

him a little job of work and forgot all about him until he came into my room with the question, 'What next?' That settled it for me. He was the first boy that ever entered our office who was willing and volunteered to do more than was assigned him. I predict a successful career for that boy as a business man."—The Sunday School Herald.

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**CRY OF HOMELESS ANIMALS.**

We are the little brothers,  
Homeless in cold and heat;  
Four-footed little beggars,  
Roaming the city street.

Snatching a bone from the gutter,  
Creeping thro' alleys drear,  
Stoned and sworn at and beaten,  
Our hearts consumed with fear.

You pride yourselves on the beauty  
Of your city fair and free;  
Yet we are dying by thousands  
In coverts you never see.

You boast of your mental progress,  
Of your libraries, schools and halls;  
But we who are dumb denounce you,  
As we crouch beneath their walls.

You sit in your tinselled playhouse  
And weep o'er a mimic wrong,  
Our woes are the woes of the voiceless,  
Our griefs are unheeded in song.

You say that the same God made us,  
When before His throne you come  
Shall you clear yourselves in His  
presence  
On the plea that He made us dumb?

Are your hearts too cold to listen  
To a starving kitten's cries?  
Or too gay for the patient pleading  
In a dog's beseeching eyes?

Behold us, your little brothers,  
Starving, beaten oppressed—  
Stretch out a hand to help us  
That we may have food and rest.

Too long have we roamed neglected,  
Too long have we sickened with  
fear.

The mercy you hope and pray for  
You can grant us now and here.  
—Ethelred Breeze Barry.

**LITTLE MARION.**

Little Marion was about to make her first call unattended by a member of the family. She was to stay a half hour, inspect a wonderful new doll belonging to a small friend, and return home.

"Now Marion," was her mother's parting admonition, "Mrs. Rogers may ask you to stay and dine with them. If she does, you must say, 'No, thank you, Mrs. Rogers; I have already dined.'"

"I'll 'member, mamma," answered Marion, and trotted off.

The visit finished, the little girl donned her hat and started for the door.

"Oh, Marion," said her hostess, overtaking her in the hall, "won't you stay and have a bite with us?"

This was an unexpected form, and for a second the child hesitated; then she arose to the occasion.

"No, thank you, Mrs. Rogers," she answered quickly; "I have already bitten."

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**JIM'S SHOES**

"Hurry up, Jim!" said daddy, "or you'll be late."

It was ten minutes to nine, and daddy was ready. He always left his small son at school as he went to the office in the morning.

But Jim didn't hurry up. He held a button-hook in one hand, a shoe in the other, and he didn't look at all pleased—in fact, he looked quite cross.

"What's wrong, Jim?" asked daddy, eyeing the sad little figure.

"Shoes" said Jim gloomily. Daddy picked up the fellow to the one Jim held. "Very nice shoes," he said. "Aren't they, sonny?"

"Girl's shoes!" said Jim, in disgust.

"Oh, no they're not, Jim!" said daddy. "They're boy's shoes; of course they are. Don't you remember, when we bought them, the man in the shop said 'they were little boys'?"

"I'm not a 'little' boy," said Jim. "Baby's little. I'm not. Boys have shoes with laces in them that cross over at the top on knobs. I want shoes like that."

"But who's going to wear these, Jim?"

"Baby's," said Jim. "Mummie says she's growing fast."

"It will be a long time before these shoes will fit her, Jim. No, no, sonny, hurry up and put them on."

"They—they called me 'girlie' at school," he said—daddy understood then—"they's horrid!"

"Would you like to go without any?" suggested daddy. "That's the only thing I can think of, Jim."

"No," said Jim, "of course not. I want boy's shoes."

"I haven't any money for them," said daddy.

Jim began to cry.

Daddy went to the foot of the stairs and called out, "Mummie, have you got baby up there?"

"Yes, dear," came the answer, "of

course I have. I'm just coming down."

"She's not crying, is she?"

"No, bless her heart! She's smiling," said mummie, as, with baby in her arms, she came out on the landing and began to come down the stairs.

"I thought I heard some one crying," said daddy. "It must have been a mistake."

"It must have been," said mummie, cheerfully. "Jim dosen't cry, do you, little soldier?"

Jim looked up from the hearth-rug where he was sitting struggling with the button-hook. Perhaps it was the effort of bending that had given him a red face. His little face certainly was red.

"No, mummie," he said, "I'm not crying." He jumped up. "I'm ready, daddy!" he announced.

"Shoe's all done up?" asked daddy.

"Yes," said Jim. And he kissed mummie and baby—so did daddy—and off the two went.

That evening mummie read to Jim about Elisha, the prophet, who carried on the work of his master, Elijah. Jim liked to hear about it; how the old man had come to the young one and thrown his cloak over him while he was busy at work on the farm, and how Elisha had left his home, and his mother and father, and followed the prophet.

Mummie told him, too, about Elisha and the rude boys who had no respect for God's servant, and who called out, "Go up, thou bald head!" to the man of God. Elisha did not mind their mocking, jeering words himself, but he was a man of God, and he had to check the boys; and then, because of their naughtiness and bad behaviour, a terrible thing happened to them.

Jim listened. "Why did they say that to Elisha and laugh at him?" he asked.

"Because he was a good man," said mummie.

"Are good people always laughed at?" asked Jim.

"Nearly always some time or other," said mummie.

"I don't like being laughed at," said Jim. "I don't like it at all, mummie."

"Nobody 'likes' it, sonny. But we can be very brave when we're laughed at. That's what we must be."

"How's it brave?" asked Jim, looking puzzled. "'Tisn't like winning a victory."

"Oh, yes, it is, Jim! There are

lots of different ways of winning victories, you know. And one of the hardest things for many people to do is to keep their tempers while they are being laughed at. I want you to try to do that, sonny."

Jim looked down at his shoes.

"I'll—I'll try, mummie," he said. Then he and mummie knelt down and mummie prayed and asked "Our Father to help Jim to be brave all the time, and especially when he was laughed at."

And Jim said:

"I'll try to be brave—I will and I'll put on my shoes quickly to-morrow, and when the boys say 'girlie,' I'll not mind—I mean I won't get cross with them, and I won't cry, no I won't—at least, not while they're there. And—please, 'Our Father,' when daddy buys me my next shoes, may they have laces that cross over at the top on knobs? If you can let them be like that, please do, please do!"

At the end of the next month was Jim's birthday. Do you know what he found on his plate at breakfast time? A rather big parcel—a box. Inside there was a pair of shoes—boy's shoes—with laces that crossed over the top on knobs, like those his daddy wore.

Just wasn't Jim pleased?—Young Soldier.

**It All Depends on the Liver**

So important is the liver and so great is its influence on the other vital organs of the body that it may be said you have little to fear from the ordinary ills of life so long as the liver is in healthful working order. The digestive processes are so dependent on free action of the liver that any derangement of this organ soon brings trouble.

Biliousness and constipation follow, with headache and depressed spirits. Additional work is thrown on the kidneys, and soon the whole eliminating system is deranged and the blood carries poisons through the body. Careful eating is a great help towards keeping the liver right, but when it does get wrong there is nothing like Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to restore the liver to healthful action.

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