of Canadian North-West
TEAD REGULATIONS

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W. W. CORY,
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A STRUGGLING
MISSION
cese of Northampton.
NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

on of St. Anthony of
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R H. W. GRAY,
Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng'd.

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F. W. KEATING,
Bishop of Northampton.

AL OFFER

Month of Sep-
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Fruit Bowl on
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3 Dozen 6 lb.
X Self-Raising
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picture.)

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ty pay us a visit.
30 a.m. on Sunday.
cert on Sunday eve-

lays from 9 a. m. to

from 1 p. m. to 10

Common Sts.

BOYS and GIRLS

THE SONG OF THE FARM.

The poppies that peep from the wheat at morn,
With pearls of night dew glittering still,
The shadows that race o'er the waving corn
And the shy little runnel down under the hill,
The hoary old orchard whose trees are bent,
And the clover fields where the honey bees swarm.
Cry "Come to the cradle of calm content:
Come, see Mother Nature at home on a farm!

"Here are billows of meadow whose waves are so sweet
They perfume the air; here are mountains of hay;
Here are little winds lost upon oceans of wheat,
And butterflys shipwrecked in hollyhock spray;
Here is peace in the air and a smile in the sky,
And never a fear of deception or harm.
From the cares and the woes of a city life fly
To old Mother Nature, who lives on a farm!"

And so the old song from the cherry tree tops
And arbors where Bacchus might gather a treat.
From old-fashioned sparrows that live in a copse
And not in the dirt of an ill-smelling street,
From the bees and the kine, and the sentinel cry
Of the cock whose shrill clarion bodes no alarm,
Rings out to the city folk ever and aye;
"Come back to Dame Nature, she lives on a farm!"
—Selected.

✣ ✣ ✣

Don't do things when you are among strangers that you would be ashamed for your mother or friends at home to see you do. It will lower you in your own self-respect, and then it is very imprudent, for the world is not so large after all, and we never know when we will meet people again or in what way things will be found out.

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HE COULD FORGET.

John Boyle O'Reilly was a political prisoner for several years of his early life, first in England and afterwards in Australia; and in Mr. Roche's biography of him it is said that he long afterwards spoke of himself as still retaining a kind of affectionate regard for a certain cell on the iron barred door of which was a white card inscribed, "John Boyle O'Reilly, 20 years." The following anecdote gives the reader an idea of the ex-convict's magnanimity:

At one of the stations to which he was occasionally sent with messages there was an overseer, warden or watchman of some sort, who choose to be an exception to all human-kind by conceiving, at sight, a bitter dislike to young O'Reilly. On their very first meeting he looked hard at the newcomer, and said:

"Young man, you know what you are here for," adding with an oath, "I will help you to know it."

From that time he watched his victim sharply, hoping to catch him in some infraction of the many regulations governing the convict settlement. At last his time came. O'Reilly one day was a few minutes late in making his trip. He found the overseer waiting for him, watch in hand.

"You are late—so many minutes," he said. "You are reported."

Among the penalties of being reported one was that the offender should not be allowed to send or receive a letter for six months.

A few days after this incident the overseer called O'Reilly into his office. He held in his hand a letter heavily bordered in black, which he had just finished perusing.

O'Reilly knew that his mother, at home in Ireland, had been dangerously ill for some time. The letter probably bore the news of her death, but it might contain tidings of a less bitter loss. No one except the overseer knew its contents. He said:

"O'Reilly, here's a letter for you."

The prisoner said "Thank you!" and held out his hand for it. The overseer looked at him for a moment and then said, as he tossed the letter into the drawer: "You will get it in six months!"

When at the end of six months O'Reilly received the letter, he found that it confirmed his worst fears. The mother whom he had loved and idolized was dead.

Listening to this story years afterwards from the lips of the victim, I asked him why he had never published the name of the cold-blooded wretch for the execration of humanity.

He smiled and said that he did not bear the fellow any malice; that a man who would do a deed like that must be insane and irresponsible—a being towards whom one could not cherish animosity.

"Besides," he added, "I do not knew his name now; I have forgotten it."

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TWO BUGBEARS.

'Fraid-I-Can't and Dassn't Try,
How they haunt us day by day
Dog the steps of you and I,
Tantalize us on the way.
'Fraid-I-Can't invades our heart.
At each undertaking bold;
Dassn't Try plays well his part,
Lacks the nerve to have and hold.
—Los Angeles Express.

THE TACTLESS GIRL.

The wheels of the departing cab crunched along the gravel walk, and mother and I made our way back to the dining-room. It was the gray dawn of a winter's morning. Our guest had chosen that chilly and depressing hour for her departure. I stirred the fire into a blaze, mother ordered fresh toast, and when Robert got back from the station he greeted us with an exuberance of joy.

"Well, thank stars, she's off. Tactless to the last."

"We met Mrs. Gray at the station. Our visitor at once hit upon the family's skeleton and began to ply the poor lady with embarrassing questions. I'll give you fair warning, Belle, that if you ever bring her here again, or another that is like her, I'll leave."

"I did not bring her," I protested. "She wrote that she was coming, and what was I to do?"

Robert grumbled on: "It may be tactlessness, as mother says, or it may be maliciousness, but, whatever it is, it is an unerring instinct at ferreting out the special sore point of the person she talks with, and she keeps at it with a stupid persistency. Did you hear her last night on the subject of deformities to Wheeler, whose twisted arm was held rigidly behind his back? Then she blundered against Cary, looked down ob his diminutive size, and told him how much she admired large men, and gave her opinion that all small men were conceited. I kept in her wake last evening, and a report of her conversational blunders would fill a book. She wandered on serenely, never noticing that she was persisting in an unpleasant topic. She said something cutting to half the girls in the room and hinted to Helen that she thought her dress was beyond her means. She was running amuck of everything that was unpleasant among your guests, Belle. She succeeded in making Davies and his exfiancee thoroughly uncomfortable. I never knew any one who had such an unfortunate faculty for driving a round peg into a square hole," finished Robert.

When Robert had whistled himself out of the house, mother took up the story again. "Gertrude is pretty and rich and has had exceptional advantages, but she will never be a popular girl. She will lose valuable friends through her want of tact and the animosity evoked by hurt feelings will be always rising against her. Her spoiled, pampered childhood has added much to the evils that arise from natural tactlessness. Selfishness has been fostered in her disposition and you remember 'that evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart.' Gertrude does not think it worth while to put herself out for what she considers trifles. When the glamor of youth is past I fear that this indifferent world will present a very seamy side to her. It takes so little effort to keep our friends, and be bright and happy when one is young. I remember a remark of your grandmother's, Belle, in tegard to a tactless neighbor 'Poor thing! She goes through life stroking every cat the wrong way, and in consequence has been clawed many times."—Young People.

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REDHEAD JIM.

(By Blanche Trennor Heath.)

Jimmy Jones was his proper name.
When up from the country to school he came,
But the only name that stuck to him
Was the one they gave him of Redhead Jim.

It was house afire, and sorrel-top,
And what would he take for the carrot-crop?
But he only laughed when they badgered him—
He was grit clear through was Redhead Jim.

Red hair was as good as the next, said he,
If 'twas brushed and combed as it ought to be;
'Twas the brains it covered, it just struck him,
That made the difference, said Redhead Jim.

His brains were all right, if his hair was red,
So in study, and games he shot ahead
Till there wasn't a byoy but was proud of him,
Yes, proud of a leader like Redhead Jim.

And his teacher said with a quizzical smile,
As he gave him the first class-prize the while,
Red heads were the best, it seemed to him,
If they made such scholars as Redhead Jim!

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LOOK AT BOY'S HANDS.

The boy in search of a job turned up at supper time at his sister's house, looking rather disconsolate.

"I didn't get nothing to do," he said abruptly.

"I don't wonder if you used that kind of grammar," said his sister.

"That wasn't it; I had my company grammar on, all right; 'twas something else, and I'll tell Jim about it after supper. You'd spring the 'I told you so' game on me, and make me tired."

Jim was the brother-in-law and had been a job-hunting boy himself not many years before. He was beckoned into the sitting room immediately after rising from the table, and once there the door was shut by his wife's youthful brother, who turned and said: "I went to fourteen places today, Jim, and was turned down at every shot. I've read about such things in the Sunday School books and in the funny papers, but I thought it was all gab. The guys I applied to didn't ask me if I wrote a good hand; they didn't ask if I knew the city, and they didn't ask nothing at all that I expected them to ask me. The first thing four of them says was 'Hold up your mitts,' while the others say, 'Please let us look at your hands.' There was one look and four of them says 'Git,' and the rest says, polite-like, 'We don't think we require your services,'

"What was the matter?" asked the sister's husband.

The boy held up the forefinger of his left hand, along the inner side of which a yellow stain showed as far as the second nuckle. "That," he said simply.

"H'm," said the brother-in-law, "the boss in our shop won't allow cigarette smoking either, but I didn't know things had gone as far as this. Why don't you quit?"

"I have; I quit last night. One of the guys that said 'Git' called me back just as I got to the elevator and said, 'What makes you smoke cigarettes?' I don't,' I says.

"There's some things worse than cigarette smoking,' he says.

"I quit last night,' I told him. Then he grinned a little and said that I might not be such a liar as he thought after all, but it was a fact that Chicago men had quit hiring cigarette kids and that this was doing more to stop the habit than all the anti-cigarette leagues in the city. Then he says, 'You're sure you quit last bight, are you? Well, you come back again in a week and show me your mit.'

"That stain'll wear off by that time, Jim, and I kinder think that feller'll give me a job," —Chicago Chronicle.

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HER SWEET VOICE

"Oh, father, I wish I could sing! it's so nice to give pleasure to people. Florence sang at the club today, and we all enjoyed it so much. She sings every night to her father, too. I'd give anything if I could. But there's no use wishing; there isn't any music on me."

"Is that so? asked the father, taking her wistful face between his hands. "Well, perhaps you can't sing; but don't tell me your voice has no music in it. To me it is full of music."

"Why father, how can you say so?"

"Almost every evening," answered the father, "when I come home, the first thing I hear is a merry laugh, and it rests me, no matter how tired I am. Yesterday I heard that voice saying: 'Don't cry, Buddie; sister'll mend it for you.' Sometimes I hear it reading to grandmother. Last week I heard it telling Mary, 'I'm sorry you head aches; I'll do the dishes tonight.'

"That is the kind of music I like best. Don't tell me my little daughter hasn't a sweet voice!"

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THE BABY STARS.

Did you ever hear the fairy tale in which the sun and moon are women? No? Well, you must sit down and hear it right away. At one time the sun had as many children as the moon. The children of the moon, you know, are the stars. But, fearing that the world could not stand so much brightness, both the sun and the moon agreed to eat up their own babies. The sun kept her word, but the moon could not eat her own little children, so she hid them from the sun, but after a time had to bring them from their hiding place. When the sun saw the moon's babies she became very angry and chased the moon across the sky. And then, when the sun caught up and bit the moon, the world said we had an eclipse. But now, all the day long, the moon hides her babies and brings them out at night, when the sun is far away.

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EVEN THE LAST.

(By Rev. Richard W. Alexander in Catholic Universe.)

There was intense, yet suppressed, excitement in the Pasteur Institute of Mercy Hospital that afternoon. The long, wide corridors echoed the noise of scurrying feet, and from the operating room came sounds of weeping, with now and then a shrill note of painful protest. A large crowd of boys—there were six of them—had been bitten by a mad dog, and their terrified parents had rushed them to the institute for treatment that would prevent the dread hydrophobia.

They were all more or less severely bitten, and the dog, which had been killed, undoubtedly had the rabies. They were all placed in position to receive the treatment—injection of the serum—and both from fright and nervousness the lads gave vent to loud weeping and wailing. Their mothers were almost as bad, and altogether the worried nurses and doctors had their hands full.

One of the patients was a sight never to be forgotten. He was a colored boy of twelve, George by name, a frightful object as he lay in his "mammy's" lap, quivering but silent while big tears splashed down her black cheeks as she rocked him to and fro. It was found he must be put on the operating table at once. His upper lip and part of his nose were torn off, one eyelid and cheek were hanging by shreds of skin and his arm on the same side was horribly lacerated. Tenderly they lifted him and placed him on a stretcher carriage and rolled him to the operating room, where his gashes were washed and closed, and twelve stitches brought him to the appearance of humanity, albeit swoolen and disfigured.

The other lads were taken home by their parents, to return daily for treatment. But George was not able to be moved, so weak was he after his double treatment. A little cot was placed for him in the surgical ward, and so grateful and patient was he under his sufferings that he soon became a general favorite. Surprisingly soon his wounds healed, and he began to beg to be allowed to get up. It was found, too, that his poor "mammy" had no place to keep him, and it was charity to allow him to remain where he was. So he went here and there, doing little turns for every one who asked them, and always with a jolly little humor of his own that made every one smile.

Many a weary face smiled a gbost of a smile from its pillow as George, with his grotesquely seamer countenance, cut some caper in the middle of the ward when he thought no one was looking. No one scolded him. His mammy came at intervals, and, with uplifted hands, "bressed de Lawd foh dem ladies' cah ob dat lil' raskill!" One day the Sister asked George if he said his prayers, and what church he attended. George knew no prayers and had never been in any church before he saw the hospital chapel. He was "too bad to jine a church." By degrees he learned he had an immortal soul, and it was pathetic to see his great eyes looking out of the disfigured face as he drank in every word that Sister spoke to him of God's love for even the least of His creatures.

"Ah never knowed dat de Lawd had much time foh lil' nigs like me," he said, "An' if I be baptized, am you ladies suah dat ah can sniggle into hebben?"

He was assured that such was the promise of Him who never breaks His divine word. "An' will mah black soul turn white?" He was told that there were no black souls in heaven. It took much patience and instruction to give George the spiritual side of the matter, but at last it dawned on him, and after that he seemed to grow thoughtful and often said he wanted to be baptized and become pleasing to the good God who had saved him from death when he knew nothing about Him.

Twenty days of this treatment were now over, and there were great hopes that all danger of hydrophobia had passed. George found out from his mammy that he had "never been christened; she had no time." So it was decided that George should be baptized in the hospital chapel when he was a little better instructed. George went home to the poor shanty his mother occupied when she was not out washing or scrubbing, but he returned every day for examination and treatment.

The other boys were pronounced immune, but the doctors were not so sure of George, he had been so frightfully bitten. Three days passed, and George had not put in an appearance. The Sisters and the doctors were distressed, not knowing what to think.

On the evening of the third day two colored men who belonged to a livery stable appeared at the hospital door with George between them He was snapping and growling, with saliva flowing out of his mouth.

Poor little fellow. After all the efforts that had been made he was doomed. It was the dreaded hydrophobia.

"Ah is gwine to be baptized right soon, Sister. Ah feel powerful sure dat ah is a orful sick boy, ah has such a orful misery in de troat."

"Yes, George," said the Sister, deeply sympathetic; "we shall have you baptized very soon."

Her practical eye saw evidence at once of the awful paralysis of the throat that prevented swallowing even the saliva.

George was carried to the isolated ward, where an orderly and a nurse were detailed to watch him. It was now nearly midnight, and soon his convulsions were frightful to witness. He was strapped to the bed, but he would work out of bed onto the floor, while the terribly infectious spittle flew in all directions. Twice he was rolled in a linen sheet by the attendants and laid on the bed. It was courting death to go near him; the infection might be communicated through some little cut or abrasion of the skin, and the poison that dropped from the poor swollen lips never ceased.

Between the convulsions he was perfectly conscious, gnd would cry out pitifully that "he couldn't help it," that "he was so sorry," and "when would he be baptized?" Poor little George! About 3 o'clock Sister came to the room, and, leaning over the head of the bed, looked at the poor lad. He was in an interval of quiet and exhaustion, but she saw that the end was near.

"George," she said, "I am going to get the priest to baptize you. I will go for him at once, and then you will soon see God and the angels in heaven."

"Bress de good Lawd!" said the poor, dying boy between his gasps, "Po black George is a-gwine to see you in hebben. Po' lil' nigga will hab a white soul."

The priest came hurriedly. George was in a terrible convulsion. It was almost impossible to touch him, and the sight of the water visibly increased his agony. "Close your eyes, George," said the chaplain, "I am going to baptize you."

George made a strong effort. "Bress de good Lawd! Ah is longin' to be baptized—oh, de good Lawd!" He lay quite still, and quickly and reverently the priest, leaning over the head of the bed, poured the waters of regeneration on the poor little nonow, and with a sigh of relief he was quite calm and still.

"He may last a few hours," said the priest as he left the room. "I will come back after Mass.

At 6 o'clock the Mass bell was ringing, and as the priest crossed over to the sacristy he met the Sister who had charge of George. She whispered:

"Remember George in your mementos, Faeher; he has just died."

The Lord had taken to His Sacred Heart one of His least.

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Most of the liquid medicines advertised to cure stomach and bowel troubles and summer complaints contain opiates and are dangerous. When the mother gives Baby's Own Tablets to her little ones she has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or narcotic. And she has the assurance that no other medicine will so speedily cure stomach and bowel troubles, if they come unexpectedly. Give the well child an occasional dose of these Tablets and they will prevent sickness by clearing the stomach and bowels of offending matter. Mrs. Wilbert Bone, Carrville, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles and know of no other medicine so satisfactory." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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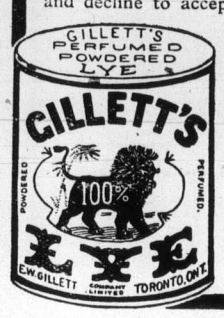

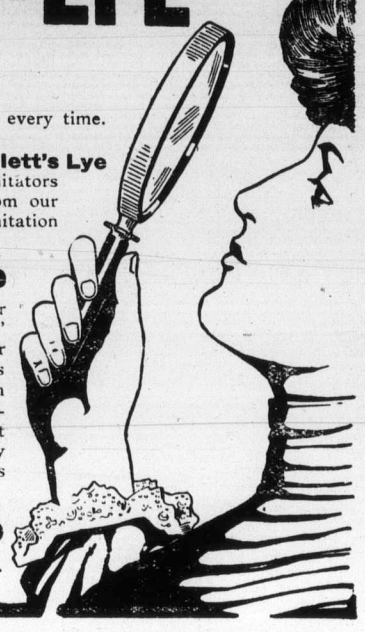

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