

### The Errand Boy From Supplee's.

"Botheration!"

"I think it is scatteration," said a hearty, deep voice, and Sam raised up from his spill and laughed. Then the gentleman in dog-skin gloves, and the boy in none, bent their backs together, until the boxes and parcels were all safely within the strap again and slung on Sam's back.

"Thank you, sir-ee!" said the errand boy; he wished he knew some better words to show his gratitude.

"Don't mention it," said the gentleman waving a dog-skin glove ever so tightly. Sam was immensely tickled; without putting it into words, he was vaguely conscious that this was what one gentleman would say to another, when a favor had passed. What a fine thing it must be to wear gloves, and have that sort of manner! Somehow, the packages felt heavier than usual.

"You are from Supplee's?" the gentleman said, falling into step with Sam. That was evident enough, being in large letters on boxes and packages, and even on the boy's cap and collar.

"Yes, sir; I'm errand boy at Supplee's."

"Ah, an errand boy," said the gentleman, in a musing way; "I salute you, comrade," (he dog-skin went up stiffly to the hearer's brim). "I am in that business myself."

"Sir!" cried Sam, twisting around under his pack to see if this piece of elegance was making fun of him. No, the gentleman looked grave, and the light in his eyes was not in the least quizzical.

"Yes," repeated the stranger, "I have for about twenty-five years been an errand boy; sometimes, I trust, doing my errands faithfully; sometimes, alas! neglecting and slighting them. But I have a very kind, forgiving master. I hope you have, my boy?"

"Mr. Supplee is all right, sir; a fellow gets what he earns with our boss."

"Ah," said the big "errand boy," "if my master only gave me what I earned, I'd be badly off, lad!"

"Who do you work for, sir?"

"I am going to tell you," was the answer, "because I want you to enlist in his service with me: what is your name, friend?"

"I want to speak a word for you to my master."

"My name is Sam Hamilton, sir, but I don't know as I want to leave Mr. Supplee; I likes Mr. Supplee, and he likes me; it is just this very morning he says to me, 'Sam,' says he, 'I wish I had ten more boys that stuck to their jobs like you.' I beg your pardon, sir, but that's what he said."

"Ah," said the gentleman again, in that quick way of his, "loyal, faithful, affectionate. My master seeks such to serve him."

"What did you say his name was, sir?"

"What! You haven't guessed my master's name, Sam? Who could it be but—"

At this moment the two errand boys turned a corner, and almost ran into a party of gentlemen; the gentleman seized Sam's companion by the hand, hats came off, and such another pow-wow went on as brought folks to their windows. Our boy was bursting with curiosity, but old Mr. Supplee's confidence was not misplaced.

"See here!" he said to himself, "I ain't got time to gape around at these swells. Mr. Supplee's customers didn't put that in the bargain." Sam moved on, and the pack prevented him from seeing, and the street noise prevented him from hearing the efforts his gentleman made to detain him.

He never saw this big "errand boy" but once after that, for to tell the truth the gentleman did not live in the city. A few weeks later Sam was going on an errand to a distant part of town, in the electric car; as he

sprang in and took his seat, a big, handsome man flashed a look of recognition at him and reached across the aisle—a dog-skin glove. Of course Sam knew his comrade-in-trade—it was the "swell" errand boy.

"Well, Sam," he said, "I'm glad to see you again; I lost the chance to tell you my master's name."

"I think I've guessed it, sir," Sam doffed his banded cap just a little sideways, and said, gravely, "It was God A'mighty, wasn't it, sir?"

The gentleman had moved up and put Sam beside him, and he now laid his hand on the boy's knee; nobody could hear what they were to say to each other.

"That's right, Sam," he said, "that's right; the Lord has sent me here to do his errands; just that; and I'm hoping to win his approval, as you have done your master's, by being loyal and true. I hope my master is yours, Sam."

The car stopped, and several gentlemen got up. "This is our stopping place, Governor," said one; he touched Sam's companion on the arm, but that gentleman was waiting for an answer to his question:

"I hope so, sir," said Sam, and then he felt his hand gripped by the gloved one, and the party hurried off.

"How did you get so thick with his Excellency, kid?" asked the conductor.

"His what?" cried Sam.

"Don't you know who that big bug was?"

"He told me he was a—a—errand boy," said Sam, hesitating.

"An errand boy! Larks! That was his Excellency, Robert McDowell, Governor of the State!"—Elizabeth P. Allan, in *Central Presbyterian*.

### Easter Bells.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Ring, hallowed bells of Easter,  
From spire and turret ring,  
And herald to the listening earth  
The coming of the King—  
The King who comes in glory,  
The King who comes with state:  
Who yesterday was lying  
The slain of scorn and hate.

Ring, joyous bells of Easter,  
Death hath not conquered Life.  
Victorious is our risen Lord,  
And finished all his strife.  
From Calvary's mount of darkness,  
Lo! starry lilies bloom,  
For by the Cross we conquer  
And fearless face the tomb.

Ring, merry bells of Easter,  
The winter time is past:  
The birds return to build and sing,  
The flowers are here at last—  
Sweet tokens of our Father,  
Whose kindness ne'er forgets  
To send us back the snowdrops  
And sow the violets.

Ring, solemn bells of Easter,  
With many a thrilling chord,  
In sign of their triumphant life,  
Who now are with the Lord,  
Forever free from sorrow,  
Forever free from sin—  
Our dear ones in the blessed home,  
Who safe have entered in.

Ring, glorious bells of Easter,  
Beyond the farthest star,  
Send out your wondrous message,  
The jeweled gates unbar!  
For lo! the King is coming,  
The King of life and love,  
And earth is glad in all her coasts,  
And heaven is glad above.

—Christian Intelligencer.

### ANOTHER HAPPY MOTHER.

TELLS HOW HER BABY OF EIGHT MONTHS PROFITED BY WISE TREATMENT.

Teething time is the critical age in a child's life. Any slight disorder in the stomach or bowels at that time greatly increases the peevishness of the little one and may have serious and even fatal results. It is impossible to take too great care of your baby's health during this period, and no better remedy than Baby's Own Tablets is known for the minor ailments of childhood. Among the mothers who have proved the worth of this medicine is Mrs. R. McMaster, Cookstown, Ont. Her little baby girl was suffering from the combined trials of indigestion, constipation and teething, and the mother's strength was severely taxed by the continuous care the child needed. A box of Baby's Own Tablets, however, made such an improvement that Mrs. McMaster is now enthusiastic in their praise. "It gives me great pleasure to testify to the value of Baby's Own Tablets," she writes. "My baby of eight months was much troubled with constipation and indigestion, and was restless at night. I procured a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and the results were so satisfactory that I have not used any other medicine since. My baby girl is now regular and healthy, and getting her teeth seems much easier, and she rests a great deal better. These Tablets are a great help to little ones when teething."

Baby's Own Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. They produce natural sleep, because they regulate the stomach and bowels and comfort the nerves. They promptly cure such troubles as colic, sour stomach, constipation, diarrhoea, worms, indigestion and simple fever. They break up colds, prevent croup and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Dissolved in water, they can be given with absolute safety to the youngest infant. Sold by druggists, or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Free sample sent on application. Mention this paper.

### An Occupation for Women.

In the general outcry as to methods by means of which women not trained to any profession may earn a living those which relate to the kitchen are frequently overlooked. And the kitchen supplies a key to the situation for many of these women.

Most women who are suddenly called upon to earn their own living have the ability to cook if they can do nothing else. Then why not turn this one talent to account?

There is ready sale for home-made cake, bread, pies, jellies, pickles and preserves. Why not supply this demand? Very little capital is required for starting in this work, as cash is usually paid for it, and one satisfied customer brings another.

The wife of a distinguished Southern general, left penniless soon after the Civil War, turned her talent for cake making to account, and for years supported herself by it. She possessed a number of excellent recipes and added to them, and she learned to decorate her cakes with so much taste and skill that before long she was called upon to send her great distances for weddings and other festive occasions.

When you are looking for something to do, don't forget the kitchen!—Presbyterian.