Our Lady of October.

Ave! It was our greeting sweet, In joyous month of May, And though the summer time

The prayer we make today, To her we loud proclaim

Is still the sweet Ave.

Though faded now the bloss of spring, And hushed the song of bird, Yet tribute pay we still to her,

The Mother of the Word, The same that first from angel

Her virgin bosom stirred. Ah, faded now the wreathes of

But sweeter wreaths we twine, As one by one we tell the beads Before Our Lady's Shrine

Our Mothers face doth shine. Ave! October's Queen we hail, As summer's glory dies, For well we know the setting sur On other Mays will rise,

And as at sound of first Ave,

When we shall keep our Lady' With her beyond the skies. -REV. D. A. CASEY.

To our Lady of the Rosary.

In myriad manners are thy praises through, anyway; she's too fussy

The suns the circles of their more music-two brawny girls course complete, And ever hear some tongue thy encores and all. And after that .-

name repeat; The stars, that follow where these orbs have rolled. Know all the lands and clir thy clients hold;

The spring's first daisies blosson at thy feet; For thee the summer

bland and sweet, And thine its beauty as the year

And yet, perchance, of all the forms and ways Wherein thy children, where-

soe'er they be, Delight to voice the the praise, Incomparable Queen,

render thee, None glorifies thee more than his who pays

His orisons upon the Rosary. -WILLIAM D. KELLY, in the Ave Marie.

From the Doctor's Diary.

all other respects, indeed, she the time being she was an Italian seems sane and normal. I would peanut vender, deliciously true to be willing to vouch for the sound- life. Oh, that girl is an artist! area; she is not the sort of person I got up and made for the door, who goes "crasy in spots." I conthese notes into technical German

the morning. Perhaps that is rude, one reason why this seems so much of a problem to me, for I ing," I said, "But I want informareach my mximum of mental expression at four. Who knows? The whole thing may be as clear nursing for ?"

as daylight tomorrow afternoon. But the thing haunts me all her bulging glasses, pierced my the same; yes, haunts, for there immortal soul. But I didn't wince is something uncanny about it for. I merely wanted to know. all. I know I can't sleep to-night. "Miss Carmichael is a girl we And I'm glad my wife and little are all proud of, Dr. Farraday. Nellieare at the Springs, for they'd She is just budding over with get on my nerves awfully if they talent. And she will make a tried to talk. Talk! Why the splendid nurse." thing had saddled me so much that I couldn't talk to Ralph, my That girl is an exceptional girl-I prince of chauffeurs, all the way can see that at a glance. She would home from the sanitarium. I saw be a leader in any profession; her the boy was surprised - and artistic endowment amounts to chagrined, too-when I climed genius-positively genius. Why into the tonneau instead of taking the mischief dose she waste her Oh, confound all girls, I sayespecially girls with transparent skin and steady blue eyes and

hair of fine-spun gold! Well. I know that the only thing for me to do right now to sit down here by the window in my bathrobe and feel the cool breeze that blows over the sleeping city and scratch down on this pad just what comes in my mind. The whole thing is an obsession

stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important i a healthy action of these organs They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and some-times 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 INSIS, Wallaceburg, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures kidney and liver troubles, re-lieves the back, and builds up the

and I'm determined to get it out

Clara would say I've been lrinking again ; but, as usual Clara here sip at a cocktail and one mall glass of light white wine is all I've had to-night. If I'm drunk,) wife of my heart, not alcohol as done the job but mystery!

Here, now. Let me get the facts in order. The invitation came to attend the nurses graduacourse. They do the thing hansomely at the Krodin Sanitarium; t was a full dress affair. I dozed a little very little, during the valedictory—the girl who read it might be really pretty if she could only manage to secure

beating an inoffensive piano-

How well I remember! Even before she had spoken a word, I erked on my glasses and fumbled with the program. "Helen Carmichael." I've always had a prejudice against the surname, and most of the Helens I've met winds are either didn't live up to the standard of beauty set by the Homeric

dame or else more than surpressed her standard of trouble-making. So I was not biased in favor of Helen Carmichael,

But, ye gods, what a queen she ooked! I've never found anything particularly effective in the jurses' costume, but the girl was different. Like all the other graduates, she wore a white uniform with a strip of black relvet around the border of the eap. But the others looked well like graduate nurses; she looked.

very inch a princess; the nurse's

Then she spoke. The program called it a recitation; it was an artistic master-piece. What do you ink she rendered? Browning's epilogue to "The Two Poets of Of course its simply a case of Croisic!" And it was flawlessauto-suggestion; it must be auto- absorbely flawless. Not a single point was missed. We saw the Well, even Freudean psychology poet sitting by the fire; we heard can't quite explain everything; the music of the competing bards; that is, everything about every- we saw the chirping cricket win thing. And in this remarkable the prize. And then for encore case of auto-suggestion, where can and she earned her encore-Miss we hit upon the adequate original Carmichael showed her astonishstimuli? The girl is manifestly ing versatility by giving one of neither morbid nor neurotic; in Tom Daly's dialect poems. For

ness of every inch of her cortical The moment she left the stage fess it baffles me. I think I'll put mistress of nurses, overtook me. Miss Nolan is all angles and and send them to old Rothberg of antiseptics and starch and imper-Berlin. Maybe—I say maybe— ialism. How dare I leave so soon he'll be able to solve the problem. —I simply must stay for supper. It is now nearly two o'clock in I fear Miss Nolan considered me

> tion. Who is that girl, and what on earth does she want to take up

"Miss Nolan's black eyes, behind

"Yes, yes; I know. But why?

In the cure of consumption, concentrated, easily digested has been the standard,

Pains in the Back time in an sanitarium? She's too

That shocked Miss Nolan, of As though anybody could be too good for nursing? The mistress pulled her mouth into a thin, straight line and glared at me politely; that is Miss

"I am glad Dr. Farraday, that ed in her profession. In fact—and think I may tell you this with-

"Oh; bosh! That's what they all say. The rank and file of our graduate nurses is made up of a mob of mobile maidens meditating matrimony. They live on twenty-five dollars a week, pretending they like the work, until they get hold of an ailing millonaire in a sentimental mood." But Miss Carmichael strikes me as—well, as not that kind of a

more explicit. She intends to enter the Sisters of Charity, and in that way make nursing he life-work. And I persume," Mis Nolan continued acidly, "with that fact in mind, you need have

"Look here," I said brusquely

gripping Miss Nolan's arm. want to get this thing right. Do hang it, that everything that's michael. wonderful—is going to shut herself

those words," replied Miss Nolan

" She's old enough to have more ense." I declared hotly.

"She's twenty-two cast her first vote last year-and, as far as I am aware did not vote the prohibition ticket straight." With that parting shot Miss

Nolan glided away; and for some- a view from the summit!" hing like twenty minutes I paced he corridor and wondered. A lister of Charity! I know something of Sisters'

Hospitals, in a general way. Last fall the offer came to me to act as resident surgeon at St. Vincent's, but Ideclined. My motive? Frankly a latent, unmeaning projudice against things and persons and institutions Catholic.

I had heard of Sisters of Charity, of course. I've read poetry, and I've gripped facts. One of my most matter-of-fact colleaguesthat old bear, Grayson, who perfected the typhoid serum—speaks habitually of them as angels on ralgia. know, and I don't care. But, anyhow what do angels want to do on earth? And why in the name of everything worth while should girl like Miss Carmichael want to be an angel? Isn't womanhood good enough for any woman?

I became thoroughly and unsomething going wrong and I am 25 cents." forced to stand by and watch for the crash. And this looked like a wrecked life. Worse than a wreck- as long as you have money. ed life-a wrecked career! The girl is simply impossible.

Down the corridor from the auditorium came the long string of guests, their voices high-pitched, their faces shining. It was hot in that room. I let most of them sweep by me, nodding now and then to a perspiring colleague Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price hammer, bowing awkwardly to the women I knew-not so many -in dining gowns of startling hues and terrifying shapes.

"They're going to feed the imals," Garrity whispered in my ear. "And we have you down

want to get a seat next one of the graduates; her name's Carmichael think. Manage it, will you?" I could have bitten the stubby inger that Garrity shook under

"You hoary old reprobate Farraday! Carmichael, eh? Well, you certainly show taste. All right, I'll try and fix it.

And the fool did. Ten minutes of price by later working so knowingly that I longed to floor him on the spot

Thought She Would Lose Her Little Girl

Complaint

Mrs. Wm. Hirst, 194 Palmerston Avenue, Toronto, Ont., writes us under

date of January 23rd, 1914.
The T. Milburn Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ont.
Dear Sirs:—"Last summer I had grave anxiety for my little girl, who was jus one year old in July last. She had con stant and severe attacks of summer complaint, and it seemed to drag on her so long despite the many remedies I tried. My neighbors told me she had grown so weak they thought I would loose her. One night while nursing her an old friend of mine happened to come naving given the baby one dose in noticed a remarkable change, and after giving her three or four doses she was well again, and began to walk, which she had not been able to do prior to her attack. She is now a fine healthy child, and I owe her life to that kindly advice of an old friend. I would advise all

(Sgd.) MRS. WM. HIRST. you ask for Dr. Fowler's Ex " Miss Carmichael is not that IT HAS BEEN ON THE MARKET FOR NEAR aind of a girl. I should have been LY SEVENTY YEARS. DON'T ACCEPT

he led me to the head of the long tables. We all sat down. On my no fear for your millionaire in a right were a motely collection of guests-most of them former patients at the sanitarium who looked as though they needed further treatment; and on my left all in a prim, immaculate row, sat the graduates And-I thrilled like a school boy, as I you mean to tell me that that thrill again at the memory of it

(Concluded next week.)

"I should hardly put it in just MINARD'S LINIMENT CO. GENELEMEN—Last Winter "Why, the girl must be crazy!" use of MINARD'S LINIMENT "She is quite sane, I assure in a severe attack of Lagrippe you, Dr. Farraday. But some of and I have frequently proved it her friends are convinced that to be very effective in case of In-

W. A. HUTCHINSON,

Brown-" Of course you went up the Rhine?" Jones-"By Jove, yes! What

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Mrs. Cross-" Are you a man

superfluous, my dear. If I were a nouse you'd be up on a chair

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Bix-You may depend upon it crash, all right the crash of a that your friends won't forget you Dix-That's right; especially if you have borrowed it from them,

> W. H. O. Wilkinson, Straford says:-"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of

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