

Mars or Christ?

BY ELISHA SAFFORD.

He hath levied toll of your forage and mill; Day in, day out their red fires blaze; Your wheels must turn at his sovereign will While you toil like serfs in the choking haze. He hath levied toll of your iron and brass, The gold and the grain that ye sorely need; You must drive your herds from their native grass To glut the maw of the despot's greed, Ye have paid him toll, and more and more Ye must pay, and the payings never cease, Yet ye do all this for the God of War! Would ye do as much for the Christ of Peace? He hath dragged your ships through the churning tides, Away to the east, away to the west; Black guns that gape from their brazen sides Proclaim to the shuddering world their quest. Their tall stacks belch their scorching breath, Like angry storm wracks 'gainst the blue; Their crashing broadsides flame with death, And stain the waves to a crimson hue, But he asked for these and ye paid him toll, In ships and guns you have calmed your fears, Though the very keels he laid he stole From the orphan's prayers and the widows tears. He called, and ye sent him a million men, He called again and you gave him more, Ye cheered while he tore them from field and glen, From wan-faced wives at their cottage door, He halted them through mart and busy shop To be maimed and spitted and scourged and flayed; To be hurled in torrents that never stop To graves that his fierce blood-lust hath made. Ye have given the bravest and best ye bore To be winnowed and slaughtered without succor. Ye have done all this for the monster War! Would you do as much for the Christ of Peace?

A Mother's Sacrifice.

It was a beautiful night in June, and the air was heavily laden with the fragrance of orange blossoms. Father Giordano had just returned from a long and tedious missionary trip in a little settlement of our Great South-west, and was enjoying a well-earned rest. In the little church all was dark, and nothing could be heard without, except the cry of a mocking bird now and then. It was just two o'clock when the barking of the dog awakened Brother Stephano. Knowing that it was some nightly visitor, he hastily dressed himself, and opening the door, bade the stranger enter. Having closed the door after him, Brother Stephano said: "Well, my friend, what can I do for you?" "I have a telegram here for Father Giordano," responded the traveler, at the same time handing him a sealed envelope; "Sick call, I think." "Well, this is too bad," said Brother Stephano, "for he has just returned from a mission, and I know he needs all the rest he can get. However, I'll awaken him directly. Good-night." "Good-night, Brother," and away went the messenger. Father Giordano was a heavy sleeper, and it took the good Brother a long time before he succeeded in waking him. Finally he heard the voice of the good saintly priest. "Come in, Brother. What's the matter—thieves?" "Yes, trying to steal your rest. Here's a telegram, and I'm greatly afraid it's a sick call." "Why afraid, Brother?" "Well, you've just returned from a mission, and, no doubt, are exceedingly tired. You are simply killing yourself." "Oh, I'm tough yet," said

Itching Skin

Distressed by day and night— That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure, they can't. The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this scaling, burning, itching skin disease will disappear.

"I was taken with an itching on my nose which proved very disagreeable. I included it was salt rheum and bought a tin of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days (after I began taking it I felt better and in a week long before I was cured. I have never had any skin disease since." Mrs. E. W. Ward, Cove Point, Md.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla** cures the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

Father Giordano, smiling, "and it will take a good many sick calls to kill me. But, let's see what the telegram says. 'Haste, man dying five miles west of Punta Clara.'"

"Five miles west of Punta Clara," repeated the Brother. My, that's an awful distance—and such roads!" "Yes," said Father Giordano, "it's eight miles from here to Punta Clara, and another five to the sick man's dwelling. But certainly an immortal soul is worth it. Go saddle 'Star,' and if he's not awake, say 'sick call,' and that'll do it."

Brother Stephano did as told. It was a quarter past two when Father Giordano left the church. As the road which he had to follow for two miles through the woodlands was muddy, and covered with roots of trees and brushwood, he had to walk his horse. On the way he fell to thinking of the object of his mission; he knew of no one in that section with perhaps the exception of a man named Gordon, a worldly fellow, and who some said was a renegade Catholic. He earnestly wished it was he, and that now he would have the chance to save another soul.

Having left the woods and come to an open prairie path, Father Giordano whispered those well known words, "Sick call," to his faithful steed, and immediately they were off in full gallop. Punta Clara was reached at half past three. Anxious to know who and where the sick man was, he went to a little railway station, and asked a stout gentleman if he knew of any Catholic five miles west of Punta Clara. He said he did not, unless it was Gordon, but that now he believed he was dead.

"Dead," echoed Father Giordano.

"Well, I saw him yesterday, and he was very low then. He was raving, and, at times, when his better nature asserted itself, he repeated: 'I know I won't die without a priest.' Yes, poor fellow, he led a vicious life. Consumption is a terrible thing, and that was the matter with him."

"Well, how can we get to his house?" asked Father Giordano, with anxiety.

"I will accompany you there personally, for I'm going that way. However, I tell you it's useless, for I'm sure he's dead now."

"God is good and merciful," replied the missionary, "and who knows but what he had done something in his life, or some good soul has prayed to obtain for him the grace of a happy death. Something tells me he is alive, and that in spite of his wicked life he will be reconciled to God before dying."

Thus conversing, they traveled some time, going faster as the road improved.

"It's a pity your horse is so tired, and that you have no spurs," replied Father Giordano's companion, "for the roads are good now, and if Gordon is still alive there's no time to lose."

"Spurs?" ejaculated Father Giordano, "why Star needs no spurs. Just watch him." So saying, he placed his hand near that of Star's and said: "Sick call, sick call." At this the animal bounded forth like an arrow, and in a few minutes was a half a mile in advance of his companion who was urging his horse to its utmost speed. Then Father Giordano slackened his pace to allow the stout gentleman to overtake him.

"Well, what do you think of my horse?" "Why, he goes like a greyhound," replied the portly gentleman, who was puffing and blowing like a porpoise. "I never saw the like of him in my life. But what's that you said to start him off?" "Sick call, sick call," answered Father Giordano in a low voice. You see he understands the full meaning and importance of that expression.

HONESTLY BELIEVED

HE WAS GOING INTO CONSUMPTION.

DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup CURED HIM.

Mr. Frank E. Anthony, 60 Ellen Street, Winnipeg, Man., writes: "Having taken several bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, during the past few weeks, to relieve a chronic cough and general throat trouble, allow me to express my unbounded satisfaction and thanks as to its sterling qualities. A short time ago I became suddenly subject to violent coughing fits at night, and directly after rising in the morning, for about an hour, and found I was gradually losing weight. All my friends cheerfully informed me that I looked as though I were going in consumption, and I honestly believed such was the case. However, after having taken several bottles of 'Dr. Wood's' I am pleased to relate that the cough has entirely disappeared, along with all the nasty symptoms, and I have since regained the lost weight. I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup as a sure cure for all those troubled in a like manner."

When you ask for "Dr. Wood's" see that you get what you ask for. It is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; the price, 25c and 50c.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

brother Charles. The sick man moved his lips, but the feeble motion produced no sound. After a few moments he made a vigorous effort, and placing his thin emaciated hands in those of his brother's, said: "Is mother still alive? Tell me, or is she dead?"

Father Giordano pressed the cold hands affectionately and said: "Courage, Joseph, courage! Mother is now awaiting you in heaven. She died a year ago today on the feast of the Sacred Heart. Her last words were: 'O my God, I offer to you all my sufferings and anguish of mind for the conversion and happy death of my prodigal son.' Then, kissing her badge of the Sacred Heart, she exclaimed: 'O Sacred Heart of Jesus, I offer to you the sacrifice of my life for the happy death of my poor son Joseph.'"

Then the two brothers embraced, and Joseph prayed in a low, broken voice: "O Sacred Heart of Jesus, I thank you that you have heard the prayer of my dear mother."

A long, loving look at his brother, a feeble motion of the lips, an affectionate kiss of the crucifix, and the son had gone to meet his mother. — Christian Home School.

Marion Bridge, C. B., May 30, '02. I have handled MINARD'S LINIMENT during the past year. It is always the first Liniment asked for here, and unquestionably the best seller of all the different kinds of Liniment I handle.

NEIL FERGUSON.

Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.

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 50c a box."

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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."

A little humor now and then is relished by the wisest men.

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Mrs. Wm. McElwain, Temperance Vale, N.B., writes: "I am not much of a believer in medicines, but I must say Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are all right. Some years ago I was troubled with smothering spells. In the night I would wake up with my breath all gone and think I never would get it back. I was telling a friend of my trouble, and he advised me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. He gave me a box, and I had only taken a few of them when I could sleep all night without any trouble. I did not finish the box until some years after when I felt my trouble coming back, so I took the rest of them and they cured me."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been on the market for the past twenty-five years. The testimony of the users should be enough to convince you that what we claim for them is true. H. and N. Pills are 50c per box, 4 boxes for \$1.25; at all drug stores or dealers, mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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