

The Meadow-Lark

BY OLINTON SCOLLARD.

This morning, at the shattering of the dark, I heard the meadow-lark, And gave him buoyant heed, Knowing the icy spell was swept indeed.

What lyriced he? Faith, hope, and love, these three;— All vernal life in rapt ecstasies. And faring forth I felt myself a part Of what that song exalted through was voicing; And, although mutely, I upraised my heart In reverent rejoicing.

—New England Magazine

Anecdotes of Mr. Gladstone.

If men be the most interesting object in nature to men, then a great man might be called an Alp of humanity. His stature is vast. Every body is anxious to scale him, and view the world from the summit of his intelligence, or, at any rate, know a great deal about his topography;— if we may continue an unhappy figure of speech this long.

Of late anecdotes about Gladstone have appeared in the memoirs of certain Britons. It seems to be one of the incidental labors of any large man to generate stories about himself that continue to rise to the surface of newspaper print for generations after his disappearance from mortal walks. But without further comment, here are some of these tales of the G. O. M.:

Mrs. Gladstone, as is well known, was always watchful not only over her husband's health, but also over her popularity. One day, writes one of these reminiscent persons to his pat print, I was in the park when a body of Yorkshire Liberals had come on a picnic. Such parties were so common that Mr. Gladstone very often did not know of them beforehand. It was so on this occasion. Apparently in a preoccupied mood, he had strolled out of the castle, and was walking across the green lawn when he became aware of the presence of a crowd of admirers. The recognition was mutual. Several hundred enthusiastic men and women were seized at once with the same desire—to shake hands with their great leader. But such a greeting may be more boisterous than safe, and some such idea evidently came into Mr. Gladstone's mind. For a moment he surveyed his admirers advancing like a body of infantry at "the charge". Then he fairly turned and ran. It was only perhaps a hundred yards to the open door of a coach-house nearby, but Mr. Gladstone sped like a young athlete; the band of admirers were nowhere, and he reached the coach-house in good time and shut the door behind him. Of course he was not the man to disappoint his well-meaning admirers, and shortly afterwards he drove among them in a carriage and gave them a little speech. Mrs. Gladstone was with him. Among those who after the speech pressed forward to shake hands was a stout Yorkshire woman, but, in spite of strenuous exertions, she failed. She was compensated, however, by Mrs. Gladstone, whose hand she reached and shook warmly for quite an appreciable time. Mrs. Gladstone quite understood, and accepted the vicarious honor with sympathy.

Mrs. Gladstone while properly watchful and careful of her husband, was sometimes helpless in her methods. Another memory recalls that it was on the day when she and Mr. Gladstone landed at Leth from their Baltic cruise of 1, suppose, twenty-five years ago, and I, as a boy playing truant from school for the purpose, had been skimming on the pier for many hours, waiting for my first glimpse of the great man. On landing he and his wife took seats in an open carriage, surrounded by a great crowd clamoring for a speech. At last Mr. Gladstone, forgetful of his doctor's orders, decided to gratify us. He rose, threw back his cloak, bared his noble head to the bleak east wind, and opened his lips. I was almost at his side, and I shall never forget how my heart fluttered as I rushed forward to catch the first notes of the wonderful voice of which I had heard so much. Alas! I was not to hear that voice for three more years. Mrs. Gladstone strothed forth her hand, grasped her husband's coat tails, said in a decisive manner, "Sit down, William," and pulled him back into his seat with an emphasis which left us all gasping. Mr. Gladstone not excepted, and before we had recovered the victorious lady and her dumfounded prize had driven away.

"An Old Reporter" plucks up memory, so to say, at the activity of others, and writes: "Your story about Mrs. Gladstone and the parcel reminds me of a Harvard experience. One day Mrs. Gladstone was speaking from the terrace, rain began to fall. With the first few drops came a voice from the crowd, 'Put on your hat, Mr. Gladstone.' 'No,' blandly responded the veteran; 'Some prefer their hats on; I prefer mine off.' As the rain fell more heavily Mrs. Gladstone stepped behind her husband and held an umbrella over his bare head. He was over eighty at the time. Mr.

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night— That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure them.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this scaling, burning, itching skin disease will disappear. "I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I consulted a doctor and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. Here never had any salt disease since." Mrs. Ida E. Ward, 375 West 12th St., Minn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rides the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

Gladstone went silently on, expounding the merits of rabbit farming; but after a time even he noticed the rain and the umbrella. Turning to Mrs. Gladstone, he said: 'I will put my own up, my dear,' and he did so. Again the elegant voice galloped on, while the rain became heavier and heavier. Presently Mrs. Gladstone threw a light mackintosh over her husband's shoulders, the mackintosh fell, and Mrs. Gladstone stepped back. For five minutes more, in a deluge, Mr. Gladstone went on. Then he stopped, and we all fled. Ten minutes afterwards about a dozen reporters in a neighboring inn were pouring pulpy notebooks and trying to make out notes by collation. I had stood at Mr. Gladstone's left, and as I had the shelter of a portion of Mrs. Gladstone's umbrella the last two portions of my notes were readable. Nobody else's were. The Manchester Guardian man gave me the first portion of his speech, and I gave him the end of it.—Boston Transcript.

Robbed And Exiled.

Unquestionably the most heart-rending of the many sad spectacles to be viewed as a result of the war on religion in France is the plight of the thousands of gentle nuns whose homes have been confiscated, and who have been forced to leave their native country and find shelter and subsistence in foreign lands.

Some idea of the sufferings of these holy women may be gained from a touching letter received a few days ago by the superior of a convent near this city. The writer is the mother prioress of a Carmelite community formerly of Digne, France. Expelled from their beloved monastery, the nuns found a refuge at San Remo, Italy. In her letter the mother prioress tells something of the trials to which she and her devoted daughters in religion have been subjected, and the problems that now confront them. The American nun to whom the letter was written and by whom it has been communicated to The Catholic Standard and Times says:

"Should you be willing to publish it and our merciful Lord inspire any one to help them ever so little, the contribution may be sent directly to the K. Mere Prieure des Carmelites, Corso Cavallotti, San Remo, Italy, or through The Standard and Times to us, though we would prefer not to be mentioned in print, and we will, of course, help them ourselves privately."

Following is the letter: Monastery of Carmel, Italie Ligurie, San Remo, February 25, 1907.

My Very Honored Mother: I may God be all to us! You know the Satanic law which drives all religious orders from France. The consequences are terrible. Therefore, confident that you will compassionate the cruel sufferings of the poor Daughters of St. Teresa, exiles and robbed, we implore you for the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, in whose name we are so odiously persecuted, to come to our assistance, for we are in the most extreme need. The enemies of God and His Church have taken all from us by armed force. Monastery, furniture of the chapel, statues, books of piety, even our kitchen stove, our poor straw beds, our clothing, everything has been put under seal. They have not even respected our holy relics, which the gendarmerie have taken to the tribunal on a wheelbarrow. What a horrible profanation! We had prudently concealed all in the houses of devoted friends, but these Freemasons who govern, abusing their power, have dared, with the police at their head, to search everywhere until they found and seized everything. Even our lawyer was condemned as a criminal for having sheltered our books and statues! Now we are in exile, with God alone and His Cross.

Here we are not disturbed, but our rent of three thousand francs crushes us (it is the largest in Italy), and it is only by laboring day and night that we have been able to subsist up to this time. Broken-hearted and exhausted by this long martyrdom which has tortured us for three years, we

That hacking cough continues Because your system is exhausted and your powers of resistance weakened. Take Scott's Emulsion. It builds up and strengthens your entire system. It contains Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites so prepared that it is easy to take and easy to digest.

are all ready to succumb if some charitable souls do not come to our assistance. With tears we beseech you, my good mother, to aid us generously, for notwithstanding all, we wish to preserve our dear religious life, to live and die as Carmelites. If we are assisted this year, we hope that afterwards we shall be able to support ourselves.

Would you have the goodness to interest some charitable souls in our behalf? I know that in America people are generous. Our gratitude will be eternal and our prayers constant for your intentions. Oh! pray that this persecution may sanctify us. Dear mother, excuse me, but believe that if I venture to importune you, it is because our need is extreme and pressing. We will look with hopeful anxiety for your favorable answer. * * * With tears we thank you for what your heart will prompt you to do for us, and may the good God repay you a hundred fold with His choicest blessings. Your humble servant, M. TERESA DE JESUS CRUCIFIX, C. D. I., Prieure.

The Tablet narrates the following incident, which shows that the French government is determined that all those who serve it in an official capacity shall have nothing to do with Christian faith or practice:

"Many of the brave French sailors who perished in the Lena were Brestons, and their friends and relatives wished to have a funeral service held at Rennes on Thursday last. The Bishop of Rennes arranged for the Mass to be said at the Cathedral at 10.30 a.m. At the barracks across the way were the soldiers who serve under the same flag, and whose sympathies were naturally with their departed comrades who had died in the service of their country. On the night before the funeral service in the Cathedral—Wednesday night about eleven o'clock—the officers in barracks were aroused and called together to receive an order from the Government—the Government of that France for which soldiers and sailors are proud to risk their lives. The order was that no officer must attend the funeral service held for dead sailors—open outside his official capacity! The infamous order was worded as follows: 'Le ministre, consulte au sujet du service religieux celebre a la cathedrale en l'honneur des victimes du Lena, fait repondre qu'il interdirt aux officiers de s'y rendre, meme a titre officieux.' Thus at a moment when all France is mourning for the gallant man who was sacrificed in her service, a Catholic officer even in private capacity is 'forbidden' to take part in a funeral service which is held in their memory! Such is the work of Colonel Picquart and of the Grand Orient, whose beasts he dares not disobey. We may fairly prophesy that the organs of the Press of this country which are so deeply committed to the work of patronizing the French Ministry and all its works, will have no word of censure or rebuke for this shameful violation of individual liberty. It was only committed against Catholic officers, and therefore such measures—which would be intolerable if taken against a Jew or unbeliever—can be glossed over or condoned in a general policy of hush and conspiracy of omission."

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MONEY TO LOAN.

Solicitors for Royal Bank of Canada

Some of our subscribers would appear to think that we publish a paper simply for the pleasure there is in the work. Certainly we enjoy the work and are always pleased to know that our efforts afford pleasure to our readers; but being human, we cannot live on the wind and we would like to get enough out of it to keep the wolf from the door. If our diletatory subscribers will just take the hint we will have greater pleasure than ever in catering to their tastes.

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H. H. BROWN, The Young Men's Man.

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Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 25c.

"Mamma," said little John, I just made a bet. "What was it?" she asked. "I bet Billy Roberts my cap against two buttons that you'd give a penny to me to buy some apples with. You don't want me to lose my cap, do you?"

He got the penny.

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gives women prompt relief from monthly pains and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 20 and 25 cents. All dealers.

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"Tom Bain," said the master, "listen to the lesson, will ye?" "I'm listening, sir," said the boy. "Listening are ye?" exclaimed the master. "Then ye're listening wi' one ear an' eating pie with the other."

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HALIFAX, N. S., August 1, 1906.

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Principal Union Commercial College,

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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Yours sincerely,

J. MACADAM.

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