

To My Angel Guardian.

(Written for the Sacred Heart Review.)
Translated from the French of Soeur Therese de l'Enfant Jesus. By S. L. Emery.

O glorious guardian of my frame!
In heaven's high courts thou shinest bright,
As some most pure and holy flame,
Before the Lord of endless light.
Yet for my sake thou com'st to earth,
To be my brother, Angel dear!
My friend and keeper from my birth,
By day and night to me most near.

Knowing how weak a child am I,
By thy strong hand thou guidest me;
The stones that in my pathway lie,
I see thee move them carefully.
Ever thy heavenly tones invite
My soul to look to God alone;
And ever grows thy face more bright,
When I more meek and kind have grown.

O thou who speedest throughout space
More swiftly than the lightning's fly!
Go very often, in my place,
To those I love most tenderly.
With thy soft touch, oh! dry their tears;
Speak my name softly in their ears,
And Jesu's name, supremely fair.

Through all my life, though brief it be,
Fain would I succor souls from sin.
Dear Angel, sent from heaven to me!
Kindle thy zeal my heart within.
Naught but my holy poverty,
And daily cross, to give have I.
Unite them to thy ecstasy,
And offer them to God on high.

Thine are heaven's glory and delight,
The riches of the King of kings;
The Host in the ciborium bright
Is mine, and all the wealth pain brings.

So with the cross, and with the Host,
And with thy aid, dear Angel Friend!
I wait in peace, on time's dark coast,
Heaven's happiness that knows no end.

A Stolen Reputation.

Serene Mrs. Margrave awoke one day to a realizing sense that her daughter Rhea had become a problem; perhaps not an insoluble one, but still one that presented difficulties to a mother unaccustomed to problems. Rhea was sufficiently energetic along certain lines, but her triumphs were usually the result of accident rather than the fitting reward of labor faithfully performed.

Her older sister, Anne, conscientiously brushed her smooth, tuff-colored hair for twenty minutes by the clock each night and morning, yet no one thought of bestowing commendations upon the well-kept head. Rhea, on the other hand, gave her dark, shaggy locks what matter-of-fact Aunt Julia called "a lick and a promise" at rising time, and daily reaped a harvest of compliments from admiring classmates. There was no harm in this, perhaps, but there was another phase to the situation. Not contented with what credit rightfully accrued to her, Rhea was gradually appropriating all that belonged to Anne.

Painstaking Anne studied the lesson, Rhea recited them. Some body had to, Rhea said truthfully; and difficult Anne was afflicted with a faltering tongue. Industrious Anne patiently embroidered elaborate doilies and centerpieces for Rhea to give away with a flourish at Christmas time.

To be sure, the cards attached always read, in Rhea's big, vertical hand, "With love from Anne Rhea"; but somehow the notes of thanks were always addressed to Rhea, whose impatient fingers were absolutely guiltless of embroidery.

It was Rhea, too, whom the girls invited to make a cake for the "fun for party." It was Anne who rose at five to make the cake. Nevertheless Rhea from that time forth proudly bore the reputation for making the best nut-cake that the class had ever eaten. It was so with everything else.

Sixteen-year-old Anne did the work, and Rhea, a year younger, reaped the reward.

No one but wise Aunt Julia, who lived next door, noticed the wistful look that sometimes crept into Anne's patient gray eyes when some visitors praised Rhea's supposed achievements.

Mrs. Margrave, incited by Aunt Julia, would frequently reprimand with her younger daughter, who, however, promptly shed all remonstrances just as the gaily plumed mandarin ducks at Bronx Park shed water.

"But, Rhea," Mrs. Margrave would say, "do you think it's quite fair or quite honest to take all the credit when it really belongs to Anne? There was that burnt-wood plaque that Anne made for Mrs. Adams. I think that you might have mentioned, when she thanked you for it, that Anne made it. And those hemstitched ruffles that Anne—"

"Oh, Anne, doesn't mind," Rhea would respond, lightly, "I'm tired of explaining that Anne is the clever

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't eat and can't if your stomach is weak. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted.

Among the signs of a weak stomach are uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, and disagreeable belching.

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and tried every remedy I heard of, but never got anything that gave me relief until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I cannot praise this medicine too highly for the good it has done me. I always take it in the spring and fall and would not be without it." W. A. Nozart, Belleville, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

one. Nobody ever believes it, anyway. When people thank Anne, she turns pink and looks silly and wishes that the floor would open to let her through. It's much more comfortable all around for me to do the accepting—I do it more gracefully."

If the rest of the world failed, seemingly, to appreciate Anne, Aunt Julia, at least did not. Easy-going Mrs. Margrave had wondered mildly for two years how to adjust matters so that Anne's excellent qualities should win the recognition they deserved. When opportunity offered, vigorous Aunt Julia settled the matter in two minutes.

This forceful woman arrived at the Margraves' one morning just as Anne, flushed with victorious triumph, was graciously receiving over the telephone congratulations for the salad Anne had laboriously made for the school board luncheon. Anne, shy and silent as usual, appeared limp and dejected. Rhea was saying, glily:

"So glad you liked it! Oh, not at all hard to make. Yes, walnuts chopped very fine. Oh, may I say—Anne, it was mayonnaise wasn't it? It's very good of you to say so. Thank you!"

"Anne doesn't seem at all well this morning," said Mrs. Margrave, greeting Aunt Julia. "I've been wondering lately if I hadn't better take her out of school for a month. I think a little change would do her good."

"A great big change is what she needs," said Aunt Julia, drawing a letter from the large leather bag that always gangled from her wide belt—"Anne's belongings were invariably substantial and of heroic size,—and she's going to get it. She's going to Bermuda with me to-morrow night."

"Bermuda!" gasped Mrs. Margrave and Rhea.

"Bermuda!" echoed Anne.

"Yes, Bermuda. This letter's from your Uncle William's partner. William's been ordered to Bermuda to look after things for the next three months, and I'm going with him. So is Anne."

"Oh," began Rhea, eagerly, "Anne wouldn't care half—"

"I said Anne!" snapped Aunt Julia who was as brusque as she was warm-hearted. "When I want to take you to Bermuda I'll say so. There, never mind, I didn't mean to be so short. I guess I'm edgewise this morning with so much to do. Have Anne ready, Mary, for the 6 o'clock train to-morrow night. Expenses? Bless you! This is my treat!"

After two exceedingly busy days the Margraves settled down to life without Anne. Troubles began almost immediately for Rhea, who found herself face to face with the problem of living up to a reputation that did not belong to her, but that had, nevertheless, become dear. It was not dishonesty, but pride, the kind of pride that is said to go before destruction, that moved Rhea to conceal the fact that she could not do the things that all the town appeared suddenly to demand from her.

"Oh Rhea," called one of the classmates the day after Anne's hurried departure, "mother wants you to make a big plateful of your delicious fudge for the candy-table at the fair to-morrow night. She tasted some that you gave Millie Rice, and said it was the best fudge—"

"Anne really makes better fudge than I do," said Rhea, loath to

confer that she herself had never made fudge of any quality.

"Still, I'll do the best I can"

Rhea's best was not very good. The first batch went up in smoke; the second boiled over, much to the detriment of the gas stove. The third crumbled to bits in the pan.

"I'll make a decent lot of fudge if it takes all night!" declared Rhea, vigorously scouring the fudge kettle with the rasping wire dishcloth.

"I will, I will, I will!"

And she did.

Next it was an embroidered doily for Margaret Sutton's "shower."

"It must be violets," said Hilda.

"It's to match the luncheon set the girls are making. You do make such adorable violets!"

"Why," began Rhea, truthfully, "I never—"

Suddenly, however, she remembered the centerpieces she had supposed embroidered for Hilda's mother, and deftly amended her reply. "I never did like to do violets," she said, "but I'll try."

She did try. When the first un-floored blossom was completed she asked her cousin Bob, who could be trusted for an unbiased opinion, what the purple blotch looked like to him.

"Well," said honest Bob, eyeing the attempted violet critically, "I should call it a very fair imitation of a smashed violet fly."

"It comes out!" said Rhea, snipping the stitches with her scissors. "I'll make violet violets if I have to make a bushel of the horrid things before I get one perfect!"

"You'll do!" said Bob admiringly.

"I'm not sure," admitted Rhea ruefully. "You can't imagine how I dread the winter. Don't tell anybody but I'm sitting up nights to sustain a reputation that doesn't belong to me, I'm beginning to wish I had never acquired it."

"Whose is it? Anne's?"

"Yes."

"Not for nut-cake."

"Yes, for nut-cake, geometry, fudge, embroidery, biology, pyrography, hem-stitching, basket-weaving, bead work, everything that means hard work."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Bob.

"Yes, it is 'pshaw!' assented Rhea.

"I hadn't an idea that Anne was so clever. I supposed that I was the smart one."

A week later Rhea rapped on the window as Bob was passing the house.

"Meroy, Bob," she cried, "come here, quick! I'm in a frightful pickle. We're to have a hit-or-miss review of all the last half of Caesar. All the Latin I know went to Bermuda with Anne, and you're my only hope. Come in and help me cram, while I stave raisins for the school board luncheon. It seems that I have a reputation for making mince pies. Oh, why was I so grasping?"

"Oh, what a tangled web to weave," quoted Bob, following Rhea to the library. "Why don't you just confess and be done with it? Why not let Anne have her thunder."

"I won't! I want it myself. I'm going to deserve all the reputation I've acquired by proxy."

"But Anne—"

"Poor Anne!" said Rhea, crossly. "Do begin that vile Caesar."

As Rhea had prophesied, the winter proved trying. Naturally careless and always too hasty, the impulsive girl found it a stupendous undertaking to do tasks that required prolonged painstaking effort. Anne was essentially patient and persevering. Rhea was not, but thanks to her indomitable energy, by March the reputation that Anne had earned for her was honestly Rhea's. She had made her title clear by sheer grit.

Anne was coming in April, and everybody was doing things for her. Mrs. Margrave was making dainty underclothing, Cousin Bob was carrying a bookshelf for Anne's room, Mr. Margrave had sent home a comfortable rocking chair with "For Anne" printed on a dangling card. Somehow, everybody seemed glad that Anne was coming. Rhea, grown taller, a trifle thinner, was plainly pondering some momentous question. She was able-minded at meals, and sat for long moments gazing with unseeing eyes at the fire. It was not like Rhea to be thoughtful, yet for three weeks Rhea had carefully been thinking. It worried Mrs. Margrave.

"Rhea, what are you going to do for Anne?" she asked, one day.

"Have you made her anything?"

"I'm making it," said Rhea.

"Don't ask about it, please. I'll tell you about it when it's finished. It's—it's pretty hard work."

To Mrs. Margrave's consternation Rhea's dark eyes filled suddenly with tears; she was not given, ordinarily, to tears.

"You are not working at night, I hope?" asked Mrs. Margrave, anxiously.

"No, only daytime," said Rhea, smiling through her tears. "It's all done but the finishing touches. I'm making a good job of it."

For twenty-four hours Mrs. Margrave wondered what Rhea could possibly be making for Anne.

She had not sewed a stitch, nor had she purchased material of any kind, unless one could call postage stamps material—certainly Rhea had bought an unusual number of stamps. Still, the family connection was large, and

Rhea, perhaps, was making a wholesale business of answering neglected letters.

When Rhea came in the next day her eyes were shining and she was humming a gay little tune. Mr. Margrave knew that the girl was ready to answer questions.

"What have you made for Anne?" she said, abruptly.

"A reputation," said Rhea. "Or at any rate I've given her the one that rightfully belongs to her."

Anne is a dividend paying stock to-day.

"How did you do it?"

"Fessed up," said Rhea. "By word of mouth to everybody in town and by tremendous letters out of town. I've repudiated any share in any of the things that Anne has ever made or done. I told everybody that it was Anne, Anne, Anne that was clever, and I was stupid and lazy. That until last November I was merely a fraud, a snare and a delusion. That I was just a little parlor fixed for company and that Anne was the whole comfortable house. That I was the froth on top of the wash water, but that Anne was the suds—"

"Rhea?" gasped Mrs. Margrave.

"Well, not just that, of course, but words to that effect. And now I'm standing on my own feet and Anne's all solid on hers; and I do feel so relieved and so delightfully honest."


"How did they take it?"

"Well, to tell the truth, one of them said they'd always suspected it; but I don't care. My clear conscience is such a compensation!"

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Its prompt use will prevent a great deal of unnecessary suffering and often save life.

Price, 50c.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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She.—More fighting?
He.—I suppose so. The captain is engaged to the rear-admiral's daughter.

Muscular Rheumatism.

Mrs. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., 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 50c. a box.

A physician finding a lady reading "Twelfth Night," said: "When Shakespeare wrote about Patience on a monument, did he mean doctors' patients?"

"No," she answered; "you don't find them on monuments, but under them."

Laval Monument.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE MONUMENT OF DE LAVAL.

THIRTEENTH LIST.

Rev. Oblate Fathers, St. Saviour	\$100 00
Fabrique of St. Michael	50 00
College of Lewis	50 00
Rev J. R. Desjardines, St. Michael's Asylum	20 00
Rev J. Donaldson, Cranbourne	20 00
Rev Ohas Gagne, Quebec	15 00
Rev J. A. Leveque, St. Camille	12 00
Rev J. Gagnon, Black Lake	10 00
Sisters of Charity, Theford Mines	8 00
Rev H. A. Meahan, Moncton	5 00
Rev Geo. Bloudeau, Lake Bourchette	2 00
Children of the schools	1 65
Total	\$ 293 65

Amount of preceding lists 16,284 64
16,578 29

MGR. H. TETU,
CYR. F. DELAGE, M. P. P.,
Treasurer.
Quebec, 30th September, 1904.

FOURTEENTH LIST.

Rev Al Dionne, St. Georges de Beauce	70 00
Fabrique of Grandines	50 00
Rev L. A. Langlois, South Fichburg	37 80
Rev J. Baletynte, Grandines	25 00
Rev F. X. Tessier, Laplante, Portneuf	25 00
Rev C. Leveque, St. Philemin	20 00
Rev J. Galerneau, St. Perol	20 00
Rev F. Trudel, St. Justine	20 00
Rev S. Jolicoeur, St. Catherine	15 00
Rev L. A. Rousseau, Beauport Asylum	15 00
Rev Ad Faucher, Hotel Dieu	15 00
Rev Canon Bouleau, Sandy Bay	10 50
Rev A. Magon, Muskegon, Mich	10 00
Rev A. B. Prince, St. Leonard	10 00
Rev G. A. Rainville, Salem, Mass.	10 00
Rev Ed. Richard, St. Ann's College	10 00
Rev Eug. Lafamme, Quebec	10 00
Rev Luc Larue, Quebec	10 00
Rev Geo. Mercier, St. Joseph, Beauce	5 00
Children of the schools	3 25
Total	\$ 391 55

16,969 84

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Quebec, September 30th, 1904.

The Northern Review, referring to the term "Canadians," says that the common practice until the Confederation in 1867 was to apply it exclusively to French Canadians. Says our esteemed contemporary: "During a space of 250 years the descendants of the early French settlers were the only 'Canadians,' the others were English, Irish, Scotch or American Canadians, and insisted for more, as a rule, on their British or American than on their Canadian origin. Even now the French Canadians, when speaking French among themselves, call each other 'Canadians' pure and simple. Since Confederation, however, English speaking Canadians have appropriated the term 'Canadian' and applied it to themselves, while they distinguish the descendants of the first settlers of Canada, the only historical Canadians, as the French Canadians. Frequently, even, they go so far as to call themselves 'French,' which is as ridiculous as if one were to call a Yankee English merely because he speaks the English language."

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

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 25c.

Husband.—What did you think when you heard the chandelier fall in the night?
Wife.—Why, I thought you had been detained on "business" again and were getting upstairs as quietly as you could.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

Jinks.—How's your wife, Blinks?
Blinks.—Her head troubles her a good deal.

Jinks.—Neuralgia?
Blinks.—No; she wants a new hat!

Beware of Worms.

Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 25c.

A fishy old fisher named Fischer, Fished fish from the edge of a fissure.
A cod, with a grin,
Pulled the fisherman in—
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fischer!

BE HUMBLER.

O! do not boast your pedigree
Or put on airs, milady;
Like other trees a family-tree
Is often very shady.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Mrs. Fred Lain, St. George, writes My little girl would cough so at night that neither she nor I could get any rest. I gave her Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and am thankful to say it cured her cough quickly.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Turns Bad Blood into Rich Red Blood.

No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties.

Externally, heals Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, and all Eruptions, Internally, restores the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood to healthy action. If your appetite is poor, your energy gone, your ambition lost, B.B.B. will restore you to the full enjoyment of happy vigorous life.

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