#### Calendar for May, 1905.

Moon's PHASES. New Moon 4d., 9h., 50m. a. m. First Quarter 12d., 0h., 46m. a m. Full Moon 18d., 3h., 36m. p. m. Last Quarter 25d., 8b., 50m. p. m.

D of M	Day of Week	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	Moon Rises	High Water	Lew Water
AND .		h.m.	lh m	n. m.	b. m.	b.m.
1	Mon.	5 08		3 58	8 22	8 47
2	Tues.	5 05		4 14	8 57	9 28
3		5 08		4 52	9 30	10 0
4	Thur.	5 02			10 01	10 4
5	Frid.	5 00				11 2
6	Sat.	4 59			10 55	
7	Sun.	4 57		10 16	0 01	11 2
8	Mon.	4 56		11 09		11 5
8	Tues.	4 54				12 3
10	Wed.	4 53		a.m.	2 24	1 2
11		4 52		0 40		2 2
12		4 50				3 49
13		4 49		1 56	5 28	5 14
	Sun.	4 48			6 30	6 3
15		4 47			7 27	7 5
	Tues.	4 46			8 16	8 5
	Wed.	4 45				9 4
	Thur.	4 44			9 39	10 3
	Frid.	4 43			10 16	11 2
	Sat.	4 42			10 51	
21		4 41		10 33	0 07	11 2
	Mon.	4 40			0 53	12 0
53	Tues.	4 39		a.m.	1 41	12 4
24		4 38			2 31	1 34
25		4 37		0 38		2 28
26		4 36			4 15	3 38
27		4 96	7 50	1 00	5 00	4 K

#### The Last Scene.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

Breathless the air, lurid the sun, Through black-edged storm-clouds dimly breaking; From their cold death-sleep, one by

Forms, long since buried, slowly

Trembles the solid earth! Aghast, Men flee; but Woman, softly cry

Clings to the gibbet to the last, Watching her Son and Saviour dying.

Above the Cross a dense black cloud Glooms, quivers, breaks, and then enfolds Him As in a luminous, pale shroud,-

Thus at the end doth she behold Him! Mary, His Mother, patient, sweet, Of all earth's mothers bravest-

hearted! Now she may rest her aching feet,-The World's redeemer hath de-

#### The Ups and Downs o Mariorie

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

(From the Ave Maria.)

I .- AN INTERRUPTED STORY. It had been a merry Christmas week, even in the wide white corri dors and bare rooms of St. Vincent's Asylum. Fifty new blue dresses had been donned in honor of the

Santa Claus himself, loaded with a big sack of nuts and apples, had dren. But you won't suit her, I dropped into the playroom, to the know. shricking delight of the little tots, who were not wise enough to recog nize Sexton O'Grady's nose and eyes beneath the cap and wig.

There had been turkey and appledumpling for dinner three times at least; and a party-quite a real party,-when their beautiful lady mother had come over in a big sleigh, tinkling with bells, and brought every girl a present tied up the only home that Marjorie had in bright ribbons; and there had been singing and dancing, followed fully, she had been sheltered there; by ice-cream in three colors, and cakes and candy to match. Last but not least Father Flynn had taken the whole asylum to the Zoo. There it was Marjorie had met with the the orphan's picnic to the great misfortune for which she was doing woods behind Grosvenor Hall - a penance this New Year's Eve Wild with delight at the frosty freedom of the snowy slopes, she had lost both head and footing in a wild race down a slippery hill, and rent her new blue skirt against an unseen barbed fence. Angela had sentenced her to " bard labor" in the wardrobe room until the jagged tear was darn-

But there were worse places on a wintry afternoon than St. Vincent's wardrobe rook, with its big stove glowing cheerly, its piles of sweet. smelling linen fresh from the laundry waiting the sorting, and Nora to talk with,-Nora who had darned and patched and mended and made, under Sister Mary Ann's teaching, for many more years than Majorie could cour .

And the fri y topohed Goldenhair with her wend, and then? Ob, go on, Nors, please !" ; leaded Marjoric " Faith and this is a nice way t be doing your penance, Ma jori Mayne!" I ughed Nora in reply "Sister Angela sent you op here to mend that skirt and not be listening to blathering talk like mine."

"Oh, I'l sev,-I'l keep righ on!" said Ma jorie, bastily pickies up her neglected tank. "But don' stop, Nora. We can talk just the sim. It's helday time yet, an Seter Ang la wo ' mied."

"I'm not so sure of that," sai Nora, with a sudden recall to the stern path of virtue. 'It's the b'ered lives of the saints I ought to be giving you instead of fairy fool-

#### Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are nflamed and swollen by rheumatismthat acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet

"I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grate-tul." Miss Frances Serre, Prescott, Ont "I had an attack of the grip which lett me weak and helpless and suffering from rheumatism. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine has entirely cureo me. I have no hesitation in saying it saved my life." M. J. McDonald, Trenton, Ont. Hood's Sarsaparilla Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

ishness, as Sister Mary Ann was saying only last night.'

"O Nora, no-no, please! I love to hear about fairies and wands and enchanted cas'les," said Marjorie, breathlessly. "I dream about them afterward-such beautiful dreamsthat I am away off, under big trees, with flowers growing all around me, and there is a marble palace up on the hill, and I have on a lace dress and a gold crown."

"The Lord save us!" exclaimed Nora. "I bave no right to be putting such dreams into your head. Marjorie dear. They'll do you no good, you poor lone orphan!" "Oh, yee, they will, too-they

do!" And the blue skirt slid un noted to the floor, and Marj rie hugged her knees with her clasped hands, and spoke eagerly. "I like to dream that I'm not an orphan at all, but a beautiful lady like Mrs. Grosvenor. Where could she bave got those real true violets, when everything is covered with snow?"

"In Gold Garden," laughed Nora, as she bit off her thread. "There's nothing you can't find in Gold Garden, when you have the gate key-" "Marjorie!" called a clear, calm voice in the hall without, "Is Mar-

orie Mayne up here?" "Sister Angela," whispered Nora, Pick up that skirt, Marjorie. Sorra another word will I speak until you have every stitch of it done."

And Marjorie hastily snatched up her forgotten task, as Sister Angela's white cornette appeared in the door-

" Here you are! Dear me, child, isn't that unlucky dress mended yet?" A slight frown darkened the white calm of Sister Angela's brow. "You must put it away for the present. Mother wants you down-

"Mother? O Sister Angels, what " Nothing, my dear-that is, no thing unusual," said the Sister, with a grave smile. "Marjorie, bow

often have I spoken to you about that untidy hair of yours?" "It just won't stay smooth, Sister," replied Marjorie, making an ineffectual dab at a mop of red-

brown curls.

"I don't suppose it will," said Sister Angela, hopelessly. "But that head will settle your fate with beautiful feast, fifty new ruffled ap. Miss Talbot. She is a very neat and rons pinned into place, fifty plump particular old lady, who is looking stockings filled with goodies to the home in the country. Mother wants her to see you with the other chil-

> And Sister Angela led the way down the broad stairs, Marjorie following her, breathless and bewil-

A home in the country-in the county! The words were beating tane in Marjorie's ears. St. Vincent's, standing tall and grim in a wilderness of brick and mortar, was ever known. Wisely, tenderly, pitibut S'. Vincent's was poor in all but charity.

Brief glimpses of better things had come to Marjorie. There had been long day of breathless delight; there had been the excursion, convoyed by Father Flynn, down the river-a revelation of bliss unspeakable to Marjorie; there had been the late trip to the Zoo, with its snowy slopes, its glittering grave, its icebound stream. Marjorie's young veins tingled yet at the remembrance of

may be slight-may yield still holding Marjirie's hand, and next cold will hang on her gold-rimmed spectacles. troublesome, too. Un- Angela?" necessary to take chances on that second one. Scott's anid Sister Angela, "Really, I don't

when colds abound and you'll have no cold. Takeit o'her—the little white-eyed one— on, lighting up the stars one by one, when the cold is contracted what is her name again, please?" as Sister Seraphina lit the candles on the chapel altar, until the blue arch and it checks inflamma- seked the lady. tion, heals the membranes of the throat and lungs gentle and steady - quite a little blink and wink, as, nestling down and drives the cold out.

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that sparkling, dezzling, joyous out- I don't fancy her. I like the other

A home in the country, among mop of auburn curls." preczy hills, waving trees, and broad, Angela had said, she wouldn't suit at good Mother laughed outright. all; and Marjorie's hopes went down

par lor-an awe-inspiring apartment ntered by the children only on solemn occasions. There was a rug pon the floor-an unusual and im nessive luxury at St. Vincent's ver the mantel there was a picture f the good patron saint gathering is belpless little ones around him here were three stiff backed chairs, and a willow rocker that had served s a tribunal of justice to many s avenile sinner; there was Mother erself, a serene, calm, quiet presnce; and the lady at her side-a ady who was not like Mrs. Gros venor at all, as Marjorie realized with one swift, disappointed glance. be wore neither furs nor feathers

As Marjorie paused shyly on the threshold, the lady looked up, and her spectacles took in the little waitng figure from head to foot. Al the other girls stood neat and prim in their new blue dresses and ruffled aprons, smooth bair and shining shoes. With a burning conscious ness of her deficiencies, Marjorie

slipped; in half-defiant timidity, to Nellie Deane's side-quiet, kitty-car Nellie, who never had one of her white eyelashes out of place. "Sister and I are getting old," said the visitor, "and we want s nice little girl to save our steps and be a help and comfort to us. We

bring her up to be a happy, useful "I am sure of it," Mother answered, cordially. "There is no one I would rather trust with one of our children, Miss Talbot. I have sent for all the little girls over twelve years old, that you may take your phoice. Manor Hill will be a happy home for any of them, I know."

will take good care of her, and

"Stand in line, children-stand in ine!" called the clear, calm tones of Sister Angela. "Then come up one by one, so that Miss Talbot can spenk to each of you."

And one by one the little candithe sort of girl to be crushed by red brown head as high as any of the situation.

Nellie's interview with Miss Taloot scemed a most approving one. " Nellie-Nellie Deane your name ice-looking little girl,"

is, you say. You seem a very neat, Nellie smiled and squirmed de-

"How old are you, Nellie ?" "Twelve years old, ma'am."

"Would you like to come and be my little maid ?" "Ob, yes, ma'am, I would like it very much indeed! It would be a blessing, as Sister told us, for s poor orphan like me. And I'd try to

place, and do as I was bid always, ma'am." "I think she would," said Sister Angela, "Nellie has never given us any trouble. She is a very quiet, steady little girl."

"Which is more than we can say of this young person," observed Mother Thomasins, though her smile was very kind, as she patred Marjorie's ourly head.

"Bless me!" said Miss Talbot, starting. "What a beauti-I mean what a very strong, rosy little girl ! Your name, my dear ?"

"Marjorie M yno," was the ans ver, as the "little girl" looked

"Marjorie," repeated Miss Talbot softly. "A very pretty name.

Would you like to live with me in the country, Marjorie?" Like it! The light that flashed

Talbot, though Marjorie shook her on every side. Marjorie had march curly head lopelessly. "Sister Angela said I wouldn't suit you at all."

"Why not?" asked Miss Talbot,

to early treatment, but the studying the wistful face through longer: it will be more "I'm too-too-what am I, Sister "Too beedless quite, Miss Talbot,

Emulsion is a preventive think we can consider Marjorie at talker, and, after a few short questions, all. She is a good-hearted, honest as to Marjorie's warmth and comfort as well as a cure. Take little creature," she continued, se she wrapped herself head and ears in Marjorie moved away with the rest; a big grey worsted scarf that precluded "but so thoughtless, restless, full of CINIULDIUN life and mischief. She would be no situation in silence—to watch the twi comfort to you, I fear."

woman already. You would find amid the furs and cushions, she looked her quite useful I know."

Miss Talbot, thoughtfrl y. "I have resting-place, and the little traveller ao doubt I shoull find her useful was off in the land of dreams. as you eay, Sister. But, somehow,

one the best-the last one with the

" Not Marjorie Mayne?" exclaimed ree meadows. But, alas! as Sister Sister Angela, breathlessly; while the

"Yes, Marjorie - Marjorie," re n zero as she caught sight of the peated the old lady, softly. "I alczen little girls waiting in Mother's ways liked the name; and the child has such pretty eyes-such big, brown, honest eyes! We are two dull old women at Manor Hill, and we want something young and bright and cheerful about us; so, if you don't mind, Mother, I will take little Ma:-

" As you please," answered Mother, "But don't say we did not warn you. Get the child ready to go, Sister Angela. Miss Talbot has made her choice. She will take Marjorie

II .- A FIRST FLIGHT. Marjorie! Marjorie! Miss Talbot has chosen Marjorie Mayne!"

The shrill, excited chorus that folor fluffs, but a big grey silk bonnet owed Sister Angela's announneand an old-fashioned blanket shawl. ment fell like a bewildering buzz on She was tall and thin and a little Marjorie's ear. Miss Talbot had chosen her !-her! Oh, it could not be! She must be dreaming! She had not heard aright.

> But Sister Angela's voice, always clear and calm as the fiat of Fate. soon settled matters. "Come upstairs and get your cloth-

es together, Marjorie. Miss Talbot wishes to take you away with her at And, still feeling as if she were

not altogether awake, Marjorie found herself up in the wardrobe room, with Sister Mary Ann folding al! her small belongings into a bundle, and Nora helping her to don the mended skirt and her jacket and hat. "Murther! murther!" siged Nora.

To think of yer being whisked off from us all suddint like this! Ye'l not forget me, Marjorie darlint?"

"Ob, never, never!" said Marjorie, big lump rising in her throat, "I'll always remember you and the beauti ful stories you told me, Nora; and how good you were to me-you and Mother and the Sisters and everybody. Oh, I don't think I want to go, after all! I don't wan't to leave dear old St. Vincent's !" And Marjorie began to cry.

"There, there! whisht, darlint'whisht!" said Nora, wiping her own eyes. "Isn't it the grand luck for ye dates filed up to the visitor, who holy Ohristian women? But whisper to be going to such a fine place, with shook hands with each and spoke a darlint: if ya're not treated good and pleasant word. Ma jorie was the fair, send wurrud to me, and I'll see last of the line—Marjorie, burningly that ye get a nice place as nursemaid conscious of the old skirt and missing with a lady grand as Mr. Grosvenor berself. Assy now, and let me pin these deficiencies. Though it took yer collar straight. Kape a bould harrut, and remember it's out seeking of a man who cooked his own breaka soldier's courage, she marched up behind Nellie Deane, holding her the startback and remember it's out seeking of a man who cooked yer fortune ye are like the prince in fast for fifteen years. the storybook; and may ye find a rest, and defiantly facing the trying goolden one, will be Nora's prayer for ye day and night."

And it was Nora's good by that seemed to linger with Marjorie, as, for Sick Headache, Bilousness, Conwith prayers and blessing and loving stipation, Dyspepsia, and all stomach embraces from the only friend and liver complaints. They neither playmates she had ever known, she gripe, weaken or sicken. Price 25c. passed out of the cross-crowned at all dealers. doorway, of St. Vincent's into the cold, snowy, wintry world to seek her fortune this New Year's Eve.

A sleigh was waiting at the curbshabby, old fasioned sleigh, with a awboned white horse in the traces. "Jump in, child," said Miss Talbot Put your bundle under your feet for my bot bricks are stone-cold by this time and we have a long ride beplease you, ma'am, and keep my fore us. It will be good nine o'clock when we get home."

And Marjorie jumped into a very nestful of soft cushions and fur robes; while Miss Talbot, who wore a short skirt with no sort of nonsense about it. and strong, heavy, sensible boots, un hitched the horse with a practiced Ryan, Sand Point, N. S. hand, took her seat by Marjorie, drew on a pair of buckskin driving gloves, ook up the reins, and the party started on its homeward way.

Marjorie had never been in a sleigh pefore, and, oh, what a wild, delightful sweep through the ice-cold air this up on his office window a long strip first flight seemed! For Dobbin knew of paper bearing the words:he was on the way to stable and supfrankly into the old lady's wrinkled per, and made time. The western sky was red with wintry sunset, and the windows everywhere were flashing back the rays, as if lit with some glori ingling and horns blowing; and beau- own window:tiful stores, still gay with Christmas into the brown eyes answered Miss greens and holly berries, were open ed in line sometimes through this glittering world at noon-day, but she had never, never seen it like this. On

they skimmed through the gay, crowded thoroughfares. dream of Marjorie, until Dobbin's head was turned out to the wide, white turnpike, and they were off indeed, up on hills flushed with the last rose of sunset, where the snow wreathed trees were touched into a pale mock-

ery of the pink bloom of spring. all further sociability, and her young companion was left to enjoy the novel light deepen over this wide, white "An! you would recommend the glittering world, and the night come above sparkled and flashed with ten " Nellie Deane. Yes, she is very der lights that made Marjorie's eyes

up at them until they blurred and vanished altogether; while the curly head sank back in its comfortable

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#### MISCELLANEOUS

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He.—He must have been very hungry when he finally got it done.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds etc.

Tom .- You say that the bride and bridegroom looked nice. What Will .- Oh, they took the cake:

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The proprietors of two rival livery stables, situated beside each other in a busy street, have been having a lively advertising duel lately.

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This bit of sarcasm naturally caused some amusement at the expense of the rival proprietor, but in less than ous feast. The streets were filled an hour he neatly turned the tables with merry crowds; sleigh bells were by pasting the following retort on his "True. The wind blows them

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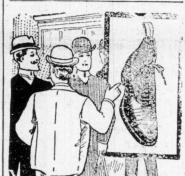
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