

Progress is God

There is no peace on earth for us these days. We rush around when we should seek repose. We make of even recreation labor. That threatens life with an untimely close. We plan—and execute while we are planning. And know not sleep until results make good our aims. And then, unsatisfied, submit to slighter things that might be ours and should. And thus we go—from one thing to another—In search of what means nothing. Mere bubbles, gleaming with a borrowed splendor. Barren of any radiance to lend. And rest! What that? but everlasting dreaming. That we have reached the top of all the pile—Attained! the goal of our delirious longing—Ours, ours at last! Dame Fortune's long-sought smile. The old-time Sabbath knows its place no longer—Progress is God, and fills the pulpit well. He preaches but of all that's best in this world, And makes no mention in his texts of Hell. With sweet repose thus therefore pass our rearing; With Progress urging ever: Go ahead! The blessed peace the Galilean promised—Where shall we find it, save among His dead? —Jennie M. Babbinger.

Christ in The Heart

"Christ in the heart and His love in the nation!" Stronger are these than the sword or the sword; Dawn the new day of our country's salvation, Cleansed from her sins by the might of the Lord, Christ in the human heart, Teach us the better part, Save us from treachery, battle and greed; Love be the nation's word, By every people heard, Love for humanity in its great need, Angels of Bethlehem, sound your glad chorus, Thrilling our souls by its message divine; Warfare and carnage no more shall rule o'er us, Brightly the star of our Saviour shall shine. Star of the Prince of Peace, Bring to us swift release, Let not our brothers their brothers destroy; Lead us to truly pray, Show us the perfect way, Teach us that living for others is joy, Flag of our fathers, float on in thy glory! Always thy red hand for justice and law, Ever thy white tell the sweet gospel story, Never thy blue in its truth show a flaw, And every lustrous star, Shine from thy folds afar, Over a people united and free; Guarding this flag above, Keep us, O God of love, Loyal to Country, to Manhood and True.

SHORT STORY

"The Personal Equation"

(Continued from last week.) Father Cleary fumbled with his hat, cleared his throat and resumed. "As I said, I appreciate your kindness very much. And now, even at the risk of overdoing things I have come to ask a still greater favor." Mr. Shea pursed up his lips and half-closed his little eyes. His face seemed to give warning: "I'm not an easy mark. That will be about all from you." But inwardly he was saying: "I'll bet the little man has screwed up courage and is going to ask me for twenty." "Well, Father Cleary? Come to the point as fast as you can, please. My busy day." "I'll try to take up as little of your valuable time as possible. We have a society in the parish known as the Catholic Boys' Club. The members are boys, many of them workers in your shops, whom we take hold of three evenings a week and try to—"

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also. Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in the weather. I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grateful. Miss Frances Serra, Prescott, Ont. "I had an attack of the grip which left me weak and helpless and suffering from rheumatism. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine has entirely cured me. I have no hesitation in saying it saved my life." M. J. McRoberts, Trenton, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

that the money is spent on a good work. That's what you're there for. I have neither time nor inclination to bother about details. Organization—organization of charity—that's what I believe in. I have the money and I give it to you, and you see that it gets to the places where it will go farthest and do the most good. Business methods, you see, apply to charity. Mr. Shea twisted his mouth in order to shift the unlighted cigar a bit nearer his wisdom teeth and beamed upon his visitor with an air of urbane superiority. Oh, he could give this unassuming little priest a few pointers on organized charity, all right!

But the unassuming little priest, somehow, didn't seem to be particularly impressed. He smiled, with one of those quiet, inscrutable smiles that might mean almost anything except respectful recognition of superior acumen. "Yes, sir, organized charity, business like charity. That's what gets results nowadays. Which reminds me," he continued, seeing the priest's smile broaden a trifle; "that some of you clerical gentlemen don't sufficiently value the possibilities. I might as well be frank some of you are pikers. You're willing to bow your heads off when somebody throws you ten dollars. Instead you ought to fling it back and say: 'We have no room for small change; give me a thousand.'" Mr. Shea, like so many other men who resemble the Sugar Trust, rather enjoyed the sound of his own voice; so he proceeded to enjoy himself some more.

"You can all learn a lesson from some really progressive and up to date charitable organizations in this city. Right here I have a cheque I'm sending to the Bramshill Humane Society. Look at it. Why, I'd be ashamed to send them ten dollars. Why? Because they aren't pikers. They're organized on a large scale. They get big money and they do big things."

Father Cleary twirled his hat—it was a well worn hat—and gazed at it vacantly before speaking. "I might remind you, Mr. Shea, that organized charity has its drawbacks, even from the business point of view. I know of at least one instance where a deserving widow applied for aid to an organization of the sort you appear to admire so much."

"Well, I'll bet she got it." "In a way, yes. They gave her three hundred dollars in dribbles—after waiting six months and after spending eight hundred dollars to investigate her case. That strikes me as rather cold charity and mighty poor business."

The President stared at his visitor. Here was a man who actually seemed to have a mind of his own. But it was obviously a medieval mind. He struggled his massive shoulders. "That doesn't prove anything except that when you want business efficiency you have to pay for it. In the long run organization gets results. That's true, and I can prove it. The Humane Society's charities are organized, and yours are not. As a result, the Humane Society gets two thousand dollars out of me. And, what do you get? Ten dollars, and you think you've done well. Now, what do you suppose that shows?"

Father Cleary shuffled his feet—they were increased in shoes no longer new that seemed a size or so too large—and his face flashed angrily. "It seems to me," he said, "that the facts you adduce—and I suppose there's no denying them—indicate that the charities with which I am connected handle but relatively little money. But I hope you won't misunderstand me if I venture to say that they also indicate something else."

"What else?" asked Mr. Shea, taking the cigar out of his mouth for the first time.

Couldn't Do Housework

HEART WAS SO BAD.

Mrs. Thomas Melville, Saltcoats, Sask., writes:—"I thought it my duty to write and tell you how much your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills did for me. My heart was so bad I could not sleep, and our work about the house. I could not do my housework at all what my husband could not do had to go undone. I had two small children depending on me besides three men to cook for, and it worried me to not be able to do anything. My husband had taken some of your pills, some years ago, and insisted on me trying them; so I started, and before I had taken them two weeks I was considerably better, and before I had taken two boxes I was doing my own work again. Anyone suffering from heart or nerve trouble of any kind should just give your pills a trial. If anyone cares to write to me I will gladly give them all the information I know concerning your wonderful medicine."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

admission. And was he never, pray, to work over-time in order that the affairs of the B-unswick Iron Works might grow and prosper? Did this clerical innocent know all that the request implied?

(To be Continued.)

Mai!—D did you call me, m'am! Mrs. Parsons—Yes, I just wanted to tell you that I didn't need you just at present—Fliegende Blätter.

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

Post—Thinks he's the whole thing does he? Parker—Well, I'd hardly go as far as that; but he certainly considers himself a quorum.—The Smart Set.

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont writes:—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25 cents."

First company promoter to second ditto.—Do not insult I call it! See what the old second did! Carefully counted each of his fingers after I shook hands with him!—Tatler.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED. GENTLEMEN.—Last winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of LaGrippe, and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in cases of inflammation.

Yours, W. A. HUTCHINSON.

"They say Ella's fiance has money to burn."

"Well, his has met his match."—Town Topics.

W. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont. says:—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c."

Miss Cadnor—What a splendid world it would be if we could only see ourselves as others see us? Miss Hardhead—I know something better than that. Miss Cadnor—What? Miss Hardhead—To see others as we see ourselves.—London Life.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Jimpeon—I'm gawing to Europe next week. Can I do anything for you cash there, dear boy? Chris's o—No, going's enough, thanks.—Town Topics.

Mr. Shea made no effort to conceal his perplexity. His low brow was a mass of wrinkles and his square jaw dropped.

"Well, if you don't want money, what in thunderation can you want?" "I want you."

The priest's tone was low and even, but the words rang like a cry silver trumpets in the ears of the man of iron. What on earth was his visitor driving at? Want him? How want him? What for? He forced a light laugh and rubbed his chin nervously.

"You have me stamped, Father Cleary. Why you should say you want me, when I'm offering real American money, is more than I can see."

"Then let me explain. That boys' club, as I told you, is made up largely of young fellows who work in your shops. They are the—well, the lower down; you are one of the higher ups. The meetings are held in the parochial hall three evenings a week. I came today to ask you to assume the directorship of the club."

Mr. Shea's face went red and his hands gripped the arms of his wicker chair. Three evenings a week, indeed when there was a good stock company in town and the opera season on at the Odéon, and almost nightly social functions to which he must take the aspiring Mrs. Shea—and the exclusive Frankfurter Club, to which he had but recently gained

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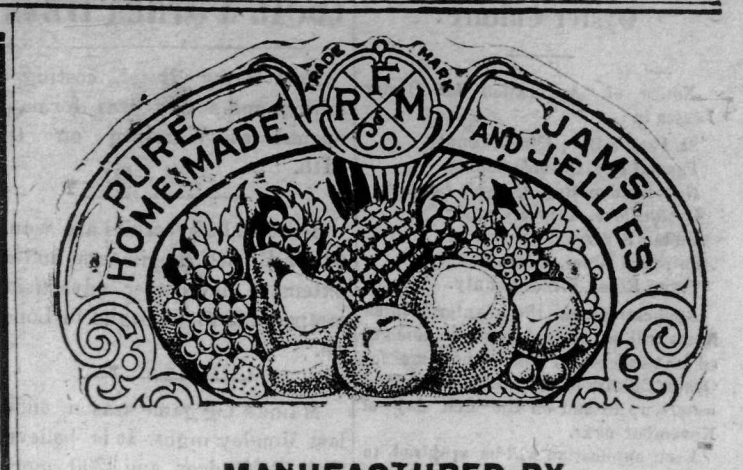
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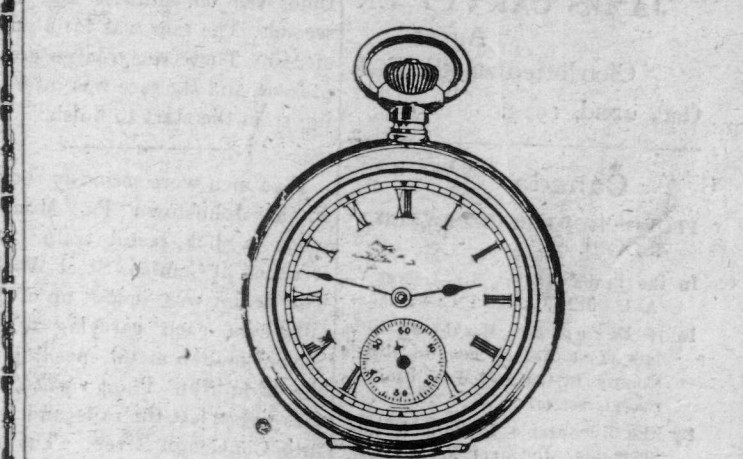
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