

THE MERRY JESTERS.

Mr. Bloom (reading)—The diamond is the most refractory substance known.
Mrs. Bloom—Yes, I know. I haven't been able to lay hands on one since we've been married.—Jeweller's Weekly.

"How did he come to marry such a comely girl?"
"For her brains. She gave him a pair of suspenders, once, that had elastic in them."—Washington Star.

Waiter (to grumpy customer)—Haven't you forgotten something, sir?
Customer (with asperity)—Yes, sir; I've forgotten more than you ever knew.—Puck.

"So you want to marry Emma—but she is my only daughter."
"Oh, that's all right, sir. I only want one."—Life.

"What would you like best for a Christmas gift?" asked Skidls of his best girl.

"Are engagement rings very expensive?" she replied shyly.—Judge.

Mistress—How is it that I saw a policeman hugging you in the kitchen last night?

Maid—I don't know, mum, unless you was peepin' through the keyhole.—Modern Society.

Winks—"See that fellow on a bicycle—all doubled up like a jack-knife."

Jinks—"Yes; he's on pleasure bent."—New York Weekly.

A Warning—He—"If you were not so tall I'd propose to you."

She—"If you did, you'd see how short I could be."—Harper's Bazar.

De Jones—"My poor little mother never had any advantages. She only knew me when she was too old to benefit by it."—Harper's Bazar.

He—"You say you love me, but cannot be my wife. Is it because I am poor? There are better things in the world than money."

She—"Quite true; but it takes money to buy them."—Tit-Bits.

Tourist—"I see you have fitted up your scarecrows with hoes and rakes, so as to look like men working in the field. That's a good idea."

Farmer—"Yes, siree. Scares away tramps."—New York Weekly.

Son—"Papa, what do sailors mean when they talk about sea-board?"

Father—"Hard-tack and other indigestible food, I suppose."—Detroit Free Press.

Miggles—"Simpson is very regular in his attendance at church now?"

Wiggles—"Yes, the children in the flat are so noisy he can't get a wink of sleep at home."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Oppenstrauss—"My frent, dot ring is wort five hundred tollers, and I let you haf it for sixty-five."

Jones—"But it has the initial letter 'W' on it."

Oppenstrauss—"My frent, dot ring is such a bargain it would pay you to haf your name changed."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

WAR WELL WAGED.

What greater enemy of mankind than disease, and what nobler work than to fight against this death dealing enemy of humanity. The most successful war against disease is being steadily carried on by Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, constipation, bad blood, biliousness, etc., cannot resist its powers.

It is not often that a woman has her head completely turned, but passing by another woman's new bonnet gives the head a good twist.

TRULY RECOMMENDED.

Gentlemen,—I can truly recommend Haggard's Pectoral Balsam for all coughs and colds. Less than one bottle cured my brother of a severe cold. Miss Maggie Thompson, Vasey, Ont.

There is a high scientific authority for the belief that a lobster may attain the age of a thousand years. We don't doubt it. Our experience of some imported tinned lobsters confirms this estimate.

PRISONERS LIBERATED.

Many who have been confined to their beds for years by rheumatism, lame back and kidney complaints, have been liberated from their sad prisons by the wonderful regulating and purifying action of Burdock Blood Bitters, which drives out the acrid poison from the blood and restores health to the afflicted.

Chicago is probably the largest Catholic city in the world.

Sir Charles Russell, Q. C., M. P., has contributed \$500 to the Manning memorial fund.

USE SURPRISE SOAP ON WASH DAY; AND EVERY DAY.



Can Hardly Believe It. XII

JERSEYVILLE, ILL., May 30, 1898.
I take pleasure to let you know that my boy is still all right; he has not had any of the spasms since about March 20. The people can hardly believe it from the fact that he had as many as 16 a day or more. He was a very nervous child all his life, but did not show any signs of spasms until last December, after which they came in regular succession, and I had 3 doctors attending who could do nothing for him, nor even tell us what was the matter. I had despaired of his ever getting well, until I got Koenig's Nerve Tonic. After taking not quite a bottleful he got quite well and has not had the least sign of spasms since.

Respectfully yours,
MRS. E. LEYTON,
I testify to the facts as stated above to be strictly true.
JAS. HARTY, Priest.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1874 and now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Our Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5.
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Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of **BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.**

For Sale by all Dealers.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

MOUNTAIN FLOWERS.

Adapted from the French, by the Author of "Tyborne."

What is it? Who is creeping on tiptoe in the farmyard at this hour?

A big star in the sky looked down and said:

"Where are you going, little Annie, all alone, before the dawn?"

"You know very well, beautiful star, for you are God's eye. I am going to gather flowers for the Infant Jesus."

"What! so early, little Annie! All are still asleep in the village; the horses in the stables, the dog in his kennel, the cocks and hens, the little birds, even the flowers. Go back to bed."

"No; I must be here soon to milk the cows, and I am going a long way off to find flowers for the Infant Jesus. It is his feast-day, and all the school-girls are going to bring flowers; and the priest said that the Infant Jesus would smile on the one that brought the best. I have no garden like the others where I can find flowers, but I will also offer a lovely bouquet to the Infant Jesus."

She stole along barefooted for fear of waking the cock, who would wake up the dog, who would have aroused the farm-boy, who would have cried out:

"Little Annie, where are you going so early?"

So she crept out gently and ran as fast as her feet would take her—white, pink, blue and gold, and on each sparkled like a diamond a drop of dew.

"Here are flowers, little Annie, in plenty."

"No; the goats have trodden them under foot; the goat herds come as high as this. I will have flowers that are rare and beautiful for the Infant Jesus."

"Courage, then, little Annie; climb up higher still." But the way grew more rugged and the rocks were bare.

"Where are the flowers?"

"Oh!" said little Annie, "this road is good. It leads to heaven. At the top of the mountain heaven is close by. There I shall find flowers, lovely flowers for the Infant Jesus."

And she climbed higher and higher still—not an herb, not even moss; rocks as she could toward the mountain.

"What are you going to now, little Annie?"

"The garden flowers are beautiful, but they are not mine; the flowers of the field are pretty, but men and cattle walk over them. I am going to the top of the mountain—there will be flowers that belong to no one, and which must be beautiful, the most beautiful of all, for they grow near Paradise."

And little Annie ran as fast as she could. As she climbed the mountain side the sun rose.

"Out already, little Annie!" said he; "where are you going?"

"To the top of the mountain to gather beautiful flowers for the Infant Jesus."

The morning breeze met her, and tossed her golden hair.

She climbed the hard rocks, not minding the pain to her little bare feet. A thousand little flowers bloomed at her bare and slippery feet. She crept on her hands and feet, and reached the summit.

"Where are the beautiful flowers, Annie?" Oh, here is one—a little flower white and simple—full and simple, like her faith.

"Well done, little Annie. First flower for the Infant Jesus."

Her little feet were tired; her little hands were bruised; but hope shone in her eyes. She went on further. "Oh, here is the bower in blossom. Symbol of hope, Annie; second flower for the Infant Jesus."

On, on again. Two flowers are not enough for a bouquet. The drops rolled

from her forehead; her feet were bleeding. Here, in the midst of thorns, blooms a lovely flower. She sprang forward. A thorn wounded her finger. The pink flower became deep red.

"Charity, Annie. Third flower for the Infant Jesus." Her bouquet was complete. It is beautiful. Will the Infant Jesus smile?

Now, quite happy, she turned to descend the mountain, when she heard a gentle voice:

"Where are you going, little Annie? Let me see that beautiful bouquet." A lovely child was standing by her side; his eyes were heavily blue. Is it the scene that makes rays of light round his head?

"Are they not beautiful?" she cried. "I have gathered them for the Infant Jesus."

"Give them to me, little Annie. The Infant Jesus shall have them. I will offer them to Him," and his eyes shone.

"But what shall I give Him, then? No, dear little one; really I cannot let you."

"Give them to me, little Annie." And it seemed as if he was going to cry.

"Don't cry," said she. "Take them; carry them to the Infant Jesus."

A single tear fell from her eyes upon the deep red flower.

"Thanks! thanks, little Annie." And the lovely child disappeared.

Half sad, half joyful, Annie descended the mountain.

The village was awake. Cocks, dogs, horses and cows, the farm boy and the farmer. The birds carolled in the trees; the great bell rang out from the tower, and the sun was high in the heavens.

Little Annie crept in without being seen.

"Little Annie! Little Annie! it is time to arise!"

Out rang the bell; the children were hastening to church with their bouquets in their hands.

"Farmer, please let me go and see the flowers offered to the Infant Jesus."

"Go, Little Annie, and make haste back."

She ran to the church. Oh, what beautiful bouquets! and where is her own? All the flowers are offered—laid at the foot of the altar. Hers is not there—the Infant Jesus has not smiled.

"Go up, Annie, it is your turn," says a gentle voice.

"I have nothing!" she murmured, red with confusion.

"Draw near, little Annie, draw near," said the gentle voice. She went, but so ashamed she dare not raise her eyes.

"Look up," said the voice.

"What? There is on the altar the lovely child with eyes of heavenly blue. Is it the sun that makes the rays play about the head? No; the rays are not from the sun."

It is the little Infant Jesus. In his right Hand, instead of a sceptre, He holds three flowers—one white, one blue, just opening, and one red, deep red; on the last sparkled a tear.

Simple faith, artless hope, love of God and her neighbor. These were the three flowers of the mountain.

Oh, see! little Annie; see, Jesus looks on thee and smiles.—Ave Maria.

Consumption
is oftentimes absolutely cured in its earliest stages by the use of that wonderful
Food Medicine, Scott's Emulsion
which is now in high repute the world over.
"CAUTION."—Beware of an substitute. Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Sold by all druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

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