WANTED : PERFECTION. "There's only one girl in this world for

So say the song and law-so must it be. But that which puts my poor head in

whirt Is to find out which is shat one girl.

The eyes of Lucy, they're the eyes I love, Deep as the seas, blue as the skies above;

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But there her beauty stops, for. I confess.

She hath a nose that fills me with distress.

The nose of Mabel-ave-that is the nose To look on which would dissipate one's woes.

The only trouble is with Mabel's chin; It fails off suddenly, sharp as a pin.

Now Hetty's chin is dimpled, soft and firm, To do its beauty justice there's no term.

But when I'd love dear Hetty, Cupid trips And falls as soon as he sees Hetty's lips.

They are so colorless and thin no bliss Could possibly arise from Hetty's kiss.

But Fanny's lips-by Jove, ripe cherries

I think they'd lead the veriest saint tray.

They make me nervous-though I have no fears The moment I gaze on dear Fanny's cars.

And so it goes down through the whole

long line: There is not one that's wholly superfine,

Some beauteous attribute there is in each, And then some blamish puts me past their reach.

'And till I find the maid with Mabel's 'And Fanny's lips, and red haired Annie's

D058.

And Lucy's eyes-a composite, you see There'll not be even one girl in this world -Harper's Basar. for me.

MAGGIE'S ELOPEMEN

"You always did act queer. Jim." So said Mrs. Wigfall one night to ner husband, and she folded her arms across her breast and looked at him reproachfully.

Mr. Wigfall was a successful farmer. The school of experience, he said, had cost him a good deal, but he had gone through it and had been profited in the end He always claimed to have "ideas" of his own, which, somehow, he invariably contrived to carry out in a way to suit himself. This was the first time in twenty years of married lif. that his confiding spouse had ever questioned his methods, and it surprised him so very much that he could only look at her in dumb astonishment. "Now, tell me what in the name of

con mon sense has set you so desperately against Ted Minter?" she asked. "I always thought you had a since he was a boy "

"He hasn't any spunk, and, what is

in the world to make him happy. I would go anywhere with him." There was a happy glearn in the moth er's eyes as she looked at her daughter's prettyface.

"I know how it feels, my dear," she said. "It somes to all of us, that feeling, sooner or later, and then it either makes or mars our lives." "But what must I tell him, if he asks

me again to-night?" Maggie whispered. "Tell him what your heart bids you 84.y."

"Then it will be 'yes.'"

After a while mother and daughter left the porch and went into the house. As they did so Mr. Wigfall stepped out upon the porch through an open window, and an amused smile played around his lips."

"It works like a charm," he murmured, as he went down the front steps and wended his way towards the barn. After supper that evening, when Mrs. Wigfall was trying to think of some scheme to keep her husband inside the

house, he approached her. "I thought I would go into town to the lodge to-night," he said. "I shall probably be away till midnight.** Mrs. Wigfall tried to look disappoint-

"You are always going away somewhere, and leaving me at home to take care of myself," she said, with a little pout. "I was just planning how I could

give you a pleasant evening at home when you came." "Oh, well, if you have set your heart upon it, and wish me to spend the even-

ing at home with you, I'll do so rather than make you feel disappointed,' smiled Mr. Wigfall. "No, no, she replied hurriedly.

was only teasing. Maggie and I will find something to keep us employed and amuse us until bedtime."

Mr. Wigfall smiled knowingly, and nodded toward the house as he rode away.

"I caught you fairly that time," he chuckled. "I won't have to snap any caps on an empty gun to-night, if I stay long enough."

And, somehow, Mr. Wigfall did stay long enough. Ted and Maggie occupled the front porch all to themselves, and before the former left that night the latter had consented to elope with him, and be married on the following Wednesday night.

During the few days between that night and Wednesday, Maggie and her mother were in a flutter of excitement. and many were the whispered consultaitons between the two, when Mr. Wigfall was so near that they feared he could hear what they said, if they spoke in their natural voices.

It must be admitted that a move had been made in the game of which Mr. Wigfall was not fully cognizant, but the smile which often played around his mouth, when he saw his wife and daughter eveing him conspicuously, was not very sinister.

The eventful Wednesday came at with a good deal of asperity in her last. It was a clear, bright day, full of the perfume of new-blown flowers and from the sea.

A VAST DIFFERENCE THERE IS A WIDE GULF BETWEEN

THE CHURCH AND THE CHURCHES The One Traches Hellsion Authori tatively, the Others Only Suggertively-The Logical Corollary of

Private Judgment. In these days of religious free thought, of new sects and convenient creeds a fad of the hour is the discussion in the public press of theological questions and an airing of individual opinion on the "higher criticism." In the New York dailles this fad is partienlarly rampant, and in the many gems of thought thus spread before the world the Catholic church, as usual, receives its full quota of vicious

thrusts. In a recent issue of the New York Times a Protestant minister's letter defending the modern diversity in church denominations brought out this reply from Neal H. Ewing:

Did not Christ identify the church with himself in saying. "He that hears you hears me," and did he not promise to be with her "all days, even to the consummation of the world?" How, then, can we neglect him by attention to the church, or, rather, how can we fall to neglect him when we give the church no heed? He gave her a com-

mission in the plainest words and sent her forth even as he was sent. She is a visible representative empowered to speak for him.

In the New Testament nothing is clearer than this, that the institution established to teach religion was to teach with authority under the guidance of the Holy Spirit and that it was to last to the end of time with Christ's abiding presence. This perpetual church must, then, be in the never sot much farther than her great world today, and the injunction to hear it is still binding. Where shall we find it: "It is like lookin' at two beautiful the church? Some of late have taken stained glass windows. Yer love to to styling as the "church" all denominations collectively. No such union ex. through 'em." Now, of course, you ists in fact, so this church is only an know when a young gentleman gets to ides of the mind. This cannot be the talking about a young lady's eyes and church that we must hear, for to hear it is impossible." With the component dows it is quite certain he is spending parts stating contradictory creeds the a good deal of time thinking about berprinciple of contradiction prevents us from adopting them all. Christ did about himself and wondered if, indeed.

not found churches, but a church, she ever did: Now, no healthy boy of (learly it does not now exist as this twelve or fourteen ever thinks of himimpossible composite. Shall we now examine the parts of

this "church" to find our authoritative lie awake quite a half hour imagining. tencher? As we apply to one denomi delightful scenes in which Mary was nation after another one after the other (with a notable exception) disclaims to hero. Sometimes it would be a big fire. be the only church, and we may take and Tom in shirt sleeves and a firethem at their word.

Which is this church? We all know

the church that is called arrogant for

not accommodating her position to-

Two Recraments.

With all their differences they have mick of time. Sometimes he got Mary very high opinion of him before, ever sweet with the south wind coming in a certain comity derived from their into a fearful runaway wreck and common point of origin and divergence- again played the gallant rescuer. Sometimes in these mental nich that their work is not to teach religio authoritatively, but suggestively; to dis he permitted himself to be slightly intribute Bibles and let each man, his jured so that he might give Mary h own final interpreter, teach himself chance to shed a few tears over him that a layman is free to leave hit and hold some smelling salts to his church and enter another; that if he nose. He had seen this operation percan get followers he may start a formed on many ladies who had faintchurch of his own; that churches as or ed in the store, especially on bargain ganizations are only social; that the ob days. ject is religious, but the bond itself is Perhay, you think this was all very social, of men's making and continu silly of Tom. You will if you are a ance; that authority to teach any lay very matter of fact person. But let man comes from that layman himself. me tell you that a large imagination All this follows directly from their com goes mighty well with a small purse, that! She's tried and tried to ret me to and Tom earned just \$3 a week and mon principle of private judgment. These denominations, then, need not had to live ou it too. be questioned further. All organiza. One morning after having conjured awful 'con I-wouldn't. And now abe up an especially lurid scene the night come and takes things hereall. Tom, he tions that disclaim title as the one true church may be taken at their word, before, in which he had allowed him. It wicked to wish you was dead?" Indeed they must be taken at their self to be unconscious from smoke for word, for the true church afraid to an six hours, and Mary had cried over nounce itself cannot be imagined. him and told him she loved him more But there is a notable exception, than any one else in the whole world - came for the first time. Amid these organizations, but apart he wasn't so unconscious but he could from them, there is a church dwarfing hear her - well, as I said the next them in extent of a reverent antiquity morning when he went to the store as that back, I don't really with I was ages before their birth. It is sharply

It was about a week after the Fre ward notices" had been posted that little Mary Madderly was taken on as cash girl in the big dry goods house,

mediately, as did every one in the place. The young ladies behind the counter who were wont to rep loudly with their lead pencils and call "Cash!" in tones of voice ranging generally from sharp to savage grew kind and gentle when they spoke to Mary. Usually it was; "Forty-nine, take this package and have it done up. Be quick about it: the lady's waiting!" But no one ever called Mary by her number.

Somehow it would have sounded just as absurd as to allude to Edward VII. of England as K. No. 7. With this lit. tle cash girl it was always, "Mary. have this done up, there's a dear," or "Did you get your feet wet last night.

In the min?" If you'd ever been a little cash girl you would know what all this means. It is the difference between being simply a tiny cog in a vast network of machinery and a human being with feel-

ings and a soul. Was she very pretty? I don't know. Neither could Tom have told you, I fancy. And yet he was always look. ing at her, with the result that he was constantly bumping into folks and knocking his elbows on sharp corners till the floorwalker suggested he had better so to an oculist to see if he

weren't getting blind or something, Well, as I have said, though Tom was forever gazing at Mary, his own eyes big violet open. As Tom once described look at 'em, but yer can't jes' see

likening them to stained glass win-Worse than that, Tom got to thinking

self unless some girl makes him. Often after he got to bed Tom would the heroine and Tom, of course, the man's helmet rescued Mary just in the

or probling at another a company of reasoned that any one who enough to take what did not belong i him deserved to he caught and pun ished.

One alternoon Tom was carrying i couple of stray parcels up to the "lo and found" deak, and as he passed th glove counter be glacced to the left just in time to see a shabilit dressed woman sweep some gloves of the counter and into the folds of her his umbrella,

"Jimines crickets!" muttered Tom "That five dollars is as good as mine already". And he slanced about to see if any one had taken note of the clover theft. Apparently uo one had and the woman still stood at the counter, and presently from heard her ask the price of some gloves in a bursh, strident volce. Tom turned about to see Mary standing beside bim.

"Sar. Mary." he whispered excitedly, 'I'm goin' to have five dollars in about three minutes, and then I say, won't we have a hung up time! - Would yer rather go to the circus or go for an excursion in a steamboat! Why Mary, aren't you listenin' to wot I'm sayin'" he added, deeply hurt that the sirk seemed to take no notice or interest in

N: 10 YOU YUS TO MO. 1 with all her eyes at the woman with P.M.-Wile sc. and WEST BU FALLS RUGD

"Say," whispered Tom, "that there

"Yes," she said in a queer, quiet little voice. "Yes; what has she been do ing?"

"Doin"" muttered Tom. "Why. she hasn't been doin' a thing but allin' up her umbrella with glover. Yer just see what happens now when I run over to the floorwalker and put him on to her" And Tom started of. Then he stopped, for Mary had clutched one of his hands with both of hers.

The boy gauped and involuntarily

Tom, are you?" said the girl piteously.



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what he was telling her.

Then Tom saw that she was staring the big umbrells. Her breath way coming in quick, short game, and she was trembling all over.

woman wot yer starin' al

Mary looked up quickly at the boy.

"Don't, Tom," the said filt would kill me if you did. She's my mother" drew back a step

"You're not going back on me, now

worse, he isn't likely to have any as to leave home, ostensibly to spend the long as he lives," replied Mr. Wigfall. "Pshaw, Jim! You know better than that. Ted has got grit, and you put her arms around his . eck and kissed know it," cried Mrs. Wigfall. Then affectionately. she added as a clincher, "He always manages to come around and see Maggie when he wants to, in spite of your threat to shoot him at sight."

"Maybe he does manage to come. But he doesn't want to see her very, bad except when I have my back turned or am away from home "

"But he always comes in at the front door," insisted Mrs Wigfall "And always goes out of it, too, in a

hurry, when I show myself. It is lucky for him that the cap snapped on my gun when I shot at him to-night." "The gun was empty, Jim," laughed Mrs. Wigfall.

"How do you know."

"We examined it this evening before you came home."

"I'll lock that gun up after this, so you women folks can't meddle with it And next time I snap a cap at Ted

Minter somebody is going to be hurt." "Now, Jim," said Mrs. Wigfall, in persuasive tones, "don't make a fool of yourself. I never did set myself up against you before, but in this thing my whole heart is interested, and I will now. see that Maggie and Ted get one an-

other if they feel that way inclined." "And I have made up my mind that all you could to break it up." they shall be kept apart," said Mr. Wigfall.

"Well, then it is Ted, Maggie and myself that you will have to fight, and we will see who wins in the end."

"I've got an idea, and I'll bet on that," muttered Mr. Wigfall.

• A couple of days later Mrs. Wigfall. and her daughter, Maggie, were sitting on the porch in the warm spring sunshine, the former shelling the seasons' first mess of new peas, and the latter, ceeded." busily engaged with her crocheting.

Cousin Tom, saying he was coming the slightest reproach in her voice as here this evening," said Maggie, she said it. , "Now, mamma, can't you manage to keep papa off the porch to-night, so he and Ted won't get into any trouble?"

"I don't know Maggie, but I can try," replied Mrs. Wigfall. "I wish you and Ned would hurry up and come to an understanding before four father becomes plumb cantankerous and does something desperate." and there was a look of anxiety in the mother's eyes at she stopped her work a moment and looked up at her daughter.

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. Cadado

"Ted wants me to run away with him and marry him. He just begged i me and begged me the other evening when he was here."

"It is bad business at best, this running away," half mused Mrs. Wigfall. "There is no telling what father will do then. You can't count on him from one minute to the next."

"Ted said he wasn't a 'raid."

"No; he would risk a.most anything I suppose, to get you."

"If he asks me again 'o-night, ma.n. m a, what shall I tell him?" "I really don't know, daughter/

Then looking up smiling, she askel: "What would you like to tell \ im?" Maggie blushed prettily. Ste sprarg

up from her chair, ran to where her mother was sitting, and put both a no around her neck.

"I would like to say 'yes,' " she whispered, shyly. "I' never would acknowledge to Ted how much I thought

own up that I would do almost anything fime: with a woman, only econation,

After dinner, night at a young friend's house, she went to where her father was sitting.

Mr. Wigfall eyed her questioningly. and somehow there seemed to be a blur on his sight as their glances met for a moment, which made him blink his eyes, Both appeared as if they wanted to say something, but for some reason they parted in silence.

Mother and daughter, on the other hand whistered together for several minutes and when Maggie rode away there were tears in the eyes of both of them.

That evening Mrs. Wigfall's heart became too heavy for her, and she went to her husband and imparted to him the secret which weighed upon it so heavily.

"Jim," she said, in a chocking voice. "Maggie and Ted have run away and got married.

She fully expected to see Mr. Wigfall fly into a terrible rage, but, instead, was very much surprised to see him. smile, as if he was fully satisfied with the turn events had taken.

"I am glad of it," he said. Mrs. Wigfall was doubly surprised

"Glad of it, Jim? Why, I thought you were opposed to the match, and doing Mr. Wigfall laughed outright.

"Don't you remember, dear, what a hard time we had to keep up our ensagement for two years before we were married?" he asked, chuckling her playfully under the chin. "I didn't want Maggie and Ted to go through the same trying experience. So I took it in my head to oppose the match, knowing that was the only way to hurry them up, and you must acknowledge that I have suo-

tions dare not use that word, being, in-"You always did act queer, Jim!" "Ted sent me a note this morning by, cried Mrs. Wigfall. But there was not deed, estopped, she employs it in the fullest sense.

A Great Snake Colony.

ward other beliefs, that is censured Mr. J. McGarvie Smith, an eminent for claiming to be the church and for bacteriojogist of Sydney, Australia, is the proprietor of probably the greatest speaking as having authority. In this collection of snakes in the world. He she only agrees with the church of the is in the business partly for scientific apostles. Had they not been unyieldpurposes and partly for business. He ing as to dogma, whether to those advertised some time ago for 500 venomwithout or within the fold, they would ous reptiles, but one publisher declined have been recreant to the faith. They to permit the advertisement until he could not compromise their authority; had satisfied himself of the sanity of it was theirs only in trust to be exerthe scientist.

cised for their Master. What the ene-The different species of venomous snakes in Australia, so far as known, number forty-two. and Mr. Smith has specimens of all of them. The poisant extracted from the reptiles is largely nothing of interdenominational comity used in the Pasteur Institute in Paris. Mr. Smith is an enthusiast on the subject of snakes, and regards them as the most wonderful of living creatures. He has in his collection serpents that have gone nearly a year without food. and are still fat. He has injected some of their own poison into them without the alightest ill effects to them. As a ceives and blesses all that enter. result of his investigations he has established the fact that a non-poisonous snake is not affected in any way by the poison of the venomous species. "Why," says Smith, "it does not kill one of its own species while it is so fatal to other creatures is one of the mysteries of the

Almighty which we cannot usravel." beart in the midst of our sins and the hour of our greatest missries-Cardiof him, but to you, mother, dear, I can, ... To make friends with a man requires

nel Manning.

distinct from them; so unlike that it quiet and her "Good morning" was so and kind like you've always bear, way, cannot without catachresis be grouped with them as a kindred body. The dif. castles in the air tumbling about his man some day." ference is not only nor principally in ears. her doctrines and rites. for these may be borrowed from and copied, as is into that little girl's heart! largely done unofficially in one denom

ination. It is not simply what but how she teaches. It is her attitude toyou had only known it! She is wondering what you would think of her if ward the world. She sets forth docyou knew about her mother-and all. | down, and touched her on the arm. trines not for qpinions, but for abso-Every noon hour Tom made Mary lute truths, to be accepted absolutely share his apple with him, for her own on her apostolic and divine commislittle lunch basket was uninviting sion. She does not shrink or falter in enough. On pay day he invariably inher utterance. She meets the requirement of the true church that it must vested in 15 cents' worth of candy, which was as far as his income would . The woman gave him one ve know and proclaim its authority. Authority, while her neighbor organiza-



But after the "reward notices" were posted he had many visions of ice cream and the circuit. These notices announced that any employee in the store who might catch any one stealing or shoplifting would be paid \$5. Now, a good many small articles disappeared from day to day, and, of course, it was quite certain that there were several five dollar bills to be sern ed if our were only indy. Tom did as



TRAN MA STOPPED.

"Cos I can't help ber being-like-like pick up things and bring them bome." the girl went on, "and she's treated me "Ain't that a little hard on me?" asked Tom reproachfully.

The girl's lips quivered, and the bear

"You're right, Tom," she maid sortiy. "I was forgetting you les' then. I take usual little Mary was so demure and dead, It you'll jes go on being good absently said that poor Tom felt all his maybe I can grow up to be a good we

Then suddenly she put her ears. Ab, Tom, if you might have seen around his neck and kiesed his, Wass through those "stained glass windows" Tom, with a very red face and a lower in his heart, recovered from the man She was thinking about you then, it the girl had fied to the closkroom. Then the boy marched up to the wo-man, who was still wandering up and "Excuse me, ma'am," he said is a voice lond enough for the clocks to, hear, "but I think I new a couple of pairs of gloves fall in your mmbralls of the counter."

allow him to treat the little cash girl, glance, then she dove into the folder, and fished out the pilfered articles. "Dear me!" she exclaimed, with well feigned surprise. "I declare if I in ver" come near to walkin' of with things as don't belong to me."

So valianed toms drain of a serious five dollar treat. But that He had been no dream. One of the first things to attract the

attention of Baby Clarence and City mais betrick-smalle of a pair of de BOTHS, UNIC SITISTION WINES DE WER three years old pape took him to a park. When relating the incidents of the trip to his mamma on their return. So exclaimed, "And, oh, mamma, I as a deer, and he had a hatrack on his hes I The

Gines, Als and Water. Tumblers will bold water be the globules of water are too big is squeeze through glass, but glass is no full of holes as a sponge and all a right through it.

A Small Boy's Grewk Why can't boys get to be name Thost taking line to grow, Lad what a the most of And militia. I'd like to b



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doors are shut to no one, and she re-In the holy eucharist Jesus draws us upward to himself; in the sacrament of penance he stoops down to listen to ns. and to open to us his sacred

