

The Easter Thruifer.

(By Charles L. O'Donnell.)

Mrs. McMullen stood humbly before her pastor. "Sure, you were once a boy yourself," she pleaded, though with a challenge in her eye.

"Yes, and I'd never have been a man if I'd been up to the tricks of that lad of yours," retorted Father O'Rourke. "Such a devil would have been killed outright by the master in Killybegs."

"But isn't it always better, Father," urged Mrs. McMullen, "to let live and give a chance to reform?" and when Father Hugh, looking far away out of the window, only grunted, she persuasively added: "One more chance, please, Father; he's determined to keep out of mischief this time, and, for that matter, sure at heart he's the best."

"All right," broke in the old priest, though it was the logic of memory rather than the mother's that brought him to this conclusion. "I'll let him go on again; but mind you," he thundered as Mrs. McMullen with smiles and bows and profuse thanks started to go, "if I find that boy at any more of his tricks around this church it's off the altar he'll go for good, and never—"

but the iron gate had already clicked behind Mrs. McMullen, and she was too happy to care about Father O'Rourke's threats now that Michael was to be reinstated in his old post among the servers at St. Aidan's.

"To think of it," indignantly muttered the venerable pastor as he re-lighted his old brown pipe, "burnin' rubber and asafetida in the bran' new censor I bought for Easter; why the sacrilegious like a German meat market."

After a few minutes of meditative smoking, however, he broke out into a hearty laugh. "Poor Riley," he mused as the gray smoke drifted about his white head, "it's little but fun we thought of the night we tethered the calf to Dr. Donovan's door at Maynooth."

Mrs. McMullen was ambitious in an unworshipful sense; she had no daughter to "marry" successfully, no husband to goad on to high, or low, political offices—she had only one boy, Michael, and ever since he had come to her, with his angelic eyes, for all their wicked twinkle, it had been the sole wish of her life, her only desire on earth, that one day she might see him behind the chancel, nor was this ambition of hers changed nor her faith shaken when Michael's father left her eight years before. She would toil, and pinch, and scrape. God would do the rest, she was sure. No matter if Mickey was the terror of the parish, the abomination of all the mothers of "nice" boys; he was her boy, and she loved every freckle on his face, and she had much to love.

She was going home happy now, wondering how she could best impress Mickey with the uncertainty of his tenure to a place as server at St. Aidan's; for though she knew that he was all right at heart and had, as she believed, a real vocation, there was no telling what moment he would break forth into some freak of devilry that would argue the want, to some the impossibility, of any seriousness in his character.

As Mrs. McMullen approached the house she heard children screaming in the rear of the woodshed. "You won't kill us, Mickey," was the terrified cry, and a prompt "Just watch me," was the heartless answer. Quickening her steps, Mrs. McMullen got behind the house seemingly just in time to prevent what might be a terrible slaughter. Tied together to the back door-step lay little Jimmie and Kathie Malone, their eyes protruding in horror, while off a few feet was the redoubtable Mickey, brandishing a hatchet and a saw as he did a war-dance, his face streaked and blotched with green and yellow paint, preparatory to executing his wrath on the children of the pale-face.

As Mrs. McMullen appeared a war-whoop ended in a gasp of astonishment.

"Michael Paul McMullen—what in the name of heaven are you up to?" demanded the disheartened mother with tears of vexation in her eyes. "Nothing, ma," confessed the perspiring, though composed, aborigine, "only showing the kids what it is not to have Christian parents what don't love you, and—"

Ten minutes after the Malone children were safe on their own side of the fence, Mrs. Malone knew from lusty "velocution" in the wood-shed that one child of Christian parents was ascertaining the strength of a mother's affection.

During the remainder of Lent, a

wonderful change came over Mickey, whether his mother's talk had made him realize the high expectations she cherished for him, or whether the willow branch was the stronger argument, it is hard to say—perhaps both made deep impressions on him. Perhaps, too, he had been sobered by the fact that his mother had received a slight stroke of paralysis, the second one, a week after the incident related above. At any rate, his conduct at school got to be remarkably good, and he never missed a practice for the services, even Father O'Rourke began to think there might perhaps be something in him.

By Holy Saturday Mickey had got his part down fine. There was to be a solemn high Mass at St. Aidan's on Easter Sunday; true, there would be only one priest, but the impossibility of securing the other ministers didn't bother Father O'Rourke—if he couldn't have a deacon and a sub-deacon, well, it spared him the agony of instructing a master of ceremonies for the occasion. It seemed, moreover, from the amount of time and attention he lavished on Mickey (with the new censor!) that he expected to fill up with the incense whatever tubular voids there might otherwise be in the Easter ceremonies.

Mickey was now an adept in his peculiar line of service; he could swing the censor to a perilous arc without upsetting its contents; he could swing it for twenty minutes without striking the floor once. Nor was all the glory of these achievements to be given to Father Hugh's patience or Mickey's own exertion. Night after night his mother put him through his paces, made him swing a pail of water, hung from a string, till Mickey's arms ached from weariness; and now Mrs. McMullen's crowning usefulness and delight was in mending and pressing the slightly frayed cassock that Mickey was to wear and in "doing up" his surplice; for it was the historic practice at St. Aidan's for the boys who were going to serve at Easter to take home the surplices the week before and have them washed and ironed.

No boy in the sanctuary, Mrs. McMullen was resolved, should look neater than Mickey.

Easter Sunday opened fresh and pure on the world like a golden-tongued lily, and Mickey thought as he stood beside the wash-basin in the morning that never before had he seen the sun dance so splendidly on the wall.

"Hurry up, now, or the eggs'll be cold," called his mother; "if you're late for that Mass this morning—" "There's two hours yet," yawned Mickey, though he moved about with an eagerness and enthusiasm his voice did not betray. His Sunday clothes had been pressed by Mrs. McMullen till they glittered like an armor, and Mickey had exhausted himself the night before putting a shine on his rather well-worn and stubby shoes.

"Mother, I'll never be Pope," he remarked, as he fastened his father's large-linked watch chain in his waist-coat and surveyed himself in the glass. "I don't think my eyes could stand the sparkle of the pictorial cross."

"Go along now, you and your hierarchal brag," called out his mother from the rattling dish pan in the pantry, "and get that part straight in your hair."

At half-past nine, after the most careful attention on the part of Mrs. McMullen and untold agony on her son's, Mickey stood forth as handsome, as perfect generally, as nature and art and his mother could make him.

"You'll do," exclaimed Mrs. McMullen at last, with a sob of happiness, and then, ruining in a moment the effect of half an hour's sedulous labor, she threw both arms around Mickey and gathered him to her heart in the true mother way.

"That's all right, ma," spoke Mickey, reassuringly, as he caught a moment's shading of doubt in his mother's eyes, "you'll see me wearin' the two-story hat yet before I get the long distance call."

Mrs. McMullen smiled absently over his banter, and murmured: "Your father would be a proud man this day," and then starting Mickey off with complete instructions as to how he was to carry the carefully done-up surplice, she busied herself getting ready for Mass. In fifteen minutes she had locked the house and walked to the gate, when she stopped, put her hand to her head for a moment, and sank heavily down to the sidewalk. Mrs. Malone, who was also on her way to church, saw

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"God save us, John," she cried to her husband, "come quick, Mrs. McMullen has got her third stroke."

"Get me Father O'Rourke," moaned Mickey's mother, as she opened her eyes, "and my boy."

The sacristy at St. Aidan's was on fire with suppressed excitement, and almost bursting with coked enthusiasm. As the door leading to the sanctuary opened strains of music came in with the last two acolytes who had been lighting the candles.

"It's great," whispered the "head" acolyte; "candles by the hundreds,"—"and lilies by the ton," added his partner.

A dozen boys in stiff, rustling surplices, their faces wearing a waxy shine and crowned with hair that in most cases seemed with difficulty persuaded to lie a certain way, were moving about trying hard to look unconcerned. One alone was undisturbed; aloof, in dignity removed, as it were, wearing the thurifer's violet, his surplice snowier than all the surplices, the part still straight in his hair, stood Mickey, his face as blank as the face of the clock, the clicking censor swinging before him with pendulum-like regularity. Off to one side he stood, in office at least the envy, if not in native appearance the admiration of half the boys in the vestry.

The last bell began to ring and Father Hugh came in to vest. With him, the organist was insinuating a Viñt Aquam which Father O'Rourke caught up and practised sotto voce.

"Are they all in?" Squint-eyed Willie Blake opened the door half an inch. "Yes, Father," was his judgment after a minute.

"Line up, boys; thurifer, to the front."

"Please, Father," Mr. Malone broke hesitatingly into the sacristy. "Mrs. McMullen is dying and wants the priest at once."

"Dying!" Father O'Rourke exclaimed. "My mother!" gasped Mickey, turning as white as his surplice.

"The Mass will be delayed a few minutes," announced Father O'Rourke from the altar, "and in the meantime let ye say the prayers for the

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When the food is imperfectly digested the full benefit is not derived from it by the body and the purpose of eating is defeated; no matter how good the food or how carefully adapted to the wants of the body it may be. It is the dyspeptic often becomes thin, weak and debilitated, energy is lacking, brightness, snap and vim are lost, and in their place come dullness, lost appetite, depression and languor. It takes no great knowledge to know when one has indigestion, some of the following symptoms generally exist, viz.: constipation, sour stomach, variable appetite, headache, heartburn, gas in the stomach, etc.

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dying for Mrs. McMullen."

Stopping only to take off his cope, Father O'Rourke appeared at the sacristy door where Mr. Malone had driven up a farmer's rig. Mickey stood leaning against the wall as though stunned; the priest pushed him into the carriage just as he was, ready for the procession. In a few minutes they were at the dying woman's bedside.

"Thanks be to God," sobbed Mrs. McMullen as she opened her eyes and saw that Christ and His ministers were under her roof. "It's me that isn't worthy. Michael, dear, pray for your mother. God speed ye back to my soul. Michael, come closer, a-honey; what's this, the censor, God be praised!" and her dim eyes turned from her boy to the priest and back again.

"Kneel, Michael," whispered Father O'Rourke as he presented the dying woman with the Bread of Life.

Mickey knelt, with streaming eyes, but almost automatically his arms brought the censor up as the rubrics demanded of the thurifer when he kneels at the Elevation.

The odor of fresh-budding things full of new life came through the open door and the incense rode out the window on a shaft of sunlight. A look of exquisite peace breathed over Mrs. McMullen's plain, lined face as her eyes opened for the last time and saw dimly through the incense, dimly through the film of death, her Mickey in the violet cassock and the cloudy white lace surplice, his eyes in tears more angelic than she had ever thought them before.

"You'll get the ring, ashore," she murmured dreamily and slept in peace.

There was no "solemn high" Mass at St. Aidan's that Easter, but there will be one there to-morrow, and "Mickey" will officiate, wearing the "pictorial" cross and the "two-story" hat.

Many Women Suffer UNTOLD AGONY FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Very often they think it is so-called "Female Discharge." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, depression, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to Female Discharge? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

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Canada to be represented at Dublin Exhibition

The Irish International Exhibition, which opens in Dublin on May 1, and closes in October, is causing much interest in Montreal and throughout the Dominion, from the fact that Canada will be extensively represented among the exhibits; that the Dominion will have an accredited honorary representative on the spot, probably named from Montreal, and, lastly, that many people from this province and the Dominion intend visiting the great show on the banks of the Liffey.

The steamship companies, both out of the St. Lawrence and from New York, are preparing for a very extensive passenger business on account of this exhibition.

The president of the exhibition, which will be held in Herbert Park, Hall's Bridge, a site donated to a great extent by the Earl of Pembroke, is the Marquess of Ormonde, K.P., and amongst the vice-presidents figure the name of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

Mr. B. J. Coghlin, of this city, who is going to have an exhibit of patents, and who is taking an interest generally in the exhibition of his mother land, is quite familiar with the neighborhood, and he yesterday stated that Herbert Park is a model place for such a show, the like of which, he added, had never before been seen in Ireland. He said also that the park adjoining the grounds of the Royal Dublin Society, where the famous Irish Horse Show is annually held in the month of August. This show is visited by strangers from all parts of the United Kingdom and the Continent, and upwards of 55,000 people have passed the turnstiles during the



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short period of four days on which it is opened. Mr. Coghlin states that the objects of the exhibition are to promote the industries, arts and sciences of Ireland, by a display of the products for which the country is famous, and of the products of partially developed industries for which special facilities exist in the country, as well as to stimulate commercial development and promote industrial education by inviting all nations to exhibit their products both in the raw and finished state.

All nations are also invited to a full share in the benefits which may be derived from an exhibition of their raw and finished products, and their machinery and most recent industrial methods, in order that mutual benefit of great value may be secured and the industrial education which such enterprises are intended to promote may be fully available in the Dublin Exhibition of 1907.

The promoters of the Dublin show say: "To vast numbers of the people of Canada and other colonies, Dublin and Ireland have peculiar attractions. Many of them have left, or are descendants of those who left the old country, seeking in a new and wider field scope for the energy and ability which they were unable to exercise at home, and having obtained success in the land of their adoption desire to visit the old country. No more excellent opportunity could be found than during the exhibition period."

Celebrated Franciscan Composer.

Dr. P. Hartmann von An der Lan-Hochbrunn, O.F.M., the celebrated Franciscan composer, who is now in the United States, will give the first performance of one of his great works, the Oratorio "St. Peter," at Carnegie Hall, New York, on Wednesday evening, April 3rd, at 8.15 p.m.

The occasion will be one of unusual interest to lovers of sacred music, since Dr. Hartmann's early ranks among the foremost composers of the present day, and will direct the Oratorio in person.

The great Pontiff, Leo XIII., once said of Dr. Hartmann: "He is a celebrity of world-wide renown; he is the glory of our holy Church."

Father Hartmann has directed his various compositions in the principal cities of Europe, and has achieved the greatest triumphs everywhere.

Dr. P. Hartmann was born in 1863 at Salurn, in the Tyrol, and studied at first singing and violin at the music school of the City Musical Society at Bozen, under the conductor Zeppeler and Prof. Anzoletti. In 1879 he entered the Franciscan Order at Salzburg and studied organ, harmony and composition under Peter Singer. Later on he perfected his musical education still further by special studies of organ playing and the technique of the orchestra under conductor Pembaur, at Innsbruck, and Prof. Homeyer, of Leipzig. While engaged as choir-master at Linz and Reutte, he received, in 1893, a call to Jerusalem, where he acted as

organist and musical director at the Church of the Holy Savior and at the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre. In 1895, he went as organist to Araceli, in Rome. Here he was successor of Cesi in the directorship of the Conservatory of Santa Chiara, and from 1901 to 1903 professor of Composition and Instrumentation.

His own successor at present is Mascagni. In 1906 he took up his permanent residence in Munich. In 1898 he was elected an active member of the Royal Musical Academy of St. Cecilia at Rome; in 1900, he was made, as Partenio Meonio, a member of the Academy of the Academics. In 1905, he was made an honorary member of the Accademia Platana of Palermo, with the golden medal; member of the Academy of the 24 Immortals, of Rome; and Honorary Doctor of the Theological Faculty of the Royal Bavarian University of Wurzburg. As a native of the Tyrol, he is a member of the Tyrolean Order of Nobility, and received, in 1901, from Pope Leo XIII. the gold cross of Honor pro Ecclesia et Pontifice of the first class; in 1902, the large gold medal for Art and Science from Austria, and in 1905, he was appointed by Francis Joseph I. Knight of the Imperial Austrian Francis Joseph Order. In the same year he also received the gold medal of the Vatican Chapter. From William II., Emperor of Germany, he received as a present the large edition of Bach's works; from the Royal Court of Bavaria the scores of Wagner, etc. His chief works, aside from songs and church choruses, are his oratorios. These are:

"St. Peter," composed in 1899, to the text of Cardinal Parocchi, and dedicated to that dignity.

"St. Francis," composed in 1900 to the text of Bishop Ghiselli, and dedicated to Emperor Francis Joseph I.

"The Last Supper," composed in 1902, to the text of Bishop Ghiselli, and the work dedicated to Emperor William II. of Germany.

"The Death of Our Lord," the text written by the composer, and dedicated to the Royal University of Wurzburg.

The above-mentioned Oratorios were published by Ricordi, of Milan. They were all performed with great success under the composer's own direction in Rome, St. Petersburg, Munich, Naples, Aquila, Geneva, Wurzburg, Karlsruhe, Mannheim, Amberg, Rothen, Agram, Ljubach, etc.

It Will Prolong Life.—De Soto, the Spaniard, lost his life in the wilds of Florida, whither he went for the purpose of discovering the legendary "Fountain of perpetual youth," said to exist in that then unknown country. While Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will not perpetuate youth, it will remove the bodily pains which make the young old before their time and harass the aged into untimely graves.

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Johnny: Yes, ma'am. It's a boy what comes to school with a smile on his face.

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