

The Children's Mass.

In the crisp cold air of the winter morn, The hurrying feet of the children pass, And the front's keen breath they smilingly soor, In their bounding faith as they crowd to Mass.

Ab! that pealing bell from the steeple's height, As I see the children thronging by, Strikes memory's ear like a dirge, for the flight Of departed years since a child was I.

And wide as the gulf between earth and heaven, That with timorous eyes my soul surveys, Have the tempests of life forever driven Me far from the moorings of childhood's days.

In proud cathedral, with organ swelling, I've stood enraptured my heart afloat, The swelling organ, the voices singing, Harmonious homage to "His Great Name."

But even a song of faith abiding, In cathedral choir can uplifted be, As the "Our Father" of a child confiding, In faltering words at his mother's knee.

Tho' oft has art to my soul appealed With the painted canvases of Mary's face, And in reverent silence low I knelt, To the painter's dream of her wondrous grace.

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is constantly worse in wet weather.

"I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grateful." Miss Frances Burns, Prescott, Ont.

"I had an attack of the grip which left me weak and helpless and suffering from rheumatism. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine has entirely cured me. I have no hesitation in saying it saved my life." M. J. McDermott, Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

to respond to social endearments even from the loveliest of women; still, he was a dog, and secretly one of the gay river of passers by, the women especially, but had something to say to him.

"Oh, what a love!" "What a lamb!" "Do look at his beautiful paw!" "Was him taking care of master's motor, sen?" "Darling!"

"Oh, you big dear sweet! Well, I'd rather have you than Lady Smith Turner's four black pugs that she's so proud of, lovely as they are."

"Don't tell her so! Do you know she has a fresh roast chicken and two pints of cream for them every day?"

"Dear angels! Does she! Well, she can afford it, and I'm sure they deserve it. Fancy, my dear nasty little Schipperke won't take his supper cream now without a dash of carsons in it. But do look at this magnificent fellow, I—be a nobleman!"

"Oh, get out of my way, child! Why do people bring children on to the Terrace? I'm sure that this is no place for them."

"But of course they thought it was, for they brought themselves—and the poorer ones, at least—in their pushing way, though, indeed, one or two of the smart mothers had also imported a small daughter such as a prize on which to hang a paler version of her own clothes. It was in the year, you see, when fashion decreed that mothers in crimson gowns should put their little girls into pink and mothers in sapphire blue clothe their daughters in azure. This was a pity because you had to take these young people out with you in order to show off the graduation of color. Still in the case of necessity, one must submit to many things—even to be bored."

Clothes naturally are a necessity. Even these children passed to look at the dog, though not perhaps with so much enthusiasm as their parents, because some of them were already attached to dogs of their own crimson or azure leads, dogs in satin coats and silver banglers; or because they were bored in their turn by having to play second fiddle to mamma's dogs at home. The poor children, however, were not impeded by these considerations, or the accompanying distractions of each other's clothes; "Lia's" Sunday 'at, with its battered roses wabbling on the brim, or Ethel's overstarbed clean pinafore, with the ragged embroidery testifying to many previous starchings, not being half as interesting as a "mowler with a big dog in it," so, of course, they pushed and struggled to see in the vulgar way they have, one generous little soul who had been presented with her "diamond" (in the shape of a big slice of bread and butter), and told she might eat it on the Terrace so as not to interfere with mother's anxious watch for the crucial moment of "opening" between the morning and afternoon services, actually trying to get near enough to share that much prized meal with the ferocious-looking but not unamiable beast who sat lolling out a big and slavish tongue at his admirers.

Needless to say, she did not succeed in her endeavor, she and her bread and treacle being swept summarily away (in opposite directions, alas!) before she had got within half a dozen yards of her goal. The smart ladies and gentlemen might be indignant and justly so, at being jostled and pushed, even to the risk of having their insecure balance, occasioned by a skirt like a trouser leg, upset or a delicate spot trodded off by a dirty little foot; but they were at least capable of trusting such intruders aside with gold-headed sticks or jewelled parasols; and if boots, obviously three sizes too large and minus one heel altogether, made the small offender's balance quite as insecure as that of the trouser-legged fair one with the jewelled parasol, it is not to be wondered at that the former lost hers the more easily of the two, and got knocked over and rolled on the gravel, to the loss of the treacle bread—which meant dinner—and the damage of a small knee—which meant nothing at all. Naturally the whole incident meant

nothing at all. Nobody even noticed it. Certainly not the lady, awe-inspiring for the push, she being serenely unconscious of anything but a lawful desire to get nearer to the occupant of the motor on which her gas was still rapturously turned, the white her lips emitted little gurgling shrieks of joy, praise and endearment. Also there were other lovely beings pressing on behind her, emitting similar little shrieks, and cooing, purring, and cackling till the Terrace fairly hummed to a "Te Deum" of love and joy, and the big dog lolled out his tongue and yawned.

Mary Mother stooping from the blue of Heaven, looked on the scene rather sadly. Perhaps it was because, while on earth she once had a child of her own. Holy Writ does not record that she had a dog; but then, it must be remembered, she was only a poor unconsidered working woman herself, quite of the lower classes, and probably couldn't have afforded to feed a dog as well as a child.

"Anyhow, the Mother's eyes were grave till some thought moved her. She stooped lower till her tender hand gently touched the mastiff's head; and then... a curious thing happened. The group of pretty feminine cacklers, screamers, and purrers who were just passing up to fill the places of the other screamers, cacklers, and purrers who had just passed on, drew back a little, and there were exclamations of disappointment and disgust.

"Why, what were they looking at?" "What did they mean at all?" "Someone said it was a splendid dog."

"But there isn't any dog there!" "It's only a child!" "Just an ordinary child?" "Fancy hurrying this way for nothing at all?" "What a shame!" "But who said it?" "Well, I do call it a sell!"

And, indeed, it was; for, when one dog near enough to see, there was a dog—only a little child, quite undistinguished looking, in a little white cotton jersey or something of that sort, and with the sun shining like a golden halo on his small fair head.

"To think—a tall girl sneezed as she hurried (or tried to hurry as fast as the trouser leg would let her) past the uninteresting sight—! To think of people making all that fuss over a silly kid! Only one person (a man) had a good word to say for the kid. "Wonderful eyes," he said, half apologetically, "Quite beautiful ones, eh? At least they would be beautiful if they weren't so ad."

But, of course, his wife declined to listen to nonsense of that sort.

"My dear, what sentimental rubbish!" she said. "I do so hate sentiment." "Sad? You mean pre-vious." "That's the worst of children. Even if you cumber yourself by taking them out in the motor with you (not that I ever do), they're sure to want something else. Children are always wanting something. Let us make haste back to the hotel for lunch."

"Yes, surely it must be lunch time now, and the Church Parade always makes one so hungry," said the people behind. "Besides there is nothing to see here."

Even the little girl seated on the gravel looking the blood off her wounded knee did not look at the motor any more. She was not crying for the pain, but for the thought of her lunch, and wondering under whose boot it had disappeared.

When her parent came out from those swing doors after the "opening," she would be in no mood to provide a second meal.

Mary Mother stooped from Heaven and laid her hand on the child's soft little palm. There was the mark of an old wound on it as if at some time he had fallen upon something hard and very sharp, and had been pierced.

"Come, My Son," she said, "They do not want you. The women of England have no heart now to suffer little children to come on to them. It was the same in Bethlehem, if you remember, once long ago. There was 'no room then for a Child! Oms. They will not miss you, because they have not known you were with them. They have seen you, and there was no comeliness in you, nor any beauty that they should desire you. Come then, My Son, Yes!—and the voice of the Mother grew sad as the sound of a little far off bell in the tower of a hidden church—'Behold their house is left unto them desolate!'"

So Mary took the child into the tender hollow of her arm and bore him away; and it was just at that moment that the owners of the motor came back.

"Thought you were never going to see us again, I suppose," said the man, addressing the dog, who opened his eyes reproachfully and lolled out his tongue a little farther at sight of them. "Well, it's a fine view, finest in England, they say; but I want my lunch all the same, and I daresay you're thinking of your mat'ion chop, too, old boy, ain't you? Here get in, Irene."

He touched the clutch to release the machine as he spoke, and they too were gone. The little girl still

Face To Face

WITH A Serious Problem.

BAD WATER WAS THE CAUSE.

Mrs. EDWARD KINGSTON, Mirror, Alta., writes:—"Coming to the Northwest from B.C. in the summer of 1910, we were face to face with the serious problem of being able to secure good drinking water; this we could not get, so were obliged to drink water containing a great deal of alkali, with the result that we were all troubled with Diarrhoea. Fortunately, we had a bottle of Dr. Fowles' Extra- or Water-Sarsaparilla in the house which soon relieved our sufferings. I have always kept a bottle in the house since obtaining such beneficial results from its use when my boy as a baby was similarly troubled. It has always proved a friend in need."

There are many imitations of "Dr. Fowles' Water-Sarsaparilla" for the well-known article, insist on being given it. It has been on the market for over sixty years, and has always given the greatest satisfaction. It cures when all others fail.

See that the name of The T. Milburn Co., Limited, appears on the yellow wrapper. Price, 35 cents.

On the gravel, whimpering gently and licking the blood off her wounded knee. Possibly she, too, would have liked a chop. There was not much nutriment to be obtained even by that vulgar and uncleanly process from the bruised and skinned little child. Some of the few smart people still burrying by spared a regretful glance after the fast-washing motor.

"That was a dear loss of a dog," one said. "But, oh, look at Miss Mount-Ararat and her three dear pugs. How sweet of her to think of giving them little blue velvet coats just like her own! And she's really rather like them, isn't she? Oh, you quiet, precious one!"

There were other dogs left, you see. There generally are—plenty, which is a comfort. —Universe.

St. Joseph, Lewis, July 14, 1903. MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED. GENTLEMEN,—I was badly kicked by my horse last May and after using several preparations on my leg nothing would do, My leg was black as jet. I was laid up in bed for a fortnight and could not walk. After using three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT I was perfectly cured, so that I could start on the road.

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MONEY TO LOAN.

June 15, 1910-11

SHORT STORY

THE DOG

An Episode of Richmond Terrace.

(By Theo. Gift.)

The motor car had drawn up just on the crown of the hill where the view is finest, and quite a little crowd had gathered about it. Richmond Hill—which means the Terrace and the bit of road extending to the Star and Garter—is generally pretty crowded on a fine Sunday morning with well dressed people, male and female, out for the business of "Church Parade." Those who have not been to any church make up, of course, the larger proportion of the number; but as we do not get many fine Sundays in this climate, and fresh air and the loveliest view in England are innocent enough enjoyments, that is perhaps pardonable. This happened to be a particular fine Sunday, one of those mellow days in October when woods of gold and russet slope down to a silver river, and the little white sailed patches glimmer like butterflies with wings of white through an amber haze.

The owners of the motor got out to admire the view from some other point, and the admiration of the crowd was centred on the remaining inmate—a dog, not a girl—seated in the tonneau.

There was nothing very out of the way about the dog, except its size. It was a mastiff, a strong handsome beast, of course, and made more so by good feeding and grooming; and the good feeding being of recent date had made him a very fat dog.

Nothing at all. Nobody even noticed it. Certainly not the lady, awe-inspiring for the push, she being serenely unconscious of anything but a lawful desire to get nearer to the occupant of the motor on which her gas was still rapturously turned, the white her lips emitted little gurgling shrieks of joy, praise and endearment. Also there were other lovely beings pressing on behind her, emitting similar little shrieks, and cooing, purring, and cackling till the Terrace fairly hummed to a "Te Deum" of love and joy, and the big dog lolled out his tongue and yawned.

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