

of the last chances for "Heddy" to enjoy the out of doors. He made his way directly toward Charles.

"I'm getting cold," the lawyer's clerk heard the little girl complain.

"Oh, well, I'll fix that," assured Mat. Whereupon he whisked off his coat and wrapped it about the tiny shoulders of his passenger.

"That boy is all right," thought Charles as he started for the nearest street car.

When he returned to the office he told his employer all that he had seen and heard.

When Mat left the office of the great lawyer that Tuesday morning it was with a mingled feeling of hope and despair. Would he really get the place or not? Perhaps the lawyer was merely trying to get rid of him without hurting his feelings. He resolved to speak nothing concerning the matter to his mother, but to wait and see what fortune the morrow had in store for him. During all the long night he tossed restlessly to and fro upon his bed.

After a frugal breakfast, Mat started away the next morning to secure his usual supply of papers. But before he could gain courage to go to the crowded thoroughfare, he felt that he must return home to bid his mother and Heddy good by once more. He was troubled at heart, for his mother had told him that the little sister whom he loved so much was growing thin and frail for want of more nourishing food.

"Things are going to pick up, mamma, just you see; for you must remember that I am a man now," said Mat as he stood for a moment in the doorway.

His mother looked down at him with love and pride revealed in her face though she found it hard to hide her anxiety.

"I must get that place!" vowed Mat to himself as he sped away.

At exactly the hour mentioned by the lawyer, Mat again stood waiting his turn to be called into the private room. Three or four other boys who had been asked to call again, were already there waiting and hoping like himself. But one after another they were dismissed and Mat again stood before the lawyer.

"This is Matthias Boeskey, is it? Well, sir, we've decided that you are the boy we want for the place. No, no—never mind about thanking me. All we want is good service. See if the suit over there upon the chair fits you. That all comes with the position, you know. I have also made an arrangement for you with Dr. Warwick of the Grand Medical Institute. You are to meet him at his office this morning to talk about your invalid sister. He is a good man and will be able to help her if anybody can. I will tell you later what your duties in this office will be."

With his eyes radiant with glee, Mat listened to the words of the lawyer. During all that day while he was becoming accustomed to his new duties, he could hardly keep from shouting. For had not Dr. Warwick told him he thought he could cure Heddy? She was going to get stronger each day, he knew for he was now able to buy her everything in the world that she needed.

And that night God heard from the lips of Mat and his family the thanks which the lawyer had not taken for himself.—The Boys World.

#### An Honest Traveler.

A minister recently preached on a Sunday evening, in a distant city, on the "Greed of Gold," and in the course of his sermon condemned the liquor traffic.

Early the next morning there came into the minister's study a fine looking, intelligent man about forty years old. "Is it better for a man to sell liquor or starve?" he asked.

This was his story:

He was the traveling representative for a large city firm. He had gone to the church with another commercial traveler on Sunday evening, and the minister's sermon had been an arrow from the quiver of God straight to his heart. He left the church, went back to the hotel, sent that very night a letter to the firm for which he was traveling, and whose remuneration for his services was generous, resigning his position, and saying that he could no longer conscientiously represent them.

"And," said the manly man before he left the minister, "last night I slept with a sense of peace and security, such as I have not enjoyed for years. I have no prospect for a new position, but upon this I am determined: I shall starve before I shall sell another drop of liquor. God help me!"

At noon the next day the minister was in conversation with one of the leading business men of the church, to whom he told this story. Immediately upon hearing it the merchant said:

"I am in need of just such a man."

In less than twenty-four hours he was in an honorable position with a good salary, illustrating the words of Christ:

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—The Baptist Young People's Union.

Just a cheery word or two

As you pass along;

Such an easy thing to do—

Just a smile or song.

You may comfort, soothe, or rest

Some poor, weary, aching breast;

Though the world forget it, dear,

He'll remember, never fear!

—Selected.

#### Children's Reading.

A moment's thinking will lead us to see that we should be more careful about the children's reading than about our own. Their souls are plastic, and their hearts will be instantly affected by the ideal presented in their reading. The erroneous doctrine and the false ideal which the child imbibes from a Sunday school paper may injuriously affect his character for all the years to come. If there is to be any carelessness, therefore, in the choice of religious papers, let it be among grown-up folks, but never among children.

#### A Beautiful Impression.

Many of us would, no doubt, be surprised could we know the impression we make upon those who know us slightly. May we endeavor to be remembered as pleasantly as was the lady described in "Leaves of Light."

She called at the house of a neighbor on an errand; but, as the family were away, she asked the hired man to tell his employer that she would call again. Being in a hurry, and not thinking but that the man knew who she was, she did not leave her name. The lady of the house returned before the rest of the family, and the man told her that a lady had been there who said she'd come again.

"Who was it?" inquired Mr. H.

"Oh, I don't know her name," replied the man.

"But you should have asked her," said Mrs. H., "so we would know who had been here. Can't you tell me anything by which

#### NATURE'S CURE FOR CHILDREN.

Soothing medicines, opiates and strong drugs should never be given to little children, any doctor will tell you this. Baby's Own Tablets should be used because they cannot harm the smallest, weakest infant. These tablets instantly relieve and promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, prevent croup, destroy worms, and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Thousands of mothers say they are the best medicine in the world; one of these, Mrs. R. Sculland, Calabogie, Ont., writes:—"I have tried many remedies for children, but Baby's Own Tablets is the best I have ever used. I have been giving them occasionally to my child since he was six months old. They have always kept him well, and he is a big healthy baby." All medicine dealers sell these tablets or you can get them post paid at 25 cents a box by writing to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

I can know who came? Where does she live?"

"I don't know," said the man but she's the one that always smiles when she speaks."

The pleasant look and the courteous manner in which the lady had spoken to the servant had been noticed and remembered, leaving a sunbeam in that man's heart.

#### The Critic.

The critic stood with scornful eye,

Before a picture on the wall—

"You call this art? Why, see, that fly:

It is not natural at all!

It has too many legs—its head

Is far too large—who ever saw

A fly like that—its color red!

And wings that look as if they—pshaw!"

And with a gesture of disgust

He waved his hand—when, lo, the fly

Flew from the picture!—"Ah, some dust,"

The critic said, "was in my eye."

—Selected.

#### A Fifty Million Dollar Problem.

The above title is the caption of an interesting pamphlet issued by the passenger department of the Grand Trunk Railway System in connection with the World's Fair at St. Louis, April 30th to December 1st, 1904. The publication contains a very comprehensive and interesting description of the Fair, given in the speech delivered by the Hon. Richard Bartholdt in the House of Representatives, Washington. The information contained in the brochure will tell you how to solve the \$50,000,000 Problem, and help you to decide upon the best way to reach St. Louis, the coast, many suggestions, and a number of side trips that can be taken en route, with the price of tickets, etc. The pamphlet is for free distribution, and may be obtained from any of the agents of the Grand Trunk Railway System.

#### The Doll.

Some time ago a little Zulu girl had an imported doll given her.

She was so pleased that she hardly knew what to do. All day long she ran around among the small huts, to show her "white little baby," as she called it. When night came, she was unwilling to go to sleep until her treasure had been fastened to her breast she was so afraid it might be taken from her while she slept.—Sunday School Advocate.