

Calendar for March, 1910.

Calendar for March, 1910. Moon's Phases. Last Quarter 4.3h. 40m. p. m. New Moon 11d. 8h. 0m. a. m. First Quarter 17d. 11h. 25m. a. m. Full Moon 25d. 4h. 9m. a. m.

Table with columns: Day of Week, Sun, Moon, High Water, Low Water. Rows for each day of the month.

In Decollete.

As I lean from my window one morning to feed the snowbirds—dear little things, they had grown to expect it and fluttered about me expectant and unafraid—I noticed old Mr. Brown, the postman, muffled to the chin, stop for a moment to drop a letter in the tiny box at the gate.

"I hope it is for my mother," I said to myself as I picked up the letter. I closed the window and went out to get it. But no, the letter was for me and the sight of the handwriting—once so familiar and never to be forgotten—sent a thrill through my heart, and recollections of the old days, when Helen Fulton and I were bosom friends at school, rushed back upon me as I hurried to the house.

I had heard of her brilliant marriage and the shining mark she made in that society to which she seemed to have been born; for even in those far-off days when we "played party" together she and I had searched through the chests in the attic for the cast-off frock of by-gone years, she always chose what she considered the most "stylish" and they became her right well, those garments of a generation past, and many a time, lost in admiration of her beauty, I would forget my own adornment and dropping flower and faded ribbon, would clasp my hands in speechless delight at the picture she made, as she walked through the dim old rooms, with her golden hair held high and her little shoulders gleaming through a mist of tattered lace. I was touched to find that she still remembered me, and the dear old days, for the letter contained a pressing invitation from her and her husband to spend Christmas week with them at their home city.

"I've the best and most indulgent husband in the world, dear," she wrote, "and three months ago God sent us a little son, oh, Majorie, the loveliest baby, with the bluest of eyes, the yellowest curls and a laugh like the gurgle of the stream down to the pasture, where we used to wade for water lilies, you and I. Dost thou remember? But how is it that you still remain single? And where is the fair prince of your early dreams—the prince who was to come on his snow white steed and bear you away and away, to his lone rock castle by the sea; where you were to live in happiness and peace forevermore?"

What has become of him, Majorie May? With a smile I carried the letter upstairs to my mother—my beautiful invalid mother. With the exception of one or two servants we had lived alone, she and I, at the old farm, ever since my father's death.

"How glad I am she has asked you," said my mother after reading the letter. "I was just thinking what a dull time you would have during the holidays. You are young, darling; go and enjoy yourself."

No objections now! Mrs. Evans will be here to day to help do up the sewing and we can easily arrange for her to stay until your return. I have some money laid aside for just such an occasion as this, and you shall have it to buy some pretty clothes. Now don't try to look serious, for already your eyes are dancing at the thought of pleasures in store.

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula—as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes bunces in the neck, distends the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands. "Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since." J. W. McGinn, Woodstock, Ont.

friend's residence—a beautiful brown stone front facing Union Square.

As I was ushered into the brilliantly lighted hall I shall never forget the picture that greeted my sight. She had just reached the foot of the stairs and came quickly toward me, the light of welcome shining in her eyes. Helen Adair—in a shimmering robe of palest blue, with a string of pearls in her hair—Helen Adair, in the regal splendor of her glorious youth and beauty such as woman never wore, came to meet me with her baby in her arms.

"Dear, dear, Majorie! I heard that the train was an hour late and was coming to meet you. How delightful I am to see you again! You haven't changed a bit"—putting her hand under my chin and lifting my face to her own—"not a bit, save that you are prettier than ever. The same serious gray eyes—the same sweet smile; I'm going to see that you break a few hearts before you leave us."

To hide my confusion at her praise I took the baby from her arms and kissed the red, smiling mouth. "He was a small image of herself. Isn't he a darling, Majorie? But here is nurse to put him to bed. Come dear, you've just about time to dress for dinner. We've made up a box party for the opera—Faust I'm sure you will enjoy it."

As we entered my room I found a maid there before us, busily unpacking my trunks. "Annie, will help you change your dress, dear. You've just about 30 minutes, so don't tarry," and with another kiss she left me.

Now I had never been used to a maid and considered her a very unnecessary article; however I resolved to keep my objections to myself and conform to the rules of fashionable life during my brief stay in the city, with-out comment. I met her husband later a handsome affable, thoroughly worldly man, though a practical Catholic, as he himself informed me that evening at dinner.

"Now you will both have to hurry, he called after us—dinner over—we ascended the stairs together. "You have just an hour to get ready for the opera."

The Pope Remembers Old Friends.

The Pope remembers old friends and when he knows that some person he is acquainted with is in Rome, he never fails to grant an audience. A few days ago a sailing vessel from Malta was shipwrecked on the Roman coast. Four men of the crew were drowned and the remaining seven swam ashore and were rescued with great difficulty by some shepherds.

The master and mate were injured and they were conveyed to one of the hospitals in Rome. The Pope read about the shipwreck in the newspapers, and the name of one of the men sounded familiar to him. "I think that I must have known this man called Roger in Venice, where he used to come on a schooner from Malta," said the Pope to his secretary, and I would like to see him."

An audience was arranged and Roger, the mate, went up to the Vatican. The Pope kept him over an hour in his private library, heard the story of the shipwreck and presented him with a gold medal. "I saw your Holiness in Venice once years ago," said the mate. "To be sure," answered the Pope, "I remembered your name and the vow you told me about, the vow you made when you were shipwrecked once before. Do you still keep it?"

"Yes, your Holiness, and I have increased it now," answered the man. He then told the Pope that he ascribed his rescue to a repetition of his old vow, namely that he would fast on bread and water twice every year for the rest of his life. "But you have already fasted twice every week for the last year, and now you will have to eat bread and water on four days out of seven," exclaimed the Pope; then he added: "You are an old man and it is cruel to starve yourself, so I prohibit you from keeping both vows."

The seaman expostulated. He said a bargain was a bargain, and as God had saved his life he was bound to fulfill his promises. The Pope insisted. He tried to convince the seaman that the vow was not binding, as it was too hard for a man of his age, but realized that it was useless to argue the point, he had a regular brief of dispensation drawn out there and then, signed and sealed it in due form and he handed it to the seaman, saying: "If you do not obey this, you will be excommunicated, and this exempts you from fasting."

The seaman then bowed his head and promised to obey. The Senate of the National University of Ireland convened February 24th, Archbishop Walsh presiding, and approved the recommendation of the Governing Body of University College, Dublin, that St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, should be recognized as a College of the University. The Maynooth Students will be admitted to the B. A. degree without attendance at any other college, on courses similar to those of the University and on examinations conducted in Maynooth with the cooperation of extra examiners appointed by the University Senate. The application for affiliation of St. Mary's Dominican College and Loreto College, Dublin, both female institutions, are still under consideration. The Royal University programme continues for 1910, and the question of compulsory Irish is still in abeyance. Steps are being taken to extend the holdings of the old University.—America.

Montreal is to have a public library, built and operated without government or municipal assistance. The Sulpician Fathers announce that they will begin next summer, in St. Denis Street, Montreal, between Ontario and Emory Streets, the construction of a large fireproof library provided with the most recent improvements and capable of containing two hundred thousand volumes. There will be general reading rooms for different classes of readers and special rooms for research. The land on which the library is to be built has a frontage of one hundred feet and a depth of one hundred and sixty feet. It is hoped that the building will be opened for public use in the autumn of 1911.—America.

Troubled With Backache For Years.

Now Completely Cured By The Use Of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. Mrs. W. C. Doerr, 13 Brighton St., London, Ont., writes:—"It is with pleasure that I thank you for the good your Doan's Kidney Pills have done me. Have been troubled with backache for years. Nothing helped me until a friend brought me a box of your Kidney Pills. I began to take them and took four boxes, and am glad to say that I am cured entirely and can do all my own work and feel as good as I used to before taken sick. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all you claim them to be, and I advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial."

Let Doan's Kidney Pills do for you what they have done for thousands of others. They cure all forms of kidney trouble and they cure to stay cured. Price, 50 cents per box of 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. When ordering specify "Doan's."

"I was born and raised on this farm," said the stranger, "but I haven't set foot on it for twenty years. It certainly has run down a good deal since then." "Mebby it has," rejoined the old farmer, "but I reckon it'll run down a heap sight more if yew had stayed on it."

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria. He—Now that we are married, pet, do you love me enough to cook for me? She—Enough, darling? I love you entirely too much for that. Sprained Arm. 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 25c.

"This wireless is a great thing." "It is, indeed. Now an actress sailing from Europe can quarrel with her impresario all the way across. Our Speicalties. Gothic windows, stairs, stair rails, Balusters Newel Posts, Cypress Gutter and Conductors, Kiln dried Spruce and Hardwood Flooring, Kiln dried clear spruce, sheathing and clapboards, Encourage home Industry. Beware Of Worms. Don't let worms gnaw at the vital of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 50c.

"Don't you believe," queried the fair advocate of woman's rights, "that men live faster than women?" "I sure do," replied the mere man. "I was just ten months older than my wife when we married: now I am 42 and she was 30 last week."

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts. "The new singer in the choir pitches all his music so high." "But you know, he came from a baseball team."

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff. Caught Cold By Working In Water. A Distressing, Tickling Sensation in The Throat. Mr. Albert MacPhee, Chignecto Mines, N.S., writes:—"In Oct., 1908, I caught cold by working in water, and had a very bad cough and that distressing, tickling sensation in my throat so I could not sleep at night, and my lungs were so very sore I had to give up work. Our doctor gave me medicine but it did me no good so I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and by the time I had used two bottles I was entirely cured. I am always recommending it to my friends."

Trapped With Backache For Years.

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