Calendar for June, 1905. Moon's PHASES.

New Moon 2d., 11b., 57m. p. m. First Quarter 10d., 7h., 5m. a m. Full Moon 16d., 11h., 52m. p. m Last Quarter 24d., 1b., 46m. a. m.

D of M	Bay of Week	Sun Rises	Sun	Moon Rises	High Water	Lew Water
			Sets			
1	Thur.	4 32	7 55	3 53	8 48	9 44
2	Frid.	4 32	7 56	Bets	9 20	10 25
3	Sat.	4 31			9 51	10 05
4	Sun.	4 31	7 58	9 05	10 24	11 46
5	Mon.	4 30	7 58		10 59	******
6		4 31	7 58		0 29	11 38
7	Wed.	4 30	3 10		1 14	12 23
8		4 29	8 00	11 59		1 16
9	Frid.	4 29	3 01	a.m.		2 19
0	Sat.		8 01	0 34		3 32
11		4 28	8 02	1 06	4 52	5 04
12		4 28	8 02	1 38	5 51	6 26
13			8 03	2 11	6 4R	7 36
14		4 28		2 47	7 37	8 37
15		4 28	8 04	3 27	8 23	9 32
16		4 28	8 04	rises	9 OF	10 24
17			8 05			11 11
18		4 28	3 (5	9 12		11 55
19			9 3 05		11 03	
20				10 36	0 38	11 45
21		4 29	18 (6	11 10	1 20	12 31
22			8 16			1 21
23			8 0	a.m.		2 16
24			18 07			3 19
25			0 8 07			4 2
26			0 8 07			5 3
27	Tues.		1 8 07			6 40
28			1 8 06			7 44
	an.	1	000 00	0 0		0 40

The Old Home.

BY MADISON CAWEIN.

by a tree, A wild wood, a wild brook-they

In boyhood I knew them, and stil they call to me.

will not let me be:

Down deep in my heart's core I hear them, and my eves Through-tear-mists beheld them be

neath the old-time skies, 'Mid bee boom and rose bloom and orchard lands arise.

I bear them; and heartsick with lorging in my soul, To walk there, to dream there, be neath the sky's blue bowl;

world made whole. To talk with the wild brook of al the long ago; To whisper the wood-wind of things

we used to know When we were old companions, be fore my heart knew woe.

To talk with the morning, and watch its rose unfold; To drowse with the noontide, lulled

on its heart of gold : To lie with the night-time, and dream the dreams of old.

To tell to the old trees, and to each listening leaf,

The longing, the yearning, as in my boybood brie', The old hope, the old love, world

ease my heart of grief. The old lane, the old gate, the old

house by the tree. The wild wood, the wild brook-they will not let me be;

In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.

The Ups and Downs of Marjorie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

(From the Ave Maria.)

III .- NEW FRIENDS - AN ADVEN-

(Continued.)

"Ob, tell me about it, please !" said the little guest, who, between soup and the warmth and the friendly chat of her host, was beginning to find her novel situation very in-"Wal, 'twas 'bout a dozen years

ago," said Lem, taking out his pipe and preparing to spin a real "hunter's yarn " for her entertainment. "I was off on a winter tramp across the mountain 'bout fifty miles away -me and Buck. I took Buck everywhere, for safe-keeping; for there

tramping and camping for bout two times in my dreams now. And months, peacefuller than any buman there I was, with rocks and snowpardners, eating and sleeping and drifts stretchin' above and below me; purty nigh talking together; for not a leg to stand on, for my ankle when we'd stretch out at night be- wouldn't let me rise to my feet; and fore our camp fire, and he'd lay his my rifle left at that road-house six nose on my knee and lick my hand, miles away. I had a ghost of a it meant more than lots of the chance, I knew; bu I polled out my tongue- wisting that goes for speech. He was all the company I asked, until one of them consarned norwestin a minu'e something came leapin' ern blizzerds struck us, and we bad and barkin' do vo the ridge-' to make for the nearest road-house to save our liver. It was a mean, or'nary crowd there, druv in, as we was, by the storm. But it was mighty warm and comfortable, with that blizzard raging outside; and we all eat and drank and made ourselves pleasent together as we could. And I got to playing cards and drinking with the rest; and, whether it was drinking or drugging I never knew, but I went to sleep for the night, and woke to find my pack of furs gone, and my purse of money gon , an', worse than all, my dog gone too."

Pains in the Back Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or

liver, and are a warning it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is a healthy action of these organs They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and de-

"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." Mrs. Thomas Iskus, Wallaceburg, Ont.

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

V .- A BEAR STORY. "Did they steal your dog, sir?"

sked Marjorie, breatblessly.

"Aye, they stole him," replied old Lem, faming flercely at the renembrance; "though the folks at he road-house said I bet him on ards-bet bim on my furs, money, and everything else, when the rasals had muddled me. 'Bet Buck!' I said, ragin' mad. 'I'd as soon bet my brother. Where's the thief that got him from me?'-'He is gone,' some one answered- gone off in his sled an hour ago-before you woke up. Said he'd been lookin' for just that kind of dog for years. He had An old lane, an old gate, an old house to tie him head and legs to get him

> "Oh!" cried Marjorie, listening with flushed face and tightly clasped hands. "Wasn't that dreadful?"

" Dreudful wasn't no name for it. tell you, the way I talked round hat road-house then ain't for no little girl to hear. I swore I'd catch up with that there dog-thief if I had to foller him to a place 'taint good or perlite to mention. They tried to keep me back, tellin' me I'd get lost and frozen in the snow; but iron chains wouldn't hev held me, much less lyin' tongues. So I started off on that thief's track, hot with rage that couldn't feel wind or storm. Around me, within me, the weary And, laws, what a storm it was ! Only a madman, like I was just then, would hev put foot out in it. I had no money to pay for horse or sled, so I just had to make tracks as best could to the nearest station; for I thought the trains were naturally

held up by the snow, and I could catch my man waitin' there for them to come along. "I tried to keep the road, but soon found there wasn't no road to keep. Wind shriekin' like a thousand devile; while drifts scurryin' before it like as if bull graveyards had let oose their ghosts; fences, trees. houses, everything lost in a blank, wild sort of cloud. And buck gone

-that was worst of all! No steady feet patterin' beside me; no friendly bark to hearten me on my way; no ken nose to lead me straight even through a white whirl like this. Bick gone! I kept on and on, Lord only knows where; for, old hunter that I was, between the piled up snow and the sourryin' drifts, I got

as clean dazed as any tenderfoot on his first trail. "I tramped on, eirclin' and twistin', until I found myself lookin' down on a ridge where Buck and me had camped a couple of days before. I knew where I was now-knew there was a sort of cave under the rocks below me, where Buck and me had made a cache and left our biscuit and bacon until we got back after the storm. I was purty nigh done

out; so I tried to scramble down for a little shelter and rest, when I made a false step in the drifts. I went down, with a twist in my ankle that made me nigh dizzy with pain. Wal, there was my old camp place before me, snug and warm enough; there was our cache, uncovered and scattered; and there, too, lickin' his lips over our bacon, was the biggest and the blackest and the fiercest old mountain bear 'twas ever my luck to

"Oh," gasped Marjorie, "don't say he killed you, please?" "Wal, no," chucked old Lem, with

a softened look at the pretty little wasn't such another dog this side of face upturned to him in such breaththe Rockies. Held his head high like less interest. "I rather think somea king; lorg and lean and straight- body else would hev to tell you that. limbed, as if he were cut out to order; But 'twasn't the bear's fault that my voice clear and deep as a bell on a story did't end then and there. He frosty night; and a nose-there was was savage with tunger and thirst. nothing ever made keener than that and everything that makes a bear's dog's nose! Blamed, if he couldn't temper rise; and here was I just follow a trail with the snow two feet droppin' in to maddle when he had found a bite. He turned on me "Wal, Buck and me had been out with a growl that I can hear someknife to make a last fight for it, when I heerd a sound that made me think was dreamin' death-dream. Then

"Buck! Back! Oh, I know it

monumen We like best to call

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ng her bands delightedly.

man, his sunken eyes shiping _ bring her to me !" Buck, that had torn himself loose-Buck, fairly boilin' at the way he night.

eried over him like a woman." "Bu'-he didn't die?" asked Mar- tramping through the Canadian forrie, with a suspicious quaver in her ests, a pretty box made of birch bark voice that told she was very near

"Buck die? Land, no!" laughed There be is, stretched right

The hound pricked up his ears even in his dreams at his master's

"There! there! We won't dis urb him. He don't do much but nose is gone, and he ain't good for out we're slickin' it out together; bring from the post office, and won' ain't we, pardner ?"-se the dog rose let Miss Martha see them. And, stiffly, and, wagging his tail, laid his then, we are making novenas all the head on the speaker's knee. "This old shack ain't no sort of place for Obristians, as Miss Susan said; but t's good enough for Buck and me ' And Buck, for answer, licked his

master's hand trustfully. "But you didn't tell how you got down the mountain," commented the little girl, as Lem continued to stroke and rub the head upon his

"Ob, that was easy enoughwasn't it, Buck,? We stayed there ill next mornin', when the storm stopped; and I cut a stick and limped on to a farm-house not far away And when the men heered that bear was done for, they weren't sorry, you may be sure. They skinned him, and gave me the head, all stuffed and mounted as you seeballo !" what's that ?"

The old man started up as a sharp knock sounded on the cabin door, and Miss Susan Talbot burst in with scant ceremony.

Eb, God bless me!" The good lady concluded Marjorie blithely, as they started back at sight of the little figure standing rosy and happy in be firelight.

"Ob, no, I'm not, Miss Susan! I'm not hurt a bit,' said Marjorie, eagerly. "I'm so - so sorry I troubled you, but-" "If there's any blamin to be done.

that there Bert Bolton ought to be man enough to take the hull of it," nterposed old Lem, quickly. "I'm not blaming anybody," said

Miss Susan, bluntly. "Thank the Lord the child is alive and well! You get outside there and look after Dobbin, Lem. while I put some dry clothes on her to take her bome."

"And, thoroughly warm and dry and comfortable, Marjorie, with Rex cuddled at her feet, was soon snugged up under the baffalo robes of the old sleigh, and speeding back to her own little white nest at home

But the two friends she had made by her misadventure were not lost to her. Bert, who had a big, beau tiful home about three miles away and father and mother and sisters. to say nothing of a delightful grey pony-" Jack"-all his own, often broke away from all these attractions to find his way to Manor Hill. He brought the fairy books he had promised-two big ones, somewhat dog eared, but full of beautiful pictures : he brought real checkers instead of buttons, and a pretty red board that was a decided improvement on Molly Byrne's plaid shawl; besides other delightful games rummaged from the old nursery closet at home.

And one day he rode over on his grey pony with a mysterious bundle carefully tied on his saddle bow.

"I don't know whether you will like it or not. Maybe you are too big," he said, as he presented it to Marjorie on the kitchen porch.

"Ob, it's a doll !" oried the girl, the wrappings-"a beautiful, beaublue eyes and her real curls and her dear little pink boots! Ob, I never had a doll in all my life!"

"Well, you've got one now," replied Bert, with great satisfaction . "You don't mean she is minemine to keep?" said Marjorie, breatblessly. "I thought you were taking her bome to your sister."

"Not a bit of it-she is yours three years ago, and she has heen Mass. laid away in the nursery closet ever since. Mother said she would be glad to get her out of the way. I don't see much fun in dolls myself, but I thought maybe you would like

"Like ber!" exclaimed Marjorie, boots at the prices we sell at with a delighted hug of her new The reason is our expenses treasure. "I'll love her! Has she are small and we give the

Rosabelle," said Bort, laughing. next pair. - J. B. McDonald "Rosabelle! What a darling and Co.

was Buck!" oried Marjorie, clapp name!" said Marjorie. "Oh, I'll love her, and keep her forever and "Aye, it was Buck," said the old forever! It was so good of you to

And Rosabelle, seated in a cczy rom that there dog thief and struck corner of Marjorie's room, became my trail, spite of storm and snow; the cheering companion by day and

had been put upon, and ready to take | Nor was Bert the only friend Marit out on the first thing that come jorie had made by her tumble into the his way. And he got it then and ice-cold creek. Old Lem never for there." The old man put his hands got the bright eyed little guest who on his knees and shook with delight. had cheered his lonely fireside; and, ed remembrance, "Laws, what a as the grey wintry days wore on, he fight it was! Buck with his fangs often stalked across the fields, his on that bear's throat, and the two dogs at his heels, to spend an hour or ollin' and snarlin' and tearin' at two at Manor Hill. There was always ach other, ill I managed to stagger something for Marjorie in the hunter's up somebow and end it with my pouch slung across his shoulder: a ounter's knife. Then I took that pair of red mittens bought at the bere bleedin' dog in my arms, and "store," a gay bead bag traded for with an Indian squaw in his last year'

or a basket whittled from a walnut shell. And as the old man strode away in the gloaming, Marjorie always tripped as far as the meadow gate holding his horny hand. before you now. Buck, old chap!

"Ladies don't seem chipper a

usual," remarked Lem, thoughtfully

on one of these occasions. "Miss Martha ain't so well, mebbe?" "I'm afraid she isn't," said Mariorie. "She cries all to herself a sleep now. His teeth are gone, his night. I find a wet handkerchief rolled in a ball under her pillow. nothing but dozing before the fire. And Miss Susan hides the letters

> "What's novena's?' asked the old man, gruffly

"Oh, don't you know?" said Marorie. "Novenas are prayers that you say for nide days when you want he began. anything very, very badly. We always made novenas at St. Vincent's when we didn't have shoes or coal."

"You did?" said old Lem, staring. And then did you get them?" "Always," answered the little girl, positively. "Mrs. Grosvenor sent up the shoemaker, or somebody sent a

lot of coal, sure." "And is Miss Susan prayin' for hoes and coal, you reckon?" "Oh, no!" replied Marjorie. "Miss Martha always puts in the intention-

It is to—' save our dear home.'" "Save their home!" exclaimed the old man, in a startled tone. "From what?"

"From tumbling down, I guess," said Marjorie, seriously. "The kitchen chimney is very shaky, and the "Marjorie! Where is the child? porch roof all fallen in. And Miss I've brought dry clothes and hot Susan has no money to have it mendbricks and a bottle of red-pepper tea, ed. But we trade butter and eggs at

> reached the meadow gate. " Everything they want !" murmured the old man to himself grimly, as, after bidding his little companion good-bye, he stalked away over the bills. "That blessed little sparrow is so used to chirpin' over crumbs that she don't know trouble when she sees

> t. And it's comin', if I can read signs right. There's trouble comin' that I'm afeerd prayin' won't hold back from them good women at Manor

VI.-HILLCREST.

The fierce grip of Jack Frost had oosened, and the snow had melted rom Manor Hill. Already there was a fain touch of of green in the neadows; the creek had broken from ts icy fetters, and was foaming merri down to the dam. And more han once Marjorie had discovered a ittle brown bird perched without her drops." window, surveying the apple bough below with an evident eye to early ouse-building. Everywhere there was the stir and flutter of awakening hings-bird and tree and plant and stream .- as if old Mother Nature had flung off her white blanket for good and roused herself from her winter

Something of the joyous thrill of he coming spring was felt even in the quiet old manor, where there was a pleasant hum of preparation. The great parlor, unused through all the winter, had been opened; the floor had been waxed, the furniture polished, the big silver candlestick rubbed until they shone like new.

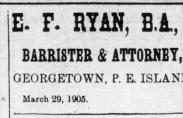
Father James was coming to say the annual Mass at Manor Hill, as the priest from Sandy Point had come for years too long to reckon; for "Talbots'," being fully fifteen miles he come down?" from the nearest church, had been thus honored for generations. Not

rapturously, as she quickly tore off for the price of a new cathedral would good Father James slight these Distemper. tiful doll! Oh, look at her lovely two old ladies, last of their loyal

So once more the big parlor was to be transformed into a chapel, the piano made into an altar, and all that was richest and most beautiful in this old Catholic home brought out to honor the greatest of guests. And, as always in the past, there was to be breakfast served afterwards to all, old and young, rich sad poor, white or now. Ethel got too big for her black, who should come fasting to the

> "I don't see how we can manage it this year," Miss Susan had said, doubtfully. (To be continued.)

You cannot always buy people the benefit of the sav-"I believe Ethel used to call her ing. Come to us for your



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MISCELLANEOUS

The witness looked youthful, and appeared to be rather uncomfortable oo. Consequently the counsel assumed his most imposing manner.

" Yes, sir.

"You describe yourself as a writer

"What kiad of a wricer? A signwriter?" " No. sir.

"A ticket-writer?" " No, sir."

" Not an author?" " Partly, sir."

"What do partly '?" " I'm in father's office, sir. He's money-lender, and I'm the author of all the sharp letters to backward borrowers. If you remember, I sent

ou one last week, sir!" End of cross examination.

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"I say, daddy," began little Tommy, what-

"Ask your mother," answered the tired father. "Well, but it isn't a silly question

want to ask you. "All right," wearily. "What is "Well, if the end of the world

was to come, and the earth was detroved while a man was up in a balloon, where would be land when

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