

God's Gift

(Nora Ryan in Ave Maria.)

Anna, the wife of Richard Gravenor, master dyer, stood by the carved oak chest; and as its lid was opened an odor of mingled halm and lavender stole into the oak-paneled room.

Gently and reverently Mistress Anna drew out of the chest a white silk hood, all lined with blue; a frock of the same color, and a tiny oval, a baby's ringle, dark as night, soft as silk, curling like the tendrils of a vine, which twisted round the children's woman's fingers as she lifted it from its velvet-lined case.

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord," said Dame Anna, the good Christian. Then the heart of the mother spoke: "My little Rose Mary!—my dear little Rose! If God had spared ye, ye would be a tall maid now, my comfort and my joy."

"She sighed; then the voice of Ches, the hired weaver, broke on the stillness.

"Mistress, Tristan the minstrel, who hath come down to see the Mystery, would fain speak w' ye. And, Mistress, in his arms he bears a babe."

"A babe, my girl? Nay, say! 'Tis more likely an instrument of music. What hath a handsome young harper to do with infants?"

"He saith that he saved the babe from being frowe to death near the Red Rock, where the woman who was journeyin' w' it lay dead," answered Ches.

"The poor woman was carried into a redsmann's cot, but Tristan had pity on the child, and brought it here, knowin' that no children played on the hearth in the House of the Golden Banner."

"The words went home to Mistress Anna's heart; and she straightway went down into the hall, and there near the big wood fire, was seated a handsome youth, with what seemed a bundle on his knee. This bundle was wrapped in a long brown cloak, whose hood was drawn over a small dark head.

"Fair greeting, Mistress Gravenor!" said Tristan Leroy, the minstrel. "I have brought ye a rosbud, thinkin' that, if ye and Heaven will, ye may live to see it a sweet rose. I was crossin' Chorley Waste last even when the snow had fallen, on my way to Fordham, where I am to sing and play in the Mystery, when I came on a woman, an Egyptian, lyin' still and frozen, at the mouth o' a little hole—a hole, not big enough to hold a babe or a dog. I, knowing somewhat of surgery, knelt by the wanderer, and rubbed her hands and put my cloak round her. But she said, 'Doubtless the bitter night and weakness had been too much for her. These I heard a little cry. It came from the hole in the side o' Red Rock; as I felt round it, and drew out the babe, it clung to me; I stumbled over the waste until I gained John the redsmann's cot, where his good wife warmed it, bashed it to 'sweep. 'Twas a bonnie bairn—brown eyes like stars, fair face, round limbs, black fringe o' hair, a cooing laugh, a soft skin. Said John's wife: 'How some childless dame would love it! Then my thoughts turned to the House o' the Golden Banner; and when more broke I bore this baby here. Will have it, Dame?"

"He put the little one on her lap as he spoke, and Anna Gravenor looked at it curiously. The Egyptian had kept it as sweet and clean as a pet lamb. Its frock, which reached just beyond its feet, was of creamy fringes, its under garments of fine linen, all fine of texture. Round its fat and dimpled neck was a thin gold chain of foreign workmanship, from which depended a strange golden ornament fashioned like a flower.

"See!" cried Mistress Anna, holding it for inspection. "Ye have been overseas, Master Tristan; have met men of foreign blood. What saith this token?"

"It is the fleur-de-lis, the symbol of France; and I should judge from it that the child is of French parentage on one if not both sides. Alas! it may well be that one name of him is in trouble, hath fought for the wrong Rose. So one who loved it may have given it to the wandering woman to hide until the danger was overpast.

"So, so!" said the dame. "Leave the child here for a time, kind Tristan. I will ask counsel of my good man. I—"

She passed; for, roused by the fire, the strange faces and strange scenes, the lost child had hidden its face in Anna Gravenor's bosom, and was calling, "Mum, mum, mum!"

"Bless her, 'will go hard w' her if mum doesn't keep her. 'Twas about called Margot, and wear her little blue hood, and Mistress Gravenor, softly. And over the dark, handsome face of the minstrel shined a smile; for he knew that in her heart the pain was still, and the empty place was filled.

"I. Fordham lay hid in the June smother. In de were flying round

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night—That's the complaint of them who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Itch or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure them.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—made that pure and the itching, burning, itching skin disease will disappear.

"I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I concluded it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Scott's Emulsion. In two days after I began using it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. Have never had my skin disease since." Mrs. J. E. Wain, Care Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rids the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

the wondrous tower of the great church, as two travellers made their way to the House of the Golden Banner. Both were men, but one was considerably older than the other, and had the grave and studious bearing of a scholar.

"This ancient city is sadly changed," said the younger of the two. "Before the dissolution, nuns and monks were plentiful in the streets as are roses on the hedgerows today. Now we see neither robe of black, white or brown; and the town seems silent like unto an empty noose. Nathless, Dame Gravenor hath been a mother in Israel to the persecuted faithful. Ye see, a former King, Henry of Agincourt (if memory play me not false), was so nobly entertained by Thomas Gravenor that he made his home privileged, vowing that no guest therein should be harmed or touched so long as the Golden Banner with the embrowned elephant and castle floated over it. Thus far the deed King's edict hath been honored; but I doubt if it will be much longer in these evil times, especially since Master Richard hath slept with his forefathers. Yet may we warn her; and when we have bided with her a few days, we must shake the dust of Fordham from our shoes."

"And I trust that the maid and her adopted mother will fare forth with us by Our Lady's grace," said the elder man.

"Amen! There is the House of the Golden Banner," said the younger wayfarer, who was no other than Tristan Leroy, grown older. He pointed as he spoke to the great mansion, with its hooded windows and many gables, standing in its green garden, with dye sheds and stables' cottages, clustered round it like children round a mother.

Tristan lifted the knocker of the outer door, and in due time it was opened by a tall and beautiful maiden, fair-faced and dark-haired.

"Welcome, Messire Tristan! And you also, Messire!" she said sweetly. "Peace be with you, daughter!" was the reply. "Before I cross this threshold I must warn ye that I am a priest who took part in the Pilgrimage of Grace, by name Father Cathbert, of the Order of St. Benedict. But I was also brother to the Earl of Rossett in the North. Tell Dame Anna this before I eat her salt or rest beneath her roof."

"As he uttered the last words, a comely widow came into the hall-place and said:

"Father, enter! Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake. When this house on no longer shelter those who suffer for Our Holy Father the Pope, its roof shall not cover me."

So the priest and Tristan stepped into the hall, all green with pine branches and sweet with roses, sweet williams, lilies; and when they had broken their fast, Tristan told his tale.

"Ye have heard of the Rising in the North," said he, "of that mighty gathering when the bishop left his cathedral, the noble his castle, the farmer his farm, to save under his Crossed Keys. Ye have heard, too, how Cromwell desired 'em; how the King's men fell on 'em; how they died by the sword, by hunger, by torture. Yet did some few escape, and of this remnant was Father Cathbert. I was minstrel to the army, and when it was disbanded, the Rev. Father here agreed to take ship with me to France, there to abide for a season. But as we lay hid in a cave on a northern moor word was brought to him that a dying man wanted to be shrived in a moorman's hat. The good Father went with his life in his hands; and when he came back he said that the man was John Crosby of Fordham, one of Cromwell's spies; and a plot was on foot to take Mistress Gravenor, of the House of the Golden Banner, and have her burnt for treason. So we two come to save ye, Dame."

"Margot put her arms around her adopted mother. "Whether thou goes, I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," said she.

Anna Gravenor whispered, "Amen. Father Cathbert soon spoke.

"Flying Machines

A few years ago flying machines were hardly thought of, now we have Scott's Emulsion

in summer. Now Scott's Emulsion is as much a summer as a winter remedy.

Science did it. All Diseases

"My child," said he, "Tristan hath related your story; and it may be that I can throw light on the past. Will show me the golden fleur-de-lis?"

Margot unrolled the chain, and gave the priest the yellow lily. He turned it over in his hand, and touched a pearl, which turned back and disclosed the initials C. D. and a date.

"As I thought!" said the priest "C. D. stands for Christopher Darrell, Earl of Rossett, my dear brother who died on the block on Tower Hill because of his fidelity to Peter. You, my daughter, are lady Esperance Darrell. You were named after your mother, Esperance de Gaydon, of Provence in France. When a babe you were given to Oasia, a faithful Egyptian, who was hidden to ask some wealthy and childless dame to have pity upon you. The one who did this was old Nurse Margery, who feared for you when the King's guards came for her master. The poor wandering woman would be on her way to this town when God took her and, in His good providence, found ye a home. Thanks be to God!"

"These are good tidings, Father, to all but Tristan," said the minstrel. "I have loved this dame for years. Now I must say good-bye to hope, for I am only a minstrel, and she is of the noble House of Gaydon,—though, nathless, I am noble also."

Margot looked at Mistress Anna, and then put her hand in Tristan's. "Years ago," said she, "when I was but a weavling, ye found and sheltered me; and I have loved ye better than younger and gayer wretches. What I said to Mother Anna, that I say to ye, Whither thou goest, I will go. Good Father your blessing!"

Hand in hand, the pair knelt at the priest's feet, and he blessed them solemnly and tenderly.

"Ye must be wed in our chapel," said Dame Gravenor; "and these will all take ship to France, and have exchanged my substance for gems and Father Cathbert will abide with us as chaplain."

"For a season, friends,—for a season," answered the priest; "then I mean to go where God calls!" And even as he said this he was aware that he might return "to the land he called his own." To witness, it might be die for the Faith of his fathers.

"Margot," said Tristan Leroy suddenly, "I am the adopted son of the Omet de Gaydon, your grand dad. He loved first my music and then me. We will all go to the old chateau and its roses; and I shall bring with me the child of his daughter Esperance as God's own most beautiful gift."

Cliff Haven, Aug. 12.

The season is now at full tide. Large congregations at all the Masses on Sunday gave evidence of the number on the assembly grounds and the growing inadequacy of the chapel of Our Lady of the Lake. Masses were at the usual hours of 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10.30, the last a High Mass, Rev. John F. Flynn, celebrant. The sermon at the last Mass was a thoughtful and forceful discourse, was delivered by the Very Rev. John P. O'Driscoll, D. D., President of St. Joseph's Seminary at Dunwoody, N. Y.

Taking his theme from the gospel of the day, he said in part; "The gospel which I have just read for you speaks to us of charity, the jewel virtue of Christianity. All other virtues, rich and precious and beautiful as they may be in themselves receive before God their only worth as they are brilliant with the light of Charity. Even if we should have faith to move mountains and should speak with the eloquence of angels, and have not charity, says St. Paul, we are but as sounding brass and tinkling symbols. As you are already aware, beloved, Charity is Love. It is the love of God above all things and the love of our neighbor as ourselves for the love of God. Love is the strongest feeling in the human heart, the most absorbing and overwhelming passion in our breasts, the greatest fire that the world knows of. How God who has given the power, who has implanted this affection in our hearts, commands that first and strongest we must give the love to Him. About Him our hearts must be the strongest centered, to Him must be given our love from the deepest and warmest depths of our hearts. "Thou shalt love the Lord Thy God with thy whole heart, thy whole mind and with thy whole strength," says Our Blessed Lord. By a hundred and a thousand titles He deserves it, Preserver, Redeemer, Creator, Father, God. The All Holy, The All Beautiful, The All Good—these are but a few of His claims to our affections."

The family gathering on Sunday evening took the form of a recital; to St. Rev. Henry Gabriel, D. D., Bishop of Ogdensburg, and first vice president of the School. The meeting was presided over by Charles Webber, of Brooklyn. The program consisted of a piano selection by Hester Charles E. Linton, violin solo by Miss Alice Crife, vocal selection by Miss Elizabeth McDougall of New York. Speeches were made by the

R. Rev. Henry Gabriel, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Lavell, V. G., Very Rev. John P. Chidwick, D. D., Rev. D. J. Hickey and Dr. John Larkir. Following the exercises the McCall Golf cup was presented to Thomas Payer, winner for this year. The runner-up in the tournament was Mr. George J. Gillespie.

This has been a notable week on the lecture platform at Cliff Haven Rev. Thomas B. Shields, LL. D. noted educator of the Catholic University at Washington, has given a splendid series of lectures on "Psychology of Education" at the 10 o'clock hour Tuesday series on "Research work in modern Astronomy" by the eminent scientist Very Rev. George E. Searle, C. S. P. have proven of particular importance in this session.

Hon. Edward R. O'Malley, Attorney General of New York State had one of the largest audiences of the season to hear his lecture on "Good Citizenship" Monday evening. Miss Rose F. Ryan, instructor in English Literature in the summer session College of New Rochelle, N. Y. was the lecturer on Thursday and Friday evenings. Miss Rose F. Ryan took for her subjects "The Lyrics of Rev. John D. Tabb" and "The Novels of George Meredith," both close careful studies in contemporary literature.

The Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L. conducted a most interesting meeting of the reading circles societies on Tuesday evening. The federation of these organizations and plans for the Champlain Extension movement were discussed.

The annual bazaar for the benefit of the Chapel of Our Lady of the Lake given by the ladies of the Alumnae Auxiliary Association, which was held on Thursday afternoon and evening, was a decided success.

Minard's Liniment cures Dipteria.

"Here, you two!" yelled the stevedore, "handle that gunpowder careful."

"What's the matter with it?" demanded Casey and Kelly in one breath.

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"That fellow is a greater strategist than Napoleon ever was."

"As to how?"

"He got a two-dollar raise of salary a year ago and hasn't told his wife about it yet."

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Applicant for Situation—"I've come about that job wot was advertised."

"Employer—"Well, can you do the work?"

"Applicant (in great alarm)—"Work? I thought it was a foreman you wanted!"

Muscular Rheumatism.

Mr. 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 a box 50c."

Spainard (in 1492) is Columbus going to sail west?

Ditto—Yes. One of the newspapers has offered the New World as a prize to the first man who crosses the Atlantic.

This is to certify that I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family for years, and consider it the best liniment on the market. I have found it excellent for horse flesh.

[Signed] W. S. PINEO. "Woodlands," Middleton, N. S.

"Do you think Canada will ever become Americanized?"

"Well, she plays baseball."

HAS USED DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

For Our Summer Years FOR DIARRHEA, DYSPEPSIA, SUMMER COMPLAINT, ETC.

Mrs. Holliday, Box No. 24, Wrentham, Ont., writes—"I must say that we have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for over seventeen years, and have found nothing to equal it for all Summer Complaints, Diarrhea, Dysentery, etc. Our house is never without a bottle of the Extract and I can recommend it to be kept in every house, especially where there are children."

You run absolutely no risk when you buy Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, as it has been a standard remedy on the market for over sixty years.

A few doses have often cured what doctors' prescriptions and other remedies have failed. Its effects are marvelous. It acts like a charm. Relief is almost instantaneous.

We wish to warn the public against being imposed on by unscrupulous dealers who substitute the so-called Strawberry Compound for "Dr. Fowler's."

Ask for "Dr. Fowler's" and insist on getting it, as the cheap imitations may be dangerous to life.

The original is manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price 25c.

HIS FACE AND NECK WERE COVERED WITH PIMPLES

Pimples are caused by bad blood. There is only one way to get rid of them—outward applications are no good, and that is to get at the root of the trouble, by using a good reliable blood medicine.

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Mr. Philip B. Cobb, Gypsum, P.E.I. writes: "About a year ago my neck and face were entirely covered with pimples, and having tried nearly every medicine I could think of, and getting no relief, I at last thought of Durlock Blood Bitter and decided to try a bottle."

"After the first bottle was done the pimples were almost gone, as I got another and after finishing it they entirely disappeared, and I now have a beautiful clear complexion free from all ailments of the skin. To all persons troubled with pimples or any other skin disease I highly recommend Durlock Blood Bitter. I feel quite sure it will remove all the poison from the blood, and bring a beautiful clear complexion."

Manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Monday evening, Harry Beresford, the well known comedian, assisted by the Cliff Haven Dramatic Co., and five additional actors, will then present the "Woman Hater." There has been considerable social activity this week. Among the events were a masquerade at the New Jersey Club, a hop at the Champlain Club, bridge parties at New York Cottage No. 2 and Boston Cottage, a pantomime at the Algonquin and an afternoon tea at the Muskoka.

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June 12, 1910