Calendar for July, 1905.

Moon's Phases. New Moon 2da, 11h., 50m. a. m. First Quarter 9d., 11b., 46m. a m. Full Moon 16d., 9h., 32m. a. m Last Quarter 24d., 7b., 9m. a. m. New Moon 31d., 10b., 3m. p. m.

D of M	Day of Week	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	Moon Rises	High Water	Low Water
-	100 ESE	n.m.	n. m	D. m	b. m.	b. m
1	Sat.	4 33	8 06	3 45	9 29	10 25
2	Sup.	4 33	8 06	sets	10 05	11 31
3	Mon.	4 34	8 06	8 42		
4	Tues.	4 35	8 06	9 23		11 39
5	Wed.	4 35	8 05	10 02		12 02
6		4 36	3 05	10 37	1 34	12 51
7	Frid.	4 36		11 10	2 14	1 44
8	Sat.	4 37	8 04	11 43		2 43
9		4 38	8 04	a.m.		3 58
10		4 39	8 03	0 14		5 18
11	Tues.	4 40	8 03			6 34
	Wed.	4 40	8 02			7 48
18		4 41	8 02	2 06		9 02
14		4 42	8 01	2 54		10 07
15	Sat.	4 43	8 01	3 47	9 24	10 59
	Sun.	4 44	8 00	risee	0 06	11 42
	Mon.	4 45	7 59	8 42	10 47	
18		4 46		9 08	0 21	12 13
	Wed.	4 47	7 57	9 40	0 57	12 54
20		4 48	7 56		1 32	11 29
21		4 49			2 02	1 36
	Sat.	4 50			2 32	2 25
	Sun.	4 51		11 27	3 09	3 14
24		4 52	7 53	11 55	3 45	4 06
25		4 58				5 11
26	Wed.	4 54				6 29
27	Thur.	4 55	7 50			7 42
28	Frid.	4 56	7 49			8 46
	Sat.	4 57				9 42
	Sun.	4 58				10 31
	Mon.	4 58				11 12

An Old Garden.

BY ALICE E. ARGENTE.

(Sacred Heart Review.)

Dear garden, where the thrushes love to sing Upon the yew trees in the flush

Where daffodils on green and stately stalks

Bow to the gale adown the graveled walks: Oal dear home garden, that I used to know

So long ago, so long ago ! The spring-time passeth and sweet summer glows

And woos the bud into a rich red And lily cups with summer dues are

By pansy beds, and beds of mignon-

I see once more the foxgloves stand Of long ago, of long ago!

ah, me!

and tree! crown

ing down : And whitened all the landscape with

his snow, So long ago, so long ago!

heart, Where I and sorrow sit-but there's

a part, A little plot I call my very own; 'Tis where the seeds of memory are dar and dun saw it, chile."

sown. ever fair.

Forget-me-nots light up the sunny true story, I know, Aunt Nance."

And passies spring, which are for thoughts, you know, Of long ago, of long ago !

Ups and Downs Mariorie

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

(From the Ave Maria.)

(Continued.)

XI -OUT IN THE DARKNESS. Ave Sanctissima ! The shadows gather near;

Ora pro nobis! O Mother Mary hear!

"Aunt Nance," asked Marjorie that evening as, her own work done, she perched herself on the kitchen table where the old cook was kneading her dough for the morning bread, " did you ever hear of anybody finding a pot of gold?"

"I dunno 'bout a pot chile," replied Aunt Nance, "but I heern of 'em finding a chist.'

"Oh, a chest!" echoed Marjorie with brightening eyes. "Why, that's

bigger than a pot!" "Yes, dey was big folks, honeytoo big to go fooling round wif pots.

'Twas a young lady I knowed-Miss Virginny Peyton.' "Tell me about it, please-tell me

all about it, Aunt Nance !" pleaded her little listener, eagerly.

"Well, dey was big people, you see, honey. De Peytons was fustclass people, de biggest and de fustest in de county, wif lands dat stretched way up and down de rib ber, and so many collud people you couldn't count dar heads; and de barns and de granaries and de smokehouses fairly busting wif corn; and terbaccer and bacon, and eberyting de Lord gives yer to eat. And up in de great house, de pantries and de presses and de closets was jest packed and piled wif linen and china and glass and silver and gold, good nough fur kings. 'For de Peytons had been rich and great so long, dey did not know whar tings come fum. Dey had so much-teapote and sugar bowls and forks and spoons, dat was dar grandmothers and dar great-

All Stuffed Up That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clear-ing the head and throat.

No wonder catarrh causes headache. mpairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomch and affects the appetite.

To cure catarrh, treatment must be constitutional—alterative and tonic. "I was ill for four months with catarrh in the head and throat. Had a bad cough and raised blood. I had become discouraged when my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and persuaded me to try it. I advise all to take it. It has cured and built me up." Mrs. Hugh Rupolph, West Liscomb, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures catarrh—it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

great-grandmothers-jest piled up round 'em like de mosses round a big rock. But de rock was stirred at last, chile. De war bust out and de whole arth shook. De Colonel went off wif his regiment, and he was killed; and Master Jack and Master Archie warn't long behind him; and den de ole Missus peaked and pined till she died, too. Dar was no one left but Miss Firginny, a little girl no bigger dan you.

"And den one night de soiers come along wif dar guns and dar cannons; and all de collud folks scattered like chaff in de winds, 'cept old Aunt Till, who was de Peytons' mammy': and she run off wif Miss Firginny, troo de swamp lands in de black ob de night, to Judge Norton's, ten miles away. She run so hard and fast dat she got de digestion ob de brain and died next day. And Miss Firginny growed up as fine and pretty a young lady as ever was een in de county, dough she hadn't father or mother or nobody, and was dat poor she didn't have two cotton gowns to her back. And de ole Peyton place got wusser and wusser, ill de roof was down and de chimbleys all tumbled in; and de barns and de smokehouses and de granaries dun crumbled and rotted away; and dar warn't no one but crack. brained ole Aunt Reah and de lame

turkey gobbler left on de place. "It was hard times fur de last ob le Peytons, shuab, till one day Miss Firginny was down in de bushes picking currents for Mrs. Norton's jelly, when her little feet went down in a whole whar de dogs had been nosing; and dar was a chist-a big But when the autumn splendor came, black chist-filed wif silver and gold and ebberyting fine; teapots and What glorious colors dyed each bush | coffeepots and jugs and candlesticks, watches and rings, and chains and Soon cold December, in his ermine necklaces, spoons and forks, and ebberyting packed and piled and Of powdery crystals, came a-hurry- scrouged in that big chist, whar Aunt Till had hid 'em away fum de sojers, before she run off wif Miss Firginny ten years before."

"And Miss Firginny mended the old house and put up the roof and I have no garden now, save in my fixed everything?" asked Marjorie,

eagerly. "Dat she did," answered old Nance. "Dar ain't a prettier place now in de whole county. I been

"Oh, wasn't that fine?" said the The rose of Love blooms there for- little girl, with dancing eyes. "I'm so glad you told me; because it's a

"True! Laws, yes, boney! Miss Firginny dun married Mr. Gordon Graves, and got some ob dat berry silver shining on her table now."

So Aunt Nance's story effectually settled all Marjorie's doubts. What

had been, could be. "Miss Firginny" was a glittering beacon of hope and faith, in the gathering shadows. Little guessed good Miss Martha

as she recited the evening prayers in the fading firelight, of the wild distracting thoughts filling the curly head bowed at her side—of the sore need there was for the nightly intercession against the "snares of the enemy" spread for the heedless little

girl under her care. "Oh, I hope I am not doing anything bad !" thought Marjorie, as, ber good friends locked in their bedrooms for the night, she crept softly down the darkened stairs. "But I've got to try and find the gold for poor Miss Martha, even if it scares me to death to get out in the darkgoodness, what's that?" as she felt a cold touch upon her hand that made her almost scream outright.

"O Rex, dear old Rex! I forgot you were there on the hall rug, taking care of ue! There, now-down. Rex! and husb, busb! You can't come with me to-night. You would fly at old Selma and spoil all. You

can't -can't come with me, Rex!" So, noiselessly shutting the door upon this last friend, Marjorie stole out into the night alone,

And, oh, how strange and still it eemed out in the darkness! Marprie stood breathless for a moment on the great pilared porch, feeling she could not leave its friendly shel-

er. How black and lonely and awful it looked under the shadows of the tall, bare oaks and down the ong stretch of the road!

Marjorie had never before faced lone the terrors of night, and her

Mother's Ear

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brave young heart chilled. How warm and safe the old house seemed, with its big porches stretched out

dreene would pull down unless-undering breath and sped like a wing ed thing down the road.

XIII -A FRIEND IN NEED. Old Lem was late in comir g home een at the mill for a bag of meal, and had lingered for a smoke and leave the house after night.' shat with his crony, the miller, who

and just begun work for the spring. With Buck shambling lazily at his eels, the old trapper had taken the short cut across the marsh meadows lonely and perilous path excepting

practiced feet like this. High on the shadowed bill above nim he could see the night-light that ourned before Miss Martha's little ratory, twinkling through the dark. ess like a star. The sight brought tender thoughts of his good friends o the old man's mind,

"It's too late for us to stop, I eckon, Buck-too late for any sort of 'spectable people to hev company. But I've hed this here whistle out or the little girl a week." He dived nto his pocket and felt for the elao rately carved bit of wood on which ne had spent hours of patient work. But, laws, that purty little creetur vas in bed and asleep two hours ago. reckon! Hallo, what is it, old boy ?"-as, with a low, angry growl,

And, with the hunter's instinct, log and man stood noiseless and alert in the shadow, as hobbling down the narrow path came a crook. ed, booded old woman, and by her tha. side-by her side! Old Lem caught his breath in speechless amszement

"O Selma, I'm afraid-I'm afraid! you sure the pot of gold is here?" "Yes, little lady; it's not far now man can. Jest wait!" not far. The stars are pointing it

out to me. It's just-just-" But old Selma never finished her peech. With a snarl and a cry, Buck and his master were out upon ner-Buck's fierce, hoarse bay wakng the echoes; while old Lem, satching her by the neck, panted:

"You consarned old catamount! har are you takin' this little girl? A cry of mingled terror and reief broke from little Marjorie, while good friends' grave displeasure. the old gypsy fought and screeched ike a wild cat in Lem's iron grip.

"Oh, don't hurther-don't hurt the poor old woman, please!" exclaimed Marjorie. "She wasn't doing any harm. We were going to find a pot of gold."

"A pot of Gold !" echoed old Lem, is grasp relaxing somewhat in sheer amezement.

"Ob, yes, yes!" sobbed Marjorie,

"Weak!" echoed the old trapper, his before I get through with her. have been playin' on this child !"

never tell where the gold is, and I vanted it so dreadfully !"

"You wanted gold!" exclaimed Lem, feeling his bunter's wits quite nequal to the situation.

hat he won't take Manor Hill from Shoes, new stock just opened Central! Ring me up in fifteen min-Miss Susan and Miss Martha, and at money saying prices at J. utes, so that I won't forget to take the pull the dear old house down, and B. McDonald and Co's. make cowstables of it," sobbed the ttle speaker.

"You poor little innecent ijit!" what you were out after | But what added grimly to his prisoner, "that's will be cleared at small ad work behind this, or my name aiu't Lem Stokes.'

" I sin't hart the child!" cried cld Selma, shrilly. "I haven't laid finger on ber. "You can't say

burt a hair of her head." "You haven't, no-I'll agree to that. But what you might bave done, you old witch-hag, if Buck and me hadn't struck your trail when we did-what you meant to do, is what Lem Stokes is going to find out. So come along! Trip on in front of us with Buck, sissy. I'm holdin' on to this here old catsmount till I lock her up safe and fast some-

whar for the night." In vain the cld woman struggled he had to move on helplessly, in the rapper's wiry grip. So it was a strange procession that took its way back to Manor Hill, and startled the wo good spinsters from their first

"Great Heavens! what is it?" ried Miss Susan, springing up as the front doer shook under old Lem'. hunderous knock; while Buck and Rex barked fierce defiance at each other, and old Selma's sbricks mada very pandemonium without.

"Don't skeer, ladies-don't skeet!" called a familiar voice. "I's only mc-Lem Stokes. I've brough back yer little girl."

"Our little girl!" gasped ladies, wondering if the old tra had suddenly gone mad.

"It's I, Miss Martha-It's I!" piped a tremulous little tone.

"Marjorie!" exclaimed Miss Marlike shellering wings in the dark. tha, scarcely believing her own ears. ness !- the kind old house that Asa "It is Marjorie, out in the night!" And then the sobbing, trembling less she could help and save! Ab, little wanderer was admitted to tell at that thought Marjorie's heart the pitiful tale, to which the good warmed! She drew one long, shud- ladies listened, almost speechless with horror.

"O Marjorie, Marjorie!" cried Miss Martha, tremulously, as soon as she could fied words. "I did not hink you would do anything like his shack that night. He had this, Deceive me and disobey me I have told you positively never to

"Oh, it was to pay Asa Greene-t get the money to save Manor Hill! sobbed Mariorie.

Vincent's to-morrow," iaterposed Miss Susan, grimly. "Not even to save Manor Hill should you have done anything s wild, so wreckless, so wrong, Mar orie," said the gentler sister, with

quivering lips. "Go to your room, child!" said Miss Susan, sternly. "The Sisters warned me what you were, and should have listened to them. Go to your room, and stay there in punishnent until I tell you to come down.'

sleep; while old Lem, having locked and tears streamed slowly from her his prisoner in the woodhouse, held eyes; she never found the lamb becouncil with Miss Susan and Miss cause she did not advertise. And Martha in the kitchen on the events Mary had a brother John, who kept a of the night.

Sisters to-morrow," said Miss Susan, open door. And as the people passed Buck paused with pricked ears. who, suddenly remembering Father along, and did not stop to buy, John 'Somethin' comin' you don't like. James' warning, was pale and stern still sat down and smoked his pipe eh! Lay low, then, old chap-lay with alarm. "I can not-dare not and blinked his sleepy eye. take the responsibility of her any longer. Such a reckless, beedless but still he lingered near, and Mary little creature !"

"But such a tender, loving, faithful tear. little heart, Susan !" said Miss Mar-

"Wait a bit, ladies-wait! Don't settle things off hand like this," inter as the sweet, twittering little voice posed Lem. "Give the little girl a chance. Judge Bolton wil be back Are you sure this is the way? Are business; and if there's any devilment they advertise." back of it, he'll draw it out, if any

XIV. - A DAY OF DISGRACE AND ITS Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It

Ending. The next day was a long one for the poor little penitent in her white cell under the eaves, with only Rosabelle for confidante and companion ment of hope and adventure had worn vehicles by which he expressed What devil's work are you up to? away, Marjorie began to realize that thoughts which were really serious and he had been a very heedless, foolish

> dinner, was not able to afford much cause of the owner against the steamconsolation; though there was no ship company. stint in the chicken and apple dumplings provided for the little prisoner.

way, Aunt Nance?" "Dunno, chile - dunno. Susan's got her lips shut together monstous tight; and Miss Martha seems turrible cut up, for shuah. But xcitedly. "Oh, don't make her de Lawd knows, ez I tole Uncle Jeb, oream like that! She is so old and you couldn't help it, chile. Dat ole witch critter jes nachally conju you out ob de house, and you's obleged grimly. "She will be weaker than to go. She bout de dangerousest ole witch ebbah come long heah. When Shut up, you old wild oat, while 1 Marse Lem Stokes tuk her out ob de find out what sort of devil's trick you woodhouse to fotch her ober to Judge Bolton, 'most spit fire, she wor so mad "Ob, she will never, never tell What she conju a little gal like you now!" wailed Marjorie. She will for, I don't know; but she dun it, shuah. Bress de Lawd, she didn' get a chance to turn you into a toad tral" received this message; " Halloa frog ober dar in de swamp !!!

(To be continued.)

See the splendid lines of "Yes, yes; to pay Asa Greene, so men's and women's Boots and woman who sent in the message "Oh,

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MISCELLANEOUS

Wise Sister Mary.

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow; it strayed away And poor Marjorie went up stairs one summer day where lambs should her little nest, to sob herself to never go. Then Mary sat her down village store; he sat down and he "I'll send the child back to the smoked his pipe and watched the

> And so the brokers seized his stock, came to drop with him a sympathetic

"How is it, sister, can you tell, why any other shop-men here sell all their goods so quickly and thrive from year Remembering now her own bad

uck, the little maid replies, "These to-morrow, and he'll look into this other fellows fatten, John, because There is nothing better children's Coughs and Colds than

is very pleasant to take and always cures the little ones' coughs promptly. The jokes perpetrated by that clever judge, Baron Dowse, whether good, in her sorrow. Now that the excite | bad or indifferent, were nearly always little girl, and had justly incurred her fire having broken out on board a steamer, certain pigs were burnt, and Aunt Nance, who brought up her Dowge, then a barrister, pleaded the

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, it was a rash act on the part of the "Oh, are they going to send me company to allow those pigs to be lost, but to allow them to be roasted

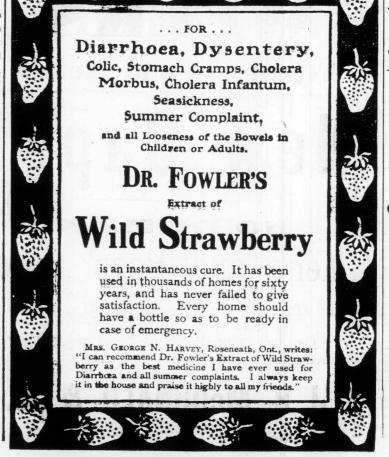
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was a rasher.'

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Nearly every day some one invents or discovers a new use for the telephone. One day the girl at "Cer-Central, I have put the receiver in the baby's cradle, and if she wakes and cries call me at No. 71" It must have been an unusually absent-minded bread out of the oven. "

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