Calendar for May, 1905. Moon's PHASES.

New Moon 4d., 9h., 50m. a. m. First Quarter 12d., 0h., 48m. a m Full Moon 18d., 3b., 36m. p. m

Last Quarter 25d., 8b., 50m. p. m. Sun Sun Moon High of of Rises Sets Rises Water Water

M	Week			13			1
-		n.m.	h.m	D. m.		h.m.	1
1	Mon.	5 06	7 21	3 58	8 22	8 48	
2	Tues.	5 05	7 22	4 24	8 57	9 27	1
3	Wed.	5 03	7 23	4 52	9 30	10 05	(
4	Thur.	5 02	7 24	eets	10 01	10 42	1
5	Frid.	5 00	7 25	8 20	10 28	11 27	1
6	Sat.	4 59	7 26	9 19	10 55		1
7	Sun.	4 57		10 16	0 0:	11 24	
8	Mon.	4 56		11 09	0 44	11 57	
9	Tues.	4 54		111 57	1 32	12 35	
10	Wed.	4 53		a.m.	2 24	1 23	1
11	Thur.	4 52		0 40		2 26	
12	Frid.	4 50				3 49	
13	Sat.	4 49		1 56	5 28	5 14	
14		4 48		2 31	6 30	6 38	1
15		4 47		3 04	7 27	7 54	,
16		4 46			8 16	8 52	
17		4 45				9 43	1
18		4 44		rises	9 39	10 32	
19		4 43		8 33	10 16	11 20	
20		4 42		9 37	10 51		1
21	Sun.	4 41		10 33	0 07	11 27	1
22		4 40		11 21	0 53	12 05	
53		4 39		a.m.	1 41	12 47	1
24			7 47	0 02	2 31	1-34	
25		4 37		0 38	3 22	2 28	
26			7 49			3 38	1
27			7 50			4 58	
28			7 51			6 16	1
29			7 52				1
30			7 53			8 14	-
31			7 54			9 01	1

Replaced.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR B. O'NEILL,

C S. C. Once did I waken

To mourn, forsaken, A mother taken By Death's decree, Who left me dreary, Bereaved and weary,-No prospect cheery

To solace me; Though stars were glowing, And moonbeams flowing In tides o'erthrowing Night's heavy gloom,

No star might brighten Or moon-ray lighten The dead-black sky and my orphared doom

Yet, though the morrow Onenched not my sorrow Still could I borrow A promise fair Of future clearer

Of peace brought nearer And comfort dearer Than mourned-for care: I found another Still sweeter Mother Whom Christ cur Brother Gave unto me .-O Mother-Maiden,

With love o'erladen, Console us all till thy face we see!

The Ups and Downs of Mariorie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

(From the Ave Maria.)

(Continued.) " Wake up, child ! - wake up

Here we are at home!" Marinrie started up at the novel word, to find lights flashing and dogs barking and voices calling around her, while a long, low, pillared house stretched dimly in the gloom.

"Take Dobbin and give him good rub down, Jeb. And, Rex,dewn, down, Rex!" Marjorie gave a wild cry of alarm

as a big black dog came fairly bound ing over her, with short, sharp barks "Rex wou't hurt you, child. He

is only glad to see us home. There, good cli Rex! Down, down!" And, still half asleep, Marjorie

was guided by Miss Telbot into a low-roofed, cosy room, where a big wood fire was blazing on the brick hearth, and another Miss Talbot sat knitting by a shaded lamp. She was tall and slender like her sister, only her cheeks were paler and her eyes softer, and the grey bair was buckled on curls on her temples under a pretty lace cap. "Thank Heaven you have come

Susan !" she said. "I was just going to send Jeb out to look for you. I thought you had upset on the road." "Upset on the road, at my time

of life!" answered Miss Susan, unrolling herself from her big grey scarf. "Toe drifts were heavy by the river, and I had to come sround the upper road. Besides, I watoo hours at the A ylum getting the child, Here she is, Marjorie, this is my sister M the. Y u are to wait on her and save her steps, and be as useful to ber as you can."

"I am glad to see you, Marjorie," said Miss Marths, and her voice wa kind and sweet. "We shall be very good friends, I am sure. Poor litile thing! you must be cold and sleepy after that long ride. Sit down by the fire while I got you and Susan hot cup of ter.

" And, ob, what a nice cup of te it was !- hot and sweet and milky with two big slices of bread and butter beside it, on a blue and whit plate, and a lit le glass saucer blackberry jam.

Then Miss Susan took Maijiri and her bundle upstairs to a queer It le cor, where the roof slanter down to a low broad dormer window that looked out on the trees and

"Say your prayers, child, and get to bed as quick as you can, for you

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night-That's the complaint of those 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 scalng, burning, itching skin disease will

"I was taken with an itching on my rms which proved very disagreeable. I oncluded it was sait rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days fiter I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. Have lever had any skin disease since." Mrs. DA E. WARD, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla ds the blood of all impurities and ares all eruptions.

e tired, I know, and we are up bemes at Manor Hill

And Marjorie said her prayers as ell as her sleepy head would perit, and tumbled quickly into a little ed that, though soft and spotless as

*nowdrift, smelt like spring flowre, and, with the stars still winking nerrily at her through her dormer, as soon sound asleep for the night. "Well, what do you think of the

hild?" asked Miss Susan, as she rijined her sister at the fireside. "Pretty as a picture," answered Miss Martha, warmly.

"And that's all," said Miss Susan, "All! Bless me, what do you

mean ?' asked her sister. "That I've been a fool, I'm afraid -a stubborn old fool. The Sisters warned me the child was a heedless little thing that would be of no use to us; but something in her brown eyes turned my head. I've a mind to take her back to morrow morn-

"Ob, no?" said Miss Martha, hastily. "That would not be just to the poor child. Susan. Now that you have taken her, we must keep ber for a while and give her a fair trial. But"-Miss Martha laughed softly-"it's an odd thing for a pretty face to turn your head, Susan dear-very odd."

"It ie," said Miss Susan. "I don't know what came over me, I am sure."

"You saw Judge Rowe?" asked

Miss Martha, anxiously. "Yes," answered her sister, "and got good comfort from him. He says we can have another year to pay the mortgage, and then he must foreclose. It is plain be thinks we are too foolish old women to be holding on to a big, lonely place like this, with no. kith or kin to leave it to after we are gone; and he feels we would be much more comfortable in

"And maybe we would"-Miss Susan took up the poker and stirred the fire vigorously - "maybe, we would." There was a pause, while the big bickory backlog cracked and snapped, as if it did not like the

poker's meddling. " I-I didn't think you would ever say that, Susan," -- Miss Martha's oice was low and quavering.

"Nor I," said Miss Susan, with

another dab at the old hickory, that sent a shower of angry sparks flying up the chimney. "But we may as well look things square in the face, Martha. We've sold everything we could-land and horses and parriages and stock. We have sent off all the servants but Jeb and Nance, who are too old and rheumatie to go. And we can't lift the mortgage, or pay the interest even, work and stint as we will. What are we keeping this old place for, any-

"Because we love it," answered Miss Martha, tremulously; " because we love every foot of the ground because it has been our dear, dear home, and our father's and our grandfather's for generations; because the Talbots have been born and reared and married and buried here for nearly two hundred years; because it would break our old hearts, and kill us to give it up, and you know it, Susan," concluded Miss Marths, bursting into open tears.

"There, there !-don't cry, Martha!" said Miss Susan, her own voice busky. "Don't break down like that, dear! Good Lord! haven't I lain awake half the night for years planning and studying about this thing? It is you I am thinking about most of all. The work and worry and trouble here is too much



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you were, Martha dear."

"l know-1 know; but I shall 've grown here too long. And borrid boy! let my dog alone!" you've got me the little girl to save my steps. The little girl-"

" Because her eyes went to eart-that soft old heart of yours you are stealing Rex" bat you try to case in leather. Suan, she may prove a bright little ed Marjorie, nearly breathless with plessing to us after all."

"She may," answered Miss Susan, was another child-a quiet, steady

ister in surprise. "Because I was a fool, I tell you -a hard headed fool. The other shild squirmed and wheedled, and his one looked me square in the eyes and told me plainly she wouldn't suit; and yet I brought her, to be another care and trial when we have girl?" nore than we can bear now."

"Oh, no!" said her sister, gently. I feel God will help, Susan dearhelp us somehow. It has been my prayer for years that I might live

and die in this my dear old home. "Then we'll trust to Him," said Miss Susan, beartily; and the old hickory seemed to echo ber words as with a cheery roar, it burst into flame that filled the whole room God and fight it out, in spire of Judge Rowe's advice. And may God help us to save our home; for no one else can, Martha dear !"

III.-NEW FRIENDS - AN AD-

VENTURE. Marjorie's new life began betimes next morning; and a pleasant, busy | was?" asked Bert. life it was. There was the table to quaint old-fashioned silver; the it's Marjorie Mayne." ishes to wash, under Miss Martha's own pretty face stretched into a And, then, you do look a little like a

And when work was done there gypsy, you know." gleefully for a race with Rex over there. Everybody is so old and so the white hills, just now frosted like solemn!" added the little speaker

Then there were so many new brand-new calf.

pound-cake with spotless snow.

had found all these so diverting that ittle maid indoors. She had learned o skim the cream, to scour the milk- I just love fairy stories, don't you?" at all dealers. pans, to print the butter, to crimp a ruffle under Miss Martha's critical ter," confessed Bert. eve, and turn the beel of a stocking by Miss Susan's nightly lessons. Still, after baying had fifty little

girls to play with ever since she could remember, Manor Hill was Marjorie turned the heel of her stocking, and Miss Martha read sloud the

"O R-x." said Maijorie one after. noon, as, after a brisk race to the paused to rest by a low stone wall will lend you." beside the road -- I wish you could

ragged his tail cheerfully. "I'm just dying to talk to some-

oody that can talk back. If you your shoulder?" were only a girl or a boy, Rex, what un we could have!"

Rex barked again, and laid his nose on Marjorie's knee apologeti-"You're the very nicest dog I ever

his head; "but you aren't like a who was beginning to find in this and its awful nice to have corn cakes " Would you like to go along?" and syrup for breakfast, and hot doughouts, all cinnamony and sug- doubtfully. ary, for tea, and baked apples with cresm on them. But I'm getting bad, I'm afraid, Rex I felt like I'd Susan's nose last night, if I sat still what fun it is." by the fire another minn'e. Good ness! I wonder what would have hannened if I had done it !" (Mar. orie gave a funny little shiver.) "It would have been as bad as when I pinned the paper chicken on Sister Bernardine's veil. That kitty cat of a Nellie Deane teld on me. Dear dear! I could stand even kitty-cat

Nellie to talk to now." as if he beard sometning. A boy boy, with a fur cap set far back on a yellow curly head, and a marry, Maijorie had only heard and dreamed rosy face. He spied Rox, and whistled a clear, loud whistle, that made Rex bound forward, barking excitedly. Boy and dog met in a tus-le so fierce, seemingly, that Mar Burns, etc.

for you. You are not as strong as jorie leaped on the stone fence and shricked in wild affright.

"Let my dog alone !" she cried, die anywhere else, Susan. I-I as Rex was rolled over and over again couldn't stand the uprooting, deer. in the snow, barking madly. "You

"Your dog!" exclaimed the newcomer, pausing to stare at the little "Humph!" said Miss Susan. "I red figure gesticulating on the fence. am afraid we'll only find her another "Your dog! I like that! As if I rial. What I brought her here for, had not known Talbot's Rex ever gainst the Sister's warnings, I am since I knew anything! Oh, I'm onof the gypsies from the hollow, and and they do not have "female trouble." "You great, big story teller !" gasp-

"Yes, you are!" The merry blue rimly; "but I've strong doubts on eyes that met Marjorie's were sternly goes wrong. Much distress would be he subject, Martha dear. There judicial now. Master Bert Bolton came of a race that had worn "wigs one-that I ought to have chosen, I and gowns" before the Stars and know. The sisters told me as Sripes began to wave. "And you'd

> said the next one of you he caught "Stealing !" pauted Marjorie, "I'm not stealing Rex. He is Miss Tal bot's dog, and I'm Miss Talbot's girl." " Miss Talbot's girl!" echoed the other blankly. "What kind of a

> "Her maid-girl," explained Marorie, promptly. "She took me out of St. Vincent's Asylum to wait on

hending the situation, "I did not know that, you see. I take a run up to Manor Hill pretty often, for Miss Martha is my godmother. I am Bert Bolton, Judge Bolton's boy. But I've been at Uncle Dick's for the holidays and have just got back. with ruddy light. "We'll trust to That's why Rex and I were so glad to see each other. We've been jolly chums always-haven't we,

And Rex bounded up on Bert again, and the whole party walked amicably down the white, hard packed

"What did you say your name,

"I didn't say anything," laughed set with pretty flowered china and Marjorie. "But if you want to know, fix up my bangs before they "I hope you won't mind my rough careful teaching; the big mahogany talking?" said Bert, apologetically table to polish; the andirons to rub "But, you see, you called Rex your until they winked back Marjorie's dog, and I kenw he was Miss Talbot's

gypsy in that red shawl-a pretty was time for play; for Miss Martha "Oh, you needn't try to make it nice! was no stern taskmistress. When said Marjorie." "But I'm not mad MENT. the early dinner was over, Marjorie any more. I know what you meant, bundled up head and ears in a red And I certainly am glad that you shawl, that Miss Susan gave her to come sometimes to Manor Hill. I save jacket and hat, and turned out haven't seen a boy or girl since I got with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

"I never think of that. I suppose abquaintances to make in this I'm used to it," said Bert laughing. strange country world. Old Jeb, "I am not," responded Marjorie newsboy for pestering him to buy an Nance, who was fat and shiny as if having lots of fun: blind-man's-buff, another boy accosted the 'gentleman, she had been upholstered in black and 'Open the gates,' every night in and then shouted in the hearing of leather, in the big kitcher; the the playroom; and tag and 'pussy the bystanders. It's no use to try orses, the cows, the hens, the awe- wants a corner,' in the big back yard, him Jim-he can't read ! nspiring turkey gobbler, and the and all sorts of games; and jackstraws, made of burned matches; and For two whole weeks Marjorie checkers, with buttons on Molly for Sick Headache, Bilousness, Conshe had been the very model of a to steal up to the wardrobe room and and liver complaints. They neither

with a sigh.

"I think I like Indian stories bet-"Oh, no l" said Maajorie, emphatically. "bate Indian stories. Miss Marthar reads them at night-about Indians and 'leather-stockings.' I like to hear about fairies and wands only playmate. At night he dozed stupidly on the hearth rug, while them fine, but I'll not hear any more

"Ob, yes !" said Bert. "You can read them yourself if you want to. store a mile distant, the two friends I've got a great big fairybook that I

"Oh, will you?"-the big brown eves that turned upon Bert fairly Rex gave two sharp barks, and danced with delight. "I never bad a fairy book to read in may life. What are those things hanging over

"Skates," answered Bert, laughing. Didn't you ever see skates before?' "No," said Marjorie, eargerly but I've heard of them. You go on them over the ice, don't you?" "Yes; and I am going on them knew," said the little girl, stroking now, down the Mill Creek," said Bert person, Rex. This is a lovely place, outspoken little person lots of fun.

"Is it very far?" asked Marjorie,

"On, no!" said 'Bert, who had a ountry boy's liberal ideas of distance. Just down the bill a bit. And I'll just have to jump up and pull Miss lend you the skates and let you see Lend ber the skates! This was

eally more of a temptation than Marorie could withstand. She would go indeed, let Bert lead where he would; for the frosty nip of the air was making her cheeks glow and her young veins tingle with joyous life she had been busy and quiet and good, with only solemn old folks, for, ob, so ong! It seemed ages since she had Rex started up with pricked ears, had any fun or frolic, except with Rex; and here was a boy-s nice, jolly boy was coming down the road-a big ____ ffering ber fairy books and skates -delights of which our poor little

> (To be continued.) Minard's Liniment cures

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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 draggingto your game straight! You are one down feeling in the loins. So do men, Why, then, blame all your trouble to female disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely con nected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything

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at stated intervals. Miss Nellie Clark, Lambeth, Ont., tells of her cure in the following words :- "I better make tracks back to your camp suffered for about two years with kidney "And why did't you?" asked her before my father hears of you. Be trouble. I ached all over, especially in the small of my back; not being able to kinds of Legal business promptly sleep well, no appetite, menstruation attended to. Investments made on irregular, nervous irritability, and brick- best security. Money to Loan. 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 sleep 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.

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"Doctor,' she said, I know I am going to die. Don't tell my husband

but let me ask you one favor before I go. Whisper, doctoc. Ask Mary to

bury me. I cured a horse of the Mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

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EDW. LINLIEF, I cured a horse of a bad swelling THOS. W. PAYNE, Bathurst, N. B.

grizzly and kind, in the stable; Aunt frankly. "I'm used to fifty girls and evening newspaper, the lad waited till

Byrne's plad shawl; and, best, of all stipation, Dyspepsia, and all stomach get Nora Ryan to tell faisy stories, gripe, weaken or sicken. Price 25c.

"Talking about dogs of keen scent, have one that will compare favorably with any of them." "Remarkable dog' eh ?" I should say so. The other day

he broke his chain, and although I had been away for hours he tracked me and found me merely by scence. What do you think of that? "I think you ought to take a

Colds etc.

ou, my little man? Newsboy .- Nearly ten sir. business.

Newsboy .- Oh, ever since I was

months with Neuralgia when I started taking Milburn's Rheumatism Pills. They did me more good than any medicine I aver used. Mrs. Annie Ryan, Sand Point, N. S.

> HAD TO GIVE UP ALTOGETHER AND GO TO BED.

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