

Let us Forget it.

What does it matter what evil tongues say? So let us forget it. Frowning or smiling men all pass away. So let us forget it. For always there's One Who is constant and true. And well He remembers the least that we do. And little He cares for five talents or two. So let us forget it. What does it matter if none understand? Ah, just you forget it. What if our deeds are not foot-prints on sand? Just let us forget it. For Jesus will measure the lights and the grays. And just His proportion of censure and praise. When all meet before Him soon one of these days. So let us forget it. What if the world should vote for a fool? Why let us forget it. Heroes are taught in Adversity's school. So let us forget it. In travail is born the child of the womb. But somewhere a star shineth out of the gloom. So let us forget it. What if our love and our trust be betrayed? Why let us forget it? Christ will remember the part that we played. So let us forget it. Yes, let us forget it! Let's put it aside; Life is so large and the world is so wide. And deeds that are Godly forever abide. So let us forget it. —REV. D. A. CASEY.

Your Company?

A little song rings in my ear And haunts me all day long. And this—whichever way it runs— The keynote of my song; 'Be careful of your company.' The little song runs ever— 'The down once brushed from off the peach Returns again, ah, never,' All boys have wondrous golden dreams. The future's filled with bliss. Dreams may come true, but don't forget It all depends on this: 'Be careful of your company.' 'Tis youthful days that mold you. The chains you play with when a boy In manhood will unfold you.' So, when you dream, as youth will dream And form some wondrous plan. Remember this, dear, that the boy Is father to the man. Be careful of your company. Sin's chains are hard to sever. The down once brushed from off the peach Returns again, ah, never! FLORENCE JONES HADLEY.

In Debt to Three Saints

(By CAROLINE D. D. SWAN)

Paul Brennan stood for a moment irresolute, with an almost invisible swing of his cane. The frown on his handsome face was full of vexation. Had not Peter Donovan promised to meet him on this corner, and were they not going together to some sort of frolic? Paul did not know exactly what sort of frolic was ahead, but Peter was a gay lad—as lads go in gay New York—and never lacked resources. But the sun was shining with its best golden glow, on the superb marble fronts and carven cornices above, and on the variegated crowd below. The effect was dazzling, and Paul was artist enough to appreciate it. So he lingered till it finally occurred to him that he was obstructing the flow of the throng, which seemed sweeping in one direction. Mechanically he followed on also, with the vague idea that he might yet fall in with Peter, until he woke up to the fact that all these people were chitch-goers. "St. Cecilia's!" he murmured. "That's it. Why, what's going on there?" For, though a nominal Catholic,

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't eat and can't if your stomach is weak. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted. Among the signs of a weak stomach are uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, and disagreeable belching. "I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and tried every remedy I heard of, but never got anything that gave me relief until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I cannot praise this medicine too highly for the good it has done me. I always take it in the spring and fall and would not be without it." W. A. NOOKS, Belleville, Ont. Hood's Sarsaparilla Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

Paul, like many others, did not study the calendar to keep track of either saints' days or services. Church on this bright afternoon was the first thought in his heart. Yet the silvery call of a very sweet bell was ringing its way into his consciousness. "She is calling! St. Cecilia!" he said to himself dryly. "She ought to pick out a better fellow, though, better than I am or ever shall be." Yet by this time he had nearly reached the church, and just then a vibrant, melancholy voice drifted out from the choir. His quick, musical sense caught and clasped its beauty. "By jove!" he, "cried the saint is singing herself." He tried to smile at the fancy, but signally failed. "She is singing to me," was the next thought, and, led by some impulse that seemed too strong for him, he softly entered the church and knelt with the rest. As the music slowly quivered and soared and fell like a sequence of silent stars, many thoughts oppressed him. His wilfulness, his practical irreligion—nay, more, his open sins. The shame of it all fell on him like a dull blow. "Lord, forgive me!" he murmured. Then, as the wonderful voice sang on of the Precious Blood and its might of pardon, a soprano took up the strain—a soprano so pure and sweet that it seemed like a bright light. "O Madeline!" whispered the listening soul, "is it thy voice, indeed, singing still of strength and forgiveness?" "Da robur, fer auxilium! Give strength, bring help!" The cry of his soul went up with the tender tones, whose pleading, mingled with the fragrance from the incense cloud, penetrated every fiber of his being. Did any one, could any one but Madeline have a voice like that? It was many years since he last heard it, yet he could hardly be mistaken. If Madeline Engelmann—Madeline his old love—were still living—if she had not joined the white choir before the throne, that was surely her voice. The words of the psalmist came to him with new meaning: "My song shall be of mercy and judgment; unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing." She was singing thus, his Madeline, unto Him, the Lord, whether below on our green earth or in His presence. "For him, Paul, to him, except unconsciously, she would never sing again. How foolish he had been to quarrel with her in those olden days! How wicked? She was a little saint, even then, and a bride of Christ now—at least so he had heard. How far from him she had gone! How far in every sense! He thought anew of his follies, his reckless life of late. What would she say if she knew? Yes, he was indeed "in exile." He buried his head in his hands with an impulsive motion, as if hiding his unworthiness from all but God. He followed the throng that left the church like a man in a dream. All at once he heard a small piping voice close at his side. He looked down and into a sweet child's face, lit with a pair of imploring eyes. "May I go home with you?" Brennan suddenly woke up. He had thought at first of the Christ-child. "Why, you little midget, where did you come from?" He had striven to make his tone severe, but a smile played on his lips. The little one clasped his

hand with the undoubting confidence of infancy, but no reply came. "I say you little piece of Christmas where did you come from?" urged Paul. "Where is your mother?" "My mudder is down to heaven, where Dad is!" A pause followed. "An' I'm down' there too. Doin' wiv you."

"Perhaps you will, young man, retorted Paul; "but it's more than likely you will not." The blue eyes shone like stars, and the clasp tightened on Paul's fingers. This remark had in no wise disturbed the baby's trust. Brennan began to feel embarrassed. What if Peter should come upon him now? They were passing one of the public squares, so Paul took his charge thither out of the crowd and sat down on one of the benches, wondering if he had not suddenly become somebody's nursemaid. "Perhaps the boy is a fairy changeling, too," he remarked dryly. Yet the sore spot in his heart had been touched. He loved children, and this one appealed to him strongly. The youngster looked at him thoughtfully. Then came a burst of confidence. "If I am dood, Dod will love me. And if you're dood, Dod will love oo." "Who told you that, sonny?" "My mudder. Up in heaven is wings—lots of wings, all feathers, white ones." "Yes, all feathers; that is right," assented Paul. "An' woses—white ones an' wed ones." "Yes, roses. What else?" "An' gold, shiny things on their heads." "Yes. Tell us some more." "My mudder went right up there," and the child pointed to the blue with a reverent gesture. "Papa is there." "An orphan child," murmured Paul. "No use to search for the parents then. Well who else is there?" "Oo an' me!" A glad little laugh followed his assurance, and a decided toss of his curls showed he had done giving information. It flashed upon Paul's mind that some souls have a special devotion to the Holy Infancy. He had begun to understand it. Yet what could he do with the child? He had no home other than an unattractive boarding house. "I should not be sporting round as much if I had," he murmured in self-exculpation. Luckily just then rescue appeared in the distance. He caught sight of a young priest whom he knew, Father Doucette, the assistant at St. Francis de Sales. "I hope he will come this way," thought Brennan, "and tell me what to do with this child. Stray lambs are in his line." The approach of the other soon gave him his opportunity. His previous determined avoidance of the young ecclesiastic was all forgotten. If Father Doucette remembered he gave no sign, but returned Brennan's eager greeting with like cordiality. "But whom have we here?" he inquired, kindly, stroking the baby's curls. His majesty graciously permitted the caress. "What is your name my little man." "Rafe—Rafe-el." "An, an angel's name, baby Raphael. Now, dear, what is the other name?" But his majesty had taken refuge in silence. The red of the setting sun flung a Titianesque warmth that was almost glory on the golden curls, and the blue eyes had suggestions of sleep. Brennan related how he had found his cherub—or rather how his cherub had found him—and the other met the case at once. "Take him up to St. Aloysius's—the Children's Home on Jeffers Square—and pass him over to Sister Evangelist. Tell her if you like, that I stand sponsor for you both." And with a pleasant laugh and touch of his hat Father Doucette went on his way. Brennan lost no time in following Father Doucette's advice. All went well at the Children's Home. Sister Evangelist, a tall, sweet-faced nun, welcomed "the little angel," as she at once named him, and the boy went to her confidently as he went to Paul. Then a new idea struck Brennan, and struck him with force. Here was a charity. Was it not his duty to help it on? What right had he, what moral right, to add one more to this little flock, one more mouth to be fed, without adding in due proportion, to its bread and butter fund? The warm color flushed his fine face. His purse was nearly

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A cold, if neglected, will sooner or later develop into some sort of lung trouble, so we would advise you that on the first sign of a cold or cough you get rid of it immediately. For this purpose we know of nothing better than Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. This preparation has been on the market for the past twenty-five years, and those who have used it have nothing but words of praise for its efficacy. Mrs. H. N. Gill, Truro, N.S., writes: "Last January, 1913, I developed an awful cold, and it hung on to me for so long I was afraid it would turn into consumption. I would go to bed nights, and could not get any sleep at all for the choking feeling in my throat and lungs, and sometimes I would cough till I would turn black in the face. A friend came to see me, and told me of your remedy, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I got a bottle of it, and when I had taken it I could see a great change for the better, so I got another, and when I had taken the two bottles my cough was all gone, and I have never had an attack of it since, and it is now a year ago."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; and price, 25c and 50c. It is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

empty. The money he had wickedly squandered would have enabled him now to do the handsome thing. But, alas! it was gone. What could he do? Then a fresh thought came to him, like a gleam of salvation. "I will remember St. Aloysius with a gift for Christmas-tide, if not earlier," he said eagerly, and Sister Evangelist thanked him with a beaming smile. (Concluded next week.)

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., Limited. Gentlemen, — I had my leg badly hurt, the pain was very severe and a large swelling came above the knee. I expected it would be serious—I rubbed it with MINARD'S LINIMENT, which stopped the pain and reduced the swelling very quickly. I cannot speak too highly of MINARD'S LINIMENT. AMOS T. SMITH, Port Hood Island.

Ever notice how little attention is paid to people who talk too much. MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.

Cynthia—"How do you like my new hat?" Margie—"I think it's charming. I had one just like it last year."

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."

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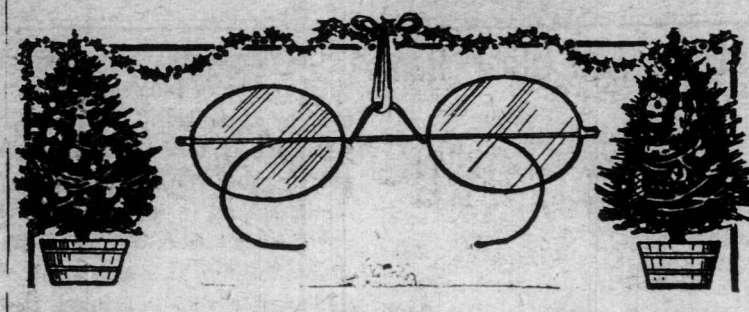
Mable: "What are you going to do with all these flowers after the carnival is over? It's a shame to waste them." Maud: "They won't be wasted. If Jack sees them before papa does, there will be a wedding and if papa sees Jack before I do, there'll be a funeral."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA. Being the friend of a "good fellow is an expensive job."

NERVES WERE BAD Hands Would Tremble So She Could Not Hold Paper to Read. When the nerves become shaky the whole system seems to become unstrung and a general feeling of collapse occurs, as the heart works in sympathy with the nerves.

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Ever notice how little attention is paid to people who talk too much. MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF. Cynthia—"How do you like my new hat?" Margie—"I think it's charming. I had one just like it last year."

E. W. TAYLOR

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"VOL-PEEK" mends holes in all kinds of Pots, Pans, Boilers and all other kitchen utensils, in two minutes at a cost of less than 1/4¢ per mend. Mends Graniteware, Iron Tinwares, Copper, Brass, Aluminium, etc. Easy to use, requires no tools and mends quickly. Every housewife knows what it is to discover a hole in a pan, kettle or boiler just when she wants to use that article. Few things are more provoking and cause more inconvenience, a little leak in a much wanted pot or pan will often spoil a whole morning's work.

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