-
cause Home Rule
concerned in the
feat of the Budget
and throwing
the Government.
Rule and the put-
the Party pledged
Rule.

Therefore the I-
ed the Budget
somewhat the t-
the increase, how-
the masses of the
the landlord ar-
who are well ab-
have hitherto bee-
cape paying their
Irish Party suppo-
the interests of H-
view that, as Mr.
expressed it, the
the British Parlia-
best money barga-
England for Irela-
on behalf of the
restoration of the
themselves and co-
money."

That is the sum-
the Irish Party po-
get question. Wi-
House of Lords? I-
cerns Home Rule,
only obstacle in
obtaining Home R-
House of Lords I-
had Home Rule no
no other obstacle
where to Ireland?
All the civilized
British Empire
Home Rule for I-
House of Lords a-
presents. We hav-
we have often cit-
words of Mr. Glad-
world's verdict on
for Ireland and ap-
one of his num-
speeches the great
"I must refer to
which we, and
have been specially
using. I think it
some weight and
consideration; and
ment derived from
authority of the c-
exhibited in its per-
It has been my ob-
could pursue it, a
the sentiment of a
European literature,
subjects, and I ha-
a single case in
writer, speaking fr-
view that gave his
sideration, had ap-
duct of England
recognized it other
great stain upon
country."

And in other
language "the old
emphasized the
"Go," he said, "in
breadth of the w-
literature of all co-
book, in which the
land towards Irela-
treated except with
bitter condemnation.
There was no to-
argument of the v-
side and against E-
none because none

Father Campbell

By direction from
ther General of the
Thomas J. Campbell
charge as Supervisor
the Jesuits, 32 West
New York City
chief of America, t-
tholic weekly that
He is a well know-
preacher, and edu-
native of New York
duate of St. Francis
lege.

Father Campbell
preparatory course
order and then fin-
Europe. Returning
States, he taught i-
his order in New Y-
successively Preside-
Fordham and St. F-
was then appointed
to the office of Pr-
New York-Maryland
order, which inclu-
ern States. This i-
signal success for
After a brief time
he became one of
The Messenger, a
Canada, where he
collecting material
the pioneer Jesuit
North America,
which have already
He has recently re-
rank, and his app-
Rome as editor in-
Ont.