



Two Little Maids.

Little Miss Nothing-to-do,
Is fretful and cross and so blue;
And the light in her eyes
Is all dim when she cries,
And her friends, they are few, oh,
So few;
And her dolls, they are nothing but
sawdust and clothes,
Whenever she wants to go skating it
snows,
And the world it is always askew,
I wouldn't be Little Miss Nothing-
to-do.

Now true,
I wouldn't be Little Miss Nothing-
to-do.
Would you?
Little Miss Busy-all-day
Is cheerful and happy and gay;
She isn't a shirk,
For she smiles at her work,
And romps when it comes time to
play.
Her dolls they are princesses, blue-
eyed and fair,
She makes them a throne from a
rickety chair,
And everything happens the jolliest
way,
I'd sooner be Little Miss Busy-all-
day.

And stay
As happy as she is at work or at
play.

"I Will Not Say."

The story of a little Boer boy who
refused to betray his friends, even
on the threat of death, is told by
an English officer as an illustration
of deeply-rooted love of freedom and
of the Boer war.

"I was asked," said Major Seely,
M.P., "to get some volunteers and
try to capture a commandant at a
place some twenty miles away. I
got the men readily and we set
out. It was a rather desperate en-
terprise, but we got there all right.
I can see the little place yet, the
valley and the farm-house, and I
can hear the clatter of the horse's
hoofs. The Boer general had got
away, but where had he gone? It
was even a question of the general
catching us, and not we catching the
general. We rode down to the
farm house, and there we saw a
good-looking Boer boy and some
yeomen. I asked the boy if the
commandant had been there, and he
said in Dutch, taken by surprise.
'Yes.' 'Where has he gone?' I said,
and the boy became suspicious. He
answered, 'I will not say.'
"I decided to do a thing for
which I hope I may be forgiven, be-
cause my men's lives were in danger.
I threatened the boy with
death if he would not disclose the
whereabouts of the general. He still
refused, and I put him against the
wall and I said I would have him
shot. At the same time I whisper-
ed to my men, 'For heaven's sake,
don't shoot.' The boy still refused,
although I could see he believed I
was going to have him shot. I or-
dered the men to 'Aim.' Every
rifle was leveled at the boy.
'Now,' I said, 'before I give the
word, which way has the general
gone?'
"I remember the look in the boy's
face—a look such as I have never
seen but once. He was transfigured
before me. Something greater
almost than anything human shone
from his eyes. He threw back his
head, and said in Dutch, 'I will not
say.' There was nothing for it but
to shake hands with the boy and go
away."

The Stolen Cap-Strings.

Polly Ann had washed them and
hung them over the branches of a
little sassafras-tree to dry, and
mamma herself had gone out to
see the dear little cap-strings flutter-
ing daintily in the gentlest of morn-
ing breezes. And had not Budge
insisted on mamma coming out to
see them go to sleep, just like
"rock-a-bye-baby," in the branches
of the tiny sassafras-tree?
Budge wasn't four years old yet,
but he was intensely interested in
Baby Ned's things, and these were
baby Ned's first cap-strings. How
dainty they were, the soft
linen ribbons with the bits of deli-
cate lace on the ends. And all this
on a bright, sunny morning in
spring. Then Polly Ann went on
with her work, and mamma took
up her sewing-basket, and Baby Ned
went to sleep in his carriage on the
front porch, and Budge went out to
his great, fine sand-pile to play, and
the cap-strings went—well, they did
go to sleep, for there was not now
even the tiniest bit of a breeze to
keep them awake.

But after luncheon when mamma
went out to get the drowsy little
cap-strings they were gone. Polly
Ann said she had not touched them,
and as the tiny sassafras tree was
just beyond the sand pile, Budge
stoutly declared that no one could
have carried them off without him
seeing them—not even Budge, Mrs.

Timmons' "dish-rag" poodle dog,
who lived down the road a wee bit.
And Mr. Wind did not take them
away because he himself had been
asleep all morning. The yard was
haunted from fence to fence until
there was not a square foot that
had not been carefully scanned, and
mamma even looked through every
room in the house, though she knew
it was useless. After every corner,
indoors and out, had been searched,
mamma gave up, and the mystery
deepened,—the cap-strings were gone.
So the summer days went by, and
the little cap-strings that went to
sleep in the tiny sassafras tree were
forgotten.

One bright October day, when the
maple-leaves were showing their gor-
geous reds, and the tall tulips poplars
were dressed in beautiful yellow,
and the chestnuts were trying to
imitate the graceful poplars, the
dress, mamma heard a queer little
shout from the front yard, where
Budge was at play under the rusty-
yellow-leaved chestnut trees. Going
to the front porch where baby-bro-
ther Ned was sleeping, mamma met
Budge running to the front steps
with something in his hands, his
eyes shining with suppressed ex-
citement.

"Look, mamma, look," he shout-
ed, as he handed mamma an empty
bird-nest he had found beneath a
sturdy young chestnut-tree. And
there, woven in and out in the
nest, were the missing cap-strings
where mamma robin had placed them
after taking them from the tiny sas-
safir-tree. And who knows but
maybe she expected to use them for
her own little babies. At any rate,
the mystery of the missing cap-
strings was solved.—Ex.

Marjorie's Almanac.

Robins in the tree-top,
Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing
Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes,
Budding out anew:
Pine-tree and willow-tree,
Fringed elm and larch—
Don't you think that May-time's
Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard
Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
Soft cheek to the sun;
Roses faint with sweetness,
Lilies faint to face,
Drooping scents and murmurs
Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine,
Moonlight bright as day—
Don't you think that Summer's
Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn patch
Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the hearthside
Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes
Bursting through the rind;
Red leaf and yellow leaf
Rustling down the wind:
Mother "doing peaches"
All the afternoon—
Don't you think that Autumn's
Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snowflakes
Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you?
Twilight and firelight
Shadows come and go;
Merry chime of sleigh bells
Tinkling through the snow;
Mother knitting stockings
(Pussy's got the ball)
Won't you think that Winter's
Pleasanter than all?
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Marcia and Paul.

Of course the plan was Marcia's.
She was a big girl and knew all
about Paul Revere and his midnight
ride. But to Paul, little as he was,
fell the important part of carrying
out her plan.

There were several reasons why
he should take the part of Paul Re-
vere. His name was Paul. His
birthday was that very Saturday,
April 19. He had a new messenger
boy's suit and a wonderful new toy
horse. The horse stood on a plat-
form on wheels. It was so high
that, when Paul sat on it, his feet
touched the walk on either side
just enough so that he could move
the horse along at a great rate of
speed. It was when Marcia first
saw Paul in his new suit, thus
mounted, that the plan popped into
her head.

So all in a twinkling to Marcia
and Paul the broad village street
with the row of big, comfortable
houses on one side and the famous
Middlesex country, the brook, rip-
pling through the fields back of the
houses, was the Charles river; and
the many relatives of Paul and
Marcia who lived side by side in
the long row of big, comfortable
houses facing the park were the un-
suspecting patriots.

You must ride and give the

alarm," explained Marcia to Paul,
"to everybody on the street from
here to the corner—your mother and
Aunt Lucy and Aunt Frances and
Aunt Lily and Aunt Marcia. O,
would you dare alarm Aunt Mar-
cia?"

Why not?" said Paul. "I'm not
afraid of Aunt Marcia."
"She's so dreadfully nervous," said
Marcia, "and stiff and tall and old.
When she kisses me, she just pecks.
And her voice makes you feel just
shivery all over. But she's really
one of the patriots, Paul, and it
wouldn't be fair not to warn her."
"Course not," said Paul.

"Well," said Marcia, "first, you
know, you must lead your horse
up and down the walk and watch
every single minute for the lanterns
on Old North Church. That's the
big apple tree in your yard. I'll
hang 'one if by land, and two if
by sea.' And when you're just as
sure as sure which way they are
coming, you ride like mad and
spread the alarm to every Middle-
sex village and farm."

"What'll I say?" asked Paul.
"The British are coming—be re-
ady!" cried Marcia.

"All right," said Paul, "go ahead,
Marcia."

"If I hang one lantern, it's by
land—remember, Paul—and two
means by sea."

"Where'll you get your lanterns?"
"They're ready," said Marcia. "I
found them in the barn."

Marcia ran off toward Old North
Church. Paul led his horse slowly
up and down, his eyes fixed anx-
iously on the belfry.

"One if by land and two if by
sea," he said over and over.

In a minute, out from the belfry,
swung a big yellow Japanese lan-
tern. Paul mounted his horse so
as to be ready. A minute more—
then beside the yellow lantern swung
a fiery red one.

"By sea," said Paul Revere as he
dashed away.

Now Marcia had intended that
Paul should ride wildly up and down
the street crying, "The British are
coming!" But Paul had been beau-
tifully brought up—all the relatives
said that. And to Marcia's sur-
prise, as she watched, she saw him
ride the whole length of the street
quietly dismount, tie his horse and
walk up to Aunt Marcia's side door.

"Why, he's going in," cried Mar-
cia, dancing up and down in great
excitement. "What will Aunt Mar-
cia say?"

Aunt Marcia's new maid opened
the door. She had been scared
long enough to tell which way was
which among the grown-up Davises.
She didn't know Paul at all.

"Is Miss Marcia Davis at home?"
asked Paul politely.

"She is," said Marie.
"Will you tell her, please, that
the British are coming this very
day—she must be ready."

Half way down the walk Paul re-
membered the rest of his message.
He turned back to Marie still stand-
ing by the steps.

"They're coming by sea," he said.
Ten minutes later Paul's mother
was answering Aunt Marcia's call
at the telephone.

"The British are coming," said
Aunt Marcia.

"What—not to-day?" gasped Mar-
cia.

"Yes, a boy brought the message
over. Marie didn't ask for the tele-
gram itself. I don't know why.
But it doesn't matter, for I was
looking for them. Janet said al-
most any day in her last letter."

"To-day?" said Paul's mother
again. "And we're all torn up for
repairs—and I've a dressmaker. But
never mind, they're always welcome.
They'll lunch with you, I suppose,
and dine with me, as usual?"

"So Janet's letter said. They come
on the C. & N."

"The C. & N.? How strange. But
the car can go over for them and
leave them at your house. How
many of them come?"

"To be sure," said mother. "I'd
almost forgotten it. There isn't
much for lunch. The Britons are
coming for dinner. The car has gone
to the C. & N. station to meet
them. It will leave them at Aunt
Marcia's for lunch."

"O mother," cried Paul, "and it's
my only birthday for a whole year."
Marcia was clinging to one of
Aunt Edith's hands.

"How do you know they're com-
ing, Aunt Edith?" she asked. "Who
told you?"

"Aunt Marcia phoned—there's the
car now." And mother hurried
away.

"What did you tell Aunt Marcia?"
gasped Marcia. "Did you say the
Britons were coming?"

"Yes," said Paul, "that's what
you said, Marcia."

"I said the British," wailed Mar-
cia. "The Britons are Aunt Marcia's
and your mother's very special-
est friends. O dear! O dear! If only
you'd told any of the other aunts
or mother. O, what shall I do?"

"They didn't come," said Paul's
mother, coming back and dropping
wearily into a chair, "after all our
preparations. Henry says the train
didn't even stop here. And there's
no other till three o'clock. I don't
understand."

"It's all my fault," cried Marcia.
She threw herself into Aunt Edith's
arms and sobbed out the whole sad
story.

Before she was through mother
was laughing softly.

"But I can't tell Aunt Marcia,"
sobbed Marcia. "She'll never forgive
me—you know she won't, Aunt Ed-
ith."

Paul's mother looked sober.
"I'll tell her," cried Paul.

Before anyone could say anything
he was off. He ran up the street
and turned in at Aunt Marcia's.
Cap in hand, he faced Aunt Mar-
cia herself.

"It was all a mistake about the
Britons coming," he began.

"So it seems," said Aunt Marcia.
"Marcia and I," Paul went on,
"made up a new play about Paul
Revere. I was Paul Revere, and I
had to tell all the Middlesex peo-
ple that the British were coming.
You were the very first patriot. And
I said Britons instead of British."

Aunt Marcia looked down, down,
down, and met Paul's eyes looking
up, up, up. Paul was such a little
boy!

"It was Marcia's fault," she said
sternly, "and that stupid Marie's."
"Marcia said British all right,"
cried Paul. "She's very bright. I
said Britons. You mustn't blame
Marcia, please. She feels dreadfully
sorry. And I don't really think 'twas
Marie's fault, either. I was very
positive about it, Aunt Marcia. She
had to believe me."

"How did the C. & N. get into
it?" asked Aunt Marcia.

"I said by the sea," explained
Paul. "One if by land and two if
by sea, you know, Aunt Marcia."
Marcia hung two lanterns, so, of
course, 'twas by sea.

"Well, you spread it thoroughly,"
said Aunt Marcia. "But I rather
like you, Paul Revere. Come in and
lunch with me. I'm prepared for all
the Britons."

"Thank you, Aunt Marcia," said
Paul, "but I couldn't. This is my
birthday, and Marcia is to lunch
with me. She's waiting for me
now."

"Come in," said Aunt Marcia. Her
voice was so sharp that Paul fol-
lowed wretchedly. What would
Marcia think?

Aunt Marcia went to the tele-
phone.

"Is that you, Edith?" she said.
"Well, send that Marcia-girl over
at once. The Britons didn't come,
but Paul Revere is here. He'll
lunch with me. And we both want
Marcia."—Alice E. Allen, in Chris-
tian Register.

"Come in," said Aunt Marcia. Her
voice was so sharp that Paul fol-
lowed wretchedly. What would
Marcia think?

Aunt Marcia went to the tele-
phone.

"Is that you, Edith?" she said.
"Well, send that Marcia-girl over
at once. The Britons didn't come,
but Paul Revere is here. He'll
lunch with me. And we both want
Marcia."—Alice E. Allen, in Chris-
tian Register.

"Come in," said Aunt Marcia. Her
voice was so sharp that Paul fol-
lowed wretchedly. What would
Marcia think?

Aunt Marcia went to the tele-
phone.

"Is that you, Edith?" she said.
"Well, send that Marcia-girl over
at once. The Britons didn't come,
but Paul Revere is here. He'll
lunch with me. And we both want
Marcia."—Alice E. Allen, in Chris-
tian Register.

"Come in," said Aunt Marcia. Her
voice was so sharp that Paul fol-
lowed wretchedly. What would
Marcia think?

To bleed in pain and reek
And die, for me, to tread life's
pleasant ways.

I cannot sure be warned or lit,
But men must crouch and toil in
torturous caves.

Rowed on themselves, while day and
night in waves
Of blackness wash away their sun-
less lives;

Or blasted and sore hit,
Dark life to darker death the miner
drives.

Naked, I cannot clothed be,
But worms must patient weave
their satin shroud,
The sheep must shiver to the April
cloud.

Yielding his one white coat to keep
me warm;
In shop and factory,
For me must weary toiling millions
swarm.

With gaps I deck not brow or
hand
But through the roaring dark of
cruel seas

Some wretch with shivering breath
and trembling knees
Goes head-on, while the sea-sharks
dodge his quest;

Then at my door he stands,
Naked, with bleeding ears and heav-
ing chest.

I fall not on my knees and pray
But God must come from heaven to
fetch that sigh.

And pierced hands must take it
And pierce on high;
And through His broken heart and
cloven side

Love makes an open way
For me, who could not live but that
He died.

O awful sweetest life of mine,
That God and man both serve in
blood and tears!

O prayers I breathe not but through
other prayers!
O breath of life compact of other's
sighs!

With this dread gift divine
Ah, whither go?—what worthily de-
vise?

If on myself I dared to spend
This dreadful thing in pleasure lap-
ped and reared,

What am I but a hideous idol
smeared
With human blood that with its
carnion smile

Alike to foe and friend
Maddens the wretch who perishes
the while?

I will away and find my God,
And what I dare not keep ask Him
to take,

And taking love's sweet sacrifice to
make;
Then, like a wave the sorrow and
the pain

High heaven with glory flood—
For them, for me, for all a splendid
gain.

—Jane Ellice Hopkins.

TRAVELING HOME.

I saw them come over the water, I
saw them go through the land,
Some lonely on feet, that were
weary; some smiling, with hand
clasped in hand:

And where are you going? I ques-
tioned; Oh, what do they see
where they roam,
That their eyes seem to dwell on a
vision? "Home, home—they are
traveling home!"

I saw them come out of the cities,
I saw them go over the hill;
I saw little children, old people,
swart sons of the forge and the
mill:

The young with the feet of light
dancing; the old with a yearn-
ing for rest,
"They are traveling home," said the
shadow, "to lie down on the
dear mother-bread!"

I saw them in shadow and sun-
shine, I saw them at dawn and
at night
Go on, and go in, and go over the
road to the lit of delight;

Diviner than anything human, the
glow on their faces who roam;
"They are traveling home," cried
the shadow, "home, home—they
are travelling home!"

Punny Sayings.

Harold and Charles were the
young sons of a minister. Their
father taught them that whenever
they were in doubt or need they were
to pray for spiritual help and guid-
ance.

One day while crossing a field just
outside of their village they were
chased by an angry bull, whose pre-
sence they had overlooked. Both
were too frightened to run, and so,
falling on their knees, the elder
spoke the only prayer that came into
his head. It happened to be the
blessing their father always used
at meals:

"For what we are about to re-
ceive, oh, Lord, make us truly thank-
ful."

"What State do we live in?" asked
the teacher in a primary geo-
graphy class. And little Elmer,
thinking of his Sunday catechism,
promptly replied:

"In a state of sin and misery."

Two little girls became involved in
a quarrel the other day, which cul-
minated in physical violence. One
of the mothers took her daughter to
task very severely. Wishing to em-
phasize the morality of the offense,
she said:

"It's the devil who tells you to
do such naughty things."

"He may have told me to pull her
hair," came the reply, between sobs,
"but I thought of kicking her in the
shins all by myself."

Little Dorothy had gone to church
alone and when asked to repeat the
text, she said:

"Don't get scared, you'll get your
quilt."

The mother happened to meet the
minister a few days later, and told
him what her daughter said. His
text had been:

"Well," he replied, "she had the
idea in other words. The text was
"Fear not, for I will send you a
Comforter."

Vicar's Daughter—I suppose the
rain kept you from the funeral last
Tuesday, Mrs. Blogg?

Mrs. Blogg—Well, partly, miss;
but to speak true, wot with the
rheumatism and doin' away with the
am and cake afterwards, funerals
ain't the jaunts they used to be for
me!—London Opinion.

Holloway's Corn Cure takes the
corn out by the roots. Try it and
prove it.

AN EXAMPLE.

A teacher was endeavoring to ex-
plain to her small charges the mean-
ing of the word "congenial."

"Now, children," she said, "two
people are congenial who like to
do the same kind of things, who do
not disagree, and it is a very strong
indication of congeniality when two
people think the same thing simulta-
neously. Can any of you, now,
give me an example of two people
who are congenial?"

"I can, Miss Mary," a little fel-
low shouted, waving his hand wild-
ly.

"All right, Tommy," Miss Mary
smiled, delighted that so prompt an
understanding should have been man-
ifested, as there were several visi-
tors present. "Tell us who they are
and what proved it."

"It's paw and maw," Tommy re-
plied eagerly. "An' I know it, 'cause
they thinks the same thing at the
same time. Last night maw said
she wondered how anybody with any
sense could ever be fool enough to
get married, an' paw said 'I was
having the identical thought, my
dear.'"—Detroit Free Press.

The Real Liver Pill.—A torpid liv-
er means a disordered system, men-
tal depression, lassitude and in the
end, if care be not taken, a chronic
state of debility. The very best
medicine to arouse the liver to health-
ful action is Parlee's Vegetable
Pills. They are compounded of pure-
ly vegetable substances of careful se-
lection and no other pills have their
fine qualities. They do not gripe or
pain and they are agreeable to the
most sensitive stomach.

K.C.'S Invite Sir Wilfrid Laurier to
Chicago.

Mr. Anthony Granecki, a Polish
American, was in Ottawa recently,
having come from Chicago as a spe-
cial emissary to invite Sir Wilfrid
Laurier to attend a Columbus Day
celebration in the city of Chicago
on Oct. 12th. Mr. Granecki bore
with him a letter from the Chicago
Chapter of the Knights of Columbus
the letter stated that it was the
earnest desire and hope of His Grace
the Archbishop of Chicago and of
the entire Order of the Knights of
Columbus, as well as of the Catho-
lic laity at large of the Chicago
archdiocese, that the anniversary of
the landing of Christopher Columbus
be celebrated in a fitting manner.

The Pan-American nature of the ga-
thering was emphasized. The hope
was expressed that a representative
of the United States, a Brazilian
and a Canadian would be present.
Archbishop Quigley of Chicago is to
preside at the banquet, at which it
was hoped Sir Wilfrid would speak.

The Premier of Canada, if he at-
tends, will be the guest of the
Knights of Columbus of the State
of Illinois. Oct. 12th has been de-
clared officially a legal holiday in
Illinois, and the demonstration next
October is to be the first important
observance under the auspices of the
Catholic Church authorities in that
State.

In view of the already arranged
tour of Western Canada, to occupy
some two months, Sir Wilfrid was
compelled to state his inability to
attend the celebration, but kindly
suggested the name of Hon. Charles
Murphy, Secretary of State.

His Friend Said

"If They Don't Help or
Care You I Will Stand
The Price."

Mr. J. B. Rusk,
Orangeville, Ont.,
writes: "I had been
troubled with Dys-
pepsia and Liver
Complaint and tried
many different re-
medies but obtained little or no benefit.
A friend advised me to give you a trial.
I tried a trial, but I told him I had tried so
many 'cure alls' that I was tired paying
out money for things giving me no benefit.
He said, 'If they don't help, or cure you,
I will stand the price.' So seeing his faith
in the Pills, I bought two trials, and I was
not deceived, for they were the best I ever
used. They gave relief which had had a
more lasting effect than any medicine
I have ever used, and the beauty about
them is, they are small and easy to take.
I believe them to be the best medicine
for Liver Trouble there is to be found."