

POPE PIUS X. AND THE READING OF THE SCRIPTURES.

Letter of Encouragement.

VENERABLE BROTHER, HEALTH AND THE APOSTOLIC BENE-DICTION.

We who, when we were Patriarch of Venice, blessed the pious Society of St. Jerome and formed good wishes for it, looking at it now after a few years from the Supreme Chair of the Church, find satisfaction in seeing how it has made so much progress in a short time and has been the instrument of so many signal advantages.

It must certainly be acknowledged that the fact of having published and circulated amongst the people, with fitting discretion, nearly five hundred thousand copies of the Gospels, constitutes a splendid proof of the extraordinary zeal displayed by the members in this undertaking and of the vast field of operations embraced by the Society. It is a fact which is manifestly worthy of admiration—all the more so inasmuch as the means at the disposal of the Society are very limited.

We have so much at heart, and it is for the members to continue to devote themselves to this work as they have been doing—that is, with the greatest intelligence and the noblest enthusiasm. From the moment when we dropped to ourselves to restore everything in Christ Jesus, we could desire nothing better than the introduction amongst the Faithful of the habit of reading the Holy Gospels, not merely often but daily, as their reading shows and makes known clearly in what way the desired revival can best be attained.

Given at Rome on the 21st January, 1907, the fourth year of our Pontificate.

PIUS X. POPE.

TRUE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

Every Catholic priest and layman possessed the spirit of the priest, Father Bertrand Conway, C.S.P., as us of in the "Catholic Missions" the work of the non-Catholic missionaries would be made very easy, if indeed there were need for it. Says Father Conway:

"I remember a Paulist missionary walking through the streets of a certain town with the resident pastor. As they passed by a woman noticed the men and the child, and the little children, and she said to the pastor, 'What are you doing here?' 'I am visiting the priest,' and then she said, 'Your people?' asked the missionary."

"Oh, yes," replied the pastor. "Again the same question, and the same answer. After a while the missionary asked: 'Why is this whole town Catholic?'" "Not at all," said the priest, with a smile; "the Catholics are in the majority. But they are all my people."

THE SURVIVOR.

There are hosts of those who love to read the terrible testing of time and the house, having once spoken, and then in a single expression and so not to be forgotten, and withers and perishes. If the freshness of the first emotion and the joy of the early devotion are to touch the long procession of the days with the romance of the golden hour in which love knows itself and is known, the fire must be rekindled morning and evening, and every hour must have its moment of remembrance. So precious is love, and like all rare and beautiful things, so susceptible to care or the lack of it, that it must be guarded with perpetual thought and watched with unceasing tenderness. It escapes when flowers are no longer at the windows and the hearth is left bare; and they who would keep this most wonderful gift of God within mortal habitations must honor it with scrupulous care and guard it with that vigilance of courtesy which is the last grace of chivalry.

Beautiful and sensitive as it is, there is nothing so hardy and indestructible as love when it is nourished by daily speech into full strength; time, that eats the heart out of so much joy and blights so much beauty at the roots, has no power over it; and death, which waits like a shadow beside every sunlit hour, is but a phantom of the night in its presence. Care and toil and bitter trial neither dismay nor exhaust it; it holds back from no hardship, evades no rack, flees from no anguish; it has laughed at locksmiths since the beginning of time. Heroic spirits quail, hearts sink with fear; and strength is over-matched; but this delicate and fragile spirit from heaven remains when all other possessions are wrecked and survives when all else has perished.—By Hamilton Wright Mabie in the Columbian.

VOTE HANDSOMEST MAN.

Interest at the church of the Visitation in East Des Moines, Ia., centres about the fair which opened Monday, continuing for one week. Among the novel events arranged for the entertainment is a contest to determine the most handsome man in Des Moines. There are six candidates for the honor, and the successful contestant is to be rewarded with a valuable diamond ring. Edward McNamara, Rock Island yardmaster; John L. Sullivan, conductor on the Great Western; William Donoghue, street railway conductor; R. O. McBirnie, member of the coal miners' union; Morris Powers, foreman at the Agar Packing company and D. C. Murphy employed by A. W. Youre, are the contestants.

The funds to be raised at the fair are to be used in paying the cost of building the parish school just completed at East Tenth and Walnut streets and equipping the school.

Ring the Belles.

Military men have found that married men are braver than bachelors. This is not surprising. They would not be married if they were not brave. Only the brave deserve the fair.

Most bachelors hope, some day, to be brave. They hope to grow less selfish. They hope to overcome an exaggerated prudence. A bachelor's declaration that he will never marry is like a woman's No. He has another guess coming; and he is glad of it. Like one of the characters in Shakespeare, he has an explanation in reserve: "When I said I would die a bachelor, I never thought I would live to be married."

His possibility of remaining in a married man is the most interesting thing about a bachelor—often, the only interesting thing. However, he should not wait until this interest is superseded by pity.

All of our congregations exhibit too much evidence of the unsanctified kind. There is an inadequate amount of that sort of lay cooperation that every pastor would warmly welcome; to-wit, the ringing of the parish belles.

MISQUOTATIONS.

"When GREEK meets GREEK, then the tug of war," said a young man who was wrong in that quotation," his companion objected. "This is one of a number of famous sayings that are misquoted always. It is from Nathaniel Hawthorne and its right reading is, 'When GREEKS joined GREEKS then was the tug of war.'"

Another misquotation is 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.' This is from Thomas Tassier, a sixteenth century worthy, and it should run, 'It's an ill wind that turns none to good.'

"Out of sight, out of mind," is from Lord Brooke, but it was 'Out of mind as soon as out of sight,' as Lord Brooke wrote it.

"First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen" should run, 'First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his fellow citizens.' This famous sentence is from a resolution laid before the house of representatives in 1799 by Richard Lee.

THE SURVIVOR.

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Pilgrimage to Rome.

If any of our readers or their families are contemplating a trip to Europe this coming summer, why not encourage and patronize the one conducted by McBrane's Catholic Tour, 187 B'way, N. Y. City. You would be sure of an audience with our Holy Father, see Europe in a substantial manner, be in good company, and save money as against traveling independently.

Banners, Badges, Pins, Buttons

For Religious Societies, Fraternal Organisations, Social Entertainments, etc.

Sacred Heart Pins, Charms and Badges, Religious Photo Buttons, Souvenirs for First Holy Communion. Designs and Estimates given upon application. Write for Catalogue.

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Electric Passenger Elevator and all modern improvements.

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.



Notice to Architects

Designs for New Departmental and Justice Buildings, Ottawa.

EXTENSION OF TIME.

The time for receiving competitive designs for the proposed new Departmental and Justice Buildings at Ottawa, is hereby extended from April 15 to July 1, 1907.

By Order, FRED GELINAS, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, January 24, 1907.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

W. W. Hatfield,

Mason, Plasterer and Builder. Stucco Work in all its Branches.

244 1-2 Union Street. Estimates Furnished. Orders promptly attended to. Best of Union Men Employed.

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Scotch and American Anthracite. Best Quality.

Broad Cove and Reserved Sydney Soft Coal.

Scotch Coal, a Specialty.

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Hot Water Bottles, Fountain Syringes, Inviled Rings, Abdominal Supporters, Water Pad Trusses

A. CHIPMAN SMITH & CO.

Druggists, Etc. 41 Charlotte St. Telephone 187.

J. J. MURPHY,

Fashionable Custom Tailor.

No. 9 Mill Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

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General Agent, St. John, N. E. Western Assurance Company, Landon Assurance Corporation, Boiler Inspection and Insurance Company. 96 Prince William Street.

Miss Frances Travers,

Vocal Lessons, Viardot-Garcia Method. Pupil of Madame Von Klenner, New York. 28 Sydney Street.

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Fancy Barbados

Molasses in Stock.

Fancy Barbados Molasses, Barrels. Fancy Barbados Molasses, Tierces. Fancy Barbados Molasses, Barrels. Thomas Gorman, 27 and 28 South Wharf.

Windsor Hotel,

Hugh McCormick, Proprietor.

Newly fitted. Best of Modern ideas and up-to-date attention. Opposite Station, SUSSEX, N. B.

Stylish Hats,

Bardsley's

Shapes and proportions to every man's head and figure, and every man's idea of expansion.

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All modern improvements. Centrally situated.

J. D. DRISCOLL,

Cowan's

Cocoa

IS A STRENGTHENING DRINK.

J. Henry Scammell,

Physician and Surgeon, 162 Germain Street. Office hours: 8 to 10 a. m.; 2 to 3 and 6 to 8 p. m. Telephone 876.

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HARD and SOFT COALS.

We guarantee Reasonable Price Best Quality, Prompt Delivery.

R. P. & W. F. STARR, Ltd.

49 Smythe St. Tel. 9. 14 Charlotte St. Tel. 15.

A Visit to St. John is not complete without a call to

WHITE'S, 90 King Street.

Established 1865 and yet today acknowledged the most thoroughly equipped up-to-date establishment of this kind in Canada.

HERE YOU GET

The Best ICE CREAM in the Province.

ALSO

The Best Lunch or Dinner.

The only firm in Canada who received a Medal at the Paris Exposition 1900, for their Candies.

White's Store is not surpassed anywhere for beauty of decoration.

Phone 450

CENTRAL STORE



You can get at Central, fresh Haddock, Gaspereaux, Smelts, Salmon, Halibut, Mackerel, and Herring. Also, in smoked fish, Haddies, large Yarmouth Bloaters and Kippers. Salt fish, Shad, Mackerel, Boneless Cod, Herring, etc.

Telephone 450.

No. 9 Sydney Street near Union.

To make fortunes out of the future you must put something into the Present.

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Gold-Coppers Pay Big Dividends all Over British Columbia.

BRITISH COLUMBIA ILLUSTRATED

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Grand Opportunity for Investment

Nothing Gained. Nothing Ventured. Nothing Won. Men in the World are investing in B. C. Copper-Gold and Silver Mines. Why can't you begin now?

GREATEST GOLD-COPPER DISCOVERY OF THE AGE is in B. C.

Big Four Consolidated Gold Mines, Ltd., Capital \$625,000

Every Dollar Subscribed used in Development of Mines. **Special One Week Offer, 20c. per Share.**

Mines directly west of Le Roi, who shares are now about \$11; Le Roi No. 2 shares are about \$15 and went up to \$100; and Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. of Canada, Ltd. shares \$150.00 each. Granby Mine paid over \$2,000,000. Dividends in 1906, the largest gold-copper mines in B. C. paid Large Dividends. Big Four shares from \$5 to \$800 in gold, copper, silver, with 25 per cent in cash. Many of these mines sold for a few cents once, but overcapitalized even now. Big Dividends.

Rosland Mines received Highest Awards for richest gold-copper ore sold to St. Louis Exposition. **BIG FOUR** had **BEST DISPLAY** at Dominion Fair, New West.

More than 100 shares sold. Shares can be had on instalment plan, or yearly 15 per cent. cash balance monthly.

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You Clean

your wagon, your bicycle, your sewing machine—because you know they need it.

YOUR WATCH

needs it, too—it is more delicate than any of them. Bring it here once a year.

GIBSON, the JEWELER.

At D. A. GIBSON'S BRANCH STORE.

At 661 Main St.

North End

Morrissey & Emery,

STONE CUTTERS, ETC., No. 90-96 CITY ROAD, ST. JOHN, N. B. have taken into the firm MR. JOHN F. McLAUGHLIN, having an experience in the business of stone-cutting, as foreman, for the past twenty years, the firm hereafter to be known as

Morrissey, Emery & McLaughlin.

We hereby thank the public for their liberal patronage of the old firm and solicit a continuance thereof to the new.

MORRISSEY, EMERY & McLAUGHLIN.

Dated this 1st day of February, 1907.

A RUINED CAREER.

The Story of a Man Who Didn't Know When to Stop.

Fifteen years ago Joseph Mulhattan was one of the most prosperous and successful travelling salesmen in the country. He received a salary of \$15,000 a year with an expense account almost as large.

Later he occupied a squalid cell in the San Francisco police station answering the charge of stealing an overcoat.

Fifteen years ago this man set the styles. He was somewhat of Beau Brummel and his "glad clothes" were up-to-date. When on the road he lived like a prince. Nothing was too good for him.

Clothed in noisome rags, a physical wreck, bloated, bleary-eyed, nerve shattered and dirty, he sat in his cell scarcely able to tell his name.

Once Joe Mulhattan was the best raconteur in the country. His stories—the inventions of an ingenious mind and ready wit—were printed in all the newspapers and some of them are still going the rounds of the press. He was proud of the title, "Biggest Liar on Earth." His stories set the whole country laughing.

What brought about this change in Mulhattan? Whiskey! He was a type of "the good fellow" who became a sort of good fellow you must do the other good fellows do, if you do so. Mulhattan went the same way. It was the life of every party.

He was a friend to a fault he never turned a friend—and he had a lot of friends those days. He has no friends now. He is unable to get bonds to keep himself out of jail. His is the old story of trying to conquer drunkenness. To keep up his end in the drinking bouts he swilled the stuff. It got into his nerves and jangled them. Then it tackled his stomach and ate out the linings. As the whiskey was going in his wits went out. He began to forget the point of the story and mumbled it. His spees interfered with his business. His friends began to say that Joe's pace was too rapid. Then he lost his \$15,000 position. He could not make good. Engaging at a lower salary he tried to quit drinking and to redeem himself. He took the cure. But he was too far gone. Joe was "all in." He became a nuisance.

Then he was a tramp that frequented back alleys and cheap saloons. Joseph Mulhattan, the Sybarite, became a common bum. The moral runs all through the brief story of his debauchery. Drunkenness will ruin the smartest man alive.

IF BRYAN HAD A MILLION.

The Mansion, Ia., Democrat contains the answer of Hon. William J. Bryan to the question: "What would you do if you had \$1,000,000?" which has been answered by many prominent men in the past few weeks. Mr. Bryan's answer is as follows:

"In answer to your question, 'What ought a man do who has \$1,000,000?' I would say that, believing one cannot safely leave so much to his children, and that it is not wise to burden oneself with the care of so much more money than he needs, he should give to worthy religious, educational or charitable institutions all except a sum sufficient to insure himself and family from want and to start his children in the world, and then donate to his country the talents he has used to accumulate the fortune."

THE EDITOR DIDN'T CARE.

A Russian editor was buried the other day. Thirty speeches were made at his funeral, but he didn't care. He was removed from the necessity either of reporting them, or straightening out their grammar, or suppressing their absurdities, or of worrying about the correct spelling of the names of those who spoke says the Sacred Heart Review.

ACCURACY.

A bicycle policeman of the same nationality appeared against a man he arrested for fast riding.

"How fast was he going?" asked the judge.

"Pretty fast," answered the policeman.

"As fast as a man can run?"

"Yis your honor, he was going as fast as two min can run."—Green Bag.

NOTHING JUST RIGHT.

Good stories are too short, The dull ones are too long; Nice people always go too soon; There must be something wrong.

I'd like to find a story book, The best I've ever read, Which should go on forever 'n' ever, At least, till I was dead.

My porridge bowl is much too big, The pie plates is too small; The fattest cherries hang too high; It isn't right at all.

I wish the cook would have a pie As big as that full moon, And then a little besides, To eat to-morrow noon.

LET THE GIRLS KNOW.

What right has a girl to marry and go into a house of her own unless she knows how to superintend every branch of house keeping? And she cannot properly superintend unless she has some practical knowledge herself. Let all girls have a share in the house keeping at home before they marry; let each superintend some department by turns. It need not occupy half the time to see that the house is properly swept, dusted and put in order, to prepare puddings and make dishes, than many young ladies spend in reading novels which enervate both mind and body and unfit them for everyday life. Women do not as a general rule get pale faces doing housework. Their sedentary habits, in over-heated rooms, combined with ill chosen food, are to blame for bad health. Let the present generation add to its list of real accomplishments the art of properly preparing food for the human body.

POETRY AT \$1,875 A LINE.

The highest price ever paid for poetry, was \$1,875 a line, \$15,000 for an eight line poem.

It was not a good poem either, James Smith, one of the authors of "Directed Addresses," wrote it. Smith met one night at dinner in London Strachan, the famous English printer, Strachan, what with old age and gout, was most infirm. Indeed, he could hardly walk. But his mind was exceedingly powerful and brilliant and he talked so well that Smith on his return home wrote the following doggerel about the old man:—

Your lower limbs seemed far to roam, When last I saw you walk; The cause I presently found out, When you began to talk.

The power that props the body, strength In due proportion spread In you mounts upward and strength All settles in the head.

Though this was undeniably a poetry and ranker flattery, it pleased Printer Strachan so well that he added to his will a codicil giving Smith \$15,000.

IN EVERY HOME.

THE MONITOR should be in every Catholic home—and some non-Catholic homes, too. Especially is the need for good, clean literature apparent at the present time. If you would have your children grow up to be honest and good citizens you must train them and place in their hands such literature as will elevate them. If you are not taking a Catholic paper, subscribe for THE MONITOR at once. The money will be well invested.

WHAT GIRLS SHOULDNT DO.

Place reliance in the drawing qualities of a graceful pose.

Talk about the extent of their wardrobe in public places.

Regard it pretty to put when a man fails to notice compliments.

Speak to men with an air of authority that produced irritation.

Carry their jealousy so conspicuously as to be generally noticed.

Use the forcible expressions which so easily can be misconstrued.

Show a desire for an extravagant display at a social assemblage.

Attempt to force a man into heavy expenditure every time they are taken out.

Give away the pretty little trinkets presented to them as evidence of good feeling.

PART SHE LIKED.

Papa—Mabel, which part of the turkey do you like best?

Mabel—The cranberry sauce.

From the Capital.

The Ottawa correspondent of the St. John Globe, under the date of April 18th, says:—

There was relief to a great many members of Parliament and to many front-porchers of "the gallery" when they found Mr. Archibald Campbell being in the chair of the Committee of Supply—item after item of the estimates going through almost as fast as the chairman could read them. Occasionally, there was a stoppage so that some inquisitive member could be informed in regard to some particular thing, but there was not much discussion upon any of the items. By half past ten o'clock the acting minister of public works had got all his estimates through, so far as they lay before the House. This was quite unexpected. No one else, therefore, was prepared to go on, and there was early adjournment. For Mr. Fisher it may be said that the House has always recognized his care, prudence and integrity, and his readiness to explain the ins and outs of the expenditures of his own department that of agriculture. Occasionally he has been subject to some chaffing criticism because of the elaborateness of his explanations. But this is a minor fault, if it be a fault at all. The House has, however, grown in the last few months to appreciate more than it ever did, his capacity and business ability. He has taken up the duties of Minister of Public Works in such a way as to give great satisfaction. He has shown a remarkable knowledge of details, considering the amount of detail he has to master and he has devoted himself as thoroughly to all the work of that department as he has to the work of which he is so fond in connection with the Department of Agriculture. There are many respectable things in a parliamentary session which justify the criticism of even strong party friends. There are some at least which give satisfaction. The Liberals ought to be well satisfied with Mr. Fisher, for the excellent work which he has done, and for the consciousness which they must ever have that he is a safe man. As the world is, one good man ought to redeem a dozen inferior ones.

No one can say that this has been a pleasant session. It has been a session of serious and many causes.

Witness, says as compared with the session of 1906, the conditions were on the whole, more satisfactory.

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DOHERTY & RAYMOND.
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March 14	St. John	Halifax
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Rates of freight on application.
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Home and Church Decorations

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ing diseases, positively cures ob-
stinate coughs. The best Tonic.

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KINDLING WOOD, \$1.00 per load and
upwards.

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BEST QUALITY SCOTCH ANTHRA-
CITE at lowest prices.

GEO. DICK, 46 Britain St.

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**INTERCOLONIAL
RAILWAY.**

On and after MONDAY, April 29th
1907, trains will run daily (Sun-
day excepted) as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

No. 6—Mixed for Moncton	6 30
No. 2—Express for Halifax, Camp- bellton, Pictou and the Sydneys	7 00
No. 26—Express for Point du Chene Halifax and Pictou	12 25
No. 4—Mixed for Moncton,	13 10
No. 8—Express for Sussex	17 10
No. 134—Express for Quebec and Montreal	19 00
No. 10—Express for Halifax and the Sydneys	23 25

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

No. 9—Express from Halifax, Pic- tou and the Sydneys	6 20
No. 7—Express from Sussex	9 00
No. 133—Express from Montreal and Quebec	13 45
No. 25—Express from Halifax, Pictou, Point du Chene, and Campbellton	17 40
No. 3—Mixed from Moncton	19 30
No. 1—Express from Moncton	21 20
No. 11—Express from Moncton (daily)	4 00

All trains run by Atlantic Standard
Time; 24.00 clock is midnight.

D. POTTINGER,

General Manager.

Moncton, N. B., April 29th, 1907.

GEO. CARVILL, C. T. A.,

City Ticket Office—8 King Street, St.
John N. B. Telephone 2071.

SMITH'S**Fish Market,**

25 Sydney St.

Telephone 1704.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

J. F. McDONALD,

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Jobbing promptly attended to. Esti-
mates furnished.

Telephone 1589

Residence, 63 Lombard Street.
Shop, 80 City Road

PARK HOTEL,

45, 47 and 49 KING SQUARE.
The most pleasantly situated Hotel in
the City, directly facing King Square,
recently Remodelled and Refurnished
throughout, and now has, among other up-
to-date improvements an ELECTRIC PAS-
SENGER ELEVATOR to all floors. For luxury,
comfort and views second to no other
ouse in the city.

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CHAS. A. CLARK,
73-77 Sydney St.

**That Speech
of Barney's**

By Ina Wright Hanson

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Had Irinda been beautiful or had she
known that there were times when she
was very charming indeed it never
would have happened.

Irinda's worst fault was morbidness
when she remembered that she was
sallow and pale eyed and had sandy
hair when she would have preferred
pink and white complexion, dark eyes
and golden hair. She would have added
dimples and beautifully arched eye-
brows, too, if she could have had her
way about it. As a matter of fact, it
was only when she was remembering
her ugliness that she really was ugly.
Her face in her times of forgetting pic-
tured quite pleasantly her pure spirit
and loving heart.

Irinda and a jolly lot of other music
lovers were on a train bound for San



HER EYES WANDERED TO THE OPPOSITE
SIDE OF THE CAR.

Francisco and a week of grand opera.
Jim, her satellite, was along, not be-
cause he appreciated grand opera, but
because he appreciated Irinda.

So much for the hero and heroine.
Next the villain, to whom his Celtic
mother had given a ravishing pair of
blue eyes and a tongue tuned to soft
words. Barney was not a villainous
villain at all—just a warm hearted boy
who loved everybody and wanted to be
loved by everybody in turn. He must
have the villain's part because there
cannot be a second hero and because—
But you shall see.

As the train sped along Jim went to
the smoker—not to smoke, for he had
never learned how, but because he
feared Irinda might be tiring of him.
Barney immediately took his place.

Soon after a lady and gentleman
boarded the train. As Irinda's seat
had been turned so that her back was
toward the engine, the newcomers
were in full view of her. The lady
bent her head, and some rice fell from
her smart brown turban. The gentle-
man smiled, and the lady's cheeks
went red as roses. Then she opened
her magazine and tried to look uncon-
scious.

"Oh, Barney," breathed Irinda, "isn't
the bride lovely? Do look at that but-
terfly in her veil just at the corner of
her sweet red mouth! See that perfect
curve from her forehead to her chin as
she looks out the window. Now, quick,
Barney, she is turning to her husband.
See her beautiful eyes. They're as
brown as her dainty hat."

Barney's ravishing eyes glanced at
the beautiful lady, Barney's quick
mind took in the situation, and Bar-
ney's warm heart rose to the occasion.
Smilingly he turned to Irinda.

"Why, I never think of a woman's
looks, whether she has a pretty face or
not. That doesn't appeal to me. When
I know a woman she attracts me or
not according to whether or not she
has magnetism. Magnetism is as good
a name as any other for what no one
understands. But, believe me, Irinda,
magnetism is the charm of a woman,
not a pretty face."

Barney's blue eyes said so much more
than his tongue, rolling ever so slight-
ly his "r's," that Irinda's colorless face
flushed becomingly. The eyes said that
she, Irinda Bowen, had the magnet-
ism, or whatever it was, and that it
had never occurred to Barney whether
or not she was pretty.

Happy thoughts suttered around Irin-
da for the rest of the journey. Barney
left her, and Jim came back. She
smiled at him. He didn't know it was
an impersonal smile, born of Barney's
words. She remembered the day when
she had cried out fiercely at her lack
of beauty, and Jim had answered:

"What difference does it make what
you look like? You are always beau-
tiful to me, Irinda."

He never knew why she had pushed
him away when he would have put his
arms around her. Stupid old Jim
couldn't know that he had made a
tactful acknowledgment of her ugliness,
while Barney—why, Barney had never
thought anything about it.

Grand opera week went by in a di-
apason of glory. Irinda was wonder-
fully happy, and every day she told
herself shyly and with many blushes
how much she was caring for Barney.
It was not till they were homeward
bound that the tragedy happened.

The tragedy? No, it was not the
train leaving the rails and plunging
down an embankment. It was only
Barney's pleasant voice, rolling ever
so slightly his r's—it was only Barney
making this remark to Alderly, the
chaperon's husband:

"I have been noticing the ladies in
this car, and I don't believe I ever saw
so many beautiful ones together. Don't
you know it is rare to find a really
beautiful woman? If her eyes are
fine, something is wrong with her chin;
if her nose—"

Irinda felt sick and voluntarily closed
her ears, while her sun seemed to
leave its horizon. Barney, who never
thought of a woman's looks, was dis-
cussing woman's beauty! Then he had
not meant what he had said to her at
all.

Irinda felt very much as she had
when some one told her that George
Washington and his little hatchet and
William Tell and the apple were prob-
ably only pleasant stories. But at the
same time she was suddenly conscious
that she did not love and never had
loved Barney. Her eyes wandered to
the opposite side of the car, where Jim
sat alone. A little flicker of sunshine
was touching his brown hair with gold.
Irinda, with a quick indrawing of her
breath, remembered that it had looked
just so the morning her mother died.

The doctor had told them—her father
and herself—that the sick one could
not live through the day, and he had
gone away and left them to their sor-
row. Miserably father and daughter
had communed together. She must be
told, but each shrank from the telling.
Just then Jim had come. He had been
like a son to Irinda's mother. He had
relegated the past to a corner, and
that Jim never had loved her was
his life.

She remembered how she had
about it—not smothering her grief in
parts at all, but with eyes that
and words so full of sympathy and
tenderness and stanch hope of the un-
known future that death seemed to
lose something of its dread. And as
she, at the foot of the bed, had lifted
up her tear stained face she saw a ray
of sunlight touch Jim's hair just as it
was doing now.

She tried to picture Barney in the
death chamber. He could not have
lacked in sympathy, but she would have
tried to bring encouragement, where no
encouragement could be. She drew
contrasts as she watched the brown
hair turning golden—contrasts that
foam of the sea and the depths of the
ocean, bending reed and a sturdy
tree, irresponsibility and stern-
ness. Then she went to her seat
where Jim sat alone. She turned
toward her starting point of stern-
ness.

"Irinda, I have loved you for a long
time, but you've always put me off
from telling you. It may as well be
settled now and forever. I want you
for my wife, and I'll do my best to
make you happy. I don't want any
trifling child. Just plain you or no."

"Jim, if you really want any one so
selfish and ugly and foolish as I am
I'm sure you're more than welcome.
I'm not worthy to be your wife,
though," she replied humbly.

"Thou art all that is fair to me, my
beloved."

Jim's voice was hushed as one who
prays. His eyes, looking down rever-
ently at his little sweetheart, were
wondrous in their great happiness, and
Irinda, though tearful, smiled content-
edly in answer.

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The organ grinders of America, no
less than the millionaires, have their
winter resort. The organ grinders'
winter resort is Italy, the Italian Ri-
viera, and every boat that sails for Na-
ples or Genoa in the late autumn has
a steerage crowded with organ grind-
ers. These men do so well in the
spring and summer that they can af-
ford a winter at home. Their home is
a lovely one, far different from what
they would get if they stayed in Amer-
ica. They sit at home on ancient
stone benches in the sunny squares of
little mountain towns. Behind them
rise in the blue and gold air the pale
pinnacles of the Maritime Alps. Be-
fore them, but far below, stretches the
blue and glistening floor of the sea,
with tiny ships coming and going. Yes,
it is very pleasant for the organ grind-
ers at home. Palms bloom every-
where. Oranges, yellow as gold, shine
among the foliage. The air is sweet
with the perfume of the great rose and
violet farms that feed the voracious
perfume factories of Grasse. And it is
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winter resort as the millionaire can
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A FRIEND.
Life hath no blessing like a prudent
friend.
The only way to have a friend is to
get one.
One is not one's "genuine self"—one
does not disclose all one's self—to
those with whom one has no intimate
sympathy. One is, therefore, several
successive and apparently different
characters, according to the gradation
of the faculties and the qualities of
those one associates with. I am like
one of those boxes I have seen, en-
closing several boxes of similar form,
though lessening size. The person
with whom I have least congeniality
sees only the outermost. Another
person has something more interesting
in his character; he sees the next box;
another sees still an inner one, but
the friend of my heart, with whom I
have full sympathy, sees disclosed the
innermost of all.—John Foster.

The lightsome countenance of a
friend giveth such an inward decking
to the house where it lodgeth, as
proudest palaces have cause to envy
the gilding.—Sir P. Sidney.
"Friend is a word of royal tone,
Friend is a poem all alone."
True happiness consists not in the
multitude of friends, but in the worth
and choice.—Dr. Johnson.
A faithful friend is better than gold,
—a medicine for misery, an only pos-
session.—Burton.
"Money can buy many things, good
and evil; all the wealth of the world
could not buy you a friend, nor pay
you for the loss of one. 'I have wan-
ted only one thing to make me happy,'
Hazlitt writes: 'but wanting that, have
wanted everything.' And again: 'My
heart, shut up in the prison house of
this rude clay, has never found, nor
will it ever find a heart to speak to.'"
"We are the weakest of spendthrifts
if we let one friend drop off through
inattention, or let one push away
another; or if we hold aloof from one
from petty jealousy or heedless slight."
"Would you throw away a diamond
because it pricked you? One good
friend is not to be weighed against the
jewels of all the earth. If there is
coolness or unkindness between us, let
us come face to face and have it out.
Quick, before love grows cold! 'Life is
too short to quarrel in,' or to carry
black thoughts of friends. If I was
wrong I am sorry; if you, I am sor-
rier, yet for should I not grieve for
my friend's misfortune? And the
mending of your fault does not lie
with me. But the forgiving it does,
and that is the happier office. Give
me your hand and call it even. There,
it is gone; and I thank a kind Heav-
en I keep my friend still! . . . It is
easy to lose a friend, but a new one
will not come for calling, nor make
up for the old one when he comes."

BE READY.
The earth is a vast field, and Death
with his sharp scythe toils in it every
day. Blade after blade, flower after
flower, tender plant and fragrant herb
fall beneath his sweeping blows every
hour, every second. You may not be
as the grass that is the most dis-
tant from the steel; there may be acres
upon acres between you and the sever-
ing blade, but the strong, patient
mower is reaping you slowly but sure-
ly. Listen! listen! and you will catch
the sharp hiss of his scythe and hear
the murmur of the falling grass. Oh,
then be ready, with girded loins and
burning lamp. Be ready, for you
know not when death shall come. Be
ready, with clear conscience and well-
cared-for soul, for the last great hour.

FORCED INTO PUBLIC LIFE.
Catholics in England are beginning
to realize more than before the neces-
sity for taking an active interest in
political matters in order that their
rights may be maintained, says the
"Catholic Union and Times," of Buf-
falo. The educational situation was
reasonably satisfactory there until the
introduction of the recent bill by the
Liberals showed the danger there was
of its being disturbed. A recent event
over there, as a result, has been the
entrance into public life of Stuart
Coates, the eldest son of Sir James
Coates, the head of the great thread-
making firm, who is a member of the
Church.

REGARDING CARDINALS.
There is some pin-headed fellow in
this country writing Kitchen gossip
about prospective American cardinals,
and he sells them to a New York pa-
per for cablegrams. The fellow knows
a whole lot, but he manages to dish
up his hash in a way to make it
very disgusting. There is, no doubt,
plenty of wire pulling and log rolling
in Rome over cardinalatial appoint-
ments; but no more than there ever
was; no more than there was when
Manning and Vaughan and Gibbons
and Moran were appointed. But if you
want to see "high life down stairs"
you have only to watch how Italian
cardinals are appointed says the Wes-
tern Watchman.

KEEP YOUR FRIENDS.
If you want to keep a friend do not
get too intimate with her. Have your
own thoughts and permit her to have
hers. Do not demand too much of
her in the way of confidence and do
not be too aggressive, wanting to
know why she does not do the same
thing as you do. If you think your
friend's style of dress is not beautiful
do not tell her so, for deep in her
heart she is convinced that she knows
a great deal more about it than you
do. Do not find fault with your
friend's friend, and do not expect to be
the only one owning a corner in her
heart. Be as considerate of her feel-
ings as if she were a stranger, and
remember that politeness is an every-
day judgement, and not one intended
only for high days and holidays. To
sum it up in a word, preserve the
courtesy of the beginning to keep
your friendship to the end.

THE TRIALS OF AN EDITOR.
At times the way of the transgressor
or is no harder than that of the news-
paper editor. Like the weigh scales
the latter goes up and down in public
estimation. The editor of the Free-
man is no exception to the rule. Re-
cently in this paper was published an
article that was so pleasing to some
people, they added five new names to
the subscription list. The very same
article was so displeasing to some
other people, two names were ordered
from the list, therefore it is plain to
be seen the difficulties that surround
the newspaper man in his efforts to
please his patrons and at the same
time satisfy himself that he is doing
what is strictly right in the premises.
When a subscriber of the New York
Tribune ordered the late Horace Greely
to stop the paper, the latter quietly
told him that his paper would be
stopped, but the presses would keep
working away at the other few hun-
dreds of thousands to complete the
edition. So it is with the Freeman,
and the stop the paper people.—Can-
adian Freeman.

RATHER TOO LATE.
"If folks could have their funerals
when they are alive and well and
struggling along, what a help it would
be!" sighed Aunt Jerusha, folding her
Paisley shawl with great care.
"Now, there is poor Mis' Brown,"
she added, as she pinned her Sunday
bonnet into the green veil. "How en-
couraged she'd have been if she could
have heard what the minister said to-
day! I wouldn't wonder one mite if
she'd have got well."
"And Deacon Brown a-wipin' his
eyes and all of them taking on so!"
Poor soul, she never dreamed they set
so much by her!

"Mis' Brown got discouraged. You
see, Deacon Brown, he'd got a way of
blaming everything onto her. I don't
suppose the Deacon meant it—'twas
just his way—but it's awful wearing.
When the things wore out, or broke,
he acted just as if Mis' Brown did it
herself on purpose. And they all
caught it, like the measles or the
whooping cough."
"And the minister a-telling how the
Deacon brought his young wife here
when 'twas't nothing but wilderness;
and how patiently she bore hardship,
and what a good wife she'd been!
Now the minister wouldn't have
known anything about that if the
Deacon hadn't told him. Dear, dear!
If he'd only told Mis' Brown herself
what he thought, I do believe he
might have saved the funeral."
"And when the minister said how
the children would miss their mother
they cried as though they couldn't
stand it, poor things. Well, I guess
it is true enough, Mis' Brown was al-
ways doing for some of them. When
they were singing about 'sweet rest in
heaven,' I couldn't help thinking that
that was something Mis' Brown would
have to get used to, for she never had
none of it here."

"She'd been awful pleased with the
flowers. They were pretty, and, no
mistake. You see the Deacon wa'n't
never willing for her to have a flower
bed. He said 'twas enough prettier
sight to see good cabbages a-growin';
but Mis' Brown always kind of hank-
ered after sweet-smelling things like
sweet peas and such."
"What did you say, Levi? Most
time for supper? Well, so it is. I
must have got to meditating. I've
been a-thinkin' Levi, you needn't tell
the minister anything about me. If
the paneakes and pumpkin pies are
good, you say so as we go along. It
ain't best to keep everything laid up
for funerals."—Zion's Herald.

PITTING HER NEXT.
"Does your husband and your
mother get along together?"
"Just splendid. John is splendid to
mamma; mamma you know likes to
travel and John just buys her all
the tickets she wants so she is on
the go nearly all the time."
"He's a bright man! With all these
railways accidents happenings he is
bound to get her sooner or later."
"Oh, the scheming wretch!"

THE ART OF GETTING THINGS DONE.

Every housekeeper knows says the
'Christian-Globe,' that Saturday night
often finds a great many things un-
done which Monday morning had con-
fidently counted upon doing. The in-
terruptions of the week have been
many. An unexpected headache in-
vaded one day, and cut it off from ac-
tivity. Friends arriving on another
brought happy greetings and sunshine
but put the work aside and disturbed
the plans. Though there has been no
illness, yet the accomplishments of
the six days have been less than the
ambitious programme had determined
them to be. What is the secret of
getting things done? In what fine
art of good system and management
does it consist? We read of the won-
derful executive ability of famous wo-
men; and are amazed that they con-
trived to fill their lives so full, while
ours are, by comparison, so empty.
Possibly our conditions are less for-
tunate in some particulars than were
those of the women whose memoirs we
read. They may have had stronger
health than we, and no doubt they
were assisted by better service than we
may ever expect to have. Still, what-
ever may be the environments, the
secret of power always lies, not in
them, but in the individual. The per-
son who accomplishes most, hustles
least. This may be a trite remark,
but it verifies itself by daily observa-
tion. Talk, professions, voluble state-
ments of what one means to do,
usually consume the energy which
might else have been expended in real
work. Trying to do too many things
at a time is fatal to successful accom-
plishment. So, too, in listening to
the advice of a great number, instead
peeping firmly on your own way. A
young housekeeper is sometimes be-
wildered by the various counsels which
she receives. It is wise not to at-
tempt too much. One person cannot
live precisely according to another per-
son's pattern. Steady going forward
in any task, a little today, a little
more tomorrow, letting no day pass
without its line, with perseverance and
patience in whatever is undertaken,
seldom fail of solid rewards.

A LITTLE MAID'S SUE.

A certain wise little girl of
years old has two brothers who par-
ticipate in their pleasures and their
sorrows, and their mother, as cir-
cumstances will permit, has a
thorough understanding of her
brother's character.
The other day her brother
home from school with a
arithmetic which had caused a
deal of discussion among
mates, and submitted a
cation of the family
table:
"If a boy draws his ale to the top
of a hill nine times and then draws
eight times where is he?"
The wise young woman from the
depths of her experience answered with-
out hesitation:
"I dess he has gone home for his
mudder to mend his pants."

A PRETTY CUSTOM.

One of the prettiest religious cus-
toms in the world prevails in Mexico.
No matter what may be the station
or wealth of individual members of a
parish, all are dressed alike when they
attend church. Women may, and do,
possess Parisian gowns, but they are
not for vulgar display in the house of
God. All women must dress for
church in plain black gowns, with
black mantillas for the head. Thus
do the priests that, notwithstanding
earthly disparity all are equal in the
sight of God.—Newark Monitor.
His Holiness Pope Pius X has address-
ed the following letter to Cardinal
Cassetta, Honorary President and
Protector of the Society of St. Jer-
ome for the diffusion of the Gospels.

FRIVOLITY.

Pilot, Boston.
Alas and alas! Now that embroi-
dered cloth has displaced the lace collar
and cuff facings long worn on coats,
the English fashion writers scornfully
call them "hateful anti-Macassar
things."
A new "Shakespeare and Music
Birthday Book" compiled by Sir Fred-
erick Bridge supplies the constant de-
mand for a gift peculiarly adapted
for presentation to a musician or a
student of music. The birthdays of
singers, composers, and performers on
various instruments are designated;
each day has a quotation from Shake-
speare in English or German and
blank staves are printed for auto-
graph contributions.
Parisian journalists are disputing as
to the comparative matrimonial
chances of a party fool and a clever
ugly woman and consequently for the
moment all the ugly women are sure
that they are neglected because men
are afraid of their superior intellect.
Very few men ask whether an ugly
woman has any intellect they simply
flee.

ST. JOHN WEST.

The Aldermanic elections for 1907 are over and as though entirely regardless of or indifferent to the event, the world still moves on. Very apathetic was the voting public prior to and on the day of this election. Not much interest was manifested and the vote, such as it was, in each ward through the city, was largely the result of active effort by the candidates themselves or their more immediate personal friends. This has no reference to the fortunate ones among the candidates who had no opposition. In recent years women have, and rightfully too, been permitted to exercise the franchise, and in line with the progress it may not be considered extraordinary at all, if before many years have passed there will be lady candidates. In such event if two or three be elected it is clear they cannot be called Aldermen, and the city will be 'up against it' in respect to the proper mode of address, as the Law Society was recently, when certain members of the fair sex desired admission to the legal profession. No doubt the ingenuity of the administrators of the period will be equal to the emergency when it arises, so let us not borrow trouble meanwhile. It is not with us yet exactly although even to day in England, during election campaigns, ladies of social prominence are frequently mentioned as very successful canvassers. Perhaps the example might be followed here with more or less advantage to some candidates.

The opinion has been expressed that in the new Council, Alderman Frink will again have his former position as Chairman of the Ferry Committee. An appointment such as this would meet general approval, for numerous reasons, not the least of which is that he gave much attention to the better ferry management in the past. His office inauguration inaugurated reforms and reforms in the interest of the public that porters who, at any time, have occasion to cross the ferry in connection it may not be amiss to mention that some strips of sand were tacked on the woodwork, and the gentlemen's smoking most do not know. In a short time no doubt some would learn the purpose of this protection of the painted woodwork which is now not a little defaced by reason of scratching matches there.

In City Hall last Tuesday evening, a very entertaining and clever programme was presented to quite a large audience. The entertainment consisted of a four act drama, entitled "For one light only" with clever specialties between the acts, and was given by a company of talented amateurs under the name "The Winter Port Club." Every member of the cast was excellent in his or her role, and the greatest satisfaction was manifested by all. The true test of the merit of a performance of any kind is shown generally in the 'after' the show comment on the street and one lady, of literary taste and good judgment, was

heard to remark that she had attended many amateur performances but certainly the play of Tuesday evening was the best she had ever seen. Some of the gentlemen members of the club are Montrealers, and the ladies are West side residents with the exception of Miss Rubins of the North End. The West side ladies were, Miss H. M. O'Reilly, Miss B. McSorley, and Miss G. D'Arcy, the latter of whom introduced a specialty entitled "On the banks of the Rhine" during the second act. All the specialties were good and among the best was that of the little-Hammond Sisters, two clever little tots, who delighted all by their singing and dancing. They were favorites from the start and well merited the encore given them with enthusiastic applause.

On Sunday, May 5, will take place (D. V.) an event of much public interest and of special profound interest to the Roman Catholic people of the West side. The occasion will be the dedication of the Church of the Assumption in Lancaster, by His Lordship Bishop Casey. The day will be memorable also in the fact that there will be opened for divine service a church which is unsurpassed, not even approached in architectural beauty by any other religious edifice in New Brunswick. It will be, let us hope, a lasting tribute to the faith and devotion of the people of the parish and their love for their pastor, Rev. J. J. O'Donovan, who has never faltered in the almost Herculean task of giving his people this beautiful building. It will ever be a memorial and monument emblematic of the reverend pastor's reciprocal faith in his people and their courage. Many instances of practical sympathy have been publicly appreciated by the good father, who has many true friends among those of other denominations. Every one hopes this good priest will be long spared to minister to his people in this beautiful church.

WEDDING BELLS.

Though the hour was early a large congregation had gathered in St. Peter's church, North End, to witness the marriage of Miss Frances Martina Quinn and Mr. John E. Owens, traveller for the Rock City Cigar Co., Quebec, which was celebrated there on Monday with a nuptial mass. Rev. W. White, C. S. S. R., officiated. The bride was led to the altar by her brother, Mr. Jas. Quinn, of the Marine and Fisheries Department, of Ottawa. She was attended by Miss Josephine Quinn, her sister, as bridesmaid. Mr. John M. Elmore was best man. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride, Main street. Mr and Mrs. Owens went out on the noon train on a visit to Halifax and other places in Nova Scotia. Until lately the bride has been a valued member of the teaching staff of St. Peter's school and among her most treasured gifts is an engraving presented by the girls of the class. Her associate teachers remembered her with a beautiful set of china. The groom's gift to the bridesmaid was a fine gold brooch. He also presented the two altar boys who served the mass with a souvenir of the occasion in the shape of pretty scarf pins, initialed. On their return the happy

couple will take up housekeeping at #43 Main street.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL.

Moncton Transcript: Mrs. P. Gallagher who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Ashe, at Paolo, Kansas, left on Thursday for New York on account of the dangerous illness of her brother, Mr. Peter McCann, of that city.

Miss M. G. McSorley, of St. John West, was a passenger on the steamer Governor Cobb, Friday evening, April 19th, on her return to Waverley, Mass., to resume her duties as nurse in the McLean Hospital.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Waid W. Skinner, son of Hon. C. N. Skinner, to Miss Loulou Forget, daughter of the Hon. L. J. Forget, of Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Breese are leaving New York for Europe this week. Mr. Breese is to fill an engagement at the Aldwych Theatre, London.

Calais friends of Miss Helena McMahon, formerly of St. Stephen, will be interested in the announcement of her marriage at St. Joseph's church, Luden, Mass., on April 17, to Roy Miberry, of that place.

Capt. J. H. Pratt arrived from Boston on the N. S. Governor Cobb Tuesday morning, and will spend some days in St. John.

Miss Blanche Rossignol, of Colorado Springs, is visiting her cousin, Miss Edith Fitzgerald, King street East.

Miss Jennie Kennedy, of Saint Andrews, has returned from a two months' visit to New York and Boston.

Rev. John E. Finer, D. D., of Exeter, N. H., was in town this week visiting his mother and sister.

Rev. F. J. McMurray, M. A., who has been here some days, returned to Woodstock on Friday evening.

THE SUNFLOWER.

The sunflower takes its name from its shape and general resemblance to the sun. It is not a true heliotope, it does not turn toward the sun in spite of the poetic assertion of Moore.

TO KEEP YOUNG.

Keep in the sunlight nothing beautiful or sweet grows or ripens in the darkness.

Avoid fear in all its varied forms of expression; it is the greatest enemy of the human race.

Avoid excesses of all kinds, they are injurious. The long life must be a temperate, regular life.

Don't live to eat, but eat to live. Many of our ills are due to overeating, to eating the wrong things, and to irregular eating.

Don't allow yourself to think on your birthday that you are a year older and so much nearer the end.

Never look on the dark side; take sunny views of everything; a sunny thought drives away the shadows.

Form the habit of throwing off before going to bed at night all the cares and anxieties of the day—everything which can possibly cause mental wear and tear or deprive you of rest.—Chicago Daily News.

A pinch of salt added to the coffee will improve its aroma.

Milk changed from a cool atmosphere to a kitchen will sour in a very few minutes.

To clean white plumes—Soak them up and down in gasoline until the dirt comes out. Dry them in the open air and when free from odor of gasoline hold them, first, in the stream of boiling water, then over a heated stove, shaking and turning them constantly.

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