

Among The Nevers.

Never betray a confidence. Never wantonly frighten others. Never leave home with unkind words. Never laugh at the misfortunes of others. Never send a present hoping for one in return. Never pick the teeth or clean the nails in company. Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed. Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question. Never present a gift saying it is of no use to yourself. Never question a servant or a child about family matters. Never fail, if a gentleman, of being civil and polite to ladies. Never look over the shoulder of another who is reading or writing. Never associate with bad company. Have good company or none. Never refer to a gift you have made or a favor you have rendered. Never appear to notice a scar, deformity or defect of any one present. Never arrest the attention of an acquaintance by a touch. Speak to him. Never punish a child for a fault to which you are addicted yourself. Never answer questions, in general company, that have been put to others. Never call a new acquaintance by a Christian name, unless requested to do so. Never lend an article you have borrowed unless you have permission to do so.

A Humble Heroine

"Please, Sister Mary Grace, are heroines always rich and beautiful?" If anyone thinks that such a question could puzzle Sister Mary Grace—well, such a person does not know the grade-eight teacher in St. Benedict's school. Her girls declare "Sister can answer anything." Friday afternoon is the favorite time for asking questions not connected with lessons. "It's so nice to listen, when one is just embroidering or knitting, and sometimes a question leads to a story," says Beatrice Donovan. Perhaps that was why Margaret Harrigan asked the question about heroines. Margaret had thinking spells, and always had a question on the tip of her tongue. "Are heroines always rich and beautiful?" "Dear child, what have you been reading? Think of all the brave, splendid women whose poverty did not keep them from being heroines." "I can't think of one just now, Sister Mary Grace." "Julia, will you please bring me 'Great Wives and Mothers'?" Here are many heroines of the Church, dear children, whose names are held in honor. "But there are queens and other swell people—excuse me, Sister—I mean wealthy people, in that book," put in Caroline Dunphy, who was suspected of being a bit "frilly." "God raises up heroines in every rank of life, dear children, to do His holy work. There are queens who were noble, Christian women and there were humble workers who distinguished themselves by their efforts for others. Not that they wished to win honors or renown." "For instance, there was 'Margaret,' whose story is so beautifully told in this book? I want all my girls to read it, and to be able to relate at length an account of heroism of which our nation is very proud. Today I shall tell you some facts gleaned here and there." "Years ago a little Margaret left Ireland with her kind young father and mother, who planned to make their home in America. For a few years they struggled on in Baltimore and then the yellow fever struck them down and their little Margaret was an orphan. Other kind people gave the child a home, but were too poor to educate her. She never learned to read and write." "At twenty-one, Margaret married, and, no doubt, she had lovely dreams of a home of her

Pains in the Back

The symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or ureters are a warning that it is extremely anxious to suggest, so important is 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 came so weak I could scarcely get around. 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 sleep anything on her stomach, and she gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured her." Mrs. Thomas L. W. Wallingford, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"Purifies kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system." own. But the young husband fell ill and died; the baby soon went back to heaven and Margaret again faced the world alone and destitute. "In a hotel laundry in New Orleans she found work, and the work brought her the means to fill her empty heart. Her own baby was gone, but there were hundreds of other babies to be mothered, and Margaret's strong, loving arms were extended to them. "Yellow fever was still at work, throwing helpless children on the world. The Sisters of Charity could not bear to refuse a home to even one little orphan, but money was scarce. What could they do? Over her wash tub Margaret pondered the question. 'I will do what I can to help you,' she said to the Sisters. "When her hard day's work in the hotel was done, she went to the convent and worked for the orphans. Her sharp eyes noted that Sisters and children hadn't enough to eat. "I will beg for them," said Margaret; and every day she made the round of the hotels and collected scraps of food, which she turned into palatable dishes for the hungry children. Often she was seen pushing a wheelbarrow in which she had gathered food and clothing. "Next, Margaret bought two cows and began selling milk on a small scale. Rain or shine, she trudged along the streets, dressed in a calico dress, a shawl and a sunbonnet. "Margaret became a well-known figure. Sister Francis Regis regarded her as an angel of mercy. More room was needed in the orphan asylum, so a larger home was built, and in ten years it was free of debt. The dairy was flourishing, and the profits went in large part to the orphans. Margaret had a business head, and when a bankrupt bakery came into her hands she managed it as well as she had the dairy. "Did she give up the calico dress and the little shawl? No, indeed. She had no money to spend on herself. Out of her bakery went free bread at a trifle of cost to the asylums, bread to many a penniless, hungry man. But the more Margaret gave, the more she made. It was said that the bread she cast on the waters came back to her. The bankrupt bakery became the first steam-bakery in New Orleans. Margaret sat in the door, and everyone who went by had a word for her. Every one called her 'Margaret'; every one loved her, and when she died the entire city mourned the loss that had fallen on it. "The papers were bordered in black. At her funeral Church and state, rich and poor, were represented—but the most touching tribute was the presence of hundreds of orphans who had been befriended by this great-hearted Catholic heroine. "A statue to her memory was erected, and it is a matter of pride to the citizens that no subscription was taken to erect it. The money flowed in so lavishly that the committee soon gave notice that more than enough had been received. "If you ever visit New Orleans you will see this memorial. It is said that the statue is so true a reproduction of Margaret Haughey that the children shouted her dear name when the veil was drawn aside and they

HER LITTLE GIRL

COUGHED UNTIL SHE FAIRLY CHOKED.

Mr. John Reinhardt, Ridgeway, Ont., writes:—"My little girl at the age of a year and a half old had an awful cough. She would cough until she would fairly choke, and I was afraid it would go to her lungs. I thought I would use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and I used it with good results. I am glad I did so, as I only used one bottle. It is a sure cure for coughs and colds."

The Cardinal's Missionary

This is the title of a pretty story in the Magnificent, which prints so many beautiful stories for its readers, big and little. The young folk who are helping the missions will have a special interest in it, for the writer tells of a boy in Rome, who wanted to be a missionary. One morning a cardinal met a priest with a band of boys, walking towards the Vatican. Stopping to speak to the priest the Cardinal noticed one of the smallest boys trying to break from the grasp of an older companion. "What does the child want?" asked the Cardinal kindly. "He says, Your Eminence," answered the older boy, "that he has something he must ask you, but I tell him that Cardinals can't be bothered with boys of his age." "Let him come," ordered the prelate. "This Cardinal has a great weakness for little boys." Hearing the kind voice, the child came forward, but for a moment his courage failed him. How could he tell his great wish to a Prince of the Church? The Cardinal looked into the pleading dark eyes, and bent down to the little lad, so that he might whisper his request. "Is it true that your Eminence can see the Pope and speak to him?" "Quite true," replied the Cardinal. "Please, will you ask him to pray that when I am a man God will let me be a missionary." Now this great man not only loved children dearly, but he had a deep interest in the work of promoting vocations, and we can imagine how touched he was by the child's request. For a minute he made no answer, and the boy feared that he had been too bold. Just then the Cardinal laid his hand on the lad's shoulder, and said: "Say it again, child. Tell me what you want me to do." "I want to be a missionary. And please, I want you to ask the Pope to pray that God will let me be one." The very next morning the Cardinal had an opportunity to present the boy's petition. The Pope was silent for a moment then: "I should like to see this child myself," he said. "Can you bring him to me after my Mass tomorrow morning? In the meantime, find out something more about him. I should like to know about his family and what prospects he has in the way of education." But the Cardinal was already fully informed, as he thought the Pope would surely ask such a question. "Your Holiness, the child is motherless and worse than fatherless," he said, and he told of the father's intemperance and of his desertion of the child, who was left on the charity of a relative. "In that case," said the Pope, "I will make myself responsible for his education." When the Cardinal presented the child the Holy Father drew him to his knee and questioned him gently, asking him if it were true that he wished to be a missionary. "Yes, Holy Father," the lad answered; and when the Pope told him what hardships a missionary suffers and that he must be willing to sacrifice even life itself, the child replied: "I want to be a missionary." Pope and Cardinal exchanged glances above the little head. "Come with me," said the Holy Father, and he led the child

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