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BOYS and GIRLS

MARCIA'S HOME.

Bobby's bedtime was near and he was fretful and impatient at the delay his mother saw fit to impose upon him.

"You neglected little mortal! But what can I do?" she cried in pretty despair, snatching his lordship up in her left arm and bestowing a condescending caress on the smooth, round cheek, while with her right hand she stirred the sauce cooking on the gas stove.

As if in answer to the question, the next moment Mrs. Jameson's eye fell upon the newspaper she had placed on the end of the stove by way of serving as a mat and keeping the stove clean, and she read the advertisement:

"In exchange for a home, a young girl will help with housework, take care of children, and make herself generally useful after high-school hours. Address K., Tribune."

"She'd be just the one for us, baby dear," Mrs. Jameson said, as she set the saucepan back. She did not give the matter another thought till later, when Mr. Jameson said to her, as she sat down to rest after things were in order for the evening:

"Tessie, you look tired out. I'll stop at the employment office in the morning and—"

"That reminds me," Mrs. Jameson groaned and stepped into the kitchen. She returned with the newspaper from the stove and read aloud the advertisement which she had noticed earlier.

"Won't do," commented Mr. Jameson decidedly. "She'll be all ribbons, giggles and fine airs; you need a helper."

"There are girls and girls; I like the way this one has worded her request," Mrs. Jameson replied thoughtfully. "I believe I'll answer it."

word, but there was a thunder-and-lightning expression all over his countenance. In his rosy face was the revelation of a yearning to get even with somebody or something.

At the same time no one had ever looked more oppressed than did this small person sitting on the front steps, his elbows on his knees, and his chin resting on the palms on his hands—a woeful little chap, intoxicated with the thirst for vengeance. He was asked what was the matter.

"What's the matter?" he repeated, while glaring his sense of outraged justice. "Oh, it's all right, of course. But I'll show 'em some day—you just wait! I have been running their old errands all day, and now, when I want to play a spell with Joe—"

"Well, I have to sit here and wait, and wait, and wait, while Sarah writes a letter a mile long to her beau. Oh, he'll get that letter, all right—I have to take it to him, and you bet he'll get that letter—not!"

And he glowered ominously. The conciliatory method was tried on the young rebel. It didn't work. He shrilled out in reply:

"Oh, say, you haven't chased all over creation for their thread, and sugar, and butter and shoe buttons and a postage stamp, and shoe blacking—oh! I just wish you had to do a hundred errands in a minute. Of course, you think it's a snap!"

At this juncture the boy was called into the maternal presence. It is safe to predict that he delivered the letter to Sarah's beau safely, not a moment ceasing to assert betrayal of the trust. You have observed that grown-up persons often do a lot of declamatory negation while executing a commission.

As a matter of fact, there was a good deal of justice in the little fellow's rebellion. On that particular day, as on many other days, he had been the rough-and-ready convenience of his mothers and sisters.

To be sure, a boy should be of some service in the domestic realm, and he should be willing to wait upon members of the family. He should be taught to feel some obligation in doing things. But is it right to keep him vibrating between the houses and shops because the women of the family think of only one thing at a time? Shouldn't their older heads save his patience?

IF I COULD GO A-TRAVELING.

If I could go a-traveling
Away across the sea,
I'd take my little Teddy Bear
To keep me company.

We would go and pick the cocoanuts
From off some tall palm tree,
We'd see the beasts of Africa,
Just Teddy Bear and me.

And we would go together
To China and to Spain,
And when our trip was ended,
We'd both come home again.
—Elizabeth B. Pruden,
Newtonville, Mass.

A LITTLE BIRD TELLS.

Now isn't it strange that our mothers
Can find out all that we do?
If a body does anything naughty,
Or says anything that's not true,
They'll look at you just a moment,
Till your heart in your bosom
swells;

And then they know all about it—
For a little bird tells.

Now where that little bird comes
from,
Or where that little bird goes;
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,
Or black as the king of the crows;
If his voice is as hoarse as a raven's
Or clear as the ringing of bells,
I know not; but this I am sure of—
A little bird tells.

You may be in the depths of a closet,
Where nobody sees but a mouse;
You may be all alone in the cellar;
You may be on the top of the house;
You may be in the dark and the silence,
Or out in the woods and the dells—
No matter—wherever it happens—
The little bird tells.

And the only way that you may
stop him
Is just to be sure what you say;
Sure of your words and your actions.

Sure of your work and your play;
Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,
Be gentle and loving as well;
And then you can laugh at the stories
All the birds in the country may tell.
—Anon.

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There is no restorative treatment comparable to Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

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When the blood is thin and weak and the nervous system exhausted, no matter from what cause, Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food can naturally build up the system.

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Character of the Converts to the Catholic Church.

"There has been going the rounds of our Anglican Church papers," says the "Lamp" (Protestant Episcopal), "an article of the Rev. Richmond H. Gener, originally printed in the 'Gospel Messenger,' which quotes from the 'English Church Review,' the 'Pulpit of the Cross' (ten years deceased) and other sources, periodical and individual, to show that all the conversions, whether clerical or lay, are not from the Episcopal Church to Rome, but that the Episcopal Church does a thriving business in making recruits to her ranks of deserters and stragglers from the Roman army."

"In measuring the relative loss or gain to the two communions we should take into consideration quality much more than quantity. When has Rome lost to us a Newman, a Manning or a Faber, or, to come nearer home, a Bishop Ives, a James Kent Stone, a Wadhams or a Walworth? But if mere numbers are to count, what are the four or five Roman clergymen (Italians) received by Bishop Potter (R. I. P.) in a single year out of a total for the United States of 15,665 Roman Catholic priests (Catholic Directory, 1906)?"

"Instead of employing such pusillanimous methods of consolation for the loss of nearly a score of priests in a single year to Rome we might better be employed in mending our fences, taking heed to a warning which Newman uttered after the publication of Tract 90, 'If this state of things goes on, I mournfully prophesy not one or two, but many secessions to the Church of Rome.'"

Appropos the high "quality" of the converts to Catholicity, the following observations in "Extension" for September are most interesting:

"The recent death in England of George Matthews Arnold, the brother of Sir Edwin Arnold, the author of 'The Light of Asia,' calls attention once more to the character of converts to the Catholic Church. It is a favorite bit of backbiting on the part of those who are outside the Church that she has her influence only over the uneducated and an attraction mainly for the ignorant. The roll of converts, however, in this country and in England tells quite a different story. Those who come to us are among the brightest and most intelligent, and, above all, are among the most serious and most respected of our Protestant brethren. Of the score of Protestant clergymen who have come to us during the past year nearly every one was distinguished among his fellows, looked up to by all the good and kind men of even by those who were mere acquaintances, and generally considered to be one of the chosen among men. This has been the rule among converts to the Church. Mr. George Arnold, whom we mentioned a moment ago, was a distinguished antiquarian who, in the intervals of his leisure from his vocation as a lawyer, found time to make a magnificent collection of the Roman antiquities of Britain. He was so much respected by his fellow townsmen that he had been elected no less than eight times the Mayor of Gravesend, England."

"Not long since the editor of the Tablet, in reviewing 'Who's Who Among Catholics in England?' recently edited by the distinguished editor of Punch, Sir Francis Burnand, himself a convert, pointed out how many of the converts to Catholicity in the last generation are from among the best families in England, in the sense of the families who have had opportunities for culture and education for many generations. Among literary folks the converts to Catholicity are especially noticeable. The more intellectual they are the more sure they are to join the Catholic Church. John Oliver Hobbes was a convert and Charles Kingsley's daughter is a Catholic. All the near relatives of Scott are Catholics. Most of the near relatives of his great admirer in the last generation, Stevenson, whose defence of Father Damien surely deserved this blessing, have entered the Church. Members of the family of Dickens and Thackeray are among the converts. Many of the old nobility have come into the Church and are constantly coming. Only the other day the Marquis of Queensbury, distinguished for his services in the Boer War, became a convert. Many members of his house had come over before him. He is one of the most prominent among the Scotch nobility at the present time."

"There are two classes of people for whom the Roman Catholic Church has attraction—the poor and the suffering who need consolation, and the educated leisure class who have learned the emptiness of what so many strive for in life. If there were no suffering in the world, and if there were no death in the world, there would be no need of any church. So long as people are healthy and successful in their striving there does not seem to be much need for religion. In fact, its precepts only hamper them in what they are apt to think falsely of as success in life. When there is suffering, however, then men feel the need of religion. Montalambert said long ago: 'Christianity alone has from the beginning promised to console man in the sorrows incidental to life by purifying the inclinations of his heart, and she alone has kept her promise.' This is why, with the passing of Protestantism, confessed even by the clergymen of the Protestant Church, so many who are

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MADE IN CANADA.

George Matthews Arnold, the brother of Sir Edwin Arnold, the author of 'The Light of Asia,' calls attention once more to the character of converts to the Catholic Church. It is a favorite bit of backbiting on the part of those who are outside the Church that she has her influence only over the uneducated and an attraction mainly for the ignorant. The roll of converts, however, in this country and in England tells quite a different story. Those who come to us are among the brightest and most intelligent, and, above all, are among the most serious and most respected of our Protestant brethren. Of the score of Protestant clergymen who have come to us during the past year nearly every one was distinguished among his fellows, looked up to by all the good and kind men of even by those who were mere acquaintances, and generally considered to be one of the chosen among men. This has been the rule among converts to the Church. Mr. George Arnold, whom we mentioned a moment ago, was a distinguished antiquarian who, in the intervals of his leisure from his vocation as a lawyer, found time to make a magnificent collection of the Roman antiquities of Britain. He was so much respected by his fellow townsmen that he had been elected no less than eight times the Mayor of Gravesend, England."

The Queen of the Claddagh.

(Continued from Page 3.)
Mr. Burnett," put in Jack Lynch. "There was a momentary pause as the strange nature of the situation was grasped, and then chaos broke loose. There was a general explosion of laughter, a prolonged howl of derision arose from the crowd, hats and caps were hurled into the air, men shook each other frantically by the hand and danced and slapped their thighs and roared again; even the red-coated soldiers grinned and joined in the general contagion."

"Oh the fun is not all on your side, Mike Bannan and you other gay criminals," cried Burnett, now livid with rage and chagrin. "There is yet a long and hard accounting before you, and under this warrant you are my prisoners."

"Boom" came the report of a cannon, soon followed by another and another, and the red flashes of the discharges were seen on Signal Hill. Then clear and startling from the fort came the notes of a bugle sounding the "recall." In the inquiring, breathless silence that followed was heard the irregular pattering of musketry, followed by a scattered volley.

"The French!" cried a mounted messenger who rode into the crowd. "A squadron from Brest, under M. de Ternay has thrown an army ashore in the Bay of Bulls. They are attacking in force."

With one impulse the crowd rapidly dispersed, everybody seeking safety from the unexpected danger that threatened from the bullets that soon began to whistle. Soon the streets and spaces of the fishing town were utterly deserted. But presently, like ghosts from the darkness, came charging across the space illuminated by the burning of the white-uniformed soldiers of King Louis. Making for the fort and firing wherever they saw the flash of a hostile musket, while their seigniorial officers of the old regime waved their swords and cried:

"En avant, mes braves!"

It was a very successful surprise, and next morning on the fort on Signal Hill the union jack of England was replaced by the light-blue flag with golden flour-de-lys of monarchical France—only for a short time, however; it was the closing warlike exchange between France and England.

Maureen Bannan stood looking out at the scene of the night's burning and storming, trying to connect the bewildering events that had passed.

"Now heaven be praised, 'tis a long journey I have come in search of her, and little did I think I'd find her so soon," she heard a thrillingly familiar voice say, as a large arm encircled her waist. She looked round with a start, and then with a glad little cry dropped her face on the broad and loyal breast of Sergeant Ferguson of the Irish Brigade.

Clad and vivacious were a certain party of passengers that crossed the ocean from St. John's in Captain Tobin's staunch brig, the "St. Patrick," and landed amid warm welcomes and rejoicings at the kindly Claddagh of Galway.

Recognized as the leading specific for the destruction of worms, Mother Graves' Worm Extirminator has proved a boon to suffering children everywhere. It seldom fails.

free and competent to appreciate the Church's claims or feel the need of her consolations, are turning to Catholicity."

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