

The Cabinet-Maker of Nazareth

From strenuous dawn the Carpenter bath bent Above his bench, toiling that set of sun May find the polished umbray fitly done, With cunning hand and tool subservient. Blue shadows touch the threshold, day is spent; The godman marks the palm tree, where anon St. Ann our Lady, and the Prince, her Son, Will rest awhile with folded hands content. Heat broods on branch and flower, no petals fall. St. Joseph, long outworn, drops the awl And with his apron wipes his brow amain, But the Divine Apprentice in the room Works on, suffused with splendor 'gainst the gloom, Whilst golden shavings curl 'neath His plane. —EUGENE MASON.

Madonna Mia.

An open Rose, full fragrant of the May, A bud of beauty nestling to its heart: So did the vision of the Madonna dart Into a painter's soul. His brush, in sway Majestic, circling into moon-curves gray, Rose-tinted, delicate, on lips apart And rounded cheek—eyes soft with tears that start In tenderness for all who weep and pray. Nay, more than this! With stronger yearning still Those eyes look out on souls that have no love For her and none for him on Calvary. "Father, forgive them!" once He cried; that thrill Of pitying anguish rent the realms above! Dear Jesus, it is still thy Mother's plea. CAROLINE D. SWAN.

The Two Horses.

(BY A. BARRY, in The Ave Maria.)

It was the end of September, 1804. Marcel Rollin, a ten-year-old boy, was feeling rather blue that morning. His mother had told him, as she woke him up: "Well, Marcel, the holidays are over. Today we leave for Lyons, where you will go to school once more. Accordingly, Marcel had to quit for a long time, perhaps forever, this charming little Swiss town stacked on the side of a mountain. Over the long excursions, from which he came back thoroughly but healthily tired out; over the picnic dinners, the games, the races. All these thoughts had filled the lad with a strong inclination to cry,—an inclination overcome only by the prospect of a long trip in the stage coach. It is such good fun to drive behind our horses! And then the relays, where the horses are changed, the fresh ones champing their bits, impatient to be off; while the coachman cracking his whip, calls out: "All aboard, ladies and gentlemen!" "When I grow up," said Marcel to himself as he pictured the scene, "I'll be a coachman." Half consoled by these reflections, he asked suddenly: "Say, mamma, can't I go out the road for a while to say good-bye to the trees and things?" "Go," replied his mother; "but not too far. Keep within sight of my window, so that I may see you." And Madame Rollin proceeded to do the packing for the whole family, while Marcel already outside, was getting astride a splendid mechanical horse. The big toy was a veritable work of art—a wooden horse mounted on wheels. The animal was of elegant shape, painted in striking colors, fitted out with a magnificent saddle and bridle, and easy to propel at quite a rapid gait. It was a gift from Marcel's rich uncle, who loved the boy and spoiled him not a little. The lad rode off then, very

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is scrofula—as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes blemishes in the neck, disfigures 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. "Two of my children had scrofula some 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. McGraw, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands. proudly, raising some little dust, and watching a group of native boys who looked on him with envy. One of them about the same size and age as Marcel, was watching the latter with special attention. He was a slender, delicate-looking boy, whose yellow hair, all tousled, fell over his forehead down to his big blue eyes, just now full of wonder. His feet were bare, and his clothes more ragged than wool. Marcel, after some fancy riding, drew up before this boy, and, jumping down from his saddle, inquired: "You haven't got a fine horse like this, have you?" "I've never had any toys," came the reply in a queer accent and in a tone half friendly, half suspicious. "Never had any toys! Was it possible that some boys were so badly off as that?" "What's your name?" he asked. "Jacob Muller."

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is now a summer as well as a winter remedy. It has the same invigorating and strength-producing effect in summer as in winter. Try it in a little cold milk or water. ALL DRUGGISTS

prisoner by the Austrians. Despite his wound, which caused his left shoulder to suffer terribly, he managed to escape; and after walking a day and a night he fell in with a group of French peasants—irregular soldiers, and implacable ones, who occupied the woods and waged deadly war against the invaders. Marcel joined their ranks. It was not a question now of great battles; it was a question of sharpshooting, of waiting for the enemy, and of killing him on sight. But the risk in this kind of warfare was great. No sooner was a sharpshooter taken than he was shot. The allies had determined on this action as the only one to discourage these stubborn Frenchmen. Yet the latter kept up their attacks. Almost every hour, Austrian and German patrols were assaulted and exterminated; every day officers disappeared; as often as the allied armies came to a river or stream, they found the bridges destroyed. Marcel experienced a bitter joy in thus resisting "step by step" the progress of the invaders. Nobody would have recognized in him now the brilliant graduate, a few months ago, of Saint Cyr. Sombre and savage, clad in tatters rather than a uniform, grown thin and haggard from misery and privations, he looked more like a bandit than a soldier; but his eyes shone with indomitable energy, and his whole figure radiated his valor and his patriotism. One day after a brief skirmish with an Austrian troop, Marcel whose unflinching gun had already killed the head officer and several of his aids, was suddenly attacked from the rear. He felt a sparting in his left arm—and lost consciousness. When he came to himself night was falling. He was lying in a sort of improvised ambulance. The men around him were speaking German; and, thanks to his knowledge of that language, he understood perfectly the tenor of the conversation. He was to be shot and it was precisely for that reason that he had not been left to die where he had fallen. He was to be executed with a certain amount of solemnity, as a lesson to the other sharpshooters. For this purpose the execution was postponed until the next day. The prisoner's guard having noticed that Marcel had regained consciousness, sent word to his superior officer. The latter soon appeared and in good French asked: "What is your name?" "Marcel Rollin."

BRONCHITIS WAS SO BAD

Coughed Every Few Minutes. DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURED HER. Bronchitis starts with a short, painful, dry cough, accompanied with a rapid wheezing, and a feeling of oppression or tightness through the chest. At first the expectoration is a light color, but as the trouble progresses the phlegm arising from the bronchial tubes becomes of a yellowish or greenish color, and is very often of a stringy nature. Bronchitis should never be neglected. It is some serious lung trouble which will undoubtedly follow. Get rid of it by using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. This well-known remedy has been on the market for the past 25 years. It cures where others fail. Mrs. Geo. Lottin, Elbridge, Ont., writes: "I have had bronchitis so bad I could not lie down at night; and had to cough every few minutes to get my breath. I had a doctor out to see me, but his medicine seemed to do me no good. I sent to the druggist for some good cough mixture, and got Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. One bottle helped me wonderfully. I stopped coughing, and could lie down, and rest well at night. I cannot praise it too much." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper, and bears the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c. Manufactured only by THE T. MINARD'S CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

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PALPITATION OF THE HEART

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