

FIVE LITTLE BROTHERS.

Five little brothers set out

ther,
To journey the livelong day,
In a curious carriage all made

n a curious carriage at me leather They hurried away, away! one big brother and three And one wee fellow, no size at all.

The carriage was dark and none too

roomy,
And they could not move about,
The five little brothers grew ver

gloomy
And the wee one began to pout one whispered, "What do you say, Let's leave the carriage away!" and run

So out they scampered the five together, And off and away they sped! Then somebody found that varriage

of leather,
Oh, my! how she shook her head.
"Twas her little boy's shoe, as every

one knows, And the five little brothers were five

little toes.

-Mrs. Wilcox, in Catholic Standard and Times.

Reading a Book.

"There!" said a girl in an angry voice, "Joe has moved my book-mark, and I've lost my place!" "Well, I guess you can find

again, without much the mother, easily.

But the girl declared this to be impossible. No, she couldn't find it easily. She didn't know that she it at all. She migh to be sur

it easily. She didn't know that she could find it at all. She might have to start 'way back, to be sure of not missing anything. And it did not seem to occur to her that this argued ill for her habits of

There are some girls who singular devices in order to keep to singular devices in order to keep their place in a book. Sometimes they turn the volume face down on the table. Sometimes they turn down a leaf. Sometimes they lay something inside the book, a hand-kerchief or a pencil. All of which is not only improper treatment of the book, but is absurdly unneces-

save time. If you open your vol-ume at the very paragraph where you stopped reading, it does not take as much time as if you have to look at the page to see if you take as much time as if you have read it before. But if you unable to find your place, except a mechanical device, you might well turn back to the first p well turn back to the first part and begin over again, for if what you have read has not made enough impression on you so that you can remember it the next time you pick up the book, you might as well not have read it at all.—Pittsburg Ob-

Marble Time is Here.

Marble time is here. The back-bone of winter is broken. It makes no difference what the weather man say, nor how the ground hog performed. Spring is coming right along, and there never is any zero weather after marble time. It's against the rules and the rules of marble time are as certain and in-variable as the laws of the Medes

against the rules and the rules of marble time are as certain and invariable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

It is difficult to secure any very reliable information concerning the first marble time—the game is of doubtful antiquity. The editor can't tell anything about it, altho' there was a time when he was more interested in its preservation than he now professes to be in a lot of things pertaining to wrestling, baseball and other things which do not interest a well-regulated boy half so much at this time as marbles. Editors ought to be interested in marble time, because it marks the beginning of the outdoor sports of springtime. It is the one infallible sign. And it comes without any foolish preliminarles. There are no meetings of committees, nor associations, nor managers. Marble time just comes; comes everywhere at once and continues until the pegtop season opens, which in turn gives way to the spinning-top.

If you are the least bit in doubt as to the coming of marble time, inst take a walk to the schoolhouse in vow neighborhood and look in the windows of the little store. Let your cwes feast upon the luxurious rows feast upon the fuxurious row

or the fact that the wind is still chilling and calling excitedly in language which has never yet found its way into any dictionary, although its right to a place in the recognized vocabulary is not to be questioned, if centuries of use establish the authority of words

questioned, if centuries of use establish the authority of words.

Do you remember the time when your mother made a marble bag for you, secured with a puckering string? Do you remember the capitalist among your boy friends who possessed a bag filled and overflowing with the little spheres, the result of steady shooting? Do you recall the fact that marble time just came, that nobody said anything about it, that it was not discussed, that one day it was and cussed, that one day it was and that every boy of your acquaintance had a bag or pocketful of marbles and was prepared to win yours or lose his? Of course you do, and of course you don't know the occult reason! Nobody can give the answer. It is as difficult a problem to

olve as the age of Ann. you remember "fen," "fen
" "pinch fingered," "fen bordubs, place lingered, 'len bor-ings,', 'knuckles down,'' 'screw bony,'' and those other classics ? And did you ever feel richer in your life than when you won the big "camelian," if you ever did win one can elian, if you ever did win one—it takes a mighty expert player to play in the game when the "carnellan" is at stake—for a "carnellan," you must remember, is worth an entire bag full of ordinary marbles.

tire bag full of ordinary marbles. It may be that you are a fan in some particular line and profess to believe that marbles is no more a game than croquet. All right, if that is your position, but it's a "carnelian" against an "alley" that you can't "knuckle down" and make two good shots in five. But as a weather prophet marble time is a cinch. There is no argument about that. No zero weather after marble time. The first robin and the ground hog are all right in their ble time. The first robin and ground hog are all right in way, but marble time is as certain as the happiness of childhood.—Hen Barrett Chamberlain.

Lenora's Other Way.

"Mildred, where in the world did you get that hat? Isn't it a dear!" "Flora Thompson made it. She is making them to sell." Mildred had just come up with her basket,

and the two girls were waiting for the rest of the picnic party. "Let me see it," and she deftly lifted it from her friend's head. The hat was simply made. It consisted of two pieces of pique, one making wide, curved brim, the other neat ly plaited into a fetching crown, and buttoned on, and the whole starched just enough to give it a pretty droop. "It is as pretty and becoming as can be," she continued. "And light as a feather, and such a fine sunghade. What does she sell." What does she sell hem for?'

dollar" answered Mildred

"A dollar," answered militreu
"She's making some of them pale
pink and some Alice blue."

"It would not be any trick at
all to make one of them," continu all to make one of them," continued Lenora, studying it critically, "and I just love to do work like that. Just the thing!" she exclaimed suddenly. "I'll make some of them and sell them to raise my class money. You'll let me take the pattern from this, of course?"

pattern from this, of course?"

They were very good friends, and usually shared all new discoveries, but Mildred hesitated.

"Why, you little goose," said Lenora, "you haven't a monopoly on them, they will be all over town, anyway."

"I know," said Mildred. "It isn't that—this is not why I think—I cannot let you have the pattern."

"Not have it?" in surprise. "Why not?"

"Because Flora needs the money."

not?"
"Because Flora needs the money
and you do not—not particularly,
anyway."
"But I want to sell them to raise
money for the class," protested Len-

money for the class," protested Lenora.

"Yes, that is good," admitted Mildred. "But Flora sells them to buy bread and clothes for her and the little brother and sister. I don't think it is right for one who does not need, to take work or trade rom one who does. Do you?"

"But, Mildred," argued Lenora, "what is one to do! Because you don't happen to be starying for bread, must you sit down and hold your hands for fear of taking somebody's job from her? I just leve to do things. I am wild right now to make one of those hats."

"There are many ways to work," suggested Mildred, "other ways than those that hurt, if only one looks for them. I think it is often as hard to find ways not to hurt peones it is to find ways to helv them, and quite as important. Don't you?"

Lenora put herself to thinking. She

you?"
Lenora put herself to thinking. She certainly had no desire to injure Flora Thompson, but she did want to make some of those hats. She was very deft with scissors and needle, and nothing delighted her more than to make something by a

new pattern.
"I have it!" she exclaimed, as the pionic party got out at the grove.
"What?" asked Mildred.
"' And Lenore

"What?" asked Mildred.
"That other way." And Lenora smiled, but would tell no more.
Quite early next morning she went to Flora Thompson's little cottage. Flora was scarcely twenty, but sup-ported herself and a young brother and sister by sewing. Most of the year her earnings were very small, for Dayton was a little town and prices were low.

When she entered Flora had the dining table covered with pieces at

when she entered Flora had the dining table covered with pieces of pique, and the floor was littered with scraps. She was working feverishly on the hats.

"Take a chest Lenore" she said

"Take a chair, Lenora," she said cordially. "I know you will excuse me if I keep on working. I am rushed with these. And one must make hats while the sun snines." She laughed.

"You do seem pretty busy" said

Lenora.
"Yes. I have ten orders for today, but I can't possibly fill them
all." The hollow rings under her
eyes indicated she had worked most
of the night. "It is the summer vi-

of the night. "It is the summer visitors, you know. They have taken a fancy to these picnic hats.

"One reason," went on Flora, as she cut a crown, "why I am in such a hurry to fill all the orders I can is, the hats are so simple that others will be almost certain to begin making them to sell. Of course, they have a right to," She sighed. "I introduced them here—a, friend sent me a pattern from the sighed. "I introduced them here—a friend sent me a pattern from the East. Of course, anyone else has the right to get a pattern and make hats, but I do wish they wouldn't for a little while." She laughed nervously. "If I can only get in a few days more, I'll make more than I would the whole summers a plain I would the whole summer on plain sewing, and it is not nearly so hard work. I get a dollar aptece, and the material costs me only thirty cents. But I have been expecting every day to hear of someone else who has started in." who has started in.

"That is what I came for," said Lenora calmly. "I want to make some of them

some of them."

The tired girl at the table looked up quickly, and her thin face, which had been flushed by the heat, went a little pale. How much those dollars must mean to her and the two little ones!

"You see," continued Lenora, without smiling. "I want to earn some money for our class. Each of us is going to see how much this month. can earn this more can be a carried to thought maybe you would let work here with you, and give twenty cents a hat for each I make—I think I can make a day."

"Lenora Bradley!" and the called that went over her handy at work like this

"Lenora Bradley!" and the look of relief that went over her face made Lenora choke a little. "Why tid you give me such a scare?" Then she added, her face glowing, "That way I can fill all the orders. It is so—so kind of you, dear." She turned her face away suits of the state of

quickly.

Lenora jumped up and went work, very happy in that other way which helps instead of hurts.—Ex.

HOW TO MAKE BABY SLEEP.

The baby that cries half the night because it is not well, and has other means of saying so. chances are the trouble is due some upsetting of the stomach some upsetting of the stomach or bowels, which would be speedily removed if the child were given a dose of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets make children sleep soundly and naturally because they remove the cause of the crossness and wakefulness. They are a blessing to children and a relief to worried mothers. Mrs. John Sickles, Douglastown, N.B., says: "If anything alls my little ones the first thing I give them is a dose of Baby's Own Tablets and they are soon well again." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

One of the anecdotes which Andrew Carhegie is fond of telling concerns a crabbed bachelor and an aged spinster, who one day found themselves at a concert. The selections were apparently entirely unfamiliar to the gentleman, but when Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was begun he pricked up his ears. "That sounds familiar," he exclaimed. "I am not very strong on these classical pieces, but that's very good. What is it?" The spinster cast down her eyes. "That." she told him, demurely, "is the Maiden's Prayer.""

Worms sap the strength and un-dermine the vitality of children, Strengthen them by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to drive out the parasites.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH

He touched her hand, and the feve left her, He touched her hand, as He only

can,
Vith the wondrous skill of the
Great Physician,
With the tender touch of the Son
of Man.

And the fever pain in the throbbing temples
Died out with the flush on her
brow and cheek,
And the lips that had been so parch

ed and burning
Trembled with thanks that
could not speak.

And the eyes where the fever light had faded,
Looked up, by her grateful tears made dim,
And she rose and ministered in her household,

She rose and ministered unto Him He touched her hand, and the fever left her,"
Oh, blessed touch of that Man Di-

vine! So beautiful then to arise and serve Him,
When the fever is gone from your life and mine

may be the fever of restless serv-With heart all thirsty for love and

praise,
And eyes all acning and strained with yearning

Toward self-set goals in the future days.

Or it may be a fever of spirit an-Some tempest of sorrow that dies not down, Fill the cross at last is in meekness

And the head stoops low for the thorny crown.

Or it may be a fever of pain and anger, When the wounded spirit is hard to bear, only the Lord can draw forth the arrows t carelessly, cruelly rankling

Whatever the fever, His touch can heal it; Whatever the the tempest. His voice

There is only one joy as we seek
His pleasure, There is only a rest as we choose His will.

And some day, after life's fitful fever, I think we shall say, in the home

on high,
"If the hands that He touched but did His bidding, How little it matters what else went by!"

Ah, Lord, Thou knowest us altoge ther, Each heart's sore sickness, whatever it be; Fouch thou our hands! Let the fever leave us,
And so shall we minister
Thee.
—London Christian.

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

The way is long behind thee, and the lands
Barren with filthy shards and burning sands;
What matter? Thou hast reached
my clasping hands.

Far hast thou come to me, through loss and fear;
Far hast thou left the land thy
heart held dear;
What matter? Thou hast found love's

There were a thousand pitfalls in the way; Hunger and thirst, and lures to lead

The way is long before thee; and the sod sharp with its thorns; steep with its slopes untrod;
What matter! Thou shalt walk thy way with God.

IN THE VALLEY. I am afraid of shadows: all my days

They have gloomed by me, in the

Cowan's Cocoa

is made from the finest carefully selected cocca beans, roasted by a special process to perfect the rich choco-late flavor. Cowan's is most delicious and most economical.

The Cowan Co. Limite

That I must follow; in the dead of

night
I keep prophetic vigil with my fear
Of hovering Sorrow and Disaster
near.

I have come down into the valley gray, The Valley of the Shadow, and no more. They fright me; feeble, tender things

are they: Unmothered children wailing at my

door,
The breaking hearts of women.—
these, the cries
Of age-old kindred, long-forgotten Draw me to dwell among the sha-

dows, yea, And know them heralds of Immortal

Day.

-Catharine McPartlin, in Chicago
w World.

THEY TOOK HIM OUT OF HIS BED

Dodd's Kidney Pills cured Mr. F McAuliffe's Lumbago.

Lachute man, after fourteen years' suffering, finds health and strength in an old reliable Kidney Remedy.

Lachute, Que., April 11.—(Special.)—After fourteen years of suffering, which started from pleurisy, fering, which started from pieurisy, followed by dropsical swellings, and ulminated in Lumbago, and confined him to his bed, Malachi F. Mc-Auliffe, a well-known resident of this place, has entirely recovered his health, and he says without hesita-tion, "I am sure I owe it entirely to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"I was laid up with Pleurisy, which affected my kidneys," Mr. McAulife continues. "I suffered a great deal of pain, especially in my back. I was also terribly troubled with dropsical swellings, and finally after many attempts to get rid of my trouble, I found myself compelled to give up and was confined to my bed with Lumbago. I tried many medicines but they failed to do me any good. Then I turned to Dodd's Kidney Pills, and after taking one box I felt greatly relieved. I took several more boxes and found myself completely cured."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure any and all forms of Kidney Dis-

any and all forms of Kidney

"Tommy," said the hostess. "You seem to be in deep thought."
"Yes'm," replied Tommy. "Ma told me somethin" to say if you should ask me to have some cake or anything, an' I bin here so long now I forgit what it was."

Another Jesuit Hero.

If the world were to ask itself, once and for all time, what it owes the Jesuits, five minutes' reflection would be sufficient to answer the whole incorporated tribe of wer the whole incorporated tribe of slander and insolence. A Canadian, especially, ought not to be able to hear the word Jesuit, without feeling his heart warm at the name. True, the infernal potentate has been keeping his earthly agents busy with lie and calumny, but following is the account of one Jesuit's suffering for God's sake and the welfare of mankind. It is one of the ten times twelve million tales of heroism and dauntless valor connected with the work of the Company of Jesus, It refers to the late Rev.Wm. A. Stanton, S.J., and appeared in the Southern Messenger a short time before his death:

Rev. William A. Stanton, S.J., a

Rev. William A. Stanton, S.J., a St. Louis missionary priest, has re-cently returned to the St. Louis University after a living entomb-Thy feet have slipped and bled with bruising pain;
Thy reoth are rent, and soiled with many a stain;
What matter? Love shall make them whole again.

University after a living entombement of five years in a village of Maia Indians in Central America. Broken in health by the hardships to which he had been exposed, he had to be removed to a St. Louis hospital, where he now lies dangerously ill.

The post from which Father Stanton returns has broken down more than one priest. Four years ago, when his superior was looking for a man with an unbreakable constitution to stand the hardships, Father Stanton, who had just returned from the Philippines, was much in the public eye. His researches as an entomologist had won the recognition of the United States Government, and the Smithsonian Institution at Washington named a specimen, concerning which Father Stanton had made some valuable discoveries, after the priest.

The post is at Benque Viego, in British Honduras, a tiny village of the Main Indians. The nearest approach to the rudiments of civilization is Belise, which is just five deval travel distant. There are no reliroad connections Transportation is by horseback or boat. There is no "lassening fall lights" of the friendly entering to beling "a handful of control to beling "a handful of control to repera." "Six months paners" the upiest declared, "is news fresh of the criest declared, "is news fresh of the reflect takes along the passage through.





A LINGUISTIC ACHIEVEMENT.

Futher Stanton is the only Ameri-Father Stanton is the only American priest who has succeeded in learning the language of the Maia Indians. It is said to be the most afficult native language in the Indians. It is said to be the most difficult native language in the world. Not only did he master it, but by the light of a smoky, smelly oil lamp he would sit on the dirt floor of his cabin with swarms of insects batting him in the face at the end of the day, and was well on in the compilation of a grammar and dictionary in the native tongue when illness overtook him. This achievement will be of priceless value to his successors.

to his successors. In connection with the little In connection with the little church of the village he had begun a school, and, unaided by Sisters, who do not go beyond Belise, was teaching agricultural and technical classes. There are no white men in the vicinity, and the only face of his kind he ever had the joy of seeing was that of a District Commissioner, who now and then passed his way.

missioner, who now and then pass-ed his way.

The fact that at Belise there is a

ed his way.

The fact that at Belise there is a Jesuit academy and a convent did not make it any more companionable for Father Stanton, as it required a very hardy man to make the five days' arduous trip on horseback. At Belise there are the Caribs, partly negro and partly Spanish. These are not such simplefolk as the Maia, but have a greater veneer of civilization.

Father Stanton made his studies in St. Louis from 1881 to 1887. He is 40 years old. He was the first American priest to be ordained in the Philippines. He afterwards was sent to Spain, to Manrosa, where St. Ignatius began his religious life. He returned to St. Louis and was sent to British Honduras shortly after, where he remained until a short time before his death. ter, where he remained until time before his death,

Hard and soft corns both yield to Holloway's Corn Cure, which is entirely safe to use and certain and tatisfactoey in its action.

Farming, Ranching and Social Conditions In Western Canada.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway have just issued a new and interesting publication, entitled "Farming, Ranching and Social Conditions in Western Canada." This publication contains a series of articles written by practical men on subjects of interest to those looking to better their present condition.

written by practical men on subjects of interest to those looking to better their present condition.

The authors of the articles appearing in this book are such men as Mr. Chauncey P. Reynolds, editor of "The Prairie Farmer," Chicago, and Fellow at Michigan Agricultural College; Professor Thomas Shaw, Member of the Faculty of the Minnesota Experimental Station and Agricultural College; Mr. Phillip Eastman, editor of the Capper publications, comprising a number of Kansas farming papers; Mr. E. S. Bayard, editor of the "National Stockman and Farmer," Pittsburg, Penn., and authority on beef and dairy cattle, Mr. Herbert Quick, editor "Farm and Fireside," Springfield, Ohio, and well known as an author and lecturer. Professor E. Eaville, formerly professor Agricultural Department, Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa.

These articles are written in an

College, Ames, Iowa.

These articles are written in an unbiased vein and from personal experiences and are most interesting to those who are desirous of learning more of Western Canada.

Copies may be secured on application to the General Advertising Department, Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, Montreal.

Was Troubled With Dyspepsia.

For Years Could Get No Relief Until She Tried Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Herm