

that that quiet smile came from a generous heart and a level head.

The placing of the drain by the Government at Marsh Lands made a large tract of useless country become very valuable. New settlers came in. This helped to build up trade in Trenton, and made of it a very respectable little town. Among the people there no one has prospered better than Joey Kendricks, and in all things pertaining to the welfare of the town—business, school, temperance, and religion—there is no one who wields a better and stronger influence than Joey Kendricks.

The Girl Who Shared.

(Julia H. Johnston, in 'Presbyterian Witness.')

'Dear me! Stopping again! What can be the matter?'

Helen Lee glanced around to see if her fellow passengers were as hot and tired as she. It certainly was a very slow train, stopping at every way-station, and even every blacksmith's shop and corn-crib, Helen thought, and how hot and dusty it was, to be sure. But there were pleasant things to remember. That was a comfort. Helen was returning from an Endeavor Convention which she had enjoyed with all her might. She generally did things with her might.

And now it was past noon, and the tardy train was delaying dinner, and furnishing no opportunity for refreshment, unless one cared for the train-boy's chewing gum and figs.

'I'm growing famished,' thought the young traveller, who had expected to reach home before noon. Then she remembered a packet of wafers in her bag, leftovers which she had happened not to take out. Then she thought that some one else might be as hungry as she. There was the girl in front of her, leaning wearily upon her hand. Helen had seen her in the Convention, and had nodded to her as they entered the car. Now she leaned over and said, 'Won't you share my wafers? We shall not have a chance for any lunch for ever so long. Come and sit here with me, won't you?'

The tired girl gratefully accepted the hearty invitation.

The two ate up the wafers, every crumb, had a little pleasant talk, and in due time parted for change of cars.

The next year Helen again attended the State Convention. In the cloak-room she came face to face with a familiar countenance which she could not match with a name.

The recognition seemed mutual, and Helen said, 'I think I have met you somewhere. Wasn't it last year?'

'Yes,' was the reply, 'I'm the girl you shared your wafers with. Oh, how hungry I was.'

'Oh, I'd forgotten all about that,' said Helen, wrinkling up her forehead in the effort to recall the sharing. She could not do it, but the girl repeated, 'Yes, you shared your wafers with me. I haven't forgotten.'

What a simple little thing it was, to be sure, a positive trifle. Helen would have been ashamed to remember it, but the bit of thoughtfulness along the way was a treasured memory in the heart of the one who shared it.

Such thoughtful, kindly ministries to bodily wants often leave a happy thought behind them. Never let a selfish shyness, or false pride keep you from offering courtesies when opportunity offers. Share things. One memory-book is enough for the record. Part of one's influence is made of such passing trifles, but they all contribute to the growth of character. Kindness becomes spontaneous. It is better to feed a starving soul, a hungry heart, than a famished body. And remember, you may not know just how hungry your next neighbor is before you ask her to 'share.' Afterward she may tell you.

It's His Customer.

A New York merchant called to a little bootblack to give him a shine. The little fellow came rather slowly for one of his guild, and planted his box down under the merchant's foot. Before he could get his brushes out another large boy ran up, and calmly pushing the little one aside, said:

'Here, you go sit down, Jimmy.'

The merchant at once became indignant at what he took to be a piece of outrageous bullying, and sharply told the newcomer to clear out.

'Oh, dat's all right, boss,' was the reply. 'I'm going to do it for him; you see he's been sick in the hospital for more than a month, and can't do much work yet, so us boys all turn in and give him a lift when we can.'

'Is that so, Jimmy?' asked the merchant, turning to the smaller boy.

'Yes, sir,' wearily answered the boy, and as he looked up the pallid, pinched face could be discerned even through the grime that covered it. 'He does it for me—if you'll let him.'

'Certainly; go ahead,' and as the bootblack plied the brush the merchant plied him with questions. 'You say that all the boys help him in this way?'

'Yes, sir. When they don't get a job themselves, and Jimmy gets one, they turn in and help him.'

'What percentage do you charge him on each job?'

'Hey?' queried the boy—'I don't know what you mean.'

'I mean what part of the money do you give Jimmy and how much do you keep?'

'I don't keep any; I'm not so mean.'

'You give it all to him?'

'Yes, I do. All the boys give up what they got on his job. I'd like to catch any fellow who'd be mean to a sick boy.'

The shine being completed, the merchant handed the urchin a quarter, saying:

'I guess you are a pretty good fellow, so keep a dime, and give the rest to Jimmy.'

'Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here you be, Jim.'

He threw him the coin and was off like a shot after a customer himself—a veritable rough diamond. There are many such lads, with warm and generous hearts under their ragged coats.—'Presbyterian.'

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only \$1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

The Old Cooky Woman.

(L. M. Montgomery, in 'Good Cheer.')

Bert Macdonald and Archie Adams were talking together on the Academy campus at Millboro. Ellis Saunders had just gone past with his books under his arm. They watched his straight, well set-up figure down the elm-shaded street.

'What does Ellis mean to do when he graduates?' asked Bert. 'Go to college?'

'No. He is going right to work if he can find anything to do,' answered Archie. 'He has applied for that position in the Steel Manufacturing Company that Jack Wallace had.'

'He hasn't much chance there. Neil Blair is almost sure of that. His father has a "pull," he says.'

'Well, I'm not so sure about that as Neil is. Mr. Burgess is the man who has most to say in the matter, and I've been given to understand that he doesn't altogether favor Neil. Thinks his Academy record isn't just what such a responsible employee's ought to be, I imagine. But there are other applicants, all of them with influence at their backs, and some of them just as competent as Ellis. He hasn't any one to push his claims.'

'Well, Ellis is a fine fellow,' said Bert, heartily, 'and I hope he'll get something else if this goes against him. Burgess is an odd ticket, anyway. They say you never can tell what he's going to do till he does it; but they have great faith in his judgment. I must be off. A fellow musn't waste time with exams only two weeks off.'

Meanwhile, Ellis Saunders had gone to his boarding-house in a brown study. He had been talking to Allan Burgess, the captain of the Academy football team, and Burgess had told him that a match had been arranged between the 'Invincibles' and the Sheffield High School 'Wayfarers,' to be played at Sheffield, fifty miles distant, in a week's time.

'Dr. Whidden has given us a holiday for it, and all the Academy boys must go for the honor of Millboro. We'll have a regular celebration—especially if we wipe the "Wayfarers" out of existence, as we fondly hope to do,' he concluded, with a laugh.

Ellis did not respond as enthusiastically as usual. His face had flushed slightly at the mention of Sheffield, and he listened rather absently to Burgess's details. Just before they parted the latter said:

'You've applied for the position in the steel works, haven't you, Saunders?'

Ellis nodded.

'Thought as much from the questions father has been asking me about you. Was glad my answers could be favorable. Hope you'll get it.'

'I don't expect it in the least,' said Ellis, rather curtly.

Burgess shrugged his shoulders.

'Well, you never can tell. Father's as close as a steel trap. Neil Blair has lots of "pull," and there's a Stanton fellow from Shattuck that father likes. Still, I think you've a good fighting chance, Saunders.'

At first Ellis wondered if he could escape going to the football match. He decided that he could not.

Ellis belonged to Sheffield. Allan Burgess did not know that; not many of the