

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

May 5, Sunday.—Fifth Sunday after Easter. St. Pius V., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 6, Monday.—St. John at the Latin Gate. Rogation Day.
 „ 7, Tuesday.—St. Benedict II., Pope and Confessor. Rogation Day.
 „ 8, Wednesday.—Apparition of St. Michael, Archangel. Rogation Day.
 „ 9, Thursday.—Ascension of Our Lord.
 „ 10, Friday.—St. Comgall, Abbot.
 „ 11, Saturday.—St. Alexander I., Pope and Martyr.

St. Benedict II., Pope and Confessor.

St. Benedict, a Roman by birth, was elected Pope on the death of Leo II in 684. 'He did not,' says Alban Butler, 'complete eleven months in the pontificate, but filled this short term with good works.'

The Apparition of St. Michael, Archangel.

This feast was instituted by the Church to commemorate the apparition of St. Michael on Mount Gargano, in the kingdom of Naples. This was the origin of a noted pilgrimage, and the occasion of the erection of a magnificent church in honor of the great archangel.

St. Alexander I., Pope and Martyr.

St. Alexander was a native of Rome. After a pontificate of nearly ten years, he received the crown of martyrdom in 119.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

ON HEARING A BELL TOLL.

Some day the bell I hear
 My death shall toll;
 And when the moment strikes,
 What of my soul?

What then shall all avail
 That now I prize,
 When clear the mis-spent past
 Before me lies?

What then shall be the worth
 Of human praise,
 That sheds a glory now
 Along life's ways?

And what then of the friends
 I now hold dear?
 Remembrance all too oft
 Dies at the bier.

Oh, when that solemn bell
 My death shall toll,
 For me there shall but count
 God and my soul!

— 'Ave Maria.'

If sympathy could be converted into cash, there wouldn't be so much of it wasted.

Don't forget that the brownstone front usually depends on a homely brick rear for support.

It has been observed that the average man is never so happy as when he is posing as a critic.

Voluntary and necessary poverty makes us turn to God and have recourse to Him, whilst abundance often makes us forget God.

May the Lord God bless the noble women of the Catholic Church. Their constant work for good is evident at all times and in every place. They are barred in our Church from officiating in the service, but that does not in the least trammel their grand achievements. They are the priestesses of the sanctuary of the home. They are apostles in the broadest sense by their prayers, good example, and sacrificing works. The work of the Church succeeds by being watered by their tears and fostered by their thought and prayer.—Cardinal Gibbons.

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The Storyteller

THE MILLIONAIRE'S CALLER

He was a tall old man with a slight stoop and thin gray hair. His garments were shiny with wear, the sleeves of his coat being fairly slippery in their threadbare state. But there was little trace of the infirmities of age in his strong features and the sharp glance of the gray eyes beneath the shaggy brows. Those sharp gray eyes turned towards the dingy old clock over the dingy old mantel. It was just noon. There was a door that opened into the counting-room, and its upper half was glass. Through this transparent medium the old man could keep a watchful eye on his employees. It saved sudden incursions into the outer room. Those clerks and bookkeepers never knew when the sleepless eye of the grim old master was turned in their direction. There was no loitering or any other form of relaxation in that busy counting room.

From the clock the old man's gaze turned to the door. The desks were deserted. It was the luncheon hour. He arose from his creaky swivel chair and, crossing the room, pulled down a shade that covered the glass. Then he turned back to his desk and, producing a small parcel wrapped in a newspaper, opened it and disclosed an apple and a few crackers. He spread them out on the paper and fell to munching them. He was gnawing at the apple when a light rap at the counting-room door drew his attention. At first he was inclined to believe that his ears had deceived him. Then the rap came again—rat, tat, tat.

'Come in,' he cried, and there was nothing suggestive of hospitality in the peremptory tone. 'Come in.'

A hand fumbled with the knob and then the door swung open. A child was standing on the threshold, a little girl with sunny curls and a dainty pink frock.

'How do you do?' said the astonishing vision. 'Are you pretty well? So am I, thank you.' And she made him a little bobbing courtesy and threw him a fascinating smile.

'Where did you come from?' growled the old man.

'I comed from out here,' replied the little maid.

'I peeped through the glass under the curtain an' I saw you.' She laughed merrily. 'An' I thought you was a big ogre eat'n all by yourself. You don't eat little girls, do you?'

He yielded for a moment to the witchery of her smile. 'Not when they are good little girls,' he gruffly said.

The child laughed merrily.

'You's a splendid ogre,' she cried, and clapped her hands. 'Much better'n papa. What's you eatin'?''

He hastily pushed the crackers and the remains of the apple aside.

'My luncheon,' he answered. 'But you haven't told me where you came from.'

He was surprised at himself for showing this interest in the child. 'I comed down to see papa,' she answered. 'Manima brought me an' left me here 'cause she's goin' a-shoppin', an' there's fierce crowds an' little girls might get hurt. An' I brought papa's lunch, an' mamma will call for me. An' I'm to keep awful still, 'cause the man papa works for is very, very cross an' he can't bear to have children 'round.'

The child laughed again. 'Do it again,' she cried. 'I ain't a bit afraid of you. I know it's all just make believe. Please can't I come in a wee bit further?'

'Come in if you want to,' said the old man a little ungraciously.

She smiled as she slowly advanced. 'It always pays to be polite,' she said. 'That's what mamma tells me. If I had said, can I come in, without any please, you might have said we don't want no little girls around here to-day—they're such a nuisance. An' besides, I was a little tired of stayin' out there all alone. 'Cause, you see, papa had to go to the custom-house 'bout somethin' pertickler, an' I'm most sure I heard a big rat under the desk brushin' his whiskers.'

She came quite close to him and leaned against the ancient haircloth chair that stood by his desk.

'Who is your father?' the old man asked.

'My papa? 'He's Mister Fenton—Mister Russell Fenton. Do you know him? He's a very nice man.'

'Yes, I know him. And did he tell you to come in here and see me?'

'Mercy, no!' cried the child. 'He didn't say nothin' about you. He just said I was to keep very quiet an' he would be back as soon as he could. An' I said, "Ain't you goin' to eat your lunch, papa?"'