



THAT GOOD LITTLE BOY, NEXT DOOR.

They say he's the best little boy in the town.
He never does anything wrong; Though he wears an old jacket that is faded and brown.
They say that he's never been known to frown.
And he's good as the day is long. And if I am careless, or tired of play And leave all my toys on the floor.
They make such a fuss, and they always say,
That my things had better be given away
To that good little boy next door.

He must be a dreadfully good little boy
If he's like what I've heard them say.
He loves to bring the cows at night And thinks it is silly to play with a kite.
And would rather study than play No matter how hard I try to do right.
It's just no use any more; For it's "Oh, don't, Teddy!" from morning till night.
And it's "Teddy, I wish you were half as polite" as that good little boy next door.

Why is it I hate to go after the cows,
And study at school all day?
Why is it I always break my toys,
And can't get along without making a noise,
And why do I like to play?
But if I'm not anxious to pick up chips,
Or sleep on the garret floor,
Or rock the baby on rainy days,
They always speak of the willing ways
Of that good little boy next door.
I often watch for that good little boy
That I hear so much about,
But I never see his face at the door
Or hear him talking, and then, what's more,
He never seems to come out.
But I think if I knew him quite well, you see,
And coaxed him to tell me, or Watched how he does it, it seems to me
That some day or other I really might be
Like that good little boy next door.
—G. E. Billings, in Youth's Companion.

Boys, Don't Swear.

Of all foolish, disgusting, as well as wicked habits, it seems to me that profanity is the very worst. What possible satisfaction can any boy or man derive from taking God's name in vain? And yet you meet boys every day, who seem to think it a manly thing to do.
Ask the most profane man you know for his opinion on the subject. If he is honest, he will tell you he cannot help a feeling of disgust for another as profane as himself, while he respects the man who can converse with him without using any profane language.
Then, like all bad habits, it is hard to get rid of.
Form this habit while you are young, the time will come when you will be heartily ashamed of it. Then see how very hard it will be to break yourself. The writer once knew a boy who related his first experience like this: The first time he ever uttered an oath he was thoroughly frightened. He rather expected to be stricken dumb or even dead. And yet how soon that feeling wore off, and it became second nature because he persisted in it, thinking, as so many other boys foolishly think, that it would make a man of him.
Then, as he grew older and became ashamed of himself, as well as the habit, what a struggle it was to shake it off. I remember very well how we labored with that poor boy, and how persistently he tried and struggled within himself to correct the evil habit until finally he was able to shake it off. But it was a great task. When last I saw him he had grown to manhood, but never forgot to thank his friends for the good advice they gave him.
No, boys, you cannot afford to utter the first oath, but if you have let it be the last.

The Heres Head.

An attractive placard, headed with a picture of four horses and the words "Please be kind to us—We work hard for you," is being circulated in Cincinnati by the Ohio Humane Society. It reads as follows:
Please give us water often.
Please give us a moment's rest on the way up the hill.
Please do not overload us. We are doing our best.

Please do not use the whip. It is seldom necessary.
Please remember that we will respond to a word as quickly as to a blow.
Please remember that two weeks' vacation each year will make us more serviceable and valuable.
Please keep us in such good condition that you'll be proud to drive us.
Please see that the harness fits and does not chafe sore or tender spots.
Remember we work hard for you.
—Our Dumb Animals.

Do You Do These Things?

It is bad manners to make remarks about the food at dinner.
To talk about things which only interest yourself.
To contradict your friends when they are speaking.
To grumble about your home and relatives to outsiders.
To say smart things which may hurt some one's feelings.
To dress shabbily in the morning because no one will see you.
To be rude to those who serve you either in shop or at home.
To think first of your own pleasures when you are giving a party.
To refuse ungraciously when some body wishes to do you a favor.

A Hooligan Penitent.

(By Olive Katharine Farr, in Extension.)
It began with the Boys' Club. At the time when the Cardinal was founding the Social Union—night clubs for boys and girls—our head parish priest (for whom Diana and I slaved in our spare time) was naturally desirous of seeing this necessary good work started in his parish. There was not much difficulty about the girls. More ladies volunteered than could be employed, but the boys were a much greater problem, and the Head at last entrusted them to some gentlemen of the congregation. All went well in the beginning, but at last, an awful story circulated through the parish to the effect that, the evening before, the boys had had a riot, broken the windows of the hall, and turned the gentlemen out en masse. Criticisms flew thick and fast, some to the effect that the Cardinal's new schemes would not prove practical. "Oil and water never mixed yet, and never will, not for the whole college of Cardinals put together," snorted one wiseacre.
"I don't know that they are wanted to mix," replied a meek lady who had not, hitherto, been thought of "having anything in her." "Oil poured on troubled waters calms them and still keeps to the top, you know. That is rather more His Eminence's notion, I fancy. And I think, myself, that he would do better to wait and hear why and how the disturbance occurred before criticizing our ecclesiastical superiors."

While the storm was at its height Diana had occasion to call on the Head, about another matter, and I accompanied her (Diana is my mother). He was sitting in his elbow chair, in his special sanctum, enveloped in a well-nigh impenetrable cloud of gloom. But he glared at us from under his eyebrows, offered us chairs, and then placed one ear invitingly outside his capuch. For him, and under such circumstances, this was a cordial reception.
I have often wondered why all loved that old man. He was over seventy, somewhat deaf, a rigorist of the old school in matters theological, dainty to his finger tips, and proverbially severe in the confessional. But, after the first interview, we all became his abject slaves. Alas! that I must use the past tense in thus writing of him. All that is left to us of him now, is a fine monumental brass near the spot where his confessional used to stand; and an empty niche in many a heart, which will never again be filled.

"I am so sorry, Father, to hear about the trouble with the boys," began Diana, briskly. "But it comes of putting men with them. If you had appointed ladies for them as well as for the girls, it would have been much better."
A gleam shot from the keen blue eyes.
"Just what I was thinking, my child," he acquiesced, rubbing his alabaster-like hands together. "Well, will you take them?"
"Yes," answered Diana, promptly. The stern face relaxed still further.
"Whom will you have as helpers?"
"No one but Olive, to begin with, at any rate. I must have people, or a person, who will do as she is told."
He turned to me with a grim smile.

"Glad to hear you have a character for obedience, my child. It is news to me."
"Not half so much as to me, Father," I exclaimed. "I am simply staggered by the accusation."
After a few more minutes, the matter was arranged, and that evening we found ourselves alone in the schoolroom, awaiting the rioters. The Head had offered to be there and also to have a couple of policemen in ambush, but Diana declined all such suggestions, with thanks. "They will be as good as gold with ladies," she declared. "You see if they are not. In the heart of the most depraved man on earth, there still burns, not merely a spark, but a flame of chivalry."
I sincerely hoped she was right and that our Hooligan Knights might prove to be as Lancelots and Percivals, but I must confess to some misgivings when, at the stroke of eight, the tramp of hobnailed boots, and shrill cat calls were heard approaching up the court.
Diana stood waiting for them at the high desk in the middle of the room, and I shall never forget their faces, when they slouched in, with their caps on, to find a small woman confronting them. They stood stock still in the doorway, gaping, too utterly taken aback even to enter.

"Good evening, boys," began Diana cheerfully. "The club is now under new management, as you see. Come in to the fire and have a warm." (It was a bitter night.)
As in a dream, two of the ring-leaders advanced, still with their heads covered.
"Caps off, please," said Diana, briskly. "Ladies are present, now you see."
Instantly they uncovered and one, more zealous than the rest, reached back to knock off the caps of those in the rear. So they crept in and sat down and looked at us in silence. There was not one ounce of bravado left in the whole lot. We conversed cheerfully with them, about many things, and, after a bit, one painfully sharp imp, smaller than the rest and known as the "clown," inquired, in shrill accents, "When the gents was a comin'?"
"There are no more gentlemen expected," said Diana, with a twinkle, "unless you wish to bring some of your friends or relations. But for to-night our numbers are now complete."

This produced a smothered guffaw and the "clown," who had inadvertently re-capped himself, was almost lynched by the entire mob. When order was once more restored they began questioning Diana as to how the girls' club was conducted, leaning over the desks, one above the other, in their anxiety to hear every word.
"That's wot I sh'd like," shrilled the clown. "Some sense in arsting us ter come and make warm close, and keep wot yer make, instead of this b-boxing, I mean, and sich like. Couldn't ye get us some flannel, lydy, and let us make shirts for ourselves and keep them? We can sew's well as any gal, I bet."
For a moment even Diana was staggered. We both thought at first that it was a piece of exquisite satire, but it quickly became evident that they were in grim earnest. And after all, it was not to be wondered at. There was not a boy there with a decent suit of clothes, and their calling was the arduous and exposed trade of costering. All day and half Saturday night they lived in the streets in all weathers, earning barely enough to get them food, let alone such luxuries as clothing and boots. Though it was a fine night, four present wore sacks over their shoulders instead of jackets, and on wet nights, the entire contingent arrived in sacks. They were, I suppose, as rough and as low a set of boys as could be found in London, speaking from the usual ignorant Pharisaical standpoint. And yet how clever, how kind, how plucky and how grateful were the same "low roughs!"

Just as Diana was being overwhelmed with requests for flannel, the lower door opened and a white-robed figure stood in the aperture. It was the Head, too anxious to remain away any longer. There was a rush at his entrance. Some fled toward him, some made for the outer door. These last were promptly stopped by Diana. One among the deserters was the "clown," who confessed apologetically that he hadn't seen Father Z— since he was a nipper at the school, and was conscious-stricken at the unexpected sight.
Well, from that evening, our dear Hooligans—as the Head would call them—flourished like grass in the spring. Diana did buy flannel, and they did spend every club evening in working feverishly at shirts. Vainly we tried to lure them to card-boxing and other games. They sat and stitched until it was time to close, congratulating each other upon the new management brought about by their reprehensible riot of bygone weeks. If ladies had not

taken them over, they argued, there would have been no flannel shirts. Some of them also took to making comforters on wooden frames, and where they ever learned to sew, we never could gather. But saw they did, wearing their thumbles on their forefingers like tailors. In winter, when the nights were still dark, an escort always saw us safely home to our own door, and many were the weird presents brought to us from the costers' barrows. Some took the form of rosy-cheeked apples polished to a suspicious brightness. (Over the coster method of polishing it is best to draw a veil. But, luckily, we were never expected to eat our presents in public.) And then came the gladdening news from one or other of the boys that they were once more regularly attending Sunday Mass. But the climax was reached when the "clown" followed us out, one Friday evening, and asked, in a subdued tone, whether he might go to confession. The Fathers were then hearing, so Diana tolled me off to see him through, and I led the way to the great church, followed bravely by a figure clad in corduroys and sacking. "To whom will you go?" I asked. "Father B. is very very kind."
The "clown" shook his head. "Not much. Father Z—'s my priest. Yus, lydy, I know he's a bit of a scorcher. But I allus went to 'im when I was a nipper and I bet I deserve a doing."

Accordingly, we knelt down. The Head's box was at the very bottom of the church, for which I was not sorry. It was a fashionable church, and I feared the sack might attract embarrassing notice to its wearer.
For a long time the poor "clown" remained with buried face and, glancing back, I could see the Head, with opened doors, watching us from behind. Suddenly the would-be penitent sidled toward me. "I s'pose yer couldn't go in fast and smooth the way a bit!" he suggested. "It's 'arder'n I thought."

Who could refuse? Not I, though I had never once dared to brave the Head in confession. Tremblingly I entered the confessional and knelt down, while, at that precise moment, there flashed into my troubled mind the harrassing story of the woman who got, as a penance, three Our Fathers for her own sins, and the Penitential Psalms daily for a month for her husband's. With this lurid object lesson against telling tales in confession, I opened proceedings, wondering if the unfortunate wife's confessor could have been anything like such a dragon as the Head.

"Please, Father," I faltered, "I haven't come to confession. It's the 'clown'—I mean Ned Smiler, Father. He wants to come now, and he hasn't been since he left school, and he hasn't been to Mass or anything since, and he asked me to pave the way for him."

Anxiously I peered through at the white profile, and awaited condemnation. But none came. Could that tender face, softened by a Christlike pity, indeed have been the Head's? If so, here for the first time I saw the priest as he really was, with all masks of reserve cast away. Then came a gentle voice.

"Poor boy! I quite understand. Tell him not to be afraid. I understand everything. And you, my child, God bless you."

As in a dream, I rose, went out, and delivered the comforting message to the poor "clown," then knelt down once more to wait. It was a long time, and when he emerged I could not see his face, but, to my consternation, the sack-robed figure stomped defiantly up the middle aisle to the quarters of the elite at the top. The church was very quiet, and heads turned at the unaccustomed music of hobnailed boots upon the beautiful tiling. Still, he marched on, even to the very top seat of all, which, in honor of its purse-proud owner, was upholstered with crimson velvet cushions. I followed at a respectful distance and knelt in the bench behind him, determined to defend him to the death if the haughty owner of the sitting should happen along. He knelt there perfectly motionless, and I viewed, with growing anxiety, the dirty elbows and ragged sack rubbing upon the velvet.
At last, he arose and stomped away with bent head, and just as I, too, prepared to go, something glittered on the cushions in the gaslight. It looked like a diamond reflecting the light. Thinking that the proud lady might have lost a jewel, I moved round into the bench to make a closer investigation.

Troubled With Constipation For Years.

Any irregularity of the bowels is always dangerous to your health and should be corrected at once for if it is not done constipation and all sorts of diseases are liable to attack you.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation and all Stomach, Liver and Bowel complaints.

Mr. Henry Pearce, 48 Stanfield Ave., Owen Sound, Ont., writes: "Having been troubled for years with constipation, and trying various so-called remedies which did me no good whatever, I was persuaded to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I have found them most beneficial; they are, indeed, a real cure, and I can heartily recommend them to all those who suffer from constipation."

Price 25 cents a box or 5 for \$1.00 at all druggists, or sent direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

tion. But it was something far more precious than a diamond; something which would have caused the arrogant lady herself to forgive the Hooligan his presence in her sitting.

POET'S CORNER

THE MEMORARE.

Remember, Mary, Virgin tender-hearted,
How from of old the ear hath never heard
That he who to thine arms for refuge darted,
Thy help implored with reverent, earnest word,
Thy prayers besought, and on thine interceding
With loving confidence and trust relied—
Did ever futile find his fervent pleading
Or see thy grace and favor e'er denied.
O Virgin Mother, 'mongst all mothers tender
With equal confidence to thee I fly—
To thee I come as to a sure defender;
A weeping sinner, unto thee I cry.
Sweet Mother of the Word Incarnate, hear me—
May e'en my halting words efficient prove;
Cast not away my prayer, but deign to cheer me,
And let my sore distress thy pity move.
—Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C.S.C., in the Ave Maria.

AT LAST.

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet, grown up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed
I struck him and dismissed
With hard words and unkindness—
His mother, who was patient, being dead.

Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet;
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own.
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put beside his reach
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle of bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art.
To comfort his sad heart.

So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept and said,
"Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys We made our joys,
How weakly understood Thy great commanded good,
Then fatherly, not less Than I, whom thou hast molded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath and say I will be sorry for their childishness."
—Coventry Patmore.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

Have you heard of a Little People, who hail from a Little Isle.
Where the Shamrock grows in the meadow and the colleen waits by the stile?
Have you heard of my Little People as they wander to and fro In the lands of their Love and Labor where the Irish exiles go?
They builded the great west railroads, And limbered the world's great guns;
They'll follow the last o' the trail roads, Wherever the last trail runs:

They are gentle in peace, my kinsfolk, but somehow averse in strife,
Having learned in their early conflict the value of that called—Life.
They are lions and doves together, together they laugh and cry— But no man says of the Irish that they know not how to die.
For their Soggarth stands before them,
And he bids the ranks to kneel,
When the war smoke thickens o'er them,
And the muzzles click to steel.

They play them a step of music; 'tis maybe a rebel tune
Of the pike on an Irish shoulder at the rise of an Irish moon—
The tears on the Colonel's features are terribly sad to see,
But nobody asks their reason—excepting the enemy.
They fight for the Kings of Britain,
They fight for the Queens of Spain
But Ozar, nor Kaiser, nor Sultan,
Has called them ever in vain.

They rode with the Little Captain at Jena and Waterloo;
They walked with their ancient foe—man a shoulder at Tugela, too!
They are gentle in peace, my kinsman, but surely the World-at-

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Creosole's Antiseptic Throat Tablets, simple and soothing for the irritated throat, etc.
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Large Must clear the way for the Irish, when the Irish call the "charge." Oh, the smell of the battle powder, Is a savour sweet to the Celt. When the kettle-drums rattle louder In the heart of the firing belt.

So, not with a song of boasting; and not with a song of pride, I am glad of my Little People who wandered, and fought and died. They sailed the ocean with their courage, and filled the Earth with their strength. And the God of their Irish mothers will answer their prayers at length.

Wherever the Wild Folk wander, Wherever the Kind Folk bide, The Faith and the Hope is in them, Whatever, whatever betide.
Ye will hear of the Little People, who hail from the Western Isle, Where the Shamrock grows in the meadow, and the colleen waits by the stile,
Ye will hear of my Irish people— 'till the work of the world shall cease.
In the fields of the Nations' battles, in the halls of the Empires' peace.
—E. J. Brady, in Sydney Freeman.

LAY FOR WEEKS AT DEATH'S DOOR

But Dodd's Kidney Pills cured Mrs. Thompson's Dropsy.

It started with Backache and grew worse till the doctor said she must die.

Holt, Ont., May 9.—(Special).—All the countryside here is ringing with the wonderful cure of Mrs. Samuel Thompson, who lay at the point of death for weeks, swollen with Dropsy so that the doctor five different times decided to tap her but desisted because, as her husband said, "It might be better to let her die in peace." After the doctor had given her up Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her.
Mrs. Thompson's terrible trouble started with pain in the back. She grew worse and the doctor treated her for jaundice for eight weeks. Then her feet and legs began to swell, and it was realized that Dropsy was the trouble. For seven months she suffered. The doctor said there was no hope; she must die.
As a last resort, Dodd's Kidney Pills were tried. The improvement was slow, but gradually her strength came back. To-day Mrs. Thompson is a well woman. She says, and the countryside knows, she owes her life to Dodd's Kidney Pills.
If the disease is of the Kidneys, or from the Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it.

His Friend Said

"If They Don't Help or Cure You I Will Stand

The Price."

Mr. J. B. Rusk, Orangeville, Ont., writes: "I had been troubled with Dropsy and Liver Complaint and tried many different remedies but obtained little or no benefit. A friend advised me to give you Laxa-Liver Pills a trial, but I told him I had tried 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 vials, and I was not deceived, for they were the best I ever used. They gave relief which has 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."

Price 25 cents a vial or 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers, or will be sent direct by mail on receipt of price.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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