

FAITH.

A happy child plays on the floor
And sticks his blocks and rings,
And he knows naught of ancient lore
And naught of worldly things:
But faith is in his heart, and when
The dark he kneels to pray,
And what is all the lore of men,
The fairest fruit of brush or pen,
Against the faith he has, the faith I, too,
Could claim one day?

Beside the great cathedral door
A poor old woman stands,
A stranger unto worldly lore,
With knotted, tired hands!
But faith is rooted in her breast,
She hears the bell above,
And on the book her lips are prest,
And when 'tis night she goes to rest,
Triumphantly believing in her Saviour's holy
level!

Oh, sage, what is the lore you teach?
Oh, man of science, all
The wise conclusions that you reach
Are pitiful and small
Beside the faith of him who plays
About the floor—
Beside the faith of her whose days
Were unselfish if she might not raise
The book to trusting lips to say Ave at the
door!
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

DECEIVERS EVER.

The Sorry Justification of Miss Porter's Judgment.
BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

It is all a mistake to suppose that good judgment and a level head are the outcome of experience. They are born, not acquired. The man of the world who has tried all things and held fast that which is bad may go all to pieces over some Henrietta through whose wiles the green boy from the country district would see in an instant. The capitalist and the bank president fall victims to quite as many bunko games as the farmer and the cowboy. And the same lack of rule holds good in the world of women. The blushing maiden from a French convent may be quite as able to take care of herself as the young woman who has absorbed modern fiction, seen men and manners of many sorts and been given her own head in all things. It is a matter of common sense and intuition, and it all depends upon the girl.

But Miss Porter's father did not see that. He had theories to the contrary, and he believed in letting a girl from her earliest infancy see all she wanted of the world, that, having attained to maturity, she might be able to judge accurately for herself. It was a comfortable theory, moreover, and saved Judge Porter trouble. There were those—certain neighbors and friends of little Miss Porter's deceased mother—who would not admit that it was a theory at all. They said that Porter neglected his only child and let her run wild.

At the age of five little Miss Porter was a gourmet, smoked her cigarettes with an air and swore fluently. But at the age of 20 she was as innocent, if not as ignorant, as the aforesaid convent maiden is popularly supposed to be.

It was at this period that she met Calverley. He was English and handsome and agreeable. One of her not entirely unobjectionable girl friends had presented him, and after the custom of America, and more especially of the west, nothing further was necessary. If Miss Porter thought about it at all, she thought it would have been the height of folly and inhospitality to have asked further questions. She had to manage all those little matters alone. Judge Porter believed that she was equal to it by reason of his training, and, besides, he had other things to attend to.

But by and by one of the aforesaid friends of her mother decided, after much prayer and fasting, that it was her obvious duty to warn Miss Porter, since there was no one else to do it. She trembled at the necessity. Once, in the days of Miss Porter's tender infancy, some other good advice had been met with a storm of bad language, at the mere memory of which the good lady had shuddered and shriveled ever since. But that had been long years before. Miss Porter's language was moderate now, not only moderate, but slightly British, as appeared when she received her mother's friend and led her to a cozy corner and proceeded to brew tea.

The 5 o'clock tea habit had never been very strong with Miss Porter. Doubtless it was another result of the influence of Calverley, who was just then in the library across the hall smoking and reading and making himself entirely at home.

"I saw you at the theater the other night," began the elder woman.

"Yes," said Miss Porter.

"Who was the man you were with?"

It was the scandal of Miss Porter's set—which was a good one in spite of all—that she did without chaperons upon most occasions. "I dare say it was Mr. Calverley," said Miss Porter. She knew it was, and so did the other.

"Calverley? Do I know him? What is the rest of his name?"

Miss Porter tried not to look proud as she spoke the sonorous syllables and emphasized the hyphen. "It was Giles Hartpole Clayton-Calverley," she said.

"Oh!" said her mother's friend. "And where is he from?"

He was from England, from London.

"Oh!" she said again. "And who is he?"

Miss Porter informed her that he was well connected—splendidly connected. She was a little vague, but that was because she could not keep all the names at her tongue's end.

How had she met him? It was becoming decidedly cross questioning, and Miss Porter raised her brows. There was the same look in the baby blue eyes beneath them that had preceded the evil language years ago. But she was quite deadly civil now. "I met him through a friend. Were you at the dance last night?" she asked.

"I'll tell you about that later. Tell me about Mr. Calverley first, dear. Are you

SOMETHING QUITE NEW—

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CEYLON GREEN TEA

Same flavor as Japan, only more delicious.

perfectly sure about him? One has to be so careful of these Englishmen who are not properly accredited."

Miss Porter laughed—a haughty laugh. Not properly accredited, indeed! A friend of the prince, a relative of more or less half the peerage, on nickname terms with all sorts of dukes and lords and things, a man of his perfectly apparent means! Not properly accredited, indeed! Her rebuke was terrible, though brief. She mentioned her own judgment and knowledge of the world, and her mother's friend withdrew, baffled, yet doubting.

As she went she caught sight of Calverley in a big leather chair before the fire, smoking his brier pipe, and that night she told her husband about it. "What can John Porter be thinking of?" she demanded.

"His own troubles perhaps," he suggested.

"The man is taking possession of the whole place."

Her husband dropped into poetry:
"His easy, unswept hearth he lends
From Labrador to Guadaloupe,
Till, elbowed out by sloven friends,
He camps at sufferance on the stoop."
"The Spanish is bad, but the sentiment's all there."
"Some one ought to put a stop to it."
"Don't you be the same one, then. Let her work out her own salvation. If she is in love with him, she'll do as she likes; if she isn't, it won't matter."

There was presently no doubt about her being in love with him. She was frank in most things, was Miss Porter. There was but one matter in which she could bring herself to dissemble, and only then because Calverley impressed the great necessity for it upon her. He explained that though he loved her to madness and must marry her, there were sometimes reasons which Americans could not understand why it was best for Englishmen who were friends of the prince, and so very well connected as he was, to keep their marriages secret for a time.

The girl from the French convent might have seen through that. But Miss Porter believed it. Anyway, the notion of an elopement rather appealed to her Californian love of the picturesque. Upon the day set she went over across the bay with a light heart and made her way to the sequestered spot where he was to meet her and take her to the church. He was not there. She waited, but he did not come.

At sunset she recrossed the bay alone, a sadder but not yet a wiser girl. Such were her judgment and knowledge of the world that she thought Calverley must have met with some horrible accident.

A note which she found at the house explained otherwise. It was all about circumstances over which he had no control and sudden financial reverses and how he should always love her and cherish her memory. Miss Porter believed it, and her heart was broken—really broken. She even went so far as to be desperately ill for six weeks, at the end of which time she came forth again, pale, subdued and wilted, but with unshaken faith in Calverley.

The faith remained unshaken through long months of silence, a silence so profound that she thought it must be of the grave, and decided that he had probably killed himself. But one day that happened which filled her constant heart with hope once more.

"I saw," a man said to her casually, "I say your friend, Clayton-Calverley, down south the other day."

Miss Porter turned white, after the most approved fashion of the shilling shocker, and clutched at her throat. The man very naturally wondered what the deuce he had got into anyway and explained in answer to her hoarse entreaty that he had been in Randsburg on business and had seen the Britisher in the street.

Miss Porter asked if he lived there.

"Give it up, I didn't speak to him, and he didn't see me. Only he doesn't go by the name of Clayton-Calverley down there. They call him Myers."

There was the suspicion of a twitch about the corners of his mouth, but Miss Porter could not see that it was funny. She could readily understand why he had chosen to hide his identity. A name like Clayton-Calverley would naturally be unwieldy in a rough mining town.

Now she was a young woman who had always done exactly as she pleased without asking any one's leave—frequently for the excellent reason that there was no one about of whom to ask it. Such was at present the case. Judge Porter was away, to be gone indefinitely. So she packed her own bag and bought her own ticket and took that night's express for the south, and in due time the stage set her down in the town of Randsburg, where her appearance—although she was gowned with what had seemed shabby simplicity in San Francisco—caused considerable excitement and some little levity.

The hotel man was very civil, however, when she asked where she could find a man named Myers. He took her out into the street and pointed out a small, unpainted house some distance away. "That there's his shack," he told her, with a distinct note of inquiry in his voice, which she chose to ignore, "but he's on day shift, and he won't come up until 6 o'clock."

So she went to her room and threw herself on the bunk and waited until 6 o'clock. It began to be borne in upon her that she had done a decidedly bold thing even for her, and the way out of it was not altogether apparent. But, then, Calverley would show her that, and at 6 o'clock she went in search of him.

It was very much of a shack indeed, his place of abode. Her soul yearned toward him that she should have lived in

luxury all these months, the while his fortunes had been so low as this. It was also a very untidy woman who opened the shaky door in answer to her not too confident knock, an untidy woman and weary looking, but pretty, withal, and young. And the two children who, clung to her skirt were pretty also. There was a third child. It was sitting on Calverley's knee before a red covered supper table, and Calverley was feeding it something. He sat with the spoon poised and a blank look in his eyes.

A terrible misgiving took hold of Miss Porter. With most women it would have been a certainty, "Giles!" she wailed, losing all presence of mind.

But he kept his. It was not the first trying situation he had lived through, though it was perhaps the most so. He rose from his chair and spilled the child. His voice rose above its injured howl. "Miss Porter!" he exclaimed. "How charming! How unexpected! Let me present my wife. Mrs. Myers, Miss Porter."

She tried hard to take it well, to accept her cue from him and turn the tragedy of her life into a society skit after the manner of women of the day. But she failed. When she opened her mouth to speak, no words would come, and she fell forward into Mrs. Myers' arms.

Mrs. Myers was very kind to her. She took her back to the hotel and stopped there with her that night. "You should not be here all alone," she said in her sweet English voice. And when the girl started to sobbingly explain she checked her. "I understand," she said. "You need not tell me. He had sold a claim well and he went away to have a 'good time.'" She looked at Miss Porter with a wistful sort of pity and admiration. "And I dare say," she added, "that he had it."—Argonaut.

He Didn't Ask.
He is a small boy who likes to have the things that he wants, and he is diplomatic in getting them. The other day he had gone out to make a call with his mamma upon an old friend.

"Now, dear," said mamma as they stood on the doorstep, "remember that you are not to ask for anything."

"Yes, mamma," answered the small boy.

"I have been busy almost all the morning making crullers," said the friend as she entered the room and greeted them. A beatific expression spread over the small boy's face.

"I like to hear you talk about crullers," he said, with a smile of more than child-like innocence.

"Why, are you fond of them?" asked the mamma's friend in a pleased tone.

"Oh, yes, very," said the small boy, looking, if anything, still more innocent.

"I didn't ask for them, mamma," he cried in a tone of indignant protest as the door closed on the cruller maker, who had gone to bring in a sample.—New York Times.

An Ingersoll Story.
"I will tell you a story about the late Colonel Ingersoll which I never saw in print," said a lawyer who knew the great agnostic well.

"When he was an attorney in Peoria, Ill., a young wife called to see him about filing a suit for divorce. Ingersoll questioned her closely and after she had detailed a number of grievances he told her that none was sufficient. She was much perturbed in consequence and finally appealed to him to know on what grounds she could procure her bill. The colonel took a lawbook from his collection and pretended to examine it. After this he turned to her and said: 'Madam, I find nothing in this book to fit the situation. But if you can establish the fact that he is addicted to the unmanly habit of eating ice cream soda I know a judge who will give you a decree.'

"That, in Ingersoll's opinion, in a man, was inexcusable."

Keeping His Fingers Supple.
How any great pianoforte player keeps his hands supple has often been a matter for wonder, but M. Paderewski, the king of pianists, revealed the whole secret. "The night before I play I turn my hands over to my valet, and he rubs my fingers until they tingle," declared M. Paderewski. "Then he takes one finger after the other and turns and twists it in the palm of his hand, always turning the one way. That makes the fingers supple and keeps the knuckles in good working order. Last he rubs the palm of each hand very hard—as hard as I can stand it. Just before I go on the platform to play I have a basin of hot water brought to my dressing room. In this I immerse my hands. Hot! I should say so; just about as hot as it is possible for a man to stand it." So this is the way it is done.

Not Bloodhounds.
"We have for many years past," says the New Orleans States, "been protesting against the practice not only of the northern, but even of the southern, press, whose editors should know better, of speaking of the dogs used in pursuing criminals—or runaway slaves before the war—as 'bloodhounds.' It is extremely doubtful if any of these wisecracks ever saw a 'bloodhound,' but the term is so blood curdling, you know. The dogs used for this purpose are the common fox or deer hound, probably the most timid of all dogs, and are remarkable for their keenness of scent. Their owner or trainer simply follows their cry and thus comes up with the fugitive. The latter when overtaken has no difficulty in keeping off the dogs, which bay around him, but keep at a safe distance from knife or stick until the hunter comes up."

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QUEENS IN UNIFORM.
Young Queen Wilhelmina's joy knew no bounds not long ago when the Kaiser appointed her colonel of the 15th Hussars, though it was not her first command. The Queen of Saxony is highly popular with her soldiers, and often displays her gorgeous uniform at the monthly drills of her corps, the 2nd Royal Saxon Queen's Hussars. The Queen of Greece gets much satisfaction and a fair amount of glory from being the only lady admiral in the world, Alexander III. was always extremely fond of his young relative, and, knowing her Majesty's passion for the sea, gave her ships instead of troops.

WHICH?
A young and newly-married couple were entertaining their friends, and amongst the guests was one whose continued rudeness made him extremely objectionable to the rest of the company.

His conduct, although almost unbearable, was put up with for some time, until at supper he held up on his fork a piece of meat which had been served to him, and in a vein of intended humour he looked round and remarked, "Is this pig?" which immediately drew forth the remark from a quiet-looking individual sitting at the other end of the table, "Which end of the fork do you refer to?"

Rheumatism..

is Uric Acid in the blood. Unhealthy kidneys are the cause of the acid being there. If the kidneys acted as they should they would strain the Uric Acid out of the system and rheumatism wouldn't occur. Rheumatism is a Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills have made a great part of their reputation curing Rheumatism. So get at the cause of those fearful shooting pains and stiff, aching joints. There is but one sure way—

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TROUBLES.
A crowd of troubles passed him by, As he with courage waited.
He said: "Where do your troubles fly
When you are thus belated?"
"We go," they said, "to those who mope,
Who look on life dejected;
Who weakly say good-bye to hope—
We go where we're expected."

One Minute Cure for Toothache.
Magical in potency and power, penetrating at once to the diseased nerve. Nerviline—nerve-pain cure—cures toothache in a moment. Nerviline, the most marvellous pain remedy known to science, may be used for all nerve pains. Test at once its efficacy.

THE COST OF WAR.
Some idea of the cost of the South African War may be derived from the amount of war material sent out. One hundred and seventy million rounds of small-arms ammunition have been dispatched, in addition to 886,000 rounds for field guns, howitzers, etc. To clothe our troops we have sent out 280,000 khaki suits, over 370,000 pairs of boots, 200,000 jerseys, 1,020,000 pairs of worsted socks, 400,000 flannel belts, and over 500,000 flannel shirts. Besides these, some 18,000 tents, 420,000 blankets, and 300,000 waterproof sheets have been forwarded.

AN EXTENDED EXPERIENCE
Writes a well-known chemist, permits me to say that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails. It makes no sore spots in the flesh, and consequently is painless. Don't you forget to get Putnam's Corn Extractor, now for sale by medicine dealers everywhere.

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Towne—Yes, I'm looking for a house; we'll have to move. The roaches where we are now scare my wife almost to death. Browne—I thought you said the only thing that could really frighten her was a mouse? Towne—That's just it. At a little distance these roaches look like mice.

"What the fool does in the end,
The wise man does at the beginning."
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AVENUE HOUSE—McGill—College Avenue. Family Hotel rates \$1.50 per day.

Strategy—That fellow Bumbleton is a deep one. What has he been doing? Why, he got the new boarder into a brisk controversy with the landlady over the reasons for woman's mental inferiority, and under cover of it he sneaked a second piece of huckleberry pie.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.
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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Barnes—Wonder what has happened to the Sweetsters? They used to be dead in love with each other. Why everybody was laughing at their devotedness. Now they are as glum as they can be. Farmer—I know. She was silly enough to get him to go shopping with her the other day.

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