



A CURIOSITY.

I knew a little boy, not very long ago, who was as bright and happy as any boy you know. He had only one fault, and you will all agree that from a fault like this a boy himself might free. "I wonder who is there, oh, see! now why is this?" And "Oh! where are you going?" and "Tell me what it is?" Ah! "which" and "why" and "who" and "what" and "where" and "when." We often wished that never need we hear those words again. He seldom stopped to think; he almost always knew. The answers to the questions that around the world he threw. To children seeking knowledge a quick reply we give. But answering what he asked was pouring water through a sieve. Yet you'll admit his fate was as sad as it was strange. Our eyes we hardly trusted, who slowly saw him change. More curious grew his head, stem-like his limbs, and hark! He was at last a mere interrogation mark!

—Helen Leah Reed.

THE IMPRISONMENT OF WINIFRED MARY.

(By Hanna G. Fernald.) "Winifred Mary is missing!" announced Sylvia, as she cast a practiced eye over her assembled dolls. Sylvia's Uncle Joe put down his newspaper and looked at her with amused interest.

"Haven't you better call the roll?" he suggested, and Sylvia, in some anxiety, began her arrangements for this mighty ceremony. She arranged the dolls in an orderly line, and then said inquiringly, "Arabella?" Arabella, a tall, slender-haired doll, arose, assisted by Sylvia, and responded in a small high voice, "Present!"

"Belinda?" Belinda was present also; so were Isabel, Susie, and Carlotta. There was a painful silence after the calling of Winifred Mary's name. Winifred Mary was clearly absent, and so, as it later appeared, was Florabella.

"Two!" mourned Sylvia. "I don't mind so much about Florabella, but—O, Uncle Joe!" For Uncle Joe had drawn from his pocket a small, disheveled creature. "Which is this?" he asked. "I found her under the currant bushes."

Sylvia always remembered after things were found just how she had happened to leave them in such singular places. It seemed a pity, as Uncle Joe frequently pointed out, that she could never remember before.

"That's Florabella!" she exclaimed. "I remember now. I was going to make a swing for her under the currant bush, and then I went to feed my chickens and forgot. But what can have become of Winifred Mary? She's the smallest of all my dolls, and the prettiest, and I've always taken such care of her!"

Uncle Joe tried to smother a laugh and grandmother sighed. "Sylvia, child," she said, "I don't believe you know how to take care of anything. I have heard before of children who were careless enough to lose their hats and their over-shoes, but I never knew another little girl who habitually lost her own dolls."

The next day Sylvia and Uncle Joe became a search party and hunted for Winifred Mary. They looked in the orchard, and the barn, and the carriage house, and the flower garden, and beside the brook; they found a handkerchief, two hair ribbons, and Belinda's best dress, but no trace of Winifred Mary to be seen. A very small doll lost on a very large farm is not an easy thing to find.

Sylvia was an affectionate if a careless mother; she searched and mourned faithfully for the missing Winifred Mary, and included her name tenderly each night in the roll call. Uncle Joe soon saw in the window of the village shop a small doll which, he said, looked to him so strikingly like Sylvia's missing child that he brought it home to her. At first he was inclined to insist that this was Winifred Mary, but when Sylvia pointed out that the new doll had brown hair, whereas Winifred Mary's was golden yellow, and that she was so large that not one of Winifred Mary's tiny frocks could possibly be coaxed on to her, he was forced to admit that there was only a strong family resemblance. He wished the new doll to be called Winifred Mary, so that the roll call might be complete, but this Sylvia steadily refused to do. "Suppose Winifred Mary should be found?" she argued.

In September, when Sylvia said good-bye to grandmother and Uncle Joe and went back to the city, Winifred Mary was still missing.

"I'll send her by express, if I find her," promised Uncle Joe, but Sylvia had given up hope. Poor Winifred Mary was almost forgotten when one cold November morning a package arrived from the farm from Sylvia.

"What car they have sent me in a round hat box?" she wondered, and she wondered still more when the box was opened and disclosed a very large cabbage.

"It must be one of Uncle Joe's jokes," said Sylvia's mother. "Untie it, dear." For the cabbage had been cut in quarters and then tied together with red ribbon.

Sylvia untied the ribbon, the cabbage fell apart, and there, almost in its center, lay Winifred Mary! "Why—why," began Sylvia, and then, as usual, she remembered. "Mother," she cried, "I put Winifred Mary down in a big cabbage—I thought it would make such a cunning house for her—and then I went back to get the other little dolls, and—"

"And you thought of something else to do and forgot poor Winifred Mary," finished her mother, when she had done laughing, "and the cabbage kept right on growing, and folded its big inner leaves over her and held her snug and warm—and how surprised grandmother must have been when she cut open that cabbage!"

"It's like the Faithful Tin Soldier in the fish," said Sylvia, solemnly; "but, oh, mother, suppose they had boiled the cabbage!"

A FRIEND OF CINDERELLA'S.

The new girl gave her name as Honora Harding. Some of the pupils looked at her sweet, sensible face approvingly, and thought they would like to be friends with her. But the most of the girls of No. 12 were ruled by a rather spoiled and overdressed young girl, Lucille Blake. "We can't take her up," Lucille said, loftily, when they talked it over at the noon recess; "she looks so common, and her clothes are dreadful. If we make friends with every nobody that comes into the school, our set will be spoiled."

Nora walked home that night with her pretty head held high. Not a girl in the school had spoken to her. "I'm glad," she said vehemently to herself, "that we must stay in that little cottage for awhile, and I'm glad that the trunks didn't come, and I had to wear this shabby old sailor suit to school the first day. Now, I shall see just what these silly stuck-up girls really think of me. If I had gone as Miss Harding from Oak Place, they would have been friendly enough. Then chidingly she went on, "Honora Harding, 'roblesse oblige.' You are actually calling them names because they didn't like you. Are you quite sure that you would always recognize a lady, even if appearances were against her? Oh, I do hope so! I should hate being such a snob that I could not."

Nora soon reached the house on a back street where the Harding family were, as they called it, camping out until the big house was ready for them.

"The trunks came to-day, Nora," said her mother, cheerily. "You can have another dress for school tomorrow. That old thing is really too shabby to wear again."

"If you don't mind, mother," said Nora, "I think I shall wear it a few days more."

"Oh, very well," said mother, with a twinkle in her eyes. She could make a guess at the reason.

The next morning Nora went straight to her seat when she entered the school room. She had received no encouragement to join the group of girls at the reading table. She opened the unfamiliar books to look for the lessons.

"I wonder if I couldn't explain a bit about the history," said a gentle voice close beside her.

Nora looked up to see a girl whose dress was even more shabby than her own despised sailor suit. But the girl was smiling in a shy, yet friendly way, and Nora smiled back.

"I noticed that you seemed confused over our topics yesterday, and I thought I might tell you how we use them. I am Barbara Franklin."

"Sit down with me, Barbara. It's lovely of you to help me, and it's twice lovely of you to come to speak to me. I thought I wasn't going to have a friend in the school."

They bent over the history lesson, and when the bell rang Nora looked at Barbara and said, "I believe we are going to be the best of friends."

"Oh, I do hope so!" said Barbara, so fervently that they both laughed. And they were. They spent the first day getting acquainted, and after that, as they said, they "just fitted each other."

"I must tell you," said Barbara, conscientiously, "that my mother is a dressmaker."

"My mother used to be a music

teacher," said Nora, with a queer little smile.

"I suppose that's a bit more elegant," said Barbara. "I thought I ought to tell you, because some of the girls think it will not do to associate with working people."

"Dear me!" said Nora. "I'll never do, then, for all of our family are working people, and there are eight of us. Father earns our living, and mother says she earns several livings looking after the rest of us. I'm afraid we are quite hopeless. We'll just have to hold together, Barbara." And Barbara agreed to that.

"Mother," said Nora one day, "don't you think a Cinderella has a beautiful chance to find out what people are really worth while?" "Yes," said mother. "Did you find any?"

"I found one friend of Cinderella's that's a treasure, and several that are quite nice."

When the second week drew to a close, Nora invited Barbara to come home and stay with her until Monday morning. When they came out of the school house a carriage was waiting.

"I think we would better ride," said Nora, calmly motioning Barbara to get in. "It's so far, and we want all the afternoon for a good time after we get there."

"Why, Nora! I thought you lived on Baxter street!" cried Barbara. "We moved to Oak Place yesterday," said Nora.

Barbara gave her one amazed but comprehending look, and then got into the carriage, and they rolled away in state across the city, and out to the hill where stood the most beautiful home in the country. Sweet, shy little Barbara was introduced to the jolly family as "my dearest friend," and she was welcomed royally.

"You'll really belong to us," a big brother assured her. "Nora's dearest friend has practically lived in the house."

Under their friendliness Barbara forgot her usual reserve and showed what a charming girl she was. And the family agreed that Nora had made a wise choice.

On Monday morning the girls of No. 12 were fairly buzzing with excitement. "It just can't be possible," said Lucille, petulantly.

"But it is," said another. "I saw them on Saturday. Nora and her mother and brother were in the carriage, and Barbara Franklin was with them. I asked mamma about it, and she said that the girl in blue was Mrs. Harding's youngest daughter. And she knows, for she met them last winter before they moved here. We made a dreadful mistake in not being friendly with her. Mamma says she is such a lovely girl, and so clever."

"She acts now as if she thought Barbara was the only girl in the world," said another, watching the two girls as they came up the walk together.

"Well, I can't say much for her taste," said Lucille. "I never saw anything in that quiet Barbara Franklin."

But "Cinderella" and her friend were more than content.—Elsie Vernon.

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Catholic Methods Appreciated.

Financial Writer Likes the Way the Catholic Church Does Business.

A writer in Bonds and Mortgages, a trade paper, has this to say in praise of the Catholics: "The Catholics have much less trouble about borrowing funds on their properties than Protestants. One does not have to look far for the cause of this. The splendid ecclesiastical machinery of the Catholic Church and its great possibilities as a revenue raiser, together with its particularity in giving attention to its business transactions and the holding of the fee of all its properties by its Bishops, put up a combination that, except in exceptional cases, can not be equalled by the Protestant church with its too frequent slipshod methods and independence. Hence it is quite a common thing for Protestant officers of savings banks to express a most decided preference for the Catholic loans. They are, with great uniformity handled, which many times enables them to obtain a shade better rates. The integrity of these loans is still further attested by the fact that all the property of a diocese is practically pledged to pay out every loan. Personal bonds from those interested in church loans are usually required to insure the working out of the mortgage debt."

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Oldest Bishop in U. S. Dead.

Head of Diocese of Louisville, Ky., For Forty-one Years.

Rt. Rev. William McCloskey, Bishop of the Diocese of Kentucky, and the oldest Catholic Bishop in the United States, both in years and in point of continuous service, died on Sept. 17, in his eighty-sixth year. He had been the head of the diocese for forty-one years. He was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., on Nov. 10, 1823, and was educated at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., and upon completing the course there studied law. He subsequently entered St. Mary's Theological Seminary, where for six years he studied theology and philosophy, and was ordained in 1852.

FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE.

The talents which he showed while serving as Director of the Theological Seminary won for him a reputation as an accomplished teacher and scholar, and when Pope Pius IX. established the American College, Rome, in 1859, he appointed Dr. McCloskey its first President. For the next eight years he prosecuted the work of this institution, making it a success and gaining a close relationship with the Holy Father. He visited the United States in 1865 in the interests of the college and was rewarded for his labors by securing a permanent endowment for the institution. Upon the death of Bishop Lavallee in 1868, Dr. McCloskey was chosen by the Pope to fill the vacancy, and was consecrated Bishop of the See at Louisville in 1868.

Having gone back to Rome to settle the affairs of the American College, he returned to take up his duties at Louisville, where he found his diocese incumbered by debt, but by careful business he not only succeeded in raising it, but had also acquired much valuable church property, entirely unencumbered, and had made it a rule in the diocese that no debts should be contracted in church building before the necessary funds are collected to liquidate them. During the forty-one years that Bishop McCloskey was in charge of the diocese a number of churches and educational and religious institutions were built in that See under his direction. He also introduced various religious orders. The territory under his jurisdiction contained more than 189 priests, 113 churches, 3 colleges, 20 academies, 58 parochial schools and numerous charitable institutions. The Catholic population of the diocese in 1904 exceeded 100,000.

A young man in strictly modern dress rushed into a Pittsburgh restaurant a few days ago and hurriedly asked:

"Do you serve lobsters here?" To which the young maid replied: "Yes, what will you have?"

Catholicism and Medicine.

Jesuit Was First to Discover Sterilization by Heat.

No question in medicine during recent years has occupied so much space and thought and given rise to so much research and experiment as the origin, propagation and mode of communication of disease. The new questions have come in connection with the germ theory. That theory attributes the origin of disease to the presence of a minute microscopic organism called a bacteria or microbes.

It is no longer a theory, as we now know beyond the shadow of a doubt that all contagious or communicable diseases are caused by animal and vegetable parasites. In the vast majority of cases the specific germ has been isolated and thoroughly studied by inoculations, cultures, and with the aid of the microscope. These discoveries have placed the study of disease upon a scientific foundation, given us a knowledge of organism infinitely small in size hitherto unsuspected, and have shown us the relations which such organisms have to out organisms, and to the lower animals in health and in diseased conditions.

For very many years lower organisms, both animal and vegetable, have been recognized as the efficient cause of maladies.

In the middle of 1700 many authors pointed to "animalcules" as the cause of contagion. "Tinea," naturalist and botanist, taught the doctrine of animate contagion as believed in during his epoch. There was a long list of diseases that were believed to be due to the invasion of parasitic organisms. Tuberculosis was supposed to be due to asari, or worms, that had invaded the lungs. Itch, leprosy, smallpox, measles, plague, dysentery, cholera, anthrax or carbuncle were all held to be caused by matters derived from lower organisms.

JESUIT'S DISCOVERY.

In 1765 Abbe Spallanzani, a Jesuit of Reggia, in making a series of experiments in order to combat