

## Calendar for May, 1905.

Moon's Phase.  
New Moon 4d., 9h., 50m. a. m.  
First Quarter 12d., 10h., 46m. a. m.  
Full Moon 18d., 3h., 36m. p. m.  
Last Quarter 25d., 8h., 50m. p. m.

Day of Week	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	Sun
1 Mon	5 06 21	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
2 Tues	5 06 22	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
3 Wed	5 06 23	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
4 Thurs	5 06 24	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
5 Fri	5 06 25	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
6 Sat	5 06 26	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
7 Sun	5 06 27	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
8 Mon	5 06 28	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
9 Tues	5 06 29	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
10 Wed	5 06 30	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
11 Thurs	5 06 31	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
12 Fri	5 06 32	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
13 Sat	5 06 33	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
14 Sun	5 06 34	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
15 Mon	5 06 35	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
16 Tues	5 06 36	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
17 Wed	5 06 37	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
18 Thurs	5 06 38	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
19 Fri	5 06 39	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
20 Sat	5 06 40	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
21 Sun	5 06 41	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
22 Mon	5 06 42	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
23 Tues	5 06 43	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
24 Wed	5 06 44	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
25 Thurs	5 06 45	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
26 Fri	5 06 46	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
27 Sat	5 06 47	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
28 Sun	5 06 48	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
29 Mon	5 06 49	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
30 Tues	5 06 50	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52
31 Wed	5 06 51	5 58	6 52	7 48	8 46	9 46	10 48	11 52

## The Mission Priest's Prayer.

(From the Casket.)

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened."—St. Matt. 7, 7.

Ask, seek, knock.  
O God! guide Thou my flock,  
Lost groping round this earthly scene  
They vainly seek in things terrene  
For shadows that but mock.

Ask, seek, knock.  
Man's word is useless talk.  
From God alone must come the love  
That tunes the heart to things above,  
Supreme to selfish shock.

Ask, seek, knock.  
My tiny little flock  
Sounds faintly up at heaven's gate,  
As patiently I outside wait  
In sacerdotal frock.

Ask, seek, knock.  
As onward moves the clock,  
From holy shrine ascends the prayer  
Of God's own son incarnate there;  
May I enforce my knock!

Ask, seek, knock.  
May God preserve my flock  
From worldly soul and Satan's guile,  
Past death's uncertain dark defile!  
This is my daily knock.

Rev. J. D. McLe D.  
New Glasgow, May, 1905.

## The Ups and Downs of Marjorie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

(From the Ave Maria.)

## III.—NEW FRIENDS—AN ADVENTURE.

(Continued.)

She forgot that Miss Susan had told her to come back soon; that there was half a pound of tea and Miss Martha's cough Syrup in her apron pocket; that the milk was still to be strained, and the new calf fed, and two pairs of ruffled pillow cases "crimped" before night.

"She was 'heedless Marjorie' again, and forgot everything as she skipped along to keep up with Bert's big, boyish strides; while Rex pranced and leaped in wild delight at their heels; and the blue sky overhead was streaked with little white clouds, like lost lambs; and the crisp snow crackled merrily beneath her feet; and even the solemn oodars, that should have known better, flashed and sparkled with joyous to lure her on her reckless way.

And as they went on, Marjorie's tongue, that had been tied so long for want of a "person" to talk with, rattled on confidently; while Bert listened, half in wonder, half in big-hearted, boyish pity, to this poor little girl, who had never known father or mother, sister or brother, or even the still "softer snaps" of grandmother and maiden aunt; this poor, pretty little girl, who had never had a pony or a dog, or even a storybook of her own; who had come down here among strangers to work and wash and knit like a little old woman!

"Go whiz! I'll give her one jolly, fine evening, if she never has another!" resolved Bert, generously, as they came in sight of the creek curving deep and blue in the heart of the hills.

"Here we are!" he said gleefully, as the whole party scrambled down the snowy bank. "Sit down on the log now, and I'll strap the skate on."

"Oh, no!" replied Marjorie, hesitantly. "You put them on first and show me how they go."

And, nothing loath—for he was really giving up his own evening sport for Marjorie—Bert knelt down the creek, like the old beater who was supposed to have wings on his heels instead of on his shoulders. Marjorie meanwhile stood on the bank, breathless with delight and admiration.

"Now," said Bert, as he came

## Itching Skin

Distress by day and night—That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They can't.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this itching, burning, itching skin disease will disappear.

"I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I concluded it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. Have never had any skin disease since." Mrs. Ida E. Wood, Cove Point, Md.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

rides the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

sweeping to the shore in a grand fiscal curve on one leg, "you try it, Marjorie."

"Oh, it's fine, it's fine!" she cried, rapturously. "But I never could go like you, I know."

"Yes, you could," he said, assuringly, and he buckled the skates on her rough little shoes. "I'll hold your hand at first. You'll soon get used to them."

And he guided his pupil carefully onto the ice. For a moment she staggered and swayed, then took a timorous slide forward, and nearly came down on her head.

"Hold up! Don't be afraid! I've got you," said her instructor, cheerily. "Everybody goes drunk like this at first. You'll steady up in a minute. There, now, that's better. You're learning fine. Take it long and easy, one foot at a time. Don't be scared; I won't let you fall."

It was like a bird trying to fly, but Marjorie's heart was in the flight. Staggering, stumbling, swaying, she kept on, until suddenly she seemed to find her balance. The sharp steels out steadily into the ice beneath her feet, Marjorie could skate!

"Oh, I can go! I can go!" she cried, delightedly. "Let me try it all alone."

"Whoop!" shouted Bert triumphantly, as, like an arrow from the bow, his pupil swept down the glassy creek, her red shawl flying behind like a pirate's pennant, her red-brown curls blowing in the breeze. "You're a 'Jim Dandy!' Keep it up, keep it up!"

There was no need of the bidding; Marjorie was keeping it up only too well. Down the blue curve of the creek she skimmed like a bird that had found its wings. Oh, the wild joy of that swift flight through the icy air, the white hills and glittering trees flashing back the sunlight, as she swept on and on—dizzy with delight—she knew not where!

"You're gone far enough now!" shouted Bert. "Come back, come back!"

But the cry was unheeded. Marjorie either could not or would not hear. Round the white curve of the hills flattered the "pirate's pennant," and then the situation flashed upon Marjorie's guide and teacher, "Go, while-a-kins!" cried the boy.

"She is heading straight for the mill-dam and can't turn around!"

"To turn around" was a part of her skating lesson Marjorie had not learned. Like many an older pupil in life's slippery ways, she knew only how to keep it up. Her teacher's warning shout came to her like a note of triumphant cheer as she sped on her glittering, rapturous course—until suddenly with an awful crash the whole world seemed to give way, and she was down, down, struggling in black, ice-cold depths, the roar of angry waters in her bewildered ears, and heaven and earth blotted from her sight.

IV.—IN THE HUNTER'S SHACK.

There was one black, awful moment, when poor Marjorie, choking and gasping, tried to mumble a little prayer for help; and then—all was blank silence and darkness to her.

"Get her, Rex—get her quick, old boy—quick!" came the wild shout from afar.

And then there was a mad splash and scurry in the broken ice; the unconscious Marjorie was caught up in strong white teeth; and Rex, whose four legs had naturally outstripped Bert's two, dragged the little girl to the shore, just as her teacher, in dismay at the result of his skating lesson, came dashing up.

"Did Rex pull me out?" she asked, with a reminiscent shiver.

"He did that," was the answer.

"Was down the bank, and had you out of that ice before any human could get nigh to you. For real down hard sense give me a dog before a human every time—especially a collie dog. I knew one up at Colonel Lowe's stock farm at Belair that could count down as a school teacher. They'd set him to watch a flock of twenty sheep, and you'd see him prick up his ears and look them over. 'Eighteen, nineteen,' he'd sort of say to himself, and then stop to think. 'One is missing,' he'd bark, and I'll have to look him up! And look he would, running and nosing and barking around till he found some little fool of a lamb caught by the wool in a briar bush."

The speaker passed, dipped up a big spoonful of the mixture he was stirring, and tasted it critically.

"There now, I guess that's 'bout done. Would you like to have some?"

"What is it?" asked Marjorie.

white and breathless, with old Lem Stokes, whom the boy's cries had brought hurrying down from his rabbit traps on the hill.

"Concern you young jinks!" said old Lem savagely, as he lifted Marjorie gently in his strong arms and poured liquor from his leather flask down her throat. "Don't you know the ice round the dam is rotten as burned paper? You ought to be thrashed for this, Bert Bolon; and I'd like the job of doing it. I seen you setting this little creature off on your skates up the creek."

"I was just trying to give her a little fun," said Bert, remorsefully. "Oh, she isn't dead, is she, Lem?"

"Taint your fault that she isn't," growled the old man. "If it hadn't been for that dog—but a good dog is worth half a dozen boys most any time, to my notion—if it hadn't been for that dog, she'd been dead as Moses before you or me could ha' got her out of that ice. There she is coming to now!" as Marjorie choked and spluttered over a second dose of the fiery draught. "But she'll freeze to death here, in these wet clothes. What's to be done with her now?"

"Oh, I don't know!" answered Bert, who, in spite of the six generations of ancestors who had made and dispensed laws, was quite unequal to this trying occasion. "She lives with the Talbots at Manor Hill."

"Five good miles from here, if it's a foot," said Lem; "and the air getting colder every minute; and the mill-house shut and nailed up for the winter. Ain't nothing to do, as I see, but carry her up to that old shack of mine on the hill and thaw her out."

"Oh, if you would, Lem!" said Bert, quite subdued by the responsibilities of the situation.

And so it happened that when Marjorie fully awoke from the sleep that had come very near being her last, she found herself steaming away like a little Christmas pudding, in a soft nest of skins and blankets, in the very queerest house she had ever seen.

It went up in a peak against the rock that formed one of the forerails, and in which a big chimney-place had been hollowed out. A wood fire was burning cheerily therein; two or three dogs were stretched out, dozing comfortably in the ruddy light; and hanging all around were deerkins and antlers and guns and powder-horns; while directly over her crouch a big, black, furry head looked down with awful eyes.

And in the midst of all stood a long, brown, grizzled bearded man, stirring something in an iron pot over the fire—something that, despite its grim surroundings, smelled very hot and nice.

For a moment Marjorie stared around her in speechless bewilderment. Where was she? What had happened? Was she lost or stolen—or—or—enchanted? Could this big brown man be an ogre? Chilling doubt assailed Marjorie's early teaching, in spite of Sister Mary Ann's instructions. Were Nora's fairy tales true, after all?

Marjorie came very near crying out in her terror, when she heard a friendly snuffle near by, and there was Rex—dear old Rex, who could not be enchanted too—angry-eyed beside her, licking her hand.

"Hello!" The big brown man looked up from his pot in rather a friendly way. "Woke up at last, hey you? Feel pretty warm and comfortable?"

"Yes—yes, sir," answered Marjorie, tremulously.

"Wal, stay there and take it easy. No use in kicking your quarters, though they might be better. You're the first little girl was ever caught here, you see."

The first little girl ever caught! Marjorie's heart gave a wild leap of terror. Only the friendly rub of Rex's old nose against her hand kept her from screaming outright.

"You had a shave of it," her host continued—"a party close shave. If it hadn't been for that dog there, I guess you'd be playing the harp in 'kingdom come' now."

Marjorie stared at the speaker uncomprehendingly. "Playing the harp in 'kingdom come' had no meaning to her little Catholic ears. But she was wide awake now, and beginning to remember—the crash, the fall, the black, icy, roaring waters.

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"Was down the bank, and had you out of that ice before any human could get nigh to you. For real down hard sense give me a dog before a human every time—especially a collie dog. I knew one up at Colonel Lowe's stock farm at Belair that could count down as a school teacher. They'd set him to watch a flock of twenty sheep, and you'd see him prick up his ears and look them over. 'Eighteen, nineteen,' he'd sort of say to himself, and then stop to think. 'One is missing,' he'd bark, and I'll have to look him up! And look he would, running and nosing and barking around till he found some little fool of a lamb caught by the wool in a briar bush."

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who, though reassured by her companion's friendly talk, still regarded the iron pot doubtfully.

"Most everything," he laughed; "a bird and a hare, a bunch of yams, a bit of onion. Try it," he added, ladling a generous supply into a brown earthen bowl. "It's so baking hot by this fire you might as well get up. Your clothes will dry better."

And Marjorie, still feeling queer and light-headed, staggered up and over to the little wooden stool the old man pulled to the fire for her.

"Sort of shaky yet, ain't you?" he said, kindly. "You won't be any worse for a bit of supper."

And he pushed out another stool for a table, on which he put the steaming bowl, gave her a battered tin spoon; and Marjorie, who felt very weak and hungry, tasted the compound before her hesitatingly. But one spoonful settled the matter. Faint and shaken as she was, it seemed the best thing she had ever tasted—better even than Miss Susan's cinnamon doughnuts.

"How is it?" asked old Lem, as the trembling little hand plied the spoon eagerly.

"Fine!" said Marjorie.

"Take some more; it won't hurt you. And I've got some crackers and cheese, and peach-butter that old Miss Dawson puts up for me every year. Pile 'em all in; they won't hurt you."

And, setting forth the various articles as he named them, the old man seated himself in a three-legged chair and surveyed his guest's efforts to "pile 'em in" with great satisfaction.

"Been up to Manor Hill long?" he asked, when Marjorie had gradually worked down to Miss Dawson's peach butter spread thick on the crackers.

"Only two weeks," replied Marjorie. "And, oh, what will they think of my staying away like this?"

"Don't you fret 'bout that. I saw that Bert Bolon made tracks back there right off to tell 'em all about it. They took you out of the asylum, I hear. Haven't got father or mother or any kinsfolks?"

"No," answered Marjorie—"no one that I can remember."

"Cur'us!" said old Lem under his breath. "Such a pretty little creature to be left all adrift! But you sartainly hev got into the right place," he added, nodding cheerily. "If there was ever two angels walked the earth in bonnets and shawls, it's them Miss Talbots. Laws, when I think how them two blessed women nursed me through the rheumatiz last winter—rubbing and dozing and feeding me as if I was their born brother! Wanted me to come up to Manor Hill and live for the bad weather. Miss Susan spoke her mind plain and said this was no sort of a place for a Christian."

"It must be—lonesome," said Marjorie, sympathetically.

"Lonesome!" echoed old Lem. "Wal, I suppose it is; but I'm used to it—used to be alone with only dogs and wild creatures. I ain't no sort of company for folks, specially ladified folks like the Miss Talbots. It would make their hair lift to hear the way I light out on these dogs when they get to snarling and fighting over their bones."

"And have you lived here always, just with dogs?" asked the little girl, wonderingly.

"No," answered old Lem, filling a long pipe he took from a shelf over the fire. "I tried humans for a while, but I like dogs better."

"But I don't think that is right!" said Marjorie quickly.

"Why not?" asked the old man, with a twinkle in his sunken eye.

"Oh, because—because—they are dogs," said his little guest, hesitatingly; "because they can't talk or think, or go to heaven when they die. Oh, I know—I am sure—it isn't right to like dogs best!"

"Mebbe it isn't," said Lem, laughing. "But if you want a friend that will stand by you through thick and thin, and not look for pay, give me a dog every time. There was my Buck—you see that big black head hanging up there?"

"Yes," said the little girl, casting a half-questioned look at the object in question. "Was that Buck?"

"That!" Marjorie's host chuckled deep down in his knotted throat. "No, sissy, that was the black bear that Buck done for. Mebbe you never heard tell of a bear?"

"Oh, yes!" said Marjorie, her eyes beginning to kindle—for black bears gifted with remarkable wisdom and conversational powers had often figured in Nora's fairy tales. "And I saw them, too, in a cage at the Zoo."

"Yes, I've heard they was there," said the old man; "but I never would go look at them. It's a mean, low-down sort of business to trap a wild creature and shut it up in a cage for boys to poke fun at. Bears hev their feelings as well as humans; and I must go mighty nigh the grain for a strong, free creature, that has had a hull mountain range for his own, to be shut up behind iron bars and expected to pump peanuts and make himself agreeable. Heap better d'e in a fair fight, like that big chap there."

"Did you kill him?" asked Marjorie.

"Well, no," answered the old man. "The boot was rather on the other foot; the black bear came purty nigh killing me."

(To be continued.)

## Many Women Suffer Untold Agony From Kidney Trouble.

Very often they think it is from so-called "female disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble."

Why, then, blame all your trouble to female disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS at stated intervals.

Miss Nellie Clark, Lambeth, Ont., tells of her cure in the following words:—"I suffered for about two years with kidney trouble. I ached all over, especially in the small of my back; not being able to sleep well, no appetite, menstruation irregular, nervous irritability, and brick-dust deposit in urine, were some of my symptoms. I took Doan's Kidney Pills. The pain in my back gradually left me, my appetite returned, I slept well, and am effectually cured. I can highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from kidney trouble."

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25. All dealers, or DOAN KIDNEY PILLS CO., TORONTO, ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mrs. McCall.—I do wish I could get a good maid.

Mrs. Vandine.—You might interview mine.—I think she'd be delighted to come to you.

Mrs. McCall.—But why don't you keep her?

Mrs. Vandine.—Oh, she won't stay. She says she wants a place where she won't have so many hats and gowns to take care of.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO. Yarmouth, N. S.

Gentlemen.—In January last Francis Leclair, one of the men employed by me, working in the lumber woods, had a tree fall on him crushing him fearfully. He was, when found, placed on a sled and taken home, where grave fears were entertained for his recovery, his hips being badly bruised and his body turned black from his ribs to his feet. We used MINARD'S LINIMENT on him freely to deaden the pain and with the use of three bottles he was completely cured and able to return to his work.

SAUVREUR DUVAL. Elgin Road, L'Islet Co., Que., May 26th, 1893.

Fond Mother.—Well, my pet, did the great dramatic manager say you would quickly become a star if you should adopt the stage as a profession?

Ambitious Daughter.—Well, not exactly, but I think he intends to engage me for a new domestic drama of some kind. He told me to go home and learn to cook.