

The Key of Heaven.

In an old Franciscan cloister, far away in Germany, Lay the Convent tailor dying, holy old Lay-brother he, Holy Brother Bonaventure, he had labored long and well; On his bed, amid his brethren, lay he dying in his cell. All the solemn prayers were uttered, all the sacred rites were given; Spake the dying from his pillow: "Bring to me the Key of Heaven." "Key of Heaven? Call the Guardian!" And the Father quickly came, Bringing to the sinking friar an old missal of that name. Slow the dying head was shaken, "Key of Heaven?" Quick as thought Crucifix and Rule and Chaplet to the monk in turn were brought. All in vain the brothers marvel'd, what could be the Key he craved? Surely such demand unusual was the plea of one who raved. Last uprose an aged friar, bowed obedience left and right, From a nook beside the fire brought a something small and bright, Brought it to the bed and placed it where they saw it through their tears. 'Twas the needle of the tailor; wherewith he had wrought for years. Ah, to see the dim eyes brighten! Ah, to see the white lips smile! Round the tool the chill hands tightened, broken words he spoke the while. "Many years, old friend, we've labored; every stitch I made with thee Was for God's dear glory taken—for the best Eternity. "Now, when life's last chords are riven, blessed needle," soft he cries, "Thou shalt be my Key of Heaven, thou shalt open my Paradise." On the instant fled the spirit, Smiling in his waxen rest Lay the Brother Bonaventure, with the needle on his breast. And the monks around him kneeling, started at such swift release, Question with the deepest feeling, "Doth he truly rest in peace?" "Brethren," prays the weeping Guardian, "may his end to all be given! May the life-work of each friar be, indeed, his Key of Heaven!" —St Anthony's Messenger.

A Pagan Sacrifice.

(Concluded.) There was a moment's silence; the professor found himself mastered by a horror, a repulsion, too deep for words. This shattered, evil wreck boasted himself his pupil, appealing to him for guidance, for help! But it was no time for protest or argument; the burning eyes, the working lips, the death stamp on the brow, compelled brief and kindly reply. "Death is the end of all pain all weakness, all sorrow, all suffering," he answered gravely. "Do you know that? How do you know it?" gasped the sick man, clutching his hand. "That's what comes troubling me in the darkness; that's what burns in my brain, driving me mad with— with— cold— creeping fear! Do you know it's the end! Because if you do, I'll snap my fingers at Death. Look in my face, tell me—as man to man—do you know that dying is the end of all—do you know?" The professor, honest gentleman that he was, could only reply. "My friend, I answer you as I think, as I believe. I cannot see—I do not know." He was unprepared for the awful outburst that greeted his reply. "Liar! Traitor!" were the words that with a torrent of awful imprecation fell from the foaming lips. "You have led me to the brink of hell and you do not know." Shriek after shriek rent the air, as the wretched man writhed in another wild paroxysm of rage and pain and fear. Shocked beyond words at his own part in this scene of despair, the professor sat mute, bewildered, helpless, when a slender white-

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning that it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is the healthy action of these organs. They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and dependency. "I was taken ill with kidney trouble, and scarce so weak, I could scarcely get around, took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I continued the use, and six bottles made me a new woman. When my little girl was a baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cured her." Mrs. THOMAS L. L. WILCOX, Wallaceburg, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.

coiled figure glided to the bedside. "Leave him to me, Sister Angela," warned the attendant; "he may harm you." Hoarsely cried the dying man, "don't come near me with your cant. It is too late! I am lost!" "Not yet, not yet," answered a low voice, sweet, yet stern, in its melody. "You shall listen to me, Ward. I will not leave you, I am going to kneel here beside you and pray to the God of infinite goodness and love, before whom you soon will appear, that He may have pity on your poor soul, and in this last hour of His mercy spare you and save you yet."

And kneeling down she prayed aloud in simple, touching words that a child could have understood, for mercy, for pity, for pardon. It was a mighty prayer in its faith; unflinching in its hope; angelic in its tender charity. When it was over, the dying man was sobbing like a passion-weary child, his hand clasped in that of the sweet saint beside him. "Send Father Louis here; he will see him now," she whispered to the attendant. As the man left the room, the professor followed him, grooping like one dazzled after long darkness. The calm pure eyes of the kneeling Sister had not turned to the stranger in the shadowy room, but worn, spiritualized as she was, the professor had recognized Sister Angela at the first glance. She was the woman he had loved in the long ago. Two days afterwards a bulky package was received at "La Misericordie" directed to Sister Angela. She read the accompanying letter with amazement: "My Dear Madame—I trust you will not consider this an intrusion of a forgotten past upon the noble duties of the present. I was a reluctant visitor at your hospital last Thursday, summoned there by an unfortunate youth, whose dying arraignment of me and my misapprehended teachings I can never forget. I recognized you at his bedside and in the light of your life work I saw mine. Years ago I made you an offering which you wisely refused; it was, as I see now, beneath your acceptance. Today I venture to make you another. The packet I sent you is a work upon, which I have expended all the powers of my ripened years. It is an attack upon the Christian faith which makes lives like yours possible. With that death-bed scene before me I dare not give it to the world. I lay it at your feet. Do with it what you will. Faithfully and respectfully yours, LAMBERT LESTER.

There were tears in Sister Angela's eyes as she gazed at the bulk of closely written manuscript. She knew enough of Lambert Lester's career to understand what this "offering" was to him. Then in a little brazier before the altar of the Sacred Heart, she made the burnt offering, and as blent with the sweet odors of incense, the Pagan Sacrifice went up to Heaven. Sister Angela's pure prayer arose with it—that he who walked so uprightly in the darkness might see and know the light. And that prayer was heard. The professor's dim, morning dream is again a reality. Holding a Mother's hand, he again walks through holy ways, "as a little child." —MARY T. WAGGAMAN, in Truth.

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Music Hath a Charm.

Snakes have always enjoyed the reputation of being music lovers, but the appreciation of rhythm and harmony is by no means peculiar to them. It has been proved by experiment that nearly all animals have a perfect sense of pitch, and in some the sensibility to discord is more highly developed than in some human beings. Of all animals, dogs evince the keenest musical susceptibility. Indeed it might almost be said that the dog that displays no liking for music is a vicious character. Some interesting experiments performed by Dr. Otto Kalische, of Berlin, prove that dogs are able not only to recognize melodies, but to identify each individual note of the diatonic scale. The celebrated tenor, Morelli, had a sagacious little dog, which would follow its master's singing. Perched on the top of the piano, it would throw back its head and in its own way follow its master's voice up and down the scale. The musical acuteness of horses is shown by the rapidity with which cavalry horses learn the significance of trumpet calls. The elephant is a most exacting critic. He has little liking for the brass section of the orchestra, but he will listen for hours to the deep-toned bassoon. Observation has shown that the elephant is most pleased with an andante movement. Circus men have learned that elephants will not walk peacefully into the arena unless a stately march is played for them, and that they will not be on their good behavior if music of a frivolous character is played during their act. Tigers are not very susceptible to music, but they will sit quietly when a pleasing melody is played softly. Leopards will caper with delight to a lively tune and snarl to slow music. Lions are great music lovers; they will sit motionless and listen with every evidence of pleasure to smoothly flowing melody. But rapid or broken rhythms make them pace their cage impatiently, and a discord evokes growls of angry protest. The fondness of reptiles for music is so well known that it hardly needs mention. The spider is quite as fond of it. The story of Getry, the composer, and the pet spider that came out every day and sat for hours on his harpsichord, while Getry was composing, is a musical classic. Mice are similarly affected, and recent experiments have shown that even fish are strongly attracted by musical sounds. Naturally, the bird world is full of music lovers. The nightingale, the sweetest of all singers, can be so ravished by the music of a flute that it will fall to the ground in a swoon. Strangely enough pigeons, which are denied the gift of song, are keenly alive to musical impressions. There is a well-authenticated story about the pet pigeon of one Bretoni, a singing master of Venice. The bird would sit for hours on its master's piano, preening itself and swelling out its bosom in delight while the singing was going on. Eventually it had to be banished during lesson hours, as its ear was so true and its expressions of displeasure so pronounced when a pupil varied in the slightest from the key that Bretoni's patrons became over-sensitive in the presence of the feathered critic. That domestic cattle will stop eating when attention is diverted by music is a sure sign of their love for it. Even an angry bull can be made placid, as many a country fiddler who has been marooned in a trestop can attest. In rural communities where oxen are yoked to the plough the driver frequently drones a sort of prolonged chant to incite the animals to work. The music seems more efficacious than the goad. The cat, the donkey and the hyena are the only animals that show complete insensibility to musical sounds.

A Good Custom.

Creditors in China and like-wise those of Chinese in America are happy with the approach of New Year, because all old debts must be paid before that date. The last day of the old year in China is a sort of national pay day, one who fails to pay his creditors in full on or before this day is disgraced in the eyes of his acquaintances. Those who cannot pay their debts at this

Her Baby Had Dysentery.

Had Two Doctors. No Result.

WAS CURED BY THE USE OF DR. FOWLER'S Extract of Wild Strawberry.

In dysentery the discharges from the bowels follow each other with great rapidity, and sometimes become mixed with blood. Never neglect what at first appears to be a slight attack of diarrhoea or dysentery will surely set in. Cure the first symptoms by the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Mrs. Martin Farmer, Doherty Corner, N. B., writes: "I can very strongly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for dysentery and summer complaints. My little girl, at the age of two years, had the dysentery very bad. We had two doctors, but with no result. My mother brought me a bottle of 'Dr. Fowler's,' and when half the bottle was used, the little girl was running around playing with her dolls with great delight and joy to the family, for we did not think she would ever get better."

There are a number of preparations on the market to-day, claiming to be the same as "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry," and also called similar names, so as to fool the public into thinking they are getting the genuine. "Dr. Fowler's" is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. See that their name is on the wrapper. Price, 35 cents.

time must go into bankruptcy. The laws in China permit a creditor to enter a debtor's house and take what he wishes if there is no settlement of just claims. Frequently families club together and make all sorts of compromises to retain the good reputation of the clan. Minard's Liniment Co., Ltd. Dear Sirs—This fall I got thrown on a fence and hurt my chest very bad, so I could not work and it hurt me to breathe. I tried all kinds of Liniments and they did me no good. One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT, warmed on flannels and applied on my breast, cured me completely. C. H. COSSABOOM, Rossway, Digby, Co. N. S.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DYPHTHERIA.

During a Catholic convention O'Sullivan got a job as a taxi driver. One day at the hotel he got a party of four that wanted to go to four different churches immediately. On wanted to go to St. Joseph's another to St. Paul's another to St. Peter's, and the other to St. Mary's. O'Sullivan drove them to All Saints' church.

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. Price box a 50c."

Chaperon—Was that young man who called on you last night an auctioneer? Tes—Why so? Chaperon—He talked like one. He put up that "going" bluff for half an hour.

Mary Ovington, 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."

Brown—"Of course you went up the Rhine?" Jones—"By Jove, yes! What a view from the summit!"

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

It doesn't have to be much of a hat to please a woman so long as nobody else has one like it.

Was Weak and Run Down.

COULD NOT STAND THE LEAST EXCITEMENT.

When one gets weak and run down the heart becomes affected, the nerves become unstrung and the least excitement causes a feeling of utter lassitude. What is needed is to build up the heart and strengthen the shaky nerves by the use of such a medicine as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Mrs. J. A. Williams, Tillsonburg, Ont., writes: "I cannot speak too highly of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I suffered greatly with my nerves, and was so weak and run down I could not stand the least excitement of any kind. I believe your Heart and Nerve Pills to be a valuable remedy for all sufferers from nervous trouble."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Smoke and Chew

Hickey's Twist Tobacco

Millions of Plugs sold yearly because it is the best.

Hickey & Nicholson Co., Ltd., Manufacturers

Phone 345

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Advertisement for Hickey's Twist Tobacco, featuring the brand name and manufacturer information.

Advertisement for VOL-PEEK, a mending product for pots and pans, including an illustration of a woman mending a pot.

Advertisement for Regina Watch, highlighting its reliability and timekeeping accuracy.

Advertisement for Imperial Self-Filling Pen, emphasizing its durability and ease of use.

Advertisement for Standard makes of Silverware, showcasing various designs and quality.

Advertisement for Live Stock Breeders Association, listing various breeds for sale.

Advertisement for E. W. Taylor, a watchmaker and optician, located at 142 Richmond St.

Large advertisement for MacLellan Bros. Tailors and Furnishers, promoting their suit-making services.

Advertisement for Mr. and Mrs. Buy Any Kind! watches, offering a variety of timepieces.

Advertisement for one of our Alarm Clocks, noting their reliability.

Advertisement for an Imperial Self-Filling Pen, similar to the one in the adjacent ad.

Advertisement for our Standard makes of Silverware, similar to the one in the adjacent ad.

Advertisement for E. W. Taylor, similar to the one in the adjacent ad.

Advertisement for Invictus shoes, describing their quality and comfort.

Advertisement for Alley & Co. Addressing of Mail, offering services for mail delivery.

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