

## Where are the Catholic Sisters?

(Dedicated to the Sisters of Mercy Maryland.)

Winds of the world give answer North, East and South and West, Wherever there's good to accomplish.

Or soul that can be possessed, Wherever are human races To educate, nurse or care Can be seen these devoted women.

The Catholic Sisters are there. You find them on fields of battle, Mid valley from cannon and gun, They labor 'mid fierce persecution. They are everywhere 'neath the sun; Never was isle so tiny, Never was state so small But was seen a Catholic Sister To answer a divine call.

In eastern plague stricken hovels, From whence other humans fly, They tenderly nurse the afflicted, And the Sisters often die: Never the sun arises, On desert, jungle or state, But a Sister's soul goes upward Who died for mercy's sake.

The dying have often blessed them

With their faltering, gasping breath.

The sinner has whispered repentance,

As he smiled on their face in death;

The desolate poor have known them,

Sheltered and fed in their need, And the aged infirm have loved them

Of every race, color and creed, Renowned are their seats of learning,

For culture and knowledge and truth, World-wide are their orphan asylums,

To care for the homeless youth; With no fear of death to harass them,

With no thought of temporal gain, They renounce the world for their calling,

Their deeds prove they live not in vain.

Where are the Catholic sisters? Go look for the pure and meek, The worlds brightest jewel and helpers,

With heaven's reward to reap: Go search ye for the loving kindness,

And mercy and goodness rare, And your question will find its answer.

The Catholic Sisters are there. —Francis Howard Kidd, in Baltimore Catholic Review.

## Courtesy.

Of Courtesy, it is much less Than courage of heart or holiness, Yet in my walks it seems to me That the Grace of God is in Courtesy.

On monks I did in Storrington fall, They took me straight into their hall;

I saw three pictures on the wall, And Courtesy was in them all.

The first the Annunciation; The second the Visitation;

The third the Consolation, Of God that was Our Lady's Son.

The first was St. Gabriel; On wings a-flame from heaven he fell;

And as he went upon one knee He shone with heavenly Courtesy.

Our Lady of Nazareth rode— It was her month of heavy load: Yet was her face both great and kind,

For Courtesy was in her mind. The third it was our little Lord, Whom all the kings in arms adored;

He was so small you could not see His large intent of Courtesy.

Our Lord, that was Our Lady's Son, God bless, you people one by one, My rhyme is written, my work is done.

—Hilaire Belloc.

## You Shall Pay.

For the things that you've done When your life was young,

An' the sins that you've sinned with a smile,

You shall pay full sure, ye men, though the score

## An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula— as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes blemishes in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

"Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since." J. W. McGee, Woodstock, Ont.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla** will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

Is held back by the fates for awhile; You shall pay in the end for the frauded friend, For the secret your lips betray, For the lust and the lie to the gods on high, Ye shall pay, ye shall pay, ye shall pay.

## The Poet's Roses.

By R. V. Risley, in Ave Maria.

(Concluded.)

"I was obliged to—she stopped and blushed, then went on: 'I don't like to tell you, but I was obliged to take some roses that didn't belong to me and sell them. 'Twas wrong, I know; but if I hadn't taken the roses, I couldn't have saved the woman's life. That's my excuse, which I'd like the owner of the roses to know some day.'"

"He knows now: I am the owner."

Then Donia started to run away; but, detaining her gently, Hafiz assured her that henceforth she was to be his little girl; that, small as was his cottage, it was big enough for two. He promised her also to look after the sick woman, so far as his means would permit.

And as he said, so was it done. For the next year the poet and the child lived happily together. She called him "papa," and waited on him most lovingly. He liked to talk to her, smiled to see her laugh, and recited verses to her. They delighted her, and soon she knew many of them by heart.

But a frightful bit of news, which caused consternation to all Persia, brought disquietude to the dwellers in the little cottage. Tamerlane the cruel, with his hordes of bloodthirsty warriors, was approaching Shiraz with the avowed intention of razing it to the ground. There was no prospect of successfully opposing him, and the people of the beautiful city waited his coming as they might await the end of the world.

Just imagine the scene outside the city walls when the dread warrior arrived. On the one hand the Tartar army, thousands of oblique-eyed, flat-nosed marauders; on the other, a crowd of weeping citizens headed by their officials, in their tall black bonnets; and between the two Tamerlane, with the face of a butcher, a bear-skin mantle hanging from his shoulders, and a cudgel with which, being lame he supported himself.

Inclining profoundly before the Tartar chief, the officials said to him:

"Be in future our master and king, and we will pay whatever tribute you may decide upon. In return spare our houses and our mosques. Leave our city standing—"

Tamerlane, striking a stone with his cudgel, interrupted them with:

"You might as well talk to this stone as to me."

And he turned to his men to give orders. Just then Donia whispered to Hafiz:

"Go to that cruel man, papa, and try to move him."

So saying, she drew him with her until suddenly, all trembling and confused, the poet found himself standing before the conqueror.

"Who is this," demanded Tamerlane.

"'Tis Hafiz," answered Donia, "the author of so many fine poems."

Tamerlane's visage softened. "Hafiz," said he, "I am glad to see you! To my mind, there are only two really sublime things in the world: your poems and my victories. Come, recite some of your verses for me."

"Certainly," faltered the old man.

But he was so overcome that he could not decide which of his poems to choose. He went over them in his mind without settling upon any particular one. Donia came to his rescue.

"Leave the rose on the rose-bush," she whispered.

Hafiz guessed the child's intention, and at once his courage returned. He drew himself up, and in a touchingly impressive manner declaimed the poem.

When the poet ceased, all the citizens surrounded him, and many of them kissed his hands.

"Well, poet," said Tamerlane, "your verses certainly pleased me. But as for the advice they contain, it doesn't concern me. I'm not the man to destroy roses just for the pleasure of it."

"But remember mighty conqueror," replied Hafiz, "that Shiraz is known as 'the Rose of Persia.'"

Tamerlane frowned, bit his lips and appeared irritated. After a moment's reflection, however, he turned to his officers and said:

"Pitch our camps here. He entered the city almost unattended; took peaceful possession of it, and allowed it to endure and prosper.

"Who Broke the Window?"

Editor The Outlook:

Your discussion some time ago on "Who Broke the Window?" interested us all very much; as facts are tests for theories, perhaps it might interest you to hear how our boys dealt with this problem.

We live in a city block. Two years ago I went to the door one evening to call my boy, aged eleven, to dinner; I saw him standing before a big policeman slightly in advance of five or six of his boy friends, and evidently remonstrating with the policeman.

Knowing the boys were sure of help if they needed it, I retired without calling them, thinking it better for them to settle their problem themselves, if they could.

Son was late to dinner, and, after a long silence, said: "Dad, I'd like to ask your advice. One of us fellows broke Mrs. Blank's window; she called a policeman, and he said he'd have to arrest one of us, he didn't care which. I got him to give us till tomorrow afternoon to decide which one."

"Well," Father began, "can't you get the guilty party to pay for the window and apologize?"

"But, dad," protested Son, "Jack is in awful bad luck; he's had to pay for two or three other things lately, and his mother keeps boarders. He just can't afford to pay."

"So you know who did it?" said Father.

"Yes, but I can't tell," said Son. "He didn't mean to, and, anyway," proudly, "we don't tattle; we'd rather pay."

"Well," said Father, "take up a subscription. I'll head the list with fifty cents, collect all you can, and then you and I'll make up the deficit, if there is one; then a committee of three of you wait on the lady, pay for the window, and apologize."

An hour later Son reported that the money was collected, and he and two others were appointed to settle the matter.

Later Son came home with flushed cheeks and shining eyes.

"Well," he began, "we called on Mrs. Blank and apologized and offered the money; she said that she would not accept it 'till the boy that broke the window came and owned up; she didn't want to punish any of us, but she wanted him to confess. So we went and told Jack. He said of course, he'd go; we fellows had been awful good to help him, and he'd give all the money he had to pay up. So we four went back and Jack owned up."

"Then Mrs. Blank wouldn't take the money; she said she only wanted to make us careful, and she was ever so nice and pleasant to us, so we thanked her and came away."

"Then we talked it over and decided to buy Mrs. Blank a nice pot of flowers. So we bought them and wrote, 'From the Boys on the Block' on a card and tied it on the flowers and put them on

the doorstep and rang the bell and run away. I guess she was pleased. Here's your share of the money back, Dad; I let you give twenty cents towards the flowers."

This happened two years ago. The boys still play in the street; only one window has been broken since, and the boy who broken it called at the house and paid for it immediately.

The big policeman is the boys' sworn friend, and they often appeal to him for advice and information.

(Mrs.) MABEL D. WINFIELD, Brooklyn, New York.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO. LIMITED

GENELEMEN—Last Winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of Lagrippe and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in case of inflammation.

Yours, W. A. HUTCHINSON.

Vanity—She—I like the way that man looks.

Her—Why, he's positively ugly!

She—Yes, but he's looking at me.—Stanford Chaparral.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

"Let her prove me to the uttermost, For loyal to the uttermost am I."—Tennyson.

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 25 cents."

Wisdom is often folly that has made good.

Minards Liniment Cures Neuralgia.

Many a winter at evening was almost beaten at noon.

W. H. O. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont. writes:—"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."

There is more talk than is true.

Suffered with Palpitation of the Heart and Nervous Trouble

Mrs. John Dennison, Combermere, Ont., writes:—"I cannot praise Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills too much. For years I suffered with palpitation of the heart and nervous trouble, so that I could not lie down to sleep. I tried almost all other medicines, and got no relief, until I was advised by a friend, who had been benefited by your pills, to try them. I did so, and after taking four boxes I found I was almost cured, and I am going to continue taking them, for I never got anything to me so much good. I would advise any one troubled with their heart or nerves to do the same as I am doing."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents a box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25; at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## Thought She Would Lose Her Little Girl

From Severe Attacks of Summer Complaint

Mrs. Wm. Hirst, 194 Palmerston Avenue, Toronto, Ont., writes us under date of January 22nd, 1914.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs:—Last summer I had grave anxiety for my little girl, who was just one year old in July last. She had constant and severe attacks of summer complaint, and it seemed to drag on her so long despite the many remedies I tried. My neighbors told me she had grown so weak they thought I would lose her. One night while nursing her an old friend of mine happened to come to see me, and after telling her about my baby's lingering illness she asked me to try Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I sent a little girl to our drug store and bought a bottle, and after having given the baby one dose, I noticed a remarkable change, and after giving her three or four doses she was well again, and began to walk, which she had been able to do prior to her attack. She is now a fine healthy child, and I owe her life to that kindly advice of an old friend. I would advise all mothers to give "Dr. Fowler's" a prominent place in their medicine chest.

Yours truly, (Sgd.) Mrs. Wm. Hirst.

When you ask for Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry see that you get it.

It has been on the market for nearly seventy years. Don't accept a substitute.

The price of the original is 35 cents, and is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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A lot of ladies' all rubber coats to clear at a price \$4.00 for \$2.49.

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