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HOPE'S NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

BY BMMA C. DOWD.

It was all over in a moment tHope!" Reproof, love, horror—all more in the cry, and the little child who but for a strong hand might have been lying lifeless on the platorm, stood unhurt at the assistant

baggage-master's feet. baggage-master's feet.

The trunk, so violently hurled aside, had burst its fastenings, and now from a gap along its length was displayed an array of pink and white

But it was not toward this that man who had wrought such misdirected his attention. For a ment he held the little one close and then putting her gently out of harm's way, went on with his duty loading the luggage.

Glad I'm not in your shoes Bob!" commented his fellow-work man, as together they hurriedly tried to repair some of the damage to the majored trunk. "Don't blame you a That was a mighty close call for the kid. All the same, you'll eatch it. S'pose you know who this

A quick, inquiring glance was his

only answer.
"Some of the Wentworth tribe—his nice, I guess. I saw him with her up at the other end of the train." Trele Boh.

It was a small voice to be heard through the din of the station; but the assistant baggage-master

"Yes, Hope," he said, and taking the child tenderly in his arms he boarded a car and found her a seat.

"Now, remember, you must not stir from this place ! The conductor will come for you when you get to Altoona. Promise me that you will stay right here !" His voice was intense from the recent peril. "Hope, promise Uncle Bob !"

"I won't move the leastest step, truly I won't.! I didn't mean to be paughty that time. I only wanted to kiss you-and I guess I forgot.' The little face was sober, and penitence clouded the bright eyes.

Those same eyes were laughing the next minute, as Hope's hand waved her uncle a joyous farewell from the car window.

eanwhile President Wentworth of the I. & O. road, had learned of the accident to his niece's trunk, and was looking for the assistant baggage-master.
"You're the man that smashed

that trunk, I believe ?" "It was through me that it hap-

med, sir, and I'm very sorry; but if you'll let me explain-"

"I don't want any explanations or excuses. T've heard all I care to know about it. You've no business to have your young ones around here -it's no place for them f" "But the child-"

"I can't stop to hear any long stories. Report at the office for your pay. We've got to have a man who will handle baggage care fully," and the President swung himsolf on a passing car.

"Got your walking-ticket?" asked the baggage-master, anxiously. Robert McElroy nodded. His face was white, and his lips were hard-

"It's too bad ! I was afraid I tried to get hold of him before tackled you. I thought perhaps I could explain matters, and cool him off a little; but I couldn't

"It would have done no good. He

wouldn't hear a word. Thank you, all the same. I shouldn't care for self, you know, but Grace and lit-The baggas

sympathetically. "I'm mighty sor-ly!" he said, as his assistant turned ruptly away.

"He's been a good man for me, went on to a bystander, letting eyes follow the athletic young me down the platform, "or boy gire down the platform, "or boy, might say. He isn't much more'n late. Fine stuff in him, though thee, he's supported his sister and or child ever since her scalawag of husband died. She ain't strong, he sister ain't—sick about half the late. What disease? Pinch, I can what died hat's and the late of the that sort of livin'. Why father, old man McElroy, m ey and lost it down in-"

claimed the baggage-ma-

and train crowded when he it at Shirley. At last he a seat in the rear car beside

down; but the man appear took no heed.

Few moments, an pulled his cost-sleeve.

"What do you want?" with a glance in her direction.

"See ?" she said. "Very pretty," he nodded, and turned back to the market report.

"Aunt Jessie gave it to me 'cause
it's my birthday," she chirped.

'M-m," from behind the paper. "I'm five years old !"

A long sighing breath proved tile against the attractions in print. A second tug at his elbow arrested the President's attention.

"Is it most done?" the little one asked. "What ?"

"That," pointing to the newspaper 'I'm so lonesome ?

"Oh, you want me to talk to you Is that it?" and a smile of comradeship blotted out the stern lines of his face for a moment.

The child nodded jubilantly. "Then you'll have to tell me who rou are, and why you are travelling alone.

"Why, I'm Uncle Bob's Hope, and I've been at Aunt Jessie's all day, and mamma couldn't go because she's sick, and Uncle Bob couldn't, and there isn't anybody else."
"Who's Uncle Bob?"

"Don't you know Uncle Bob ?" "I'm afraid I haven't had the ples sure of his acquaintance. What's his other name !

"I guess he hasn't any." "Well, what does he do?" persist ed her questioner.

"Oh, he puts the trunks on the cars, and takes them off.".

"So, Unde Bob is the baggage master, is he ?" "No, he isn't the baggage-master

he's the-the cistern baggage-master That's what he is !" "Oh!" grimly.
"He was sorry with me this morn

ing, 'cause I got in his way, and nade him break a trunk. I forgot he told me to stay back where I was, and I wanted to kiss him. Do you s'pose he'll be sorry with me when I get home ?' "I hope not."

"I hope he won't, too. Couldn't

you ask him not to be?" The President changed the subject 'You haven't told me your name vet.

"I've got two. One is Uncle Bob's Fope, and the other's Hope Mc-Flroy Vernon."

"McElroy. And your mother's rame ?" "Mamma's is Grace McElroy Ver-

non. It's 'most like mine; isn't The President did not heed. "Grace

McElroy?" he repeated under his breath, "Grace McElroy !" "Mamma makes poetry," Hope prattled on. "I like 'Kisses Ten'

hest. Do you want me to give you 'Kisses Ten'" "I should like very much to hear

'T'll have to get up on your lap to do them.'

As soon as she was in the desired position, she began, matching kisses to the words as she went along:

'One for the lips, that they may

The kindliest things in the pleasantest way; Two for the cheeks, that they may

smile And never need blush at sense of

Two for the eyes, that they may see The sweetness of love and charity; One for the forehead, that you may be wise

One for each hand, that they may do Only the deeds that are good and

true; Two for the ears, that all day long hey may be hearing the angels

song; And, wishing you happiness once an l

There is the end of the kisses ten. "Don't you think it lovely? And icesn't it make you feel better right away? Uncle Bob says it does

"It is very nice indeed," was the n-committal answer. "And your other wrote it? I wish she'd write

other wrote it? I wish she'd write me poetry for me."
"She will, if you want her to. She ways does things to please folks."
"Not always, I'm afraid."
"Oh, she does! And I know she'h ake you some poetry, unless—unes," and the bright face grew oubled, "she has te go to heaven to California before she can get done. But I guess she'll have me. We can't go to California yet, cause there isn's money enough, she has been saving up for me were so long. We're going

without butter now, to help. Do you words, led by the man who had felt ever go without butter?" A little shake of the head was the

"I didn't want to; but Uncle Bob said-I forget how many cents a mamma'll have to go to Heaven be-fore he can save enough. You see, "Oh, a penny!" cried Ho She smiled, and held up a small fore he can save enough. You see, it don't east as a see enough. it don't cost so much to go to Heaven. But wouldn't you rather go to California ?"

The child gazed anxiously into his out a shining coin.

he answered.
"That's what Uncle Bob and I think," Hope went on, with a breath of relief. "He says we can't go with her if she goes to Heaven, and I know we couldn't stand it without mamma. Mamma says Heaven is very beautiful. Were you ever there? You weren't? Well, did you ever go to California ?"

"Yes, every year."
"Oh! And it is just as lovely as the houses ?"

"Then I do hope Uncle Bob can get the money pretty soon; for we're all

going to California if mamma goes." Hope chattered on while the President took a little book from his pocket, and after writing a few words tore off the page and gave it to Hope. "There's a picture for your birthday."

"Oh, thank you : It's a train cars. And what does it say? can't read."

Your mother will read it to you. And here's another picture to keep it company," writing a line or two on a card. "I'll put them both in your bag."

"This is a train, too; but it's different," and Hope scanned the engraving before it was tucked away with the aprons and the cookies that Aunt Jessie had sent to mam ma. "Won't mamma and Uncle Bob be s'prised?" she laughed, as the bag snapped over her new gifts.

The man smiled, and then led her on to talk of her mother, until he was in possession of the pathetic little story of their privations, their bravery and their love for each other

"Hello: Here you are! We thought you must have taken an earlier train till Rand said you were in the rear car."

The seat in front, now being emp ty, the new-comers had it unlocked whirled the back over, and sat down "Whose kid is this?" queried one of the men.

"She says she's Uncle Bob's Hope, answered the President. "Miss Vernon, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Parish, the Superintendent of the road," at which both men laughed, and the one whose name was mentioned shifted awkwardly in his seat. "And allow me to present Mr. Tyson, also," the President went

"Oh, I know about him!" Hope piped, with a merry little giggle. Uncle Bob said he liked Mr. Tyson, tecause he was so straight."

"Much obliged to Uncle Bob for his good opinion," returned the man, when the laugh had subsided.

"Miss Vernon has been entertain ing me with poetry," the President resumed, "and you couldn't do better than to invite her to repeat her

recitation." "I should be happy to hear it." responded Mr. Tyson

"Better give it to Superintendent Parish first," said the President, transferring the child from his own lap to the big man's opposite.

"You mean 'Kisses Ten'?" asked Hope, looking back somewhat regretfully towards the friendly arms she had left.

Whereupon with a pretty show of bashfulness, the little maid chanted her song, leaving dainty kisses along the way

It evidently was a novel experience for the red-faced, gruff-voiced man, and apparently his fellow-officers enjoyed it rather better than he did. His comment of: "Very good, little kid!" as she finished, brought forth no response from the grave little girl on his knee.

A business matter came up for discussion, and Hope's gaze fell upon one face after another as the mentalked. Finally she came back to the Superintendent, and the serious known eyes seemed to study his

Suddenly the man turned to the child. "What in the world are you bunching me for?" he asked.
"Oh!" cried Hope, her face all

suddenly the substitution of the substitution of the substitution. The substitution of the substitution of

the force of Hope's little forefinger. They were good friends after that, and Mr. Parish learned all about the tirthday doll and the pictures in the bag, and then the big man slipped a week would help a lot. He's afraid tright coin into the little hand that cried Hope. "A

beautiful new penny?"

"And here's a silver penny to go with it," said Mr. Tyson, holding

"I think I should just at present," thank you very much," she said gravely; "but I think you're trying The child eyed it doubtfully. "I to fool me—it's bigger than any pen-ny I ever saw," and she turned an appealing glance to the Superintend-

"It is a dollar," he responded, " silver dollar."

"A whole dollar?" she exclaimed "A dollar is a great deal of money—Uncle Bob says so. I shall give it right to him, and maybe-oh, maybe it will make enough so we can Uncle Bob says, with flowers all over go to California? Do you think it

> It was President Wentworth who answered: "I think there will be enough," he smiled.

"Are you sure?" clapping the coins ecstatically together. "Quite sure."

"Oh, I'm so happy!" she sang "You are good to give me such a splendid birthday present," directing er thanks towards the donor of the dollar. Then, as if in apology, she torned to Mr. Parish:

'But the penny'll help !" she said. "Every penny helps-Uncle Bob says

Hope wondered a little why the men laughed; but she was too full of joy to care much about it, and then the announcement at the car door 'Next station, Shoreham!" set the people astir to have wraps and luggage in readiness for departure.

It was President Wentworth who made sure that Hope's little worn bag was locked, and who put it or her arm, bidding her to hold it tight It was he who buttoned her jacket and straightened her hat, as if he was used to little girls.

+ + + Then, all in a moment, Hope had

said good-bye to her friends, and was being borne away in the conductor's arms-and there was Uncle Bob on the platform waiting for her.

The little girl talked all the way home, filling her young uncle, who anat long day had carried so heavy with alternate joy and dis a heart. may. He well knew how fond of wagging was that little mocent tongue; and what family secrets might it not have disclosed? according to her glad story, the railway officials had been kind, and had even contributed toward making her birthday happier. He wondered the President had identified "Uncle Beb" with the man whom he had discharged that morning.

At home Hope at once produced the Lirthday coins; but her delight in the discovery that her bright pen ny was a five-dollar gold piece was omewhat clouded when Uncle Bob's opinion in regard to there being enough for the California journey differed from that of the President.

"He said there was!" Hope tear-fully declared. "He said he was Eure !"

An exclamation from the couch ar ested the attention of the two

"Oh, my pictures!" cried Hope "I forgot to show them to you. Did they make you sorry, mamma?"

Uncle Bob caught up the "pictures and held them to the light. Wha he read made his face for a momen almost as white as his sister's; pass for "Miss Vernon and two" San Francisco, and a check for one hundred dollars. Both were signed 'Dudley Wentworth.''

"Why, Uncle Bob, you're crying, For answer the young man clasped the child in his arms. "You were truly Uncle Bob's Hope to-day!" he rend. "Uncle Bob's blessed hope!"

. . . The happy talk over the tes table was still in progress when a knock announced a visitor. Hope opened the door, and she gave a little shrick

Surprise and pleasure, too, every time you use Surprise Soap It makes child's play of washday—and every day a happy day. The pure soap just loosens the dirt in a natural way and cleanses easily—without injury. Remember Surprise

the most of the instant's pause.

"Did you and mamma know each cther once?" she gueried.

"Yes, once on a time we were very dear friends, and then—well, we had

eight long years." you were that long time ago ?'

"I don't know, little one. Ask your The child ran to her mother's side. "Are you, mamma? And oh, mamma—I forgot to tell you—he wants you to write him some poetry!!

Will you ?" "Hush, dear ! You must keep still

now." "But, mamma, I should think you would-he's so nice! Anyway, you-'ll give him the 'Kisses Ten,' won't

Mrs. Vernon's answer was drowned in the burst of laughter, and as Uncle Bob slipped away, and Hope restled down in the fatherly arms and went to sleep, whether the little song held the correct number or not is unrecorded

A SPRING TONIC.

Something That Will Make Rich, Red Blood and Drive Out Disease.

All physicians are agreed that veryone needs a fresh supply of new blood in the spring. The reason is plain-close confinement in overheat ed, imperfectly ventilated homes and work places, have clogged the blood with impurities. The liver is sluggish, the kidneys fail to perform their work properly. The impure blood is shown in a score of ways You may only feel a little tired, or casily depressed, but these are mere symptoms from which more serious trouble will follow. In other cases mpure blood makes itself manifest in Timples and disfiguring eruptions, occasional headaches, a variable appetite, attacks of indigestion or the matism, pains in the back and loins, But whatever the trouble, there only one sure way to get rid of it, and that is through the rich, red, rew blood which comes from the use of Dr. Williams Pink Pills. Every pill you take makes new, rich blood, braces the nerves, overcomes all weakness drives the germs of disease Robert McElroy dropped the slice and energy to resist the torrid heat or the coming summer. Mr. Charles which Governor McGregor made a sauthier, Corberrie, N.S., says:—'I happy reply. The procession then marched to St. Patrick's Church, much run down, and so marched to St. Patrick's Church, make much run down, and so much run down, and so m ran across the room.

The invalid was sobbing over some papers which she had taken from the listle black shopping bag.

"Oh my victor and the listle black and an eloquent sermon preached by the listle black and an eloquent sermon preached by the listle black and an eloquent sermon preached by the listle black anopping bag.

"Oh my victor and listle black anopping bag."

"Oh my victor and listle black and listle black anopping bag."

"Oh my victor and listle black and listle black anopping bag."

"Oh my victor and listle black anopping b ing Dr. Williams Pink Pills It was simply astonish ing how quickly these pills began to help me, and how much new life and pit orator of note among the many igor they put into me. They have made me as sound as ever I was." Good blood is the secret of health and strength. The secret of tlood is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills do not act upon the bow cls-their whole mission is to make new, rich, health-giving blood, which strengthens every organ, and every nerve and drives disease from ordy. Don't take anything but the genuine pills, which have the full name, "Dr. Williams" Pink Pills for Pale People" printed on the wrapper

Page People printed on the write round each box. If in doubt, write the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockwille, Ont., and the pills will be sent at 50 cents a box, or six oxes for \$2.50. he road of Right has neither turn

nor bend, It stretches straight unto the high

His Grace Archbishop Howley, aca little quarrel, and we haven't companied by his nephew and secretary, Rev. Dr. A. R. Howley, returned by the Rosalind on March 9 "Mamma says quarrels are dread- from his visit to Rome to receive ful things until you make up. Have the pallium. He was met on arrival you and mamma made up now? And by Ven. Archdeacon O'Neil and the are you dear friends again, just as clergy and Christian Brothers, Hons, Sir E. P. Morris, E. M. Jackman and J. D. Ryan, Hon. Geo. Shea, Mr. L. O'B. Furlong and Mr. J. M. Kent, of the Catholic Committee, and a number of other citizens; and beartily cheered on landing. Grace appeared to be in excellent health and to have enjoyed his trip thoroughly.

> La grippe has visited the whole island, and the death rate has been very heavy.

At all the masses on March 12th it was announced that His Grace the Archbishop, by authority of the Holy See, and in view of the severity of the winter and the prevalence grippe, exempted the faithful from the obligation of fasting during this Lenten season, except on Good Friday.

As a sample of the severity of the winter the following is cited' One of the passenger trains took eighteen days to cover twenty miles, while another was five weeks covering 100 iniles. The snow-drifts were piled forty feet in some places, and nothing save the smokestack of the engine could be seen. The crews and passengers suffered untold hardships. Rev. Father McGrath, P.P., had been waiting since January to cross from the mainland, a distance of three Liles, but only reached Bell Island on March 11th.

On March 10th the first collision on the Newfoundland railway since the road has been opened took place.
One engine exploded, three cars were demolished, and the fireman of passenger train killed. He was buri4

ed under the debris of the boiler. St. Patrick's Day parade was worthy one, and did honor to those of Celtic origin or those having the real fluid coursing through their eins. At 9 o'clock the Benevolent Irish Society left St. Patrick's Hall, headed by Bennett's famous band, playing Irish airs, and called on His where solemn high Mass was sung, Ireland's patron saint, the like which has rarely been heard at St. John's. Rev. Dr. Kitchen is a pulof whom St. John's could at times boast.

ABOUT WIVES

Too many men never praise their wives until after they bury them.

The easiest way for a man to pack a trunk is to get his wife to do it. There are men who go to a gyn s.um for exercise while their are sawing wood.

There is many a wife hungering for an occasional word of approval who will be buried in a rosewood casket. If men were as ungallant during courtship as they are after marriage it is doubtful if one in ten thousand

the doubtful if one in ten thousand rould ever get a wife.

Why is it that it tires some more to do a little errand for a veary wife than it does to walls around a billiard table for our