

Dr. Hoddis

Grey skies, a sodden street and drizzling rain. A lone insect that more than winter chills, Then lo, behind a florist's window-pane The flash of daffodils. Like children children stand they downcast there, Wary and fading in an alien place While I—see again my own Killdara, Where winds of Springtime race, There on the breast of Nature's astrir Young grasses shiver in the early morn, There blossoms tender as the soul of her Whiten the damson thorn, I hear a cuckoo, now afar, now near Chant his gay song along the freshening hills, And in my father's garden, star by star, Blossom the daffodils, O lowering skies, grey rain and sodden streets, I see you not, for memory led I turn Back to a land where dawns are misty sweet, And lingering twilight is born, Where a wet Spring wind, like the kiss of God, Hedge-guarded hollows with young violets fills, And, curtseying across the greening sod, Lough Ireland's daffodils.

TERESA BRAYTON. For God Alone.

If I could live to God for just one day, One blessed day, from rosy dawn of light, Till purple twilight deepened into night, Of love unfeigned and perfect charity, Of hope undimmed, of courage past dismay, Of heavenly peace, patient humility—No dream of ease to lull to listlessness, Within my heart no root of bitterness No yielding to temptation's subtle sway, Me thinks in that one day would so expand My soul to meet such holy, high demand That never, never more could hold me bound, This shivering bark of self that wrags me round, So might I henceforth live to God allway.

Priest to the Pantheist

Poet begin poet, know ye not That Christ whom you refuse your knee, Was life, is life "and life shall be, To man throughout eternity? How brings March back the Adonis flower? Duh it not spring from dying seed? It lives to die and dies to live, And that is but the Christian's creed, If, then, a flower find life through death, Why do you say "the deal rise not?" Christ lived. He died and lives again While all your old gods are forgot. Ah, yes, the old gods all are dead And Pan is dead old Pagan Pan! Beyond reviving from your bed Of anguish, unbelieving man. Your restless soul cries "What am I?" And seeks in Greek philosophy An answer. No. It is not there Your soul will learn its destiny. It offers what? A mere "perihance Next life to be a daffodil." Beware, my son, that light has failed In your perihance doubt lingers still, He who created sun and moon, The firmament and every star, The earth, the sea, each living thing Who made man his familiar; He who observes a sparrow's fall; Who clothes the lily and the rose; Who knows the vassal and the pride That worldly learning ever shows; He who laid Babylon to waste; Who scattered Israel o'er the earth, He still is God Christ is His Son? Who die in Christ will find new birth, Lift up your spirit to the sky; Let faith wait you beyond the veil, Behold the everlasting life Of all who Christ as Lord do hail. See there those souls you talked with here; Loved faces which give smiles for smiles, And now, behind the risen Lord He lives and you will reconcile, Come not away the Crucifix, Come, bow your head and bend your knee, Trust not in Pan; he lures to death, Christ only lives for you and me.

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning that extremely hazardous to neglect, so important a healthy action of these organs. They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

"I was taken ill with kidney trouble, and became so weak I could scarcely get around. I took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I continued its use, and six bottles made me a new woman. When my little girl was a baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured her." Max Thomas Lewis, Wallaceburg, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.

SHORT STORY The Proposal

(The tale of a working girl who puts aside worldly comfort rather than be false to faith and principle.) Between the out and the widow was a small table with a screen around it; on the table was a chafing dish, two small saucepans, a wee alcohol lamp, and a tin coffee-pot. That was the kitchen! The rest of the hall bedroom had a cot in it and a desk; it was a kind of a makeshift sitting-room in which you slept uncomfortable. The sun poured in and showed all the shabbiness and ingrained dust of the interior, for it was a bright morning and the little room was up near the top of the house, so the building next door could not darken it.

Ellen Connor was getting breakfast. She could be leisurely about it, for it was Sunday morning and she was going to late Mass. She had a pain in her head, too, and she could not have hurried if she had wanted to. What if the pain took itself into lodging and she broke down before her ship came in? For, of course, it would come in! She was the oldest girl in the office, now and she had given entire satisfaction. The berth secretary to Mr. Lump would be vacant in the Fall. The general manager had told her that they had every reason to expect her to step into the vacancy. And after that—a good room on the floor below and three square meals a day! She could afford it, then! But if she were ill? Ellen shuddered. With the death of her little mother she was left alone in the world. Distant relatives there might be, but none close enough to aid her. For years she had known that she could not afford to break down.

For breakfast she had one egg, one roll and a couple of coffees with evaporated milk in it. She spread out a newspaper on the open desk, and laid her repeat there. She ate listlessly, with her elbow on the desk and her forehead pressed against her palm.

Good-hearted, slaving Mrs. O'Neil, her landlady knocked on the door, and then came in without waiting for Ellen's voice. She was as slovenly as usual—the good soul went to fire a couple of Mass and got into her working clothes as soon as she came back—and her face beamed in a way it had, no matter her own worry or trouble. On her arm she carried a big purple box.

"He brought them to ye last night after ye'd gone upstairs, an' I told him ye were in bed! Sara, you looked that dead! I know ye wouldn't be wantin' company! He's to stick up for ye an' look and take ye for an automobile ride through the park. I put the box an' all in the lockbox, an' says I to myself, 'I'll not disturb her till I smell her egg tryin' in the mornin'!' Haven't ye any butter-darlin'? Ye should have butter!"

"Now, I haven't butter, dear, Mrs. O'Neil, and I don't want it," laughed Ellen. "Dont you dare go downstairs and get me any?" "See took off the purple lid and fitted out a great fragrant bunch o' violets. She barred her nose in them but sighed as she did. "I wish he wouldn't," she said softly. "I've told him—"

"Arrah, why shouldn't he!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Neil. "Sarely you're young an' fair an' ye ought to have lonely things. I'm in love with ye he is, an' anybody could see it!" "And he's a Protestant. In that sentence she had summed up the disgust of many weeks. Ralph Winslow had come into her life and offered himself as another solution to the problem of her uncertain existence, and what good did it do? He was a Protestant!

"Gudden, ye convert him, my dear?" inquired Mrs. O'Neil earnestly. "Faith, it oughtn't to be hard!" "I don't believe I am good enough to do that!" she sighed. "I've been—hoping—I could, He'll have to—stop sending me flowers if I can not!" she added, trying to laugh. She got up and began to put her dishes away. "Wont you sit down a minute and stay to put me into my dress?" she asked. "You never sit down, Mrs. O'Neil!" She carried her dishes across the

hall and washed them under the hot faucet, very quickly. Her hair was done, and a short time after she brought back the dishes and hid them under the table. She was standing before the mirror while Mrs. O'Neil buttoned up a simple, pretty little white cotton frock. It had a pink ribbon at the waist, and her large straw hat had a pink sash about it. A plain enough toilette, it is only too true; but that was all Ellen could afford. She was still girlish, in spite of her twenty-five years, and simplicity became her.

Ralph Winslow was waiting for her when she came down to the clean but threadbare lodging-house hall. He was an ordinary young fellow, with no special talent except for making money. That he was in love with Ellen Connor no one who saw his face as she came down the stairway toward him would have doubted.

"Good morning," he said, eagerly taking her hand. "I told your landlady I would be here at ten to take you for a long ride. How are you this morning?"

"I am feeling quite all right," Ellen replied bravely. "I'm afraid it won't be a very long ride. Mass is at half past ten."

They were out on the sidewalk, approaching his chugging motor. He turned to her with a forced smile. "Can't you get out for one Sunday?" he suggested. "It's a glorious day for a spin!" Ellen shook her head, smiling. "No, indeed," she said. "Suppose you take me there directly—or we can walk. It takes me fifteen minutes to walk it."

"That means five minutes in the machine. We still have ten minutes for a little ride." He took her arm. "Come, jump in, Ellen!" he said. "I'll promise to set you down at your oh-oh in time—if you will insist."

But she was already in the seat and he was beside her pulling the levers. The automobile started with that low, soft, satisfying sound peculiar to high-grade machines. He turned into the nearest carless street.

"I wish you weren't set on going to church!" he said. "I've so much to say to you!" Ellen shrugged her shoulders, with a trace of petulance. "Sarely you have plenty of time to tell me all when it is not Sunday morning!" she said.

He drew a long sigh. "If you'd only marry me, Ellen," he blurted out. "I can't see why you won't. Lord knows you haven't much of a life, slaving in that office and living in a hall-room in a lodging-house like Mrs. O'Neil's. I have lots to offer you! A home over your head, pretty clothes, protection, and care. I don't say anything about the love. But refuse it for good and all, and what have you left?" He paused a moment, looking down at her. "That job you're backing on, Ellen, goes to the head book-keeper. Lamb himself told me at the club last night. Lamb's thinking of going into politics, and he needs the book-keeper's vote! You see—"

Ellen's heart turned sick within her; the gliding road beneath them seemed to come up and envelop her. She shook off the numbness with an effort.

"I still have my position," she found herself answering. "It's religion stands between us," he muttered sullenly. "You lay too much stress on it! I confess I'm bigoted. Would every man tell you that—before he'd got you? I've been brought up in an atmosphere that suspected and disliked the Romish church. You can't ask me to change in an hour! And you're a fool to let it come so completely between us!"

The machine puff'd up to the door of the great brown cathedral, and she sprang down to help Ellen out. She was very white and her lips were trembling.

"We've never discussed this thing before, have we?" she said, in low, quick tones. "You were over so definite before. Will you do me the kindness not to try to see me again, to send me flowers, to communicate with me in any way? It is quite the end, please!"

"Ellen!" the man cried out, oblivious to the curious eyes of the throngs passing him on their way into the yawning great doors.

But Ellen had swayed on up the high brown steps, her ears throbbing, a blue mist before her eyes, a choke in her sobbing throat. She did not deign to look back. She went up the middle aisle, past the ushers, like one blind, and finally stumbled into a pew well up under the Altar. She had no idea whose pew it was; she was incapable of thought just then. But all through her body a sobbing cry quivered its way. "How can I stand it?" was the burden of her pain.

It was spring, and the Altar was generally banked with white peonies and early white and faint pink roses; all about the sanctuary stood great green palms. Water was not long past, and the splendid Easter candle still reared itself at the left. There was a promise of the brilliancy to rise among the flowers, in the obscure-faded Altar—boy trailing and tripping awkwardly as he came in with a lighted wax taper at the end of his long lighter.

(To be continued next week.)

Nerves Were Unstrung. WOULD ALMOST GO OUT OF HER MIND.

Many women become run down and worn out by household cares, and dieting never ending, and sooner or later find themselves with shattered nerves and weak hearts. On the first sign of any weakness of the heart or nerves you should avail yourself of a perfect cure by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Mrs. Archie Goodine, Tilley, N.B., writes:—"When I was troubled with my heart, two years ago, I was very bad. My nerves were so unstrung, sometimes I would almost be out of my mind. I doctored myself with everything I could get, until at last I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they have cured me. I cannot speak too highly of this wonderful remedy, and will recommend it to all sufferers." Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Use For the Thermometer. "That new maid is a genius," said the young housekeeper. "She has even found a use for the cooking thermometer. Nobody ever used it to 'cook with.' After I finished my course in the school of domestic sciences I bought a splendid thermometer because the teachers said I ought to. I paid \$5 for it. It had a solid iron bulb and was warrant to stand any amount of wear and tear. In spite of my determination to cook by rule that thermometer was a while elephant in the kitchen until the new maid came. She used it to crack nuts with!"—New York Times.

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia. "Praise undeserved is satire in disguise."

Perhaps the reason a mother expects her son to become a great man is because his father isn't.

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."

Many a man's enthusiasm is merely gush.

Judge—"Describe what passed between you in the quarrel with your wife."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO. LIMITED. GENTLEMEN—Last Winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of Lumbago and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in cases of Inflammation.

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A man must use his head if he would get there with both feet.

W. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont says:—"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 a box 50c."

Ever notice how little attention is paid to people who talk too much?

A man's conceit looks suspiciously like wisdom—from his point of view.

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Mrs. Albert Vait, Brockville, Ont., writes:—"Just a line to let you know about Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Our oldest little girl is now six years old. When she was four months old she got a cold which developed into Bronchitis, and we tried everything we could think of and had two doctors attending her, but it was no good. One day I read in your almanac about Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, so I tried it, and before she had finished one bottle of it, the dry hacking cough had nearly all gone. There is nothing equal to it, and we are never without it in the house."

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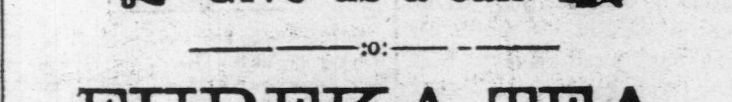
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