

Keep up hope. There are thousands of cases where recovery from Consumption has been complete. Plenty of fresh air and a well-nourished body will check the progress of the disease. Nutritious foods are well in their way, but the best food of all is Cod-liver Oil. When partly digested, as in Scott's Emulsion, it does not disturb the stomach and the body secures the whole benefit of the amount taken. If you want to read more about it let us send you a book.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

A REFLECTION.

Written for the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.

It may not shine for me—
Tomorrow's sun;
The scenes it lights, mine eyes
Not look upon;
For death may come, ere dawn
Another day;
To bid the soul put off
Its garb of clay.
Aye, one brief moment hence,
And his fall dart
May smite with fatal aim
Some vital part.
When stars come out to-night,
And moonlight beams;
He may come snatch me then,
From sleep and dreams.
Be wise my soul, in time,
Today prepare;
To-morrow death may bring
Remorse despair.
Shall I then spend this day,
Perhaps my last,
In tears, in vain regrets,
For years now past?
With contrite tears 'twere well
I should bewail
My sins; but more than tears
It will avail,
To keep both hand and heart,
From guile, deceit,
In word and work be just,
Sincere, discreet.
To do my duty well
And cheerfully;
Have steadfast faith and hope,
And charity.
Let gentleness and love,
Rule all my ways;
Of lift the heart to God,
In thanks and praise.
With patience bear what crosses
He may bestow;
And bless His holy name,
For weal or woe.
Beg grace to persevere
In virtue's path;
To merit in the end
His love,—not wrath.
Dear Jesus! when my soul
Its place shall take
Before Thy face, nor place
For sin can make,
Ahl judge with clemency
For Mary's sake.

WHAT TOMMY SAID.

Uncle John—Well, what do you mean to be when you get to be a man?
Little Tommy (promptly)—A doctor, like pa.
Uncle John (quizzically)—Indeed, and which do you intend to be, an allopath or a homoeopath?
Little Tommy—I don't know what that awful big words mean, Uncle John; but that don't make no difference, 'cause I ain't goin' to be either of 'em. I'm just goin' to be a family doctor and give all my patients Hood's Sarsaparilla, 'cause my pa says that if he is a doctor, he's 'bliged to owe up that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best family medicine he ever saw in his life.

The Story-Teller at Fault.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

(Continued.)

"Well," said he, "you perceive that everything is not easy that looks so. But if you, Thady O'Kelly, will give me five pieces more, I'll do another trick for you as good as the last."
"You shall have them," answered Thady, "if you let us hear what it is to be."
"Do you see my two ears?" said the juggler, thrusting his head forward.
"What a show they are," said Thady, "to be sure we do."
"Well, will you give me five pieces if I stir one of my ears without stirring the other?"
"Indeed I will," said Thady, "that is impossible, at all events, for you can only move the ears by moving the whole scalp of your head, and then both must move together."
The juggler put up his hand, and, catching hold of one ear, stirred it.
"Upon my word," said Thady, "you have won my five pieces again, and that is a very good trick."
"He's welcome home to us with his tricks," said the same man who spoke before, "if he calls that a trick. Only I was so hasty and awkward a while ago, I could have done the trick well enough, but there's no great art required for this, at all events."
So saying, he put up his hand and stirred his ear, but, to his astonishment and terror, it came away between his fingers! However, the juggler rubbed an herb once more to the place, and healed it as before.
"Well, Thady O'Kelly," said the juggler, "I will now show you a more curious trick than either of those if you give me the same money."
"You have my word for it," said Thady.

clouds. He next took out of his bag a fine hare, which he placed on the thread, and, to the increasing astonishment of the beholders, the animal ran up the line with as much dexterity as if she had done it all her life. He next took out a greyhound, which he placed on the thread in like manner, and the animal stretched away after the hare with as much zest and security as if both were on the Curragh of Kildare on a March morning.

"Now," said the Carol Riava, "has any one a mind to run up after the dog and see the course?"
"I will," said the man who had spoken twice before.

"You are always ready," said the juggler, "but I fear you are lazy, for you are almost as broad as you are long, and I'm afraid you'll fall asleep on the way and let the hound eat the hare."

"There is not a more active man in the known world than the very individual who is talking to you now," said the fat man.

"Up with you, then," said the juggler, "but I warn you, if you let my hare be killed, I'll cut off your head when you come down."

The fat fellow ran up the thread and all three soon disappeared. After looking up for a long time, the Carol Riava said:

"I'm afraid the hound is eating the hare, and that our fat friend is falling asleep."

Saying this, he began to wind the thread and found the case as he had suspected it to be, the fat man fast asleep, and the greyhound with the last morsel of the hare between his teeth. He immediately drew his sword and cut off the young man's head at a blow.

At this Thady O'Kelly stood up, and said he did not relish such conduct, and said it was not a thing he could ever sanction to see a young man murdered in that manner under his roof.

"If it grieves you," said the juggler, "I think as little of curing him now as I did before; but I must leave him some mark to make him remember his rashness."

So saying, he placed the head upon the shoulders again and healed them, but in such a manner that the countenance looked the wrong way, after which he spoke these lines:

"What I take at my ease, at my ease I restore,
It becomes him much better, I'm sure, than before,
If any man says I have wronged him thereby,
Tell that man from me that I give him the lie,
For an insolent braggart is older to see Than a fool with his face where his poll ought to be."

The Carol Riava had sorely uttered those lines when he and the story-teller disappeared, nor could any person present tell whether they had flown into the air or whether the earth had swallowed them. The next place the story-teller found himself, with his whimsical master, was in the palace of the king of Leinster, where the customary evening banquet was on the point of being prepared. The story-teller was grieved and perplexed to hear the king continually asking for his favorite story-teller, while no one present was able to give any account of him.

"Now," said the Carol Riava, turning to him, "I have rendered you invisible in order that you may witness all that is about to take place here, without being recognized by any of your daily acquaintances." So saying, he sat down close to the musicians, who were playing in concert at the time. Observing the attention which he paid, the chief musician said, when they concluded:

"Well, my good man, I hope you like our performance?"
"I'll tell you that," replied the Carol Riava. "Were you ever listening to a cat purring over a bowl of broth?"

"I often heard it," replied the chief musician.

"Or did you ever hear a parcel of beetles buzzing about in the dusk on a summer evening?"

"I did," said the chief musician.

"Or a bitter faced old woman scolding in a passion?"

"I did often," said the chief musician, who was a married man.

"Well, then," said the Carol Riava, "I'd rather be listening to any one of them than to your music."

"You insolent rascallion," said the chief musician, "it will become you to express yourself in that manner."

"You are the last that ought to say so," replied the Carol Riava, "for though had is the best of the whole of you, yet if I were to look out for the worst I should never stop 'till I lighted on yourself."

At these words the chief musician arose, and, drawing his sword, made a blow at the Carol Riava, but instead of striking him, he wounded one of his own party, who returned the blow forthwith, and in a little time the whole band of musicians were engaged in mortal conflict one with another. While all this confusion prevailed, an attendant came and awoke the king, who had been taking a nap while the music played.

"What's the matter?" said the king.

"The harpers are murdering one another, please Your Majesty."

"Please me!" cried the king of Leinster, "it does not please me. They ought to be satisfied with murdering all the music in my kingdom,

without murdering the musicians too. Who began it?" said his Majesty.

"A stranger thought proper to find fault with their music," replied the attendant.

"Let him be hanged," said the king, "and do not disturb me again about him."

Accordingly some of the king's guards took the Carol Riava, and carried him out to a place where they erected a gallows, and hanged him without loss of time. However, on returning to the palace, they found the Carol Riava within, sitting among the guests, without having the least appearance of having been ever hanged in his life.

"Never welcome you in," cried the captain of the guard, "didn't we hang you this minute, and what brings you here?"

"Is it me, myself, you mean?" said the Carol Riava.

"Who else?" said the captain.

"That the hand may turn into a pig's foot with you when you think of tying the rope," says the Carol Riava, "why should you speak of hanging me?"

They went out in alarm, and to their horror, found the king's favorite brother hanging in the place of the Carol Riava. One of them went to the king and woke him up.

"What's the matter now?" cried the king, yawning and stretching himself.

"Please your Majesty, we hanged that vagabond according to Your Majesty's orders, and he's as well as over again now in spite of us." He was afraid of telling him about his brother.

"Take him and hang him again, then, and don't be disturbing me about such trifles," said the king of Leinster, and he went off to sleep again.

They did as he recommended, and the same scene was repeated three times over, and at each time some near friend or favorite kinsman of the king was hanged instead of the Carol Riava. By this time the captain of the guard was fairly at his wit's end.

"Well," said the Carol Riava, "do you wish to hang me any more?"

"We'll have no more to say to you," said the captain, "you may go wherever you like, and the sooner the better. We got trouble enough by you already. Maybe 'tis the king himself we'd find hanging the next time we tried it."

"Since you are growing so reasonable," said the Carol Riava, "you may go out now and take your three friends down again. They will not be so much the worse for their experience, but they can thank you for finding them more comfortable quarters; and I give you a parting adieu, never again while you live interpose between a critic and a poet, a man and his wife, or a mother and an only child," after which he spoke these lines:

"He who censures a strain, which a minstrel composes,
Must lie upon something less grateful than roses;
He who takes up a quarrel begun by a poet,
May at bottom have wit, but lacks wisdom to show it.
For than him a worse ninnny will rarely be found,
Who would peril his nose for a dealer in sound."

Immediately after he had uttered these verses he disappeared, and the story-teller found himself in company with him on the spot where they had first met, and where his wife with the carriage and horses was awaiting them, under the care of the man to whom the Carol Riava had entrusted them.

"Now," said the latter, "I will not torment you any longer. There are your carriage and horses, and your lady, and you may take them with you as soon as you please, for I have no business in life with any of them at all."

The story-teller paused for some moments to collect his thoughts before he made any reply.

"For my carriage and horses and hounds," he said at length, "I thank you, but my lady and my money you may keep."

"No," replied the booby, "I have told you that I do not want either; and do not harbour any ill-will against your lady on account of what she has done, for she could not help it."

"Not help it!" exclaimed the story-teller. "Not help kicking me into the mouths of my own hounds! Not help casting me off, after all my kindness to her, in favor of a beggarly old—I beg pardon," he said, correcting himself, "I ought not to speak in that way, but a woman's ingratitude will make a man forget his good manners."

"No offence in life," said the booby, for these terms are very just and apply not to my own real form but to that which I have assumed for the purpose of befriending you. I am Angus of Bruff, for whom you obtained many a favor from the king of Leinster. This morning I discovered by my skill in things hidden that you were in a difficulty, and immediately determined to free you from it. As to your lady, do not blame her for what has passed, for by the same power which enabled me to change the form of your body, I changed the affections of her mind. Go home, therefore, as man and wife should do; and now you have a story

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FOR THE BLOOD

to tell the king of Leinster when he calls for it.

Saying this he disappeared, and the lady, bursting into tears, begged her husband's forgiveness, and assured him that she would sooner die a thousand deaths than act in such a manner, if extraordinary influence had not possessed her.

This explanation proving entirely satisfactory to the story-teller, they proceeded homeward happily together. Notwithstanding all the speed they could make, it was so late when the story-teller arrived at the king's palace, that his Majesty had already retired to his sleeping chamber. When the story-teller entered, the king inquired the cause of his delay.

"Please Your Majesty," said the story-teller, "there is nothing like the plain truth, and I will tell it to you if you desire it."

The king commanded him by all means to do so. Accordingly the story-teller began, and gave a detailed account of the adventures of the day, his difficulty in trying to invent a story, the benevolence of the friendly Draoidhe (or Druid), and the ingratitude of his wife, remarkable in itself, and still more so in the singular manner in which it was explained.

When it was ended, the king laughed heartily and was so diverted with his narrative that he commanded him to commence the whole again, and relate it, from beginning to end before he went to sleep. The story-teller obeyed, and when he had concluded, the king commanded him never again to go to the trouble of inventing a new story, but to tell him that one every night, for he never would listen to another story again as long as he lived.

[THE END.]

Correct Speaking.

What is it to speak correctly? It is to accustom oneself to speak and write accurately, having special care to use no language or utter any statement that is not elegant or strictly truthful. Avoid the use of all slang words and phrases. They are odious, and no amount of personal grace in the speaker can compensate for the disagreeable effect that the use of slang has upon the hearer. When once the habit of using these slang phrases has formed it is almost impossible to eradicate it. Youth is the best time to require correct language. It does not require wealth; the poorest can obtain the faculty. And how? By using the language of books—in other words, that which one reads. From the taste of the best speakers and writers, treasure up choice phrases, and accustom yourself to their use. But do not fall into the opposite error of selecting only those words and phrases which savor of affectation.—Exchange.

Critics of Catholic Papers.

We suppose there is scarcely a subscriber to a Catholic paper that does not feel himself a competent critic and will decide what should appear in a Catholic paper and what should not. If the views of the editor differ from his, he at once concludes to stop his paper. Day after day, however, these same Catholics will read papers containing most insulting matter and the most extravagant lies against their faith, but how many of them stop their subscriptions and payments to such papers? Oh, no! We must have them; we cannot possibly get along without them, is the reply you receive from such persons when you point out to them their inconsistency. The fact is, that the minds of our people are becoming so poisoned and vitiated by the reading of the present day literature, that they dislike to see a Catholic paper or a book, the contents of which would naturally remind them of the falsity of their notions. They do not wish to have their conscience pricked. That is about the long and short of it.—Catholic Telegraph.

An Advertisement.

This is an advertisement which tells the truth about Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

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