

THE CLERK WITH AN IDEAL

The floorwalker turned quickly. "What's that?" he snapped. The tall young man at the next counter came a little closer. He had spoken sharply. Now he lowered his voice. "I think you heard me," he said. "But I'm quite willing to repeat my remark. I said that you should apologize to the girl for your offensive words. She has been ill. The trifling mistake she made could have been overlooked. It would have been overlooked by a real man." He spoke quietly, his keen eyes on the floorwalker's face. The floorwalker flushed hotly. "Do you know what's coming to you?" he snarled. The young man grimly smiled. "I know what's coming to you," he said, "and I hope the hour isn't far away when you'll get it. In the meantime I'll hand you something on account. You're a cheap little tyrant, a snob and a coward."

rested on his face. For a moment nothing was said. "Is this the offender?" asked the old man sharply, but his eyes did not leave the face of the clerk. "Yes, sir," the manager replied. "What's your name, young man?" "Burnham, sir." "How long have you been in my employ?" "Nearly two months, sir." "There was a little silence. "Harriman." "Yes, sir." "Discipline must be preserved." "Yes, sir." The old merchant frowned. "Young man," he said, "you will come to my office in ten minutes." "Yes, sir." The merchant turned abruptly and walked away, looking neither to the right nor left. The floorwalker smiled maliciously, but the manager seemed troubled. He stared at the clerk, who had resumed his place at the counter, and seemed about to speak. He changed his mind, however, and walked away without a glance at the waiting floorwalker. The pale girl slipped nearer the young man. "Are—are they going to get you discharged?" she whispered. He turned to her with a smiling face. "I think not," he said. "But I saw Timson laughing." "Perhaps you would like to remember him by that laugh," said the young man. And with this enigmatical remark he turned to an approaching customer. Five minutes later he was on his way to the private office of the eminent merchant. He hesitated a moment at the door. Then he rapped. "Come in," said a sharp voice. He opened the door and entered. The old man was at his desk and alone. He arose as the clerk came in. "Close the door," he said. Then he came forward swiftly and put his hands on the young man's shoulders and looked at him long and earnestly. "You young joker," he murmured. "What do you mean by it? Is this what you call socialism? Is this the way to trick a dotting old father? Speak up, you rascal," and he thumped the young man on the back and laughed and wiped his eyes. "Sit down," he cried and pushed the clerk into a chair. "Awfully glad to meet you, dad," said the younger man. "Yes, your haste to meet me has been quite noticeable." "But I've seen you every day, dad. And—and I couldn't have held out much longer."

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curb with three or four of her sister clerks. She came up a little timidly. "I am so glad," she said, "that you didn't get in trouble over what Mr. Timson said to me. And, Mr. Burnham, I wish—we all wish—that you would come to the meeting of our girls' club to-night. We think you'd like it, and perhaps you could say a little something to us. I'm sure it would be interesting. And we want you to meet Miss Clayton. She's a settlement teacher and so clever and nice. We think you two are something alike through trying to be helpful. We told her about you and she said she'd like to meet you. Didn't she, girls?" "Yes, they answered. The young man laughed at this prompt confirmation of the statement. "Why, yes," he answered, "I'd like to come. Where's the place?" They eagerly told him. "An' it's very informal," said the tallest of the girls. "You can come in your business suit, you know. Miss Clayton always seems the plainest dressed one in the room. But then she's so sweet and pretty that clothes couldn't help her any." "According to that reasoning," laughed the young man, "I should be arrayed like Solomon. But you can count on my coming in my back-of-the-counter suit. Eight o'clock, is it? I'll be there. Good-night." So the clerk of the ribbon counter went to the meeting of the girls' club and enjoyed it thoroughly. He helped them with their readings, he told them about his school days in the country town. He talked to them about the news of the day as set forth in the daily paper. And he told them how that daily paper was made. And all this under the approving direction of Helen Clayton. And when the hour of dismissal came he walked home with Helen Clayton, the mile and a half seeming altogether too short. There was a new floorwalker in the great establishment the next morning—the obnoxious Timson had departed. And the new floorwalker seized the first opportunity to have a word or two with Phillips, the general manager. "Mr. Phillips," he said, "I want you to sanction the establishment of a circulating library for the clerks of this house." Phillips suddenly laughed. "I knew you had something on your mind when I saw you coming. Where is this going to end, young man? Aren't you contented with separate lockers and a lunch room and hot tea and a gymnasium? Do you know what's going to happen if you go on? We'll have to keep a waiting list of eager applicants for jobs." "I hope so," said the new floorwalker. "But this circulating library isn't my own idea. Somebody gave it to me last night. All I want the store to do is to fix up a room and furnish a girl to look after it. It will take only part of her time, certain hours being designated for drawing books. Say the noon hour and a half hour after closing time, and an extra hour on Saturday. I'll find a way to get the books. I want the store to do the rest."

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"What are you, Burnham?" he asked. The young man laughed. "I'm just getting accustomed to the idea that I am a floor walker," he answered. The general manager laughed in turn. "And that's a surprise, too," he said. "You certainly have a persuasive tongue. I understand that everybody thought your hours here were numbered. Instead of that you get a promotion. Well, I'll say this, Burnham. I should have been sorry if Mr. Gregg had dropped you. I must be catching the altruistic spirit, too. Three months ago I would have laughed at any clerk who suggested a circulating library for the employees. Now I'm going to Mr. Gregg with your precious scheme and—and the chances are that I'll favor it." The new floor walker smiled. "I'll see about the books to-day?" he said. "Quite sure of your library, eh?" "Quite sure." The general manager laughed and put out his hand. "I like you, my boy," he said. "I've gone over to the majority. I distrust you at first. I've got over that. Somebody called you a socialist. It's a name I don't like. But there's no fault to be found with your creed." And he shook hands with the new floor walker, much to the amazement of the waiting clerks. It was nearly four months later when the great merchant received a personal caller in his private office. The caller was a man of about his own age, a straight old man of fine bearing. "Why, Jim Clayton," cried the merchant; "I'm glad to see you. Here, sit down. How are you?" The visitor hesitated. "Old friend," he said, "I'm in trouble." The merchant stared at him. "It can't be business, Jim. You quit that long ago. What sort of trouble?" The visitor shook his gray head. "It's Helen," he said. "Helen? Not that?" "No." He ran his hand through his grizzled hair. "Listen, John. You know something about Helen's independent ways?" "I know that Helen is one of the finest girls that ever breathed." "Well, she's used to having her own way. I've let her run on as she pleased. She's interested in settlement work and things and uses up a lot of time and money. That's all right. I've no doubt she's doing good. Well, being so very independent, I didn't dream that she had any thought of marriage. And this very morning at the breakfast table she told me a young man had asked her to marry him and that she thought very favorably of his suit." "Not a very pleasant surprise," said the old man. "Who is he?" "All that Helen seemed to know about him was that he was a clerk or something in your employ." "In my employ?" "Helen had been meeting him at some of these settlement affairs, and I've no doubt he's a fine young fellow. I'm sure Helen wouldn't be impressed by any other sort. But I think I really ought to know something more about him. He's coming to-night to ask me for my girl, and I'm here, old friend, to see if I can tell her something about him. Of course you can't be expected to know all of your employees, but you might suggest a way to find out something." The old merchant looked thoughtful. "Know his name?" "It has slipped my memory. But I recall that Helen said something about the improvements he has brought about in your store. It seems that the youngster has socialistic ideas about lifting up humanity, and he's been working them out at your expense, I suppose. It all sounds improbable, but a lot of the girls that work for you—Helen meets them at some sort of club—are full of his praises. He's put in a circulating library here and a lot of other things that I don't recall."

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How English Catholics Fought For the Mass

(Catholic Standard and Times.) Apropos the great international Eucharistic Congress now being held in London, Bishop Casartelli, of Salford, England, reviews in a striking pastoral the period during which English Catholics were persecuted and martyred for the crime of hearing or saying Mass. Many of the cities which have been honored by international Eucharistic Congresses since the first, held at Lille, in France in 1881, have been specially appropriate as the scenes of public honor to our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist. But, as Bishop Casartelli well says, it may be safely held that in London the gathering takes on a character which has been wanting in other centres—that of a great act of reparation for the outrages of three centuries. London, the seat of government of Edward VI., Elizabeth and their successors; London, in whose Tower so many of our Mass priests were imprisoned and tortured, and on whose Tyburn Hill so many of them suffered their cruel martyrdom, is surely a fitting theatre of a great and solemn act of homage to Christ in the Eucharist on the part of the Bishops, clergy and faithful Catholics of England, in union with hundreds of their brethren from other lands, and for the offering in the most splendid and solemn manner possible in the great new Cathedral of Westminster, and on hundreds of altars besides, of the Holy Sacrifice that once seemed swept away forever from the land, but which, in the mercy of God, has come back and taken its place once more in the religious life of the country, as at least an object of respect among our separated brethren. GREAT CENTRAL DOCTRINES. "If any ordinary observer were asked," writes Bishop Casartelli, "what were the two salient changes in the religious life of the people of England brought about by the great schism of the sixteenth century under Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth, he would in all probability answer, the rejection of the spiritual supremacy of the Holy See and the abolition of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. And the answer would be perfectly correct. "We cannot wonder that the enemies of the Church should ever attack her in those parts of her creed and constitution which are her most vital organs—and precisely such are the great central doctrines of the Holy Eucharist and of the Papal supremacy. "The august dogma of the Holy Eucharist—implying the miracle of Transubstantiation, the Real Presence, the sacrificial character of Holy Mass, with its sacrificing priesthood and sacrificial altar—is the central doctrine, the very heart of the Church's dogmatic teaching, as well as of her devotion. It is the crown and completion of that marvelous cycle of revealed truth concerning God, the Trinity, the Creation, the Incarnation, the Atonement, which Christ has entrusted to the keeping and preaching of His infallible Church. But it is also the vital centre of her love, her devotion, her prayer, her entire spiritual life. Destroy this central dogma, and the Church's life, stricken in its very core, must disintegrate and perish. "That is why it is so dangerous. It may become deep-seated before you realize the danger. "It is therefore of great importance to recognize the early warning symptoms: pain or dull ache in the back, bladder pains, smarting sensation when urinating, frequent or suppressed urination, sediment in the urine, etc., because in its early stage kidney disease is easily cured by Doan's Kidney Pills. Mr. Elgin Brisebois, Vernon, Ont., writes:—I was troubled a great deal with kidney trouble. I had to get up four or five times every night, my urine contained a thick brick-dust sediment, I had a pain in the small of my back, and could not sleep at night. I commenced using Doan's Kidney Pills and in a very short time I was all right again. I am very thankful to have found a cure so speedy in its action. Doan's Kidney Pills are 50c. per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

"Similarly the supreme doctrinal and legislative authority of the Holy See, of Peter 'the Rock' ever existing in his successors, is the necessary keystone of the Church's unity in faith, discipline and organic life. Take away this keystone, the whole edifice will collapse; no authority of any kind, either of teaching or of government, will remain. SAD EXAMPLES. "We have sad examples of these facts in the history of our own country. At the present moment the Church of England is so hopelessly divided in belief and practice concerning the Eucharist that in the recent Pan-Anglican Congress the assembled Bishops of that powerful denomination throughout the British Empire and the great American Republic have not even ventured to utter any word of guidance on this grave subject to their distracted flocks, whilst the rejection of the one centre of authority has left them all without any shred of authoritative judgment in matters of the most vital importance to the spiritual life of the people. And whenever attempts are made by the Bishops to speak and guide with authority, such attempts are met with criticism or open disobedience. "The great spiritual revolution which tore away the realm of England from the unity of Christendom after a thousand years of loyal obedience to the See of Peter began, as is well known, by the rebellion of the lustful Tudor sovereign, Henry VIII., against the spiritual headship of the successor of St. Peter. Under the powerful influence of his agents, Cramer and Cromwell, the English Parliament in 1533 passed an act prohibiting all appeals to the Pope, and in 1534 the Convocations of Canterbury and York, under royal pressure, formally declared that 'the Bishop of Rome has not in Scripture any greater jurisdiction in the kingdom of England than any foreign Bishop.' In March this 'Submission of the Clergy' was formally embodied in an act of Parliament, and in November the schism was completed by an act styling the King, without any reservation, 'supreme head in earth of the Church of England.' INEVITABLE CONSEQUENCES OF THE REJECTION OF AUTHORITY "If under Henry the Catholic doctrine of the Holy Eucharist and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was not yet questioned, but rather still held in honor, the inevitable consequences of disintegration of faith and practice resulting from the deliberate rejection of the centre of spiritual authority were not long in making themselves felt under his successors. The work went on rapidly under Edward VI., Cramer, the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1548 in the debates of the House of Lords, clearly showed that he had 'given up all belief in Transubstantiation and in the sacrificial character of the Eucharist.' In the following year Parliament issued the first Book of Common Prayer, concerning which Abbot Gasquet writes: "The Communion Service . . . whatever else it is, is certainly not the Mass in English. It was so different, indeed, even to the eyes of the common people, that they christened it 'a Christmas game,' and this although obvious care was taken by its compilers to preserve some outward resemblance to the ancient liturgy in the disposition of its parts. All idea of oblation and sacrifice had been carefully cut out of the new service, and the very centre of the ancient Mass, the Canon, every word and syllable of which was held sacred by the Church, which was substantially the same in every Western liturgy, was mutilated beyond recognition. . . . It was as little a translation of the old Catholic liturgy of the Mass as the Lutheran productions of the sixteenth century, which were ostensibly based upon an entire rejection of the sacrificial character of the Mass."

WORK OF DESTRUCTION BEGINS "As a logical consequence, the destruction of the altars in the churches began in 1550, when Bishop Ridley ordered church wardens to substitute 'the form of a table' in order 'more and more to turn the simple from the old superstitious opinions of the Popish Mass.' The Second Prayer Book of 1552 went still further and obliterated even the slight outward similarity to the Mass which the First Prayer Book had to some extent preserved. As silent witnesses of the thoroughness of the work of sacrilege, it is well known that in many cases the consecrated altar stones were taken down and placed on the ground at the

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"The old merchant looked thoughtful. "Know his name?" "It has slipped my memory. But I recall that Helen said something about the improvements he has brought about in your store. It seems that the youngster has socialistic ideas about lifting up humanity, and he's been working them out at your expense, I suppose. It all sounds improbable, but a lot of the girls that work for you—Helen meets them at some sort of club—are full of his praises. He's put in a circulating library here and a lot of other things that I don't recall."