

umbered section of Domini-  
n Manitoba, Saskatche-  
berta, excepting 8 and 26,  
may be homesteaded by  
y male over 18 years of  
age, or one-quarter sec-  
tion, more or less.

What can little children do  
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How can they be followers true  
Of Jesus, loving Jesus?

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BOYS and GIRLS

WHAT CAN LITTLE CHILDREN DO?

What can little children do  
For Jesus, loving Jesus?  
How can they be followers true  
Of Jesus, loving Jesus?  
They can show his spirit meek,  
Loving, gentle words can speak;  
God will help them if they seek  
To be like loving Jesus.

What can little children say  
For Jesus, loving Jesus?  
That other little children may  
Know Jesus, loving Jesus?  
They can tell the story true,  
Say, "He died for me and you;  
I am going to heaven, too,  
To live with loving Jesus."

What can little children sing  
For Jesus, loving Jesus?  
How can they their praises bring  
To Jesus, loving Jesus?  
From His throne He stoops to hear  
All the little voices clear,  
Echoing the name so dear,  
The precious name of Jesus.

What can little children give  
To Jesus, loving Jesus?  
He who died that they might live,  
The holy Saviour Jesus?  
Give your hearts, and you will know  
Happy days on earth below;  
Then to His bright home you'll go,  
Aye to be with Jesus.

CAN YOU GUESS WHY?  
"It doesn't take much to make  
some people happy," said Gertrude,  
nine years old and scornful, frown-  
ing across the room.

"It doesn't take much to make me  
happy," smiled back Gwendolyn,  
philosopher of seven.

"I think stringing beads like that  
is baby work," said Gertrude.

"Oh, dear, I just hate to thread  
needles," groaned Gertrude, as Aunt  
Helen, whose eyes have not been  
strong lately, held out a paper of  
needles and a spool of fine thread.

"Let me do them, Aunt Helen,"  
and Gwendolyn jumped up in her  
excitement, "I think it is as good  
as a game to coax the thread through  
the dear little eyes."

Aunt Helen smiled and took the  
needle and thread from the one little  
hand, languid, unwilling, to place  
them in the other, outstretched and  
eager, but she said nothing. Only  
when all the needles had been  
threaded nicely and the pleasant sun-  
shine was gleaming everywhere she  
asked Gwendolyn if she would like  
to go downtown with her.

Gertrude hung round as they were dressing  
and hinted that she would like to go  
too, but Aunt Helen did not invite  
her.

"I'm afraid you'd make even an  
afternoon as bright as this has turned  
out seem gloomy, dear," she ex-  
plained, with a good-by kiss for Ger-  
trude. "And gloomy people, you  
should remember, are seldom so pop-  
ular as those who are bright."

"Gwendolyn has more than her  
share of good times," grumbled Ger-  
trude, as her sister ran ahead to  
signal the car for Aunt Helen.

"I can see why everybody likes her  
so much better than me."

"I can," said Aunt Helen, waving  
her hand as she turned the corner.  
And I think, perhaps, we know,  
too.

TO THE POINT.  
It was five minutes before noon.  
The Mayor and the State Superin-  
tendent had spent an hour talking to  
the children in an Ohio school, and  
just before the stroke of the gong  
the chairman of the local school com-  
mittee was called upon to follow them.

"Children," he said, pointing to-  
ward the window, "as you go out  
from the school in about two minu-  
tes, you will see a gang of men who  
are now shovelling cinders into a  
railway train. They are earning  
thirty-five dollars a month.

"Beside them is a time-keeper  
earning fifty-five dollars.  
"At the head of the train is an  
engineer getting one hundred dollars  
and over him is a superintendent get-  
ting two hundred.

"What is the difference between  
these men? Education. Get all you  
can of it."

harrowing work. She waited  
ways until the last safe minute, and  
then, if he did not appear, ran all  
the way to keep from being late  
herself.

"O, Morry, why won't you be  
'shamed!' she mourned often. Mam-  
ma says that's the discouragingest  
part of you. If I was ever late—O,  
I don't know what I'd do if I was  
late! It would most break my  
heart."

The twins were very fond of each  
other, and proud of each other, too.  
Marjorie was proud of Morris's  
handsome face and of the way he  
could add up long columns of figures,  
and of his being pitcher in the Nim-  
ble Nine—but, O, how ashamed she  
was of his being so often late! Mor-  
ris was proud of the whole of Mar-  
jorie, from the tip of her little shin-  
ing kid tobs; he was, a little oddly,  
very proud of her never being late.

"You're early enough for both of  
us," he said, when she gently scold-  
ed him. "When you get to being  
late I'll promise to be early!"  
"Cross your heart?" laughed she.  
It seemed a funny idea.

"Yes—see me," Morris in his turn  
laughed.

Then he promptly forgot the funny  
idea. But not Marjorie—she kept  
thinking of it. It had suggested  
something rather startling to her; it  
was something she would much ra-  
ther not think about.

"The idea!" she said to herself,  
and now it was not at all a funny  
idea. She laughed at it, to be sure,  
but scornfully. As if she would ever  
do what it suggested! Even for  
Morry—

"O, I love him—of course I love  
him!" she cried, as though the idea  
were there in the room and had  
spoken.

"But not enough to take advice?"  
suggested the idea. "Not enough to  
help cure him? You don't love him  
like that, I suppose?"

"But—but it would be awful to be  
late. And I was going to get the  
Prompt Medal—I've got the blue rib-  
bon all ready to wear on it. I know  
I'd have got it, because Cora Mc-  
Andrew was the only other perfect-  
ly prompt girl, and she's got the  
measles. I couldn't bear to lose  
the med—"

"Good-by," the idea said, inter-  
rupting her, and he seemed to be  
at the door now.

"O, wait! Come back, come  
back!" Marjorie cried. "If you  
think he truly would—"

"He promised."

"Then he will. Morry's a promise  
keeper. He did promise and so he  
will do his part, and I'll do mine,"  
she said brightly. Now she had de-  
cided she felt happy. She felt like  
hugging the idea in her arms.

The next day she stood at the foot  
of the stairs waiting for Morry. It  
was almost school time.

"Go ahead—needn't wait for me,  
Marjo," he called down; but she wait-  
ed. She would not look at the  
clock. Her feet, at this last minute,  
ached to run; but they stood quietly  
at the foot of the stairs and waited  
—longer and longer. O, where was  
the Late Morry?

He came clattering down at last.  
The unexpected sight of Marjorie  
quietly waiting filled him with as-  
tonishment. He had supposed her,  
by this time, half way to school.  
Supposing she had waited a minute  
too long—

"Quick!" he cried, grasping her  
hand, "run." For Morry must not  
be late! No—no! Morry was  
suddenly very anxious. He could  
not run, could not drag Marjorie  
fast enough. They sped silently  
down the long street.

"Faster!" gasped the boy twin;  
and boy-twin and girl-twin raced  
frantically along. How many minutes  
had they? If they could have just  
five—even four, three!

"Never—never mind, we can't do  
it," breathed Marjorie, coming to a  
sudden stop. She held up her hand  
for him to listen—Morris heard the  
city clock striking nine.

"O, why did you go and wait?"  
he groaned. An awful sense of  
guilt weighed him down. He had  
never minded being late himself, but  
to have Marjo—O, it would break  
Marjorie's heart! Morris was not sure  
but that it would break his. He was  
ashamed at last.

Marjorie put a small brown hand  
on his jacket sleeve; her face was a  
little white. A blue ribbon seemed  
to have slipped from her neck, and  
she could almost hear the soft click  
of a beautiful medal on the pave-  
ment at her feet.

"You promised, Morry," Marjorie  
said gently.

"Promised?" He did not under-  
stand.

"Yes, don't you remember? You  
said when I was late you'd begin to  
be early. You crossed your heart.  
And—and here I am late."

She drew her breath in with a lit-  
tle sound like a sob, but her eyes  
were steadily on the penitent face of  
the Late Morry. And now he under-  
stood. He was only eleven, but he  
knew the meaning of "sacrifice" in  
the dictionary. All his boy's sense  
of chivalry was aroused, and all his  
love for his little twin sister, all his  
shame and regret.

"You promised—you're a promise-  
keeper, Morry."

He threw back his shoulders.

"I'll never be late again, if I can  
help it," he said, loudly, as if that  
would make the vow more valid.  
Then his voice dropped and broke.

"O, Marjo, what made you wait?  
I'm so sorry! I'm as-ashamed!"

To his astonishment, Marjo laugh-  
ed a soft little tremulous laugh.

"I'm so glad you are ashamed!"  
she cried. "That's the promising-  
est part of it. Now, we'll go on.  
To-morrow we'll go to school to-

gether and walk all the way."

"And get there in time," suppli-  
mented the boy-twin.

A few weeks later Uncle David in-  
vited the twins to a little party  
in his beautiful grounds, and they  
arrived bright and early. Marjorie's  
eyes were mischievous and triumphant  
as she looked all the long way  
up into tall Uncle David's face.

"Let me make you acquainted with  
your nephew, the Early Morry  
Bright," she rippled. "The Late  
Morris is dead."

WANTED—A BOY.  
A Western paper publishes the fol-  
lowing advertisement:

"Wanted—A boy. A brave, cour-  
ageous, manly, hopeful boy; one who  
is not afraid of the truth; one who  
scorns a lie; one who hates deceit;  
one who loves his mother; one who  
does not know more than his par-  
ents; one who has the courage to  
say 'no,' and stick to it; one who  
is willing to begin at the bottom of  
the ladder and work upwards; one  
who thinks it is unmanly to smoke;  
one who thinks an education worth  
striving for; one who is willing to  
obey his superiors; one who knows  
his home better than the street; one  
who doesn't believe the 'marvelous  
tales told in the story papers, and  
will not read the vile stuff; one  
who won't cheat in a fair game; one  
who won't be a sneak and do a  
mean act when unseen; one who  
won't spend every nickel he earns or  
gets; one who won't annoy an old  
man or one of weak mind because he  
is feeble and defenseless, one who  
won't torture dumb animals; one  
who won't steal; one who won't lis-  
ten to or repeat nasty stories; one  
who won't do a dirty act for an-  
other boy who is too cowardly to  
do his own meanness; one who loves  
to do right because it is right.

Wanted—a boy, a whole-souled, ear-  
nest, honorable, square boy. Where  
can he be found? Does he live in  
your neighborhood? Is he a member  
of your family? Do you know him?

CLOVERS.

The clovers have no time to play.  
They feed the cows, and make the  
hay.

And trim the lawns, and help the  
bees,  
Until the sun sinks through the  
trees.

And then they lay aside their cares,  
And fold their hands to say their  
prayers.

And drop their tired little heads,  
And go to sleep in clover beds.

Then when the day dawns clear and  
blue,  
They wake, and wash their hands in  
dew.

And as the sun climbs up the sky,  
They hold them up and let them dry.

And then to work the whole long  
day;  
For clovers have no time to play.  
—The Outlook.

A DEFENDABLE GIRL.  
Mabel Taft was the only girl in  
school that owned a camera. Some-  
times she took pictures at recess and  
after lessons were over for the day.  
The children thought it great fun  
to pose for her.

"Oh, take us playing London  
Bridges!" proposed Caro Conklin.  
"All right," said Mabel, "I will."  
This was just before the afternoon  
session; but by 4 o'clock it had  
grown so cloudy that Mabel decided  
they would have to wait until an-  
other day.

"I know I could not get a good  
picture now," she said, "it is so  
dark."

"Oh, dear!" mourned Sadie Brown.  
"I can't come to school to-morrow.  
I'm going to Hartford with mother.  
Don't take it while I'm gone, will  
you?"

"No, Sadie, I won't take it till  
you are here," Mabel promised.  
The next day it rained, but the day  
after that was sunny, and the girls  
begged for the photograph.

"I can't take it," Mabel said, "Sad-  
ie isn't here."

"Never mind," argued Caro Con-  
klin. "She can be in another one.  
It's a lovely day for it, and all the  
rest of us are here. Come, do."

Mabel shook her head. "I promised  
Sadie I wouldn't."

Caro pouted. "You didn't prom-  
ise to wait forever," she fretted.  
"Besides, she didn't propose it, and  
the one that did ought to have her  
say."

But Mabel held her word, and it  
was a whole week before Sadie and  
sunny skies came together. Then the  
picture was taken, and each girl  
had a print to keep.

Not long after this Caro's grand-  
mother fell sick, and one night after  
school Caro was sent across the  
town to her grandmother's home. On  
her way she met Mabel Taft.

"Oh, come with me!" she begged.  
"I don't believe I can get back until  
late, and I'm afraid to go through  
Veteran street alone after dark."

"I have an errand to do for mor-  
row, over east," Mabel said; "but  
I'll tell you what—you won't be  
afraid as far as here; and if you get  
back first, you can wait here for  
me; and if I'm first, I'll wait for  
you."

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MAGIC BAKING POWDER  
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Makes Baking Easy, Dependable and Economical.  
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MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS  
is combined treatment that will cure all forms of nervous disorders, as well as act upon the heart itself.  
Mrs. John Riley, Douro, Ont., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from heart and nerve troubles for the past ten years. After trying many remedies, and doctoring for two years without the least benefit, I decided to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial. I am thankful to say that, after using only a few boxes I am entirely cured and would recommend them to all sufferers."

THE REAR GUARD.  
He strolls into Mass at the "Sanctus."  
Or maybe a moment before.  
And, lest he should bother his neighbors,  
He drops on one knee at the door,  
Good seats near the altar are vacant  
In fact, there is room and to spare,  
But why should he push himself forward?  
He'd be so conspicuous there.

The Death of Donahoe's.  
We regret that Donahoe's Magazine has ceased publication. We deem it a very bad sign, as it indicates apathy on the part of the Catholic populace. Here was a periodical that had no duplicate in character, as it was particularly for popular reading. Other magazines are fashioned for priests or for the pious laity, but Donahoe's, while it had a Catholic spirit that steadied its trend, was not intended to be purely religious. We believe that this class of reading does the most good. Donahoe's was always interesting from the viewpoint of literature or illustrations.  
We have contributed many articles in the past to its fine pages, and, with its demise, much of our pride in Catholic chivalry has gone to earth.—Buffalo Union and Times.

Irish Crop Prospects.  
The crop report for Ireland of the Department of Agriculture for 1908 says: "The outstanding feature of the spring months was the extreme wet and cold which prevailed up till the middle of May. All through March and April the weather proved continuously unfavorable to farming operations, and the seed-time was, in consequence, much delayed. The month of April was especially adverse; snow and frost occurred in the third week, and seriously checked all the early sown crops. Owing to the persistency of the rain it was difficult to get soil sufficiently dry for working. This check to labor caused the sowing of grain crops to be hurriedly done, and in many cases on seed beds in poor condition of tilth. All round, the outlook at the beginning of the present month (June) is much more favorable than it was early in May, and the prospects for the season encouraging.  
Soft corns are difficult to eradicate, but Holloway's Corn Cure will draw them out painlessly."

Loyola College MONTREAL  
An English Classical College conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.  
College re-opens Wed. Sept. 2, 1908  
For terms and other information apply to  
The Rector,  
68 Drummond St., Montreal

Mount St. Louis Institute.  
144 Sherbrooke St. East, MONTREAL  
A Residential and Day School for Boys  
Collegiate Course; Preparation for Matriculation; Thorough Business Training; Sports, Drill and Physical Culture, Healthy and Convenient Situation; Extensive Playgrounds.  
New pupils will be examined, and boarders should enter on September 2nd. Classes re-open on September 2nd, at 8.30 a. m.

A STRUGGLING MISSION  
Diocese of Northampton, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

St. Anthony of Padua  
The late Bishop of Northampton

St. Anthony of Padua  
The late Bishop of Northampton

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