



## What Grandmother Says.

Perhaps you'll hardly believe it at all—  
But every one must know  
That when my grandmother says a thing,  
Of course it's exactly so.

She says, in all the great, great world,  
She never has seen a place  
Where things so sweet and so lovely grow  
As on a wee little face.

She says there's never a diamond  
Under the shining skies,  
That sparkles half so bright as those  
She sees in bright little eyes.

She never has seen, in all her life,  
Such white little dainty pearls  
As deep from out the rosy lips  
Of dear little laughing girls.

She says she has never, never found  
In a garden full of flowers,  
A rose so soft and sweet and fresh  
As these little cheeks of ours.

But then, she says, these diamonds  
And roses and pearls will grow  
Ugly and dull and dim (oh dear!  
How dreadful to see them so!)

Unless with loving words and smiles  
We keep them shining bright,  
I think we'd better remember this,  
For grandmother's always right.  
—Golden Days.

## Comedians.

Why was the elephant late in leaving the ark? Because he stopped to pack his trunk.  
What sort of men are always above board? Chessmen.  
When was a wit a father? When a pun became apparent.  
When was Napoleon most shabbily dressed? When he was out at Elba (elbow).  
When are fields of grain like rocks? When both are blasted.  
When are men's heads like mountains? When capped.

## Courtesy and Patience Had its Reward.

"I am sorry to have taken so much of your time," the customer said, pleasantly, "but samples are necessary sometimes. I will take these to my dressmaker at once and mail my order to-morrow."

Lois Bently hesitated a moment, but a glimpse of Fanny Oliver's sales slip, ostentatiously displayed, nerved her to courage.  
"I don't mind the time ever," she said, "but you see somebody is to be laid off for the summer, and I have to work. But the samples have my number and the sale will be credited to me."

"You deserve it, certainly," the lady answered. "I hope your next customer will be quicker than I have been." She turned away with a friendly smile, leaving Lois half encouraged and half hopeless. There was not much question among the girls that Lois would be the one to go; she seemed fated to have those who wanted cheap laces come to her, whereas Fanny Oliver always captured the big purchasers. Fanny said it was part of the business to know which customers to go to, and that Lois had not a business bump.  
"But somebody has to wait upon them," Lois argued.  
"Doubtless, but it can be somebody else," Fanny retorted lightly. "You see the difference it makes. Your sales to-day have been \$39, and mine \$163."

Yes, it was easy to see the difference, and Lois, summoned to the manager's office the next day, told herself she had known it all the time; what she had not realized was that until then she had not quite given up hope.

The manager looked up pleasantly.  
"I called you up, Miss Bently, to show you a letter we received from a customer this morning. I think it may interest you."

Lois, bewildered, took the letter. At first the phrases meant nothing to her, so sure had she been of dismissal, but after a little she began to understand—"the very great patience and courtesy of the young lady who waited upon me, not the first time I had noticed her unfailing patience, even with the most trying customers"—the words looked at her like friendly, assuring faces.

"I merely wish to add, Miss Bently," the manager said, as she handed back the letter, "that the kind of saleswoman noted in this letter is the kind we never part with if we can help it."

"Suppose—she had not written!" Lois did not realize that she had said it aloud until she heard the manager answering her thoughts.  
"Yes, we might have made a mistake, although we are not so

likely as you think. But even then, the same qualities would have won in the end. They always do, Miss Bently."  
Lois, shining-eyed and pink-cheeked, went back to the lace counter. It was good—best of all—to know that real things counted. But how other people helped—if they would!—Youth's Companion.

## Tongues and Ears.

Each nation has its own quaint stories as well as its distinctive folklore. No country in the world does more to entertain its children than Japan. Even on the street corners stand men whose sole business it is to tell stories to little boys and girls.

The following from the Japanese is told by a missionary who heard it told to a group of children:

"Once upon a time a peasant went to Heaven, and the first thing he saw was a long shelf with something very strange-looking on it.  
"What is that?" he asked. "Is that something to make soup of?" (The Japanese are very fond of soup.)

"No," was the reply; "these are ears. They belong to persons who, when they lived on earth, heard what they ought to do in order to be good, but they didn't pay any attention to it; so when they died their ears came to Heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not."

"After a while the peasant saw another shelf with very queer things on it.  
"What is that?" he asked again. "Is that something to make soup of?"

"No," he was told; "these are tongues. They once belonged to people in the world who told people how to live and how to be good, but they themselves never did as they told others to do, so when they died their tongues came to Heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not."

Wasn't that a good lesson for us all?

## A Sister's Love.

She was only an ordinary girl, with an ordinary schoolbag hanging over her arm, and, as my mind was busy with other subjects, I should scarcely have noticed her at all, had it not been for the kind words I heard her utter.

I was waiting on a street corner for a car, and she, with some other children, were standing there, too.

"Oh, come on, Daisy!" one of her companions exclaimed. "What are you waiting for, anyhow?"

"I'm waiting for Tad, of course," she answered good-naturedly.  
"Oh, well, let's don't wait for him!"

"Why, I promised him, you know," was the serious reply, and I couldn't go without him, Sarah."  
"Well, he's only your brother. You needn't be so particular about keeping your promise to him."

"But I need be particular about keeping my promise to anybody—my brother just as much as anybody else," Daisy replied firmly, but in the same low, sweet tone. "I never disappoint Tad if I can help it, and he knows it, too, and depends upon me. Mama says breaking a promise is as bad as telling a lie, and we don't want to do that, you know."

"Well, what is he about? Where's he, anyhow? He ought to be here by this time," remarked one of the boys.  
He went home at 2 o'clock to go on an errand for father, and he was to meet me here to go with me to the entertainment."

"Does he know the time it commences, and will he surely be on time?" some one questioned anxiously.  
"He knows the time, and will be here, I am certain," said his sister. "I'm afraid we'll be late," grumbled another lad.

"Yes, we will!" some one else said.  
"Then suppose you all go one and don't wait for me," Daisy said, quietly. "I shall not mind, but I wouldn't go without Tad for anything."

"Oh, it wouldn't be so nice to go without you," Sarah objected.  
"Well, here he comes now!" cried the boy who had first spoken, and just then a lad of about ten years could be seen hurrying along the street. In a few moments he had joined the group, and asked: "I didn't keep you waiting long, did I?"

I looked at Tad and saw there was nothing about him that would attract the attention of a stranger, except it might be his bright, happy face, but his sister's eyes rested lovingly upon him, as she said: "Only a few moments, Tad."

"Here, Daisy," he said. "I brought your waterproof and rubbers. It

looks cloudy, and I'm almost sure it will rain before we get home. No, you needn't take them." And he held on to the bundle he had in his arms. "I can carry them. I only wanted you to know they were on hand."

"Oh, thank you, Tad!" the girl said, heartily. "I probably shall need them."  
They were starting off now, and as Sarah took her place beside Daisy she remarked wonderingly: "How polite you are to each other! Do you always act that way?"

As they hurried on I caught only a part of Daisy's surprised answer, and this was: "Of course. Why shouldn't we be?"

And the question will bear being repeated, with some additions: Why shouldn't all sisters and brothers be happy in the same love and confidence that Tad and Daisy gave to each other?—Western Watchman.

## A Lesson From a Cornfield.

"Oh, father, I don't want to go to school any more," said Joe Taylor, one spring morning. "Why don't you let me stay at home? Roy Allen's father don't make him go to school."

Mr. Taylor took Joe by the hand and spoke kindly to him. "Come, my son, I wish to show you something in the cornfield."

Joe walked along the roadside with his father until they came to a field in which corn was growing. Not a weed was to be seen between the rows, nor about the hills.

"See how these sturdy stalks are growing, my boy!" said Mr. Taylor. "How vigorous the whole field looks! We shall have a bumper crop. Now I will show you Mr. Allen's corn-field."

Mr. Taylor then led Joe across the road to look at Mr. Allen's field of corn. Mr. Taylor, after looking into the field for a few moments, said:

"Now, my son, what do you think of Mr. Allen's corn?"

"Oh, father," replied the boy, "I never saw such a looking field in all my life! The ground is baked like a brick; and the weeds are almost as high as the corn. There won't be more than half a crop."

"Can you tell why this field of corn is worse than ours, Joe?"  
"Because it has been left to grow by itself. Probably Mr. Allen just plowed the corn once and never went near the field afterward. He hasn't pulled a single weed."

"Yes, that is very true, my son. A field will soon be covered with weeds and vines if it is not cultivated more than once. This is just so with the field of human life. It must also be kept free from weeds, or it will become like Mr. Allen's corn. The school-children's minds may be likened to this field, for they must be cultivated constantly, and with greater care than that given to plants. Joe, if you should never go to school, nor be given any training, your manhood would resemble this weedy corn field instead of that which grows in my field. Now, my son, would you want me to let the weeds grow in my field, as Mr. Allen does in his?"

"Oh, no, father, your field is the cleaner, but Mr. Allen's could not be worse than this."

"Or, my son, would you wish me to let my boy run wild and uncultivated, as Mr. Allen does with his son?"  
Joe remained silent, for he understood very clearly what his father meant.

"I send you to school," continued Mr. Taylor, "in order that the field of your mind may be cultivated, and produce an abundant yield. Now would you rather stay at home, and so allow the field of your mind to become grown up with weeds, or would you rather go to school and have your mind cultivated?"

"I would rather go to school," replied Joe. "But, father, do you think Roy Allen's mind is overgrown with weeds?"

"I believe it is. If it isn't, it surely will be if his father does not send him to school. It is a misfortune for a boy not to have his mind cultivated, and I earnestly trust that you will think the opportunity of going to school is something to be coveted."

Joe Taylor listened to all his father said, and then, decided that he would never again ask him to stay at home.—Sunday Companion.

Comfort for the Dyspeptic.—There is no ailment so harassing and exhaustive as dyspepsia, which arises from defective action of the stomach and liver, and the victim of it is to be pitied. Yet he can find ready relief in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, a preparation that has established itself by years of effective use. They are pills that are widely advertised as the greatest ever compounded, but not one of them can rank in value with Parmelee's.

## POET'S CORNER

## WELCOME, JUNE!

Lovely June, fairy June,  
Welcome here again,  
With thy glorious sunshine  
Brightening everything;

With thy roses blooming,  
And thy soft warm breeze;  
With thy gay birds singing  
In the greenwood trees;

With thy red strawberries,  
Berries fit for June,  
And thy luscious cherries,  
Going all too soon.

Welcome, month of beauty!  
Days so fair as thine  
Are most meetly given  
To the Heart divine—

To Thy Heart, dear Jesus;  
And we humbly pray  
That with love and worship  
We may fill each day.  
—N. F., in The Leader.

## I OFTEN WONDER WHY 'TIS SO.

Some find work where some find rest,  
And so the weary world goes on.  
I sometimes wonder which is best—  
The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,  
And so the dreary night hours go;  
Some hearts beat where some hearts break—  
I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some wills faint where some wills fight,  
Some love the tent some the field;  
I often wonder who are right—  
The ones who strive or those who yield.

Some swords rust where others clash,  
Some fall back where some move on;  
Some flags furl where others flash—  
Until the battle has been won.

Some sleep on while others weep,  
They will not rest till roses creep  
Around their name above the grave  
The vigils of the true and brave.  
—Father Ryan.

## AT LAST.

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes  
And moved and spoke in quiet, grown-up wise,  
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,  
I struck him and dismissed  
With hard words and unkindness—  
His mother, who was patient, being dead.

Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,  
I visited his bed,  
But found him slumbering deep,  
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet

From his late sobbing wet;  
And I, with moan,  
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;  
For, on a table drawn beside his head

He had put beside his reach  
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,  
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,  
And six or seven shells,

A bottle of bluebells,  
And two French copper coins, ranged  
There with careful art  
To comfort his sad heart.

So when that night I prayed  
To God, I wept and said,  
"Ah, when at last we lie with tranquil breath,  
Not vexing Thee in death,  
And thou rememberest of what toys  
We made our joys,  
How weakly understood  
Thy great commanded good,  
Then fatherly, not less  
Than I, whom Thou hast molded  
From the clay,  
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath and say,  
"I will be sorry for their childishness."  
—Coventry Patmore.

The Best Liver Pill.—The action of the liver is easily disarranged. A sudden chill, undue exposure to the elements, overindulgence in eating or excess in drinking, are a few of the causes. But whatever may be the cause, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be relied upon as the best corrective that can be taken. They are the leading liver pills and they have no superiors among such preparations.

Nuns Receive College Degrees.

Archbishop Farley officiated at the conferring of the degree of Bachelor of arts upon seven Dominican nuns, at the College of New Rochelle on Tuesday, May 24.

When, in 1206, St. Dominic formed his first community of women at Prouille, France, his aim was to found a teaching order. Therefore, when framing the constitution by which his nuns were to be governed, the holy founder made it a rule that all members intended for teaching should receive an education properly fitting them for their profession. Mindful of his rule, the superiors of these nuns have ever striven to give their subjects all available advantages and to provide them with the best teachers to be obtained, men and women whose professional ability is well known in the educational world.

## Afraid of the Pope.

We like to read the Maritime Baptist, for the same reason that an acquaintance of ours once gave for liking to walk on the street behind a group of young school girls "They interest me," he said, "they talk so foolishly." It is not only amongst the wise that human nature is to be studied. When Pope said "that the proper study of mankind is man," he meant all kinds of men; and we like to study "man," even though he talk foolishly.

We hasten to assure our friend the Baptist that "Pope" mentioned above, was not one of the Popes whose unfathomable craftiness is to be such a danger, in the future, to this Empire. The Baptist, therefore, is safe in taking the sentence quoted as having no hidden depths of meaning. We assure the Baptist that we repeat it in the common, ordinary meaning of the words as understood by New Brunswick Baptists, and that there is no secret understanding between ourselves and any other Pope on the subject. Without such an assurance the Baptist might possibly suppose that the words quoted meant something sinister, and that though credited to one Pope, who is dead, they really came from another Pope, who is alive and will bear watching.

We have no desire to indulge in levity, upon a serious subject; but we wish to do justice to the mixture of simplicity, prejudice, and folly which inspires the fanatical utterances of the Maritime Baptist and papers of that class.

"The proper study of mankind is man,"—Pope. The Maritime Baptist, coming upon these words, for the first time, would probably conclude that they were a covert order to some of the Pope's emissaries to seize the Isle of Man, and thus strike a blow at the power of a Protestant nation. Readers may smile at this; but we assure them that whole volumes have been written which had, as their foundation, just some such absurd conclusion drawn from imaginary premises.

The tears that inspire "determined opposition" to the abolition or alteration of the accession oath, gave no better or more serious foundation. Indeed, many of the things asserted in Protestant papers about the Church and the Popes are not even the distortion of something real but are wholly and absolutely imaginary.

There is the story of the Princess Ena, now Queen of Spain, having been obliged to take an oath, anathematizing Protestant doctrines, in an offensive form, when she was received into the Church.

This yarn was manufactured wholly, and was given circulation in Nova Scotia by a Halifax paper; and the Maritime Baptist has preserved it to this day, and now reissues it. The slightest inquiry would have demonstrated its falsity and absurdity; but the Baptist has never made such inquiry, and never will make it. Such is the earnestness with which certain critics of the Church look through a telescope with a blind eye.

Since "the proper study of mankind is man," all this interests us greatly. We are interested even in men's dreams—the visions which the dozing or drugged brain conjures up. The minds which conceive such ideas as those of the Baptist are drugged by prejudice and distrust. There is no shadow of possibility of the Baptist reasoning accurately on the subject of the Accession Oath. If a man wanted to know how to spell a word, and if he was at the same time satisfied that all dictionaries were compilations of lies, how could he inform himself? The Baptist is so placed. The truth about the Popes and the Church is unaccessible to it, because it cannot approach the sources of information with an open mind. Therefore, it will go on repeating the fable of Princess Ena's oath, though all over the land there are thousands of men and women who have been received into the Church without any such oath. Therefore, it will go on conjuring up visions of the Pope interfering and meddling with, the authority of the King of Great Britain, or of the Governor of New Brunswick, possibly of even our County Councils and Justices of the Peace.

The Baptist can, no doubt, recognize, to some extent, changes of political conditions. It would probably admit that the conditions surrounding and attending the occupancy of the throne have changed immensely in two hundred years, and that kings no longer can change the religious beliefs of their subjects, any more than they can order their enemies to be racked or beheaded as they once did. A man who has an open mind, and who is able to reach sane conclusions from unquestionable premises, would reason from such changes of conditions that the abolition of the Accession Oath would not deliver England into the hands of the Vatican. But the Baptist ceases to reason, as soon as the Vatican is mentioned, or the Church, or the Pope. Fanaticism is a form of insanity. We have given up arguing with fanatics. Whatever we say on such subjects as the accession oath, is intended for those whose minds are not clogged, who can see facts as they are. The Baptist says: "The history of the British crown cannot be forgotten;" but it ignores the whole history of the Crown for two centuries, and looks only at the events that then occurred. "In Spain Rome is supreme," it says, "and in England desires to be, and is working towards that end in the use of methods peculiar to itself." The Baptist has not the slightest idea what this means. The only explanation it could give would be—"The Pope is bad—watch him." What is the Catholic Church trying to do in Eng-

land, and what are the "methods peculiar to itself?" Will the Protestant clergy be murdered? Will the franchise be taken away from the Non-conformists? Will Protestant statesmen be dismissed, and Protestant judges deposed? Will Acts of Attainder be passed? Will some one blow up the House of Lords? What will the Protestants be doing while all these things are being accomplished? The Pope is a busy man. Has he time to arrange for the execution of all these difficult things? Will the army turn Catholic, and will a Cardinal lead it? Cannot the Methodists in Rome keep a sharp watch on the Pope, to see that he does not invade England at the head of his Swiss guards. Has the Baptist brought all these dangers fully to the attention of Mr. Asquith or Lord Rosebery, or Mr. Lloyd-George, Mr. Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, or Lord Roberts, or General Kitchener? Has the Baptist done its whole duty right at home? Ought not the harbor of St. John to be fortified? If those Swiss guards once entrenched themselves in the Cathedral there they might be hard to dislodge. Does the Baptist not think there ought to be a test oath for mayors, aldermen and county councillors? They really have more direct power over us than the King has. How was it ever allowed to happen that a Catholic became Chief Justice of England and sat in judgment on the affairs of Protestants? He might have been a Jesuit in disguise, armed with orders and dispensations from the terrible Pope. Is the Baptist sure it is safe, even in peaceful old St. John? May not the Pope be at work there? We advise the Baptist to investigate. London is far away. Let it be sure that conditions are safe at home.

## United South Africa.

On Wednesday last the four South African British colonies, Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Transvaal and Orange River State, merged their political systems and are now under the administration of a single central government. They will now form the United States of South Africa, with Viscount Gladstone at the head as the first Governor-General. Gen. Louis Botha, premier of the Transvaal, has been called upon to form the first union cabinet. What a marvellous change is this! Union and peace will now be found where a few short years ago were division and conflict. When kept apart by anger and torn by war, neither Boer nor British colonies could make any satisfactory advance; but, brought into friendly relations and held together by bonds of common interest in this new union, progress and prosperity are now in sight of all.

Affairs are taking their natural course in the selection of General Botha to form the Ministry. His career has been remarkable and steadily forward. Something over ten years ago Louis Botha was an ordinary member of the Transvaal Volksraad. His courage, energy and inherent generalship raised him to the command of the Transvaal forces, and under his leadership they struggled bravely for two years against the great power of the British Empire. His foresight in perceiving the inevitable end and his wisdom in a formal surrender that preserved the political cohesion of the Boers made him their acknowledged guide. Within five years from the declaration of peace he was prime minister of the Transvaal. In office he has been a statesman first and a party leader afterward. This is the verdict of unprejudiced observers. It may be confidently expected that he will get together a strong and well-balanced ministry. There are big questions of constructive development to be considered. To these he will bring a well grounded confidence that he and his counsellors can work them out to a successful end and to the glory of a grand new nation.

The formation of this union marks another long step forward of the British empire, which will now include four nations—Insular, Canadian, Australian and African. Allied with these are India and the separated colonies. Thus seems about to be realized the dream of Sir John A. Macdonald—many dominions with one flag, one fleet and one throne.—Exchange.

## Was Troubled With Dyspepsia.

For Years Could Get No Relief Until She Tried

## Burdock Blood Bitters.

Can Eat Anything Now.  
MRS. HERMAN Dickenson, Benton, N.B., writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters and find that few medicines can give such relief in dyspepsia and stomach troubles. I was troubled for a number of years with dyspepsia and could get no relief until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. I took three bottles and became cured and I can now eat anything without it hurting me. I will highly recommend it to all who are troubled with stomach trouble."

Burdock Blood Bitters has an established reputation, extending over 24 years, as a specific for Dyspepsia in all its forms, and all diseases arising from this cause.

For sale by all druggists.  
Manufactured only by The T. M. B. Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## Engla

## A Tim

Opportunity for discussion in connection with the Oath is an Englishman's right. The Englishman's right is to be upheld by the Englishman's right. The Englishman's right is to be upheld by the Englishman's right.

## THE FATHER

The father Stephen Lang Canterbury, Langton, who of England is which wrong na Charta, the rights of fore his day t whatever, be by the King sings given by the English trial by jury.

The history social reform, Alfred the Gr the history of benevolent men entirely Catho who not only greatest colleg bridge, but b York Minister, torbury and rals, but all churches and country. All nobly endowed that it was o abolished that Poor Law w England had country it wa sailor who s Spain by destr Armada of Sp Howard of E Earl Thomas E art collector the fact that h his co-religioni be the greatest in a day w Frohisher and had won worl skilful seamen. sand sailors w fleet against S Spain, a large Cornwall and I most Catholic try, despite th formation."

## LORD BALTIM

## OUS TO

It was a George Calvert more, a great izer, who gave the first lesson tion. Loved a such dissimila I and Charles vices in pacify in 1613 by ren grievances, and ship of the law a statesmanlike James and the was given larg the colonies. I the founder of it is believed t tated the terms fore he died, was absolute r all faiths. To not merely fo ing Catholics, were being per sets, Lord Bal a refuge in Mar of worship. A rican colonies "witches," visit the Church of I tan laws with Maryland was t only in America world, where al ligious toleratio ches," "wizards cers were rega persticious toler of religious tol so commonplace times when they and not the r land, a fact, in of that great st a noble pride.

## GREAT MILIT

## One may hone

abrogation of th land and Englan in the real maki Empire. English a captain of the days of Marlbor tary leaders of and nineteenth c own day, were i in Scotland.

When I was in vited to a certai unexpectedly call remarks. The think of saying w States owed the the fact that, fr good term, with wise she would to England whe George Washington the neck a fort at New York, s over the British, led by Irish ge soldiers fighting