

After Twenty-One Years.

The waiting-room was crowded, noisy and dirty. The tired clerk at the Bureau of Information, never the most amiable of men, looked across and answered his questions gruffly, until an old woman, small and thin, carrying a tin, went up to the desk timidly but confidently. He asked her gently for several minutes, then pointed out the only vacant seat. What could she have said to have won so much attention?

Following his directions, she found the empty place, and sank into it with a sigh of relief, putting her bag at her feet, but keeping the bundle on her lap. Having settled herself comfortably, as if for a long wait, she watched the busy throng with keen interest. There were men, many of them hurried and anxious, others loitering with the evident purpose of killing time; women, unused to travel, worried lest they miss their trains, and worn with the care of little children; a few young girls, well dressed and full of life and laughter.

Her reverie was interrupted by a little boy at her side. "Oh, mamma, I am so tired. Can't we get on the train again? When shall we see papa?" he whimpered.

Uttering her bundle, the old lady took out a cookie and gave it to him. "Thank the lady," commanded the mother, who he did shyly, and then she added: "You are very kind. The children are tired and cross."

"She was a heavy, happy-looking woman, with a child on her lap and another scarcely older than the boy seated beside her.

"Little boys are always hungry. I know because I had one of my own, and the old lady brought forth more cakes, one for each of the other children. But her eyes wandered back to the boy and watched him tenderly.

"I am going to see my son for the first time in twenty-five years," she said, unable to keep the joy to herself.

"My, my," said the young woman, "what a long time! I am on the way to Denver. My husband has a good position there and has a nice little house ready for us. He's been there over a year, and I've been waiting at mother's until he could send for me. He's so anxious to see the children. They do grow a lot in a year you know. To wait twenty-five years must be awful. Tell me your name? When will your train go? We have to spend two more hours here."

"In about an hour. I just told the kind gentleman at the desk that I am going to San Francisco to visit my son, and that it is twenty-five years since I have seen him, not since he was a mere boy, and I asked him to tell me when it is time for my train to leave, because Harry would be so disappointed if I missed it. "Indeed, it will be," she says. "I wouldn't want my mother to miss her train if she was coming to see me."

"Too old lady—Mrs. Johnson said her name was—littered the tired boy upon her lap, and he was asleep in a few minutes. "It doesn't seem long since my Harry was tired of preening into my arms when he was tired playing. Oh, those were happy days!" she sighed.

"Seeing that she loved to talk about her 'boy,' the young woman asked kindly how it was that she had not seen him for so many years.

"Well," began Mrs. Johnson, deliberately settling herself to tell the whole story. "Harry was always at the head of his class, and loved his books. 'He will make his way in the world, never fear,' his teacher used to say to me, and her voice vibrated with pride. When he grew up he did not like Pleasantville—'It's a very small place—and he begged me to let him go West to 'make his fortune,' as he said. Father left you enough to keep you comfortable, and by and by, when I am rich, you shall come and live with me," was his boastful argument. Well, at last I yielded, for I could see he would never be contented where he was. It seems like yesterday that I packed his clothes into the little hair trunk which had been my mother's. I thought it would kill me, for he was all I had. Poor Harry!" she went on to herself, "he felt bad too, but when he thought me wiping away the tears that would come, he smiled bravely and said, 'Never mind, mother; I will write often and come once a year, or maybe once a month.' At last he was off, and I was left alone, all alone."

Mrs. Johnson wiped her eyes fervently, but remembering where she was going soon smiled again. After a few minutes the young woman, seeing that the dear old lady was afraid of being her talking to Harry, asked in an interesting tone: "Did he like the West?"

"At first he was, oh so homesick! He wrote often, sometimes twice a week, and his letters were full of questions about 'dear Pleasantville,' and of longing to see his 'little mother,' as he called me, and though he had so little money he would save a few dollars every month and send them to me to buy some laundry. Once he told me that he had a job, and another time he said: 'I recall the very words that all these years—I remember the stove in your

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is a healthy action of these organs. They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

"I was taken ill with kidney trouble, and became so weak I could scarcely get around. I took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I continued its use, and six bottles made me a new woman. When my little girl was a baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured her." Mrs. THOMAS LEWIS, Wallaceburg, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back and builds up the whole system.

room never heated it comfortably. This money is to be a new one. Now wasn't that kind of the dear boy, and he working so hard for the little he had?"

"For a few minutes they sat in silence, the young mother looking thoughtfully at the little boy asleep in her new friend's arms."

"After a while," Mrs. Johnson began again in a sadder tone, "after a while he became so busy that he had very little time to spare for his old mother, though he always wrote a good, long, loving letter at Christmas-time, and sent me a lovely gift—but that was all. How well I remember the first time he 'snatched a moment at the office' (he lived in San Francisco then) to wish me a happy Christmas, and the note was written by a typewriter and only the same was in his writing. Somehow I cried over that letter. It didn't seem like it came from him at all, and it was so careless like, but then I am a foolish old woman, and ought to have been glad that he had a stenographer at all—he that had no start in life."

"Except a good home and a kind mother," said the other, with a note of indignation in her voice which her companion did not notice. "All these years," she continued, "I have knit him the nice warm gaiters he used to like, and sent them to him in October. I work on them a little while every evening, and think of the happy times when he was a boy and was so fond of me—though, of course, he's fond of me still or he would never have sent for me. Then sometimes she rattled out, "I make cookies just like those for he always was the greatest boy you ever saw for cookies! Judge Simmons, who lives near me at home, knows all about everything that happens over the whole country, and he says that my Harry is one of the greatest men in California, and gives a great deal of money to the poor and to colleges and art schools. There aren't many boys like Harry," and her dear old face fairly beamed.

"Did he ever get married?" asked her companion.

"Not until he was almost forty. He wrote me a long letter and told me how beautiful and good his Marie was, and sent me her love. Now, wasn't that nice of her? Well, she went on not waiting for an answer, she died three years later, and Harry was heart-broken. He got homesick just like when he first went away, and said he was coming to take me a little visit. As soon as I got that letter I put clean curtains in his room, and then, thinks I, he is used to such grand things, I must let the old pla look too shabby, so I painted white the willow chair so he could sit in it. You see, I always kept his room just as he liked it, kind of hoping he'd surprise me sometime, but he never did," she added slowly, with a lit sigh.

"Well," she resumed, "I was telling you about fixing up his room. I worked in it for three days, and there wasn't a prettier place in Pleasantville, when I was through. I put my best quilt on the bed, and the best cover on the table. The stove was rusty and dingy, so I took it down, as he would not need it in summer."

"There was a long pause. 'Business must be a strange, cruel thing when it keeps sons from their mothers and disappoints them so. The summer was well nigh gone before I had another letter. Harry was sorry, but business kept him away. I closed the room again, and somehow I felt sore and hurt about it until a week ago.' Here her face brightened won-

derfully. He wrote me himself in a shaky kind of handwriting. Wait, I will show you the letter."

Reaching down into her roomy pocket, she brought it forth and unfolded it with trembling hands. "Mother dear," she read, "I am sick and want you so much. The doctor says I must not go home, the trip would be very hard on me. Could you come here? Oh, mother, come if you can, I love you, and you recall I have—Your loving Harry."

The eyes of both filled with tears. Just at that moment they were interrupted by a boy in uniform.

"The clerk told me to take you to your train. It will be here in ten minutes," he said. With a hurried good bye to the mother, and a farewell kiss for the boy who had slept in her lap, she followed him.

"San Francisco," the porter called at last. Too happy to think of her weariest, the feeble old woman hurried with the crowd out of the car into the crowded station. "Carriage, carriage!" screamed the driver as she drew near. "I must be stylish, so he won't be ashamed of me," she thought and took it.

At last the carriage drew up before an elegant mansion.

A few minutes later a man leaving the house found an old lady lying face downward on the marble doorstep, and lifting her in his arms found that she was dead.

There was craps on the door!

Florence Gilmore.

To Control Food Prices.

Both in Canada and the United States there is a general outcry against the cost of living, and more particularly against the cost of food. It is annoying that in two countries that contribute, according to population, the largest share of the staple articles of food for other nations, the people should have to pay more for their own food than do the people of other nations whom they supply. There is something radically wrong about it. And yet an explanation is very difficult to obtain. There is a vague idea that there are too many middlemen between the producer and the consumer, and too many take-offs. These middlemen arrange local combines for the boosting of prices, and as the times are prosperous, and the consumer, as a rule, has money to spend, the squeezing of his pocket book proceeds apace. The real trouble is that the consumer has no organization, and individual protest counts for nothing against trade combinations. The poor old general public is the only body that never seems to combine in support of its own interests.

What it could accomplish if it did so was illustrated within the past few days in the city of Cleveland. The meat dealers in that city arbitrarily advanced the price of meat. Ten thousand working men, no doubt representing ten thousand families, entered into a compact not to buy meat until the price came down. The strike against the combination was expected to last a month, but in three days this object was accomplished and the price came down. Furthermore it is safe to assume that, that particular combine will think several times before it decides on another arbitrary advance in prices. If the hint is taken advantage of by other cities the public may stand a chance of protecting itself. In that particular instance the combine seems to have been represented by a large packing house company, which controlled the meat trade of the city, but in most places, particularly in Canada, it is not a case of a corporation combine, but merely general arrangements among the local dealers. The same conditions prevail from time to time on the Ottawa market, but there does not appear to be any practical method for the public to resist it. It is merely a case of getting as much out of the public as the consumer will stand for, and it will go on and increase until the public organizes some method of protection.—Ottawa Citizen.

(The boycott against high prices has taken practical shape in several large cities in the States since this article was written, and the results have been the reduction of the price of most several cents a pound.—B. Herald.)

Education.

For six years or more the Catholics of Austria have been planning the foundation of a Catholic University which should be genuine in a helio. The anti-Christian nature of the lectures given from many of the chairs of the State Universities caused the Austrians to realize, long before attention was called to a similar state of affairs among ourselves, that the best means to secure Catholic teaching was to erect a university whose faculties would be entirely subject to Catholic control. Fifty years ago the Emperor Francis Joseph approved the project giving under his personal seal the imperial sanction to the proposed university, and bidding the bishops of the land to build and endow it where and how they might desire.

As with the early story of our own Catholic University, the crucial question in Austria was the provision of funds to establish the school. Fifty years ago was done of practical value until in 1884, there was instituted a

University Building and Endowment Association, whose members entered eagerly upon the task of collecting the needed resources. Though keenly interested in the progress of the plan the Austrian Episcopate took no final action in reference to the University until 1901, when the accumulated fund of the Endowment Association had reached the sum of a million and a half crowns.

Then, assured of success, the bishops formally accepted the project and unanimously agreed to build a great Catholic University in St. Louis. Pope Leo XII blessed their resolution and added his contribution to the fund. The action of the Episcopate gave a decided impetus to the movement, and in the last eight years two million crowns have been added to the fund. Much of the energy of the present activity of these years is due to the unflagging zeal of his Eminence Cardinal Kautschaler, Archbishop of Salzburg, who is devotedly pushing the project to completion. Latest reports of the Building and Endowment Association give promise that Catholic Austria will soon possess its own University, in whose lecture halls her sons will be called upon to listen to the anti-Christian teachings of men like Wabrmond, who unworthily and uncharitably represent the spirit and the faith of a loyal Catholic nation.—America.

Archbishop Boubais has given timely and wise advice in his pastoral letter on the municipal election in Montreal. He lays down a rule, however, to follow, which will be to make sure that only good men will be returned. Members of the city government, he says, should be upright citizens, whose honesty and moral lives are above suspicion, disinterested men, whose conduct makes them proof against all corrupt practices; men of courage, who will see that the laws of public morality are enforced. These men can be secured if the voters go to the polls as free, independent citizens. Finally, His Grace tells his people that by all means they should vote; and this is not the least important part of his recommendations. The more fully they are acted on, the better is likely to be the civic administration.

The new capital of Ontario in London last year, according to the figures of the Standard, amounted to \$180,000,000, and in 1908 to \$200,000,000 less than in 1908. With the exception of 1908, however, the record of 1909 was much in advance of any year for ten years past.

The evidence of the export to which other countries depend on Great Britain for the money with which they do things that about 65 per cent. of the large sum mentioned was loaned to foreign and colonial governments, taking one year with another. It means that some \$30,000,000 will be added to the sum the people of Great Britain draw away from their own side investments. It helps to show where the E. Island man is not slow.

The North Atlantic Trading Company, by permission of the Government of Canada, is suing the Government of Canada for \$71,275, plus it is expected to make out of the famous contract which the Government of Canada cancelled. The Government of Canada says that the contract was made in violation of the North Atlantic Trading Company.

Two men at Ottawa found guilty of applying without right for ballot papers at the recent municipal elections were allowed to go out on suspended sentence. Their punishment is certainly not hard. Perhaps, though, in Ottawa the people have not got beyond the stage of treating personation at an election as a joke.

Was All Run Down.

Weighted 125 Lbs. Now Weighs 185.

Mrs. M. McGann, Debec Junction, N.B., writes: "I wish to tell you what Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. Three years ago I was so run down I could not do my own work. I went to a doctor, and he told me I had heart trouble and that my nerves were all unstrung. I took his medicine, as he ordered me to do, but it did me no good. I then started to take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and had only taken one box before I started to feel better, so I continued their use until I had taken several boxes, and I am now strong and well, and able to do my own work. When I commenced taking your pills I weighed 125 pounds, and now weigh 185 and have given birth to a lovely young daughter, which was a happy thing in the family. When I commenced taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I could not go upstairs without resting before I got to the top. I can now go up without any trouble."

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Lady—What! You've just come out of prison! I wonder you are not a bit wiser now! N'er-do-well—I don't own it, lady—I wish I did. I was only a lodger.

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