

The Violet.

(From the French of Dubos.)
By Very Rev. Father O'Reilly, C. M.

Charming daughter of the Spring
Coy lover of the forest-glade,
The perfume sweet the Zephyrs
bring.

While thou my homage dost
evade.
Like some kind friend, whose
furtive hand

Supplies a needy brother's food,
Thou bringest me a blessing, and
Disclaimst all my gratitude.

Simply, without a courtier train,
Thou livest by the copse con-
cealed.

The flower our eyes have sought
in vain.
Thy fragrance had almost reveal-
ed.

Full off some heedless passer-by
Tramples upon thy frail defence,
Just as some powerful enemy
Smites unprotected innocence.

Why hide thy face in some deep
dell.
Far from the gladsome, sunlit
hours?

Mayhap, thou fearest to excel
The beauty of the Queen of
Flowers?

Fear not; amid court ladies fine
Betty felt afraid of herself, hourly
dreading the final breakdown, the
utter collapse which this feeling

For some love no-day's splendid
shine;
Others, the dawning gleams of
pearl.

Leave thy retreat; come and
adorn
Our gardens with the presence
dear;

I promise thee on every morn
Draughts from the limpid foun-
tain near.

But, no! I would not change thy
ground.
Sweet Violet, still bloom along;
Happy, who scatters gifts around,

And, like to thee, remains un-
known!

Our Lady's Month.

(By Arthur Barry O'Neill, C.S.C.)

O, the bells of Time ring their
softest chime
In the lovely month of Mary,

When the gladsome Spring with
buoyant wing
Soars swift from the southern
seas,

And whispers low as to and fro
She moves like a woodland
fairy,

Till the dormant earth takes on
new birth
And fair flowers bedeck the leas.

O, the sweetest song of the whole
year long
Is heard in the month of Mary;

From each warbler's throat comes
a gala note
Thrice welcome because long
mute;

And the jocund breeze to the
greening trees
Sings rondels at ever vary,

While each purring stream with
joy as its theme
Trills soft as a lover's flute.

O, the showers of grace fill the
soul's deep vase
Full swift in the month of
Mary;

For with lavish hand at our love's
demand
She scatters her gifts each day,

And no sinner nor saint can make
complaint
That she shows her of favor
chary;

So with grateful voice let us all
rejoice
In Our Lady's fair month of
Mary.

A Fateful Voyage.

On a low deck chair in a
sheltered corner of the bridge of
the Lady Marguerite, Betty
Harrington lay resting, an utter
look of weariness on her pale face.

Itching Skin

Disease by day and night—
That's the complaint of those who
are so unfortunate as to be afflicted
with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and out-
ward applications do not cure.

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

Hood's Sarsaparilla

more; and four whole successive
days spent like this with another
four added on the return journey

must surely make her strong
again, renew her spent forces and
energies, and enable her to go on

with the work that must be done
at all costs. Until half a year ago

or less, her health had ever been
the last consideration with Betty.

What need to think about it since
she had been, as she said herself,
"as strong as a horse," ate well,

slept well, and was always equally
ready for work or play.

But an especially virulent at-
tack of influenza in the early
spring had left unmistakable traces

behind it; moreover, she had
gone back to work in the office
before she was thoroughly con-
valescent, with the result that

now for the first time in her life
Betty felt afraid of herself, hourly
dreading the final breakdown, the

utter collapse which this feeling
of weariness and breathlessness
seem to denote, the dizziness, and

reeling sensations which she experi-
enced as sitting before her type-
writer the words

and letters seem to float
and dance before her eyes. This would
never do. Collapse or failure must
not be so much as thought of;

and since there was another per-
son's subsistence as well as her
own dependent on her Betty for
once was forced to be selfish, and

instead of spending her short
vacation as heretofore with her
mother in the quiet seclusion of their

lodgings, she was now by
her doctor's orders taking this
sea-trip as a rest cure and the
easiest means to an end.

Betty Harrington had not
always been obliged to work for
a living as now. Her father, whose
petted and darling only child she

was, had been one of the most
brilliant and rising advocates in
London, and until the shock of his

sudden death, and the sub-
sequent discovery that they were
left almost entirely devoid of

means. Betty and her mother had
lived the most luxurious of lives.

Mrs. Harrington had been a hand-
some woman, fond of dress and
society, a small social queen indeed,

in her own circle; and it was chiefly
owing to her idle and extravagant
tastes that she found herself almost

peniless on the death of the
adoring, good-natured husband
who had never found it in his
heart to deny her or Betty any-
thing, be it large or small.

After his death Mrs. Harring-
ton, disappointed, heartbroken,
and bitterly disillusioned as to
the sincerity of her former

miserable existence in vulgar lod-
gings like these,—I, the daughter
of a Darrell of Darrellstown, and
the widow of a K. C."

"But we might be ever so
much worse off, mother dear,"
Betty urged reproachfully, "and
our rooms are not vulgar in the

least," looking around the pleasant
little sitting-room with its few
bits of dark mahogany, and the

pictures and the china which
Betty had saved from the wreck,
and the bowls of roses and gay

fragrant blossoms which the girl
contrived to buy, whatever else
she lacked, each week out of her

slender earnings.
"It is very unlike what I was
always used to," Mrs. Harrington

fretted. "And to think how much
better off we should both have
been had you been a dutiful girl

and did as I asked you."
"But how could I, mother,"
pleaded Betty. "I could never

marry a man I did not love, even
had I known what was going to
happen—"

"You had plenty to choose from
—David Fenning with his
£10,000 a year, and Walter Drury

with his hundreds upon hundreds
of acres, and a prospect of a title
to come.

"And there was Arthur Calvert,
young, good-looking, well to do,
and head over ears in love with

you."
Betty's head bent over her half-
finished piece of embroidery; a
delicate wild-rose flush suffused

her face from chin to forehead.
"Arthur was—the only one
I could have cared for," she

faltered. "But what was the use
since there were insuperable
barriers in the way."

"Insuperable barriers—a mere
question of religion," pook-poked
her mother contemptuously. "I

thought you were really fond of
him! He adored you in any case,
and you could probably have done

what you liked with him after a
bit."
"The risk was too great," Betty

said quietly. "No matter how
much I cared for Arthur, I could
not give up my own soul and

perhaps the souls of little child-
ren to an alien religion—and
nothing I had satisfied

Arthur. And after all, I don't
know if he could have been so
very fond of me."

"Why not, pray?" snapped her
mother.
"Because—because, I heard a

short time afterwards—just a few
days before papa's death—that
he was engaged to be married to

somebody else. He was not long
in consoling himself."
" Well you had only yourself to

blame," sighed her mother, and
Betty fell silent.
She thought of it all day, re-
luctantly dreaming here on deck.

With this new affrighting dread
of failure, of enforced idleness and
poverty hovering over like an evil

As The Result

Of a Neglected Cold
He Contracted
SEVERE BRONCHIAL TROUBLE.

Mr. W. T. Allen, Halifax, N.S., writes:
"I feel that I would be doing you
and your great remedy, Dr. Wood's Norway

Pine Syrup, a gross injustice if I did not
write and let you know the wonderful
results that I have obtained from its
use."

"Last spring I happened to contract a
cold. Of course, this is a common oc-
currence, and I did not take any partic-
ular notice of it at the time. However, it

did not break up as quickly as colds
generally did with me, so after two weeks,
and no sign of improvement, I began
to get alarmed, and went to my local

physician who informed me that I had
contracted severe bronchial trouble as a
result of neglecting my cold. He pre-
scribed some medicine for me, which I

took for about two weeks without any
sign of improvement. I was getting
pretty much discouraged, but then a

friend happened to be in to whom
I was relating my trouble, and he
advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway

Pine Syrup, saying that he had obtained
very beneficial results from its use in
a similar case. I took his advice and

procured several bottles from my drug-
gist. After taking it, according to direc-
tions, for about two weeks, I noticed a

decided improvement, and from that
day on I began to get better, and in ten
days I was in my usual health. I con-
sider this an excellent showing for your

remedy, and can only recommend it to
anyone afflicted as I was. I shall always
put in a good word for it whenever the
opportunity offers itself.

You can procure Dr. Wood's Norway
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It never fails to relieve and
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form of Mr. Goddard, James.

James—Mrs. Goddard—Life.
MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES
DANDRUFF.

"Dear Mary," wrote the young
man, "pardon me, but I am get-
ting so forgetful, I proposed to you

last night, but really forgot
whether you said yes or no."
"Dear Will she replied by note,
"so glad to hear from you. I

know I said 'no' to someone last
night, but I had forgotten just
who it was."

Mary Ovington, Jasper Out-
wrote:—"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

25 cents."
Pat got on the rear end of a
crowded street car and was obliged

to steady himself against the
door.
"Move up!" shouted the con-
ductor at every street, as more

passengers were taken on. Pat
moved up a step each time, but
at the next stop he got mad and

he yelled back at the conductor:
"Bedad, I paid to ride. Do you
expect me to walk all the way



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IN TWO
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WITHOUT
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MENDS - Graniteware
Tin - Copper - Brass
Aluminium Enamelware
Cost 1/4 c Per Mend
PRICE 15c PER
PACKAGE

"VOL-PEEK" mends holes in all kinds of Pots, Pans,
Boilers and all other kitchen utensils, in two minutes, at a
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Tinwares, Copper, Brass, Aluminium, etc.

Easy to use, requires no tools and mends quickly
Every housewife knows what it is to discover a hole in a
pan, kettle or boiler just when she wants to use that article.
Few things are more provoking and cause more incon-
venience, a little leak in a much wanted pot or pan will
often spoil a whole morning's work.

The housewife has, for many years been wanting,
something with which she could herself, in her own home,
mend such leaks quickly, easily and permanently, and she has
never found it.

What has been needed is a mender like "VOL-PEEK,"
that will repair the article neatly and quickly and at the
same time be always at hand, easily applied and inexpen-
sive.

A package of "VOL-PEEK" will mend from 30 to 50
air sized holes.

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land must appear in person at the
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agency for the district. Entry by proxy
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daughter, brother or sister of the
homesteader.

Disties—Six months' residence
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three years. A homesteader may
with five miles of his homestead
a farm of at least 80 acres, wholly
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or sister.

In certain districts a homestead
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\$3.00 per acre.

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cultivate fifty acres and erect a
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