### Jennie Wren's Birthday.

It was Jennie Wren's birthday— As fair a May day As one could well wish for, I'll venture to say; And all of the birdies And all of the birdies
From far and from near
Came bringing good wishes
And plenty of cheer.
"Good morning, Miss Jennie!
Good morning!" said they;
"We bring you kind greeting
On this your birthday."

The yellowbird brought her

Some lettuce leaves sweet,
And Mr. Bob White
Some plump kernels of wheat.
The blackbird came early And brought her some corn, He'd found in a corn crib That very same morn.
"Good morning, Miss Jennie!
Good morning!" said they;
"We bring you good cheer for
Your happy birthday."

The oriole came with A wisp of bright hay,
To weave in her nest in
Some intricate way;
The bluejay and kingbird,
Though easily miffed,
Each brought from his storehouse
A nice little gift.
"Good-morning, Miss Jennie!
Good morning!" said they;
"We wish you full many
Returns of the day." A wisp of bright hay,

The brown thrush brought with him

His very best song; And young Robin Redbreast Came hopping along,
A plump little worm
Tightly held in his bill, give to Miss Jennie With hearty good will.
"Good morning, Miss Jennie!
Good morning!" said they.
"We wish you good health on
Each happy birthday."

No bird was found missing From Jenne's that day,
Each one was good-natured
And cheerful, they say.
And ere the sun set in
The beautiful west,
Each one said good-night and

Flew home to his nest.

"Good night!" said Miss Jennie,

"Good-night, birdies dear!

I hope you will come to

My birthday next year!"

—Effie Wells Loucks.

### A Few Conundrums.

Which would you rather, that a non ate you or a tiger. Why, you would rather that the lion ate the tiger, of course.
When does a leopard change

When he moves from

spots? When he moves from one spot to another.
What is the most wonderful animal in the farmyard? A pig, because he is killed and then cured.
What did the seven wise men of Greece do when they met the sage of Hindoostan? Eight saw sages

(ate sausages).

Why is the last conundrum like

"Good!" I said. "It is just what I should have expected. He learned right."

#### Do You Know

That bats sleep all through the winter.
That corncrakes are so very that few people have ever seen.
That black-cap cock birds sometimes sit on the nest and to hatch the eggs, singing all

That in the Indian Ocean is a kind of seawed which stings like a nettle? That the half-wild dogs in Siberia

That rats will kill all the frogs they can find?

### For Father's Sake.

Myrtle had stepped off the train Myrtle had stepped off the train with the air of expecting the worst. But as she looked about her an expression of bewilderment overshadowed the other. The train moved out, leaving on the platform a good sized trunk and a girl with a puzzled face.

At the other end of the platform stood a broad-shouldered youth, and, in default of anything better to do, Myrtle approached him.

Myrtle approached him.

"I want," she explained in a voice that would be a little forlorn, in spite of its effort at dignity, "I want to go to Silver Springs."

"You take the ferry," said the boy, and nodded toward the river.

"The ferry?" Myrtle repeated, "Why, I don't understand."

Strain her eys as she might, there was no sign of a ferryboat. And then it struck her that the river looked shallow and stony. The country youth seemed to understand her

try youth seemed to understand her perplexity and pointed with a big brown forefinger.

"There 'tis."
"What? That? Why, it's only little boat!"

"It's the ferry, all right. Say, Bess!" The young fellow lifted up his voice. "Here's a passenger for

A girl climbed the slope, a girl so tanned that her blue eyes looked curiously light, contrasted with the dark skin. Myrtle realized with a fresh accession of bewilderment that this was the ferryman. "I--I've got a trunk," she said

faintly.
"I see you have. Help me with it, Joe."

The broad-shouldered youth moved forward to give his aid. Myrtle stared as she walked behind them. The girl carried her share of the load well, one shapely arm outstretched to keep her balance.

The trunk was placed in the stern of the ferryboat, and Myrtle was assisted to the

The trunk was placed in the stern of the ferryboat, and Myrtle was assisted to the bow, where she had an excellent view of the ferrygirl's back. Suddenly the girl turned her head, and smiled a smile so full of spontaneous amusement that involuntarily. Myrtle found herself re-

Your loving

Myrtle had discovered that she was not the only girl who sometimes had bard things to bear. And she had resolved to bear them bravely for father's sake.

### What is Best For Children

ames went to the door of the kit chin and said,

"Cook, give me this moment, some honey and bread;

Then fetch me a glass of something to drink.

Why, Cook, you don't stir; say, what do you think!"

'Indeed, Master James," was the

Cook's right reply,
"To answer such language I feel
rather shy;
I hear you quite plainly, but wait
till you choose
To civilly ask, when I shall not refuse,"

What a pity young boys should in-dulge in this way. Whilst knowing so well what is proper to say; As if civil words, in a well-manner-

Were learn'd to be us'd in the par

## Hew Grandpa Got His Clothes.

How delighted he had been with that first pair of pantaloons!, And mamma had been so particular, when she made them, to put in a tiny hip pocket, "just like papa's;" But now, sad to relate, a very little hole was trying to make itself seen in the knee.

"Next time I have a suit, I'm going to have store clothes!" exclaimed Willie radiantly. "Papa says I may, and that i' can go with him down to Banner Clothing Store to pick them out."

"Store clothes!" laughed grandpa slyly. "Why, I thought no clothes in the world could ever come; up to the suit you're wearing, and mamma made those; no store clothes about them!"

about them!"
"But—bat—granpa," replied Wilke, hesitatingly, "I'm older now, and it's time I had pantaloons bought like papa's. See, I'm most as tali as he is now!"

as he is now!"

"When I was a boy," continued grandpa, "they had no such things as store clothes,"

"Didn't!" exclaimed Willie, with wide-open eyes. "Why, where did they get them?"

"Right at home," replied grandpa, amused at the expression on Willie's face. "They were all homemade!"

"When they got big, real big, like brother Ned and papa and you, they had not to have their mothers make their clothes, did they?"

"No, not always their mothers," replied grandpa, smiling. "When I was a boy there used to be tailors and tailoresses, whose business it was to go about the country, from place to place, to cut and make enough clothes to be tailors. What did the seven wise mon of Greece do when they met the sage of Greece do when they met the sage of Greece do when they met the sage of the sake and full of nonsense.

Why is the last countdrum like a mine so full of the sake and full of nonsense.

The last of month wenderful across the same of the sake and full of nonsense.

The same of the same twenderful across and disloyal to a soldier? One asking him to dinner and desert.

Two Boy' Carcers.

The saked uncreated by the saked uncreated with the saked of the saked was fully hard. Why the saked uncreated by the saked uncreated with the saked of the saked was fully hard. Why the saked was fully har

# POET'S CORNER

IN APPLE BLOOM.

Oh, the glory of the orchard when the apple is in bloom, And a million swinging censers are spilling their perfume!

When the maples stand a-quiver in their frills of tender green, And the busy robins building in their branches may be seen; when the dogwoods light the fringes of the woodland turning gray. With the buds that swell to bursting at the airy touch of May, And the wheat holds endless riot in the bladed ranks that run O'er the hillsides and the valleys, in the shadow and the sun. While the lark is in the clover, and the crimson-throated throng Are pouring all their melodies in sweetest strains of song.

The lindens fling their banners out, the poplars laugh and play, And the willows take a glory from the coming of the May, While the fleezy clouds above us with trailing shadows pass Across the woven carpet of the soft, enameled grass;
While the killdee calls his mistress where the meadow runnels flow, Where the cowslips edge the shadows and the watercresses grow,

grow, While the marsh-frogs in the hollows and the blackbirds on the hills
Are alive with all the rapture the
heart of nature thrills,
And the braided bow of promise
lightens every cloud of gloom.
For earth has never gladder time
than 'mid the apple-bloom.

What airy grace of greening things the rolling landscape fills.
With plume and tuft of tender leaves a-feathering the hills!
And far and wide the buttercups are mining all their gold,
While dandelions star the grass with beauty as of old;
And forth the wild birds pour at morn the sweetest wine of song,
As if the world had never known a jarring note of wrong: jarring note of wrong

For surly storms of winter have flown away,
And earth is all transfigured in the
glory of the May,
With her being full of rapture and a songful beat of rhyme.
What is there like her gladgess in
the apple-blooming time?
—Benjamin F. Leggett.

ALL AT ONCE.

All at once the leaves have opened, All at once the flowers have bloom-ed, All at once has Nature spoken, And earth's breath is sweet per-

All at once the birds are mating

See them in each leafy tree Eagerly the home nests building, Singing roundelay and glee. Flora and her flowers fairies

Revel now in each parterre, Elfins' sylvan haufts are laden With wild blossoms rich and rare Grass grows in the sunshine

low, !
Children romp now, wild and free;
Spring shines in their laughing faces Spring is beautiful to se

Courage, sad hearts! Winter's over, Joys may with the spring be born, Let no dark, no doubting shadow Mar God's bright Spring days with

All at once, like inspiration, Let this thought give perfect rest; He who wisely rules the seasons, For our welfare knoweth best.

THE WORK OF GOD

Write on my grave when I am dead, Whatever road I trod, That I admired and honored The wondrous works of God;

That all the days and years I had,"
The longest and the least,
Ever with grateful heart and glad
I sat me to a feast.

That not alone for body's meat,
Which takes the lowest place,
I gave him thanks when I did eat,
And with a shining face,

But for the spirit filled and fed, That else must waste and die, With sun and stars for daily bread, And dew and evening sky.

The beauty of the hills and seas
Were in her drinking cup,
And when she went by fields and
trees,
Her eyes were lifted up.

Lay me in the green grass and say,
"Below this velvet sod
Lies one who praised through all
her day
The wondrous works of God."

Katherine Tynan.

Ratherine Tymin

Rub it in for Lame Back — A brisk rubbing with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric oil will oure lame back. The skin will immediately absorb the oil and it will penetrate the tissues and bring speedy relief. Try it and be convinced. As the imment shake in the pain comes out and there are same grounds for asying that its touch is marke, as it is

(In a in migrants.

Correspondent Gives Views of Dangers Which Beset New Settlers.

The following letter we reprint from the New Freeman, (St. John, N.B.) bearing upon a very import-ant irsue of the moment.

ant issue of the moment.

Mr. Editor—For the past three years I have been a constant reader of your paper—The New Freeman—and I must say that the managers deserve the thanks and congratulations of the Catholics of this Western World for the fund of general information contained in it, and also for the learned menner so many articles dear to the Catholic heart are dealt with. The paper, although still in its infancy, has caught the popular fancy, and there is no doubt but a large field of usefulness is before it.

popular fancy, and there is no doubt but a large field of usefulness is before it.

However, it is not to tell you, Mr. Editor, what good work you are doing that I write, because that fact is apparent to all, but to say a word or two in favor of a movement, that has lately been inaugurated by your paper, the importance of which strikes me very forcibly, and if the lines laid down by you be followed, the manifold blessings to be derived cannot be estimated. I allude to the Catholic "Immigration Movement." Why such a length of time should be allowed to pass, without some such steps having been taken for the safeguarding of so many thousands of Catholics coming into the Dominion yearly, is something that I cannot understand. However, there is no use in finding fault with the past. It is the present and the future that concerns us and now that you have instituted this work, I would say, let particulars of it be sent broadcast so that ere long the "chain of communication" shall extend from St. John to Vancouver. I have no figures at hand now to show the great number of people who came west during the past fifty years. I cannot attempt to make an estimate, but certainly the exodus from the Old World hither was enormous.

A very large percentage was Catholic, which, through our short-

sectainly the exodus from the Old World hither was enormous.

A very large percentage was Catholic, which, through our short-sightedness, was allowed to come and settle "ad libitum" in any place that chance threw in their way, without any attention whatever being paid to the class or condition of people these pioneer Catholics went amongst. We cannot say how many of these, especially the young, fell victims to the agencies of other denominations, ever on the alert. Let us hope the number is small, but this is a great deal to expect where so many temptations and allurements are to be met with on every side, and the dangers should be at once removed. There is always the fear of the youth drifting into non-Catholic centres, and becoming lukewarm, or perhaps losing the faith altogether.

So under these conditions it is

altogether.

So under these conditions it is time for us to be up and doing. The example is given us by other denominations who are always on the watch. No time should be lost in linking up the "Chain of communication" from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and thus forming a protecting agency for the Catholic immigrant. In order for this movement to take a practical shape, I think agencies should be established in every seaport town on the other agencies should be established in every seaport town on the other side of the Atlantic, which agencies would be in constant communication with similar ones on this side. The immigrant, say leaving Liverpool, would have his instructions to would have his instructions to meet the agent at St. John, who would give him all the necessary directions. What a relief this would be to the stranger to know that he was coming among friends, to be assured that religious consolation was to be met with everywhere en route and to feel that his employment and surroundings would not be injurious to his faith. This matter should be taken hold of by every Catholic society on the conter should be taken hold of by every Catholic society on the continent, and both collectively and individually the members should leave no stone unturned to make it a success. The immediate direction and control should be left to the clergy, with whom the societies should co-operate. Our associations are composed of men in many cases of wealth and position in the country, and I would here remind these are composed of men in many cases of wealth and position in the country, and I would here remind these gentlemen that some of the influence they possess should be enrolled towards obtaining suitable enployment for the Catholic ammigrant. They, from their position in the social and industrial world, could very easily do this, thereby tending towards the moral and material progress of desirable citizens and thus also do a little toward Empire building by furthering that great imperial policy that is to-day the admiration of the world.

All our societies were instituted for moral and material advancement and we should not be content with being "Turkey carpet warriors who sit around club room fires." There is some other aim in life besides pandering to our own comfort and enjoyment, and now is very opportune time to exert ourselves, and thus leave "footprints on the sands of time."

Another way that the movement may be helped out is by the circulation of Catholic papers and books.

that the Oatholic chain of communications is complete. Too long has a matter of such importance to our faith been allowed to go by. Too long have we by our modesty-if you like-allowed others the monopoly of this business. Let us now open our covers to the immigrant question, and take the place that is ours by right. No reason at all why we should be brushed aside or take a second place on this question. We are not of yesterday, and take the place when the certainly will be there when that gentleman of New Zealand views the ruins of London Bridge, and our aim now should be to further the "Catholic Immigraton Movement."

READER,

### READER. BABY'S OWN TABLETS CHRE SUMMER COMPLAINTS

Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are infants and young children, and at first sign of illness during the hot summer months they should be given to the little one. At no time of the year is babv in such danger aw in summer. Summer complaint comes on so quickly that unless prompt aid is at hand the little one may be beyond help in a few hours. The Tablets never fail to relieve the sick child, and if occasionally given to the well child they will keep him well. Mrs. P. Laroche, Les Fonds, Que., says: "Last summer my baby suffered terribly from stomach and bowel troubles, but the prompt use of Eaby's Own Tablets saved his life." The Tablets are sold by all nedicine dealers or by mail at 25 conts a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### Bird's Take Refuge at St. Bernard's Monastery.

Never, probably, in all their history did the "pious monks of St. Bernard" have so numerous and so strange a company of guests in their famous auspice as they had a short time ago, when thousands of swallows on their way north for the summer were met by a violent snow-storm. The birds settled upon the hospice and flocked by thousands into its guest chambers, the monks' cells, the kitchen, and even the chapel, remaining there until the storm had subsided, when they resumed their flight. Some of the monks were shocked at seeing the chapel altar converted into a resting place for birds, but memories of St. for birds, but memories of S Francis of Assisi induced co placence and asser

### The Scapular and the Medal.

(Southern Messenger.)

The permission for the wearing of a medal as a substitute for a scapular, which we announced last week, has occasioned inquiry in some quarters as to the value and meaning of the scapular. There are, it appears, some ill-informed people—let us hope they are few—who imagine that the wearing of a scapular, or a medal replacing it, will save them from sudden death and even save their souls, as it were, by mechanical process, and independently of the dispositions in which they may be when they die. No good Catholic holds such an opinion as this. It is not in any such ill-grounded trust that the true value of the scapular lies; nor even, perhaps, is it chiefly to be esteemed as a means of gaining many indulgences, though these, of course, are by no means to be despised.

Its truest value, for some of us, at

of course, are by no means to be despised.

Its truest value, for some of us, at least, may lie in this: that it may serve us as a reminder, now of the day of death and of judgment toward which we are hastening; and then of happy days, perchance long gone by, of days when our love of Mary was yet fresh and tender; a reminder that in the intercession of Mary, the Refuge of Sinners, there is yet hope for us, however widely we may have wandered astray in the meanwhile.

But, please God, we may not need in that last hour to look back over an interval of squandered years: there may be no such break of continuity in our lives; it may be we shall not need that reminder at the hour of death; and that we may not need it then, it is well that our scanner.

need it then, it is well that our sca-pular or medal should serve as a daily reminder to us now, to make the intervening years a fitting pre-paration for that hour.

### Could Not Sleep In The Dark.

The Dark.

Dector Said Heart and
Herves Were Responsible.

And a man and woman tonunon a sleepless bed,
any a man and woman any set and
any set and
any set.

Lom St. Gabri

For all who mencement exertical's Academy the rendition oo the senior grad himited pleasure. The stage was ed, and never eduster round evities occasion.

The students admirably of thou focurse alterested in the read essays whice composition and thing to be despouguets present reading testified of their friends.

The choruses,

The choruses, and "The Gradu well sustained training. Each music was exect music was exect of expression and ish rarely displa; are still mere so. The reading of reflected much or and on the your ried out the eloo satisfactorily. Sent may well bigirls. The Minims he The Minims he raptures as they to the gay musi tainly "A joy" were enchanted singing and spea the "sweet girl they addressed a offered their rich

offered their rich Graduating ho and crowns were M. Collins, of M Hayes, of Los Miss J. Gordon commercial diplon Laurent College to Diplomas for penn ed by the A. N. following young Collins, K. Hayes O'Brien, A. Merri Gordon and H. M and certificates of minon College of ferred on Misses a Carthy, A. Armst and F. Miller. commercial diplor Carthy, A. Armst and F. Miller. At the close of Very Rev. Canon mented the pupils ful programme, as a pleasant vacation clergy present w Canon O'Meara, I Rev. A. Cullen, R. Rev. M. P. Reid; Hubert and Severu promoters of educ. Most beautiful a: donated by

o'Meara, Rev. The A. Conroy, Dr. Aerie, physician, O'Grady, coal m Hayes, lawyer; W. O'Brien, J. Redme Dr. Cameron, New lon. Plattsburg. THE HONO Prize for Christi sented by Rev. Can tained by Miss J. ( mention, Miss M. Prize for excellen Mr. E. O'Grady, at Collins

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O'Brien.
First prize for by W. M. Hayes, a J. Gordon.
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Prize for general

ed to Miss M. Hinp
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B. J. A. Bombard,
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able mention, Miss M. Hi
Prize for book-kee
Miss M. Hinphy.

Prize for Church E Canon O' Gribbon.