THE LITTLE BROTHER

The haciends was a dark continent fixed in a sea of pearl, a vast, flustuating ocean of moonlight that flooded the plain up to the very walls of the silent dwelling. On an outlying isle of shadow Senorits Rosa was saying a brief good night to Philip Northcott from her uncle's great ranch in the valley.

She lingered but a moment; her years of Eastern schooling and of European travel had not divorced her from the decorous customs of her mothers. Northcott, to put it mildly, liked this in her. He was glad that the sophistication which made her desirable, and indeed, possible to him, had neither given her her charm nor could take it away. She was North and East and West to him, and all that made the Southwest bearable.

"Good night" he said because her

"Good night," he said, be

must.
"Yes," she answered playfully, "a good and beautiful night."
They looked at the fireflies that streamed across the dark arcades of the low house. The insects were invisible in the outside brightness, but there the balustrade and the water jars

the balustrade and the water jars showed faintly in their glow.

"They're floating stars," Chiquita said; and her white flugers twinkled, mooking their unduisting flight.

"Yes, Chiquita, my star," he whispered, Sollying, delaying.

"Chiquita, thy cricket," she proved him ligatly. "Hear the crickets, my little sisters, how they sing." Presently she added gravely: "There is no music that voices our mortality so well as that sweet, hopeless, all-night cry. It is the voice of the dust—our dust."

Northcott stirred in vague dissatisfaction.

Northcott stirred in vague dissatisfaction.

"I am tired of earthlings and earthliness," he said, "ail day long at the ranch I weary of it. Out of sunshine and dust storm alike they swarm about me—men of the earth, earthy. Chinks, greasers, or cowboys, they are dusty all; browner than the alkali, dust on their sombreros. Chiquits, I am sick to death of ail the South—save you."

"Greasers." Oniquita said the word slowly, with ineffable softness and with absolutely no suggestion of reproach.

absolutely no suggestion of reproach.
"Chiquita," he cried, "you are a

I am thy cricket; the lonely night flies are my sisters. Are not the dusty greasers and cowboy your little brothers

enor Northcott?"
" No," Philip Northcott gently bred entleman that he was, answered somewhat curtly. "No. Bianco here is my only brother." And turning he called into the shadow: "Come old fellow."

A magnificent collie, slender and perfectly formed, but like a heavy plume to snow whiteness rose and came at

for snowy whiteness, rose and came at the words. He bridled the collar of golden fawn about his throat, and swayed his tail from side to side. His feet were set lightly on the moonlit soil as though ready to move at the man's command, but his head was proudly held,

and his eyes alert.

The girl paused as she moved house-

ward.

"Are there, then, no men worthy to be your friends in the valley? What of—Manuel?"

She hesitated before speaking the name, and lingered on the sound of it when she did so.

when she did so.
"Which Manuel?" jested Northcott. "There are probably as many as ten or fifteen of the name of Manuel."

From yet a little further off Chiquita the dark-eyed, broad-shoul-

"Why, the dark-eyed, broad-shoul-dered Manuel; the very young Manuel, with the soft, lew voice."

"That describes accurately any one if the fifteen," laughed Northcott. No, Bianco is their better. Goodnight, my star." One of the m the many Manuels presented

One of the many Manuels presented himself at the superintendent's desk next morning at a somewhat insuspici-ous moment. Senor Northcott was lost in thought of the Senorita Rosas; but, then, there were lew moments of the day when he was not. "How ingenuous she is!" he was thinking, "How in-nocently she said 'thy cricket' when she would have repudiated the posses-sion flercely enough had I presumed to

"Senor Northcott." The very young, soft voiced, and somber-eyed Manuel stood erect and dusty before his superior. He spread his sensitive fingers deprecating upon the sombrero he clasped to his breast. "Senor North-

And yet, Chiquita," the other was king, " is as clever as she is inthinking, "is as clever genuous."
"What now?" asked Northcott, turn-

"I am Manuel," answered the young Mexican. "I am to be sent out to-morrow to the lower mesa with a lot of sheep—especially chosen ones; super-" Yes?"

"You have heard, senor, of the rumored panther of the terrible mountain lion that has been driven to prey upon us by this long-continued drought and famine?"

"The man eater, as they call him? Why, yes, I have heard of him. And Why, yes, I have heard of him. And are you atraid, Manuel, of being eaten?"

"No," replied the other, without the rancor a suspicuous nature would have shown. "It is from discretion, and not from fear, that I speak. I may be taken unaware, being alone with the sheep when all my thought must be for them. Two men are better than one in such a case. May I take Bianco with me?"

"Bianco!" cried Philip Northcott, startled from his indifference. "Why, Blanco belongs to me."

startled from his indinerence. Willy, Blanco belongs to me."
"Yes, senor, for some months you have been his master, and he has been your dog. Before that, I had the care of the collies, and Blanco was my companion, my brother. I have known him, in fact, since he was a child."

Blanco rose from where he sat, unfurled his plume, bridled his ruff, shook out his frills, and stood light-footed before them. His attitude was impartial, attentive, and his golden eyes beamed love upon both his brothers. The very young Manuel clenched his hand to keep it from reaching out in a caress. He smiled a sweet but forced smile at Northcott.

vances towards friendship on your arrival." Northcott was both surprised and

amused.
"I have not noticed," he replied.
"Yes," said the other, "I did many little kindnesses and courtesies to win you to be my friend."
"Well, I had no particular need of client there and since—I have had friends then—and since—I have had Bianco. He is a splendid fellow, and certainly does credit to your training."

"Yes, yes!" eagerly. 'I trained him all in all. Now may I not take him for

all in all. Now may I not construct a while?"

The superintendent's mood changed.

"Manuel," he remarked, "It is time for us both to be about our business I want Blanco. You must take another dog, and train him to your needs. Good

dog,"
The Mexican dropped his hat from his bosom, and straightened his bosom, and straightened his aboulders as he turned toward the door.

"Stay here, Bianco," said Northcott, in a low tone to the collie, which was moving restleasive.

in a low tone to the coilie, which was moving restleasly.

And the dog went no farther than the door stil, though he sat there for a long time looking out into the sunshine.

After the obstrusive Manuel was gone, the superintendent found that he obtruded still in memory. His glance, his bearing, the musical monotone of his voice, were continually present in the other's thought. Could this be the

voice, were continued this be the other's thought. Could this be the other's thought, he wondered, of whom Chiquita Manuel, he wondered, of whom Chiquits had spoken the night before; at first with reluctance, then with growing en-

He pushed his own work and that of He pushed his own work and the pushed his own work avidity that day. Philip Northcott was not the man to slight a duty, come what might. Early atternoon found him with time iree and heavy upon his hands. The day was been even as days went in that lurnace neavy upon his hands. The day was hot, even as days went in that lurnace of sun flame. The effices and bunk houses were deserted, and most of the corrals empty, the drought having driven sheep and shepherds to the lower

Strolling idly, with Bianco at his heel Strolling idly, with Blanco at his needs Northcott decided to waik toward the Needle Rocks in the Upper Canon, a place generally conceded to be the most desolate in the whole barren prospect. The only man he saw as he went the Manuel of the morning interview. The young shepherd was busying him-self about the flock with which he was

to fare forth upon the morrow.
At the moment when Northcott came
upon him, Bianco had bounded forward in joy at sight of the flock and Manuel. Northcott did not see their greeting, but he did see Manuel begin to put the dog through the movements he had taught him with such painstaking, months before, and in which the splendid animal had had so little prac

late. The superintendent paused to watch them, not wholly pleased. Manuel's directions to the collie were in soft-spoken Spanish, caresses rather

than commands.

"Go to the head!" he said, and Bianco plunged forward; or "Back and follow!" and the graceful collie obeyed at the word. He curveted and leaped about the snowy ewes in pleasure that

about the snowy ewes in pleasure that was beautiful to see.

As he spied Northcott's approach, he stood silent and saddened. At the word however, he tollowed him again. There was something he loved, but did not understand in this man. He served understand the voice of either master. nesitatingly the voice of either master for such was his store of faithfulnes that he could serve two who lived as

truly as he could one.

Manuel was troubled. He walked to
the edge of the corral, and called after
the two with a tremor of some emotion in

his tone.
"Senor Northcott," he said, "are you
walking to the Valley of Dry Bones?"
"That sandy hollow between the
Needle Rocks? Yes, I was making that

"Do not I beg of you!" cried Manuel earnestly. "Remember the panther-that cruel, creeping beast."

"You are too solicitcus, my man.
Even if that beast exists outside of your imagination, it will hardly venture so "Manuel, near to the houses in the broad day-

Heed me," insisted Manuel, in a lowered voice. "She has been seen there. She is a mother, and she is crazed for drink and food since the

drink and food since the drying up of the waters. Her daring is probably beyond our conception."

"Stay close, then," answered the other. "I think that she, like many another terror, is upon the tracks only of those who fear her."

Northeast strolled on and the

Northcott strolled on, and the young shepherd went back to his duties. He had chosen no other collie for a companion, and now, as he worked, his noulders convulsed occasionally as with

fear or loneliness, and more than once he muttered the name of Bianco. fear or loneliness, and more than once he muttered the name of Bianco. Northcott sat down in the Valley of Dry Bones when he reached it. He leaned against the base of one of the pinnacles of rock, and looked out across the little shaded hollow into the inter-minable sunlit plain beyond. The burning; golden light of afternoon fairly ing; golden light of afternoon fairly swamped the scene; and by its intens-ity brought forth its complimentary color to relieve it here and there. Blue, deep ultramarine, and violet-blue lay in pools of shadow among the rocks, and danced in a mirage on the distant hor-

The man gazed at the riot of color till The man gazed at the riot of color till he was dazed, then brought his glance down to things near at hand, to heaps of bleached bones from an old slaughter pen which had stood upon the spot, and to some bits of crumbling wood beside him. One heap still kept a semblance of form; some faithful buoro had shaken off its last burden there, and laid down to rise no more. Northout turned from to rise no more. Northcott turned from the sight with a sigh.

"Poor faithful friend!" he thought "They are our brothers, as she said; brothers of a sharp, short day."

Turning he was brought face to face with the dog that sat upright at his side. "Good Bianco!" he said impulsively; and Bianco answered by lifting his paw courteously, and laying it upon his master's knee.

young Manuel clenched his hand to keep it from reaching out in a caress. He smiled a sweet but forced smile at Northcott.

"I have wanted for a long time to be your friend, 'Senior Northcott, because you loved Bianco. I made many ad-

As Northcott raised his eyes after a moment from the collie's face, he saw a sight that paralyzed him with terror. Over their heads some afteen feet in air, on a pinnacle of rock-crouched the great panther that had for a week terrorized the ranchmen by its daring.

In the moment Northcott realized his in the the fall. He was absolutely

In the moment Northcott realized his peril to the full. He was absolutely helpless, without wespon of any kind. He noted the animal's poise, the rhythmic swing of the shoulders, the set of the merciless jaw, the satisfaction in the eye of the monster cat that marked him as her own. He saw that he had one moment for strategy, and only one. One more crouching swing, one more oscillation of the burning eyes, and that last chance was gone.

tion of the burning eyes, and that isso chance was gone.

What Northcott did then, he did without turther pause for thought.
Leaning from where he sat he chose a piece of the crumbling wood by his side. and balanced it in his hand.

Fixing the unsuspecting eyes of the collie with a masterful glance, "Bian-co." he said.

co," he said.

Bianco stood at attention, loyally ready for work or play, whichever it might be.

"Get it!" Northcott cried, in a low,

"Get it!" Northcott cried, in a low, tense tone, and tossed the bit of wood from him to the open.

Bianco went after it like a flash. He had retrieved for Northcott before in an ide hour. The movement distracted the panther's gaze, as the man meant that it should. She settled lower on her haunches for a new sighting and another aim: she was famished, and in-

another alm; she was famished, and indifferent to the sort of prey.

The dog had caught the fragment in
his teeth, and turned.

"Stand!" Northcott commanded.

"Stay where you are!" He knew he
must keep the dog in the open till he
could shrink to the deeper cover himself. He would try tactics of training,
new to him but familiar to the dog; the
shepherd's calls. "Put it down!" he
commanded. "To the head! To the commanded. "To the head!"
foot now! Now to the head!"

Bianco took to the game as a child might have done, proud to show that he too, could fancy a bit of wood to be a naughty lamb.

As Northcott spoke guardedly, he

As Northcott spoke guardedly, he moved, silently and more quickly than it can be told—and so gained the trail in the shelter of a shoulder of the rock. From that vantage point, he turned to look at Bianco, scapegoat that he was, dancing faithful and gay upon the shining sand, and at the peril on the pinnacle above.

Even as he looked, he saw the panther langed into the air with a birdlike

launch into the air with a birdlike swoop, her great claws spread. Then, when it was too late, he realized

in a frenzy of remorse, the despicable thing that he had done; the craven thing that he had done voluntarily, because at the moment when the chance of choice befell, his better self had not eld sway. "Bianco!" he cried, and rushed for-

The fated dog cowered to earth, and did not heed. did not heed.

The sharp report of a gun reverberated among the rocks. From midway in air, the panther huriled heavily to the ground, a dying borror that had been a ground, a dying borror that had been a

ground, a dying norror that have a living menace. It missed its prey by a few feet, and lay pawing the air in the Northcott saw then that a man stood

Northcott saw then that a man account between the two animals. It was Manuel, who, reversing his gun, leaped upon the lion and clubbed it, while its flanks heaved and its jaws stiffened in death. heaved and its jaws stiffened in death.

When it was over, he stood and wiped his brow, and seemed not to heed at first Bianco, who was bowing before him in adoration. But when the dog's nose touched his hand, the Mexican fell upon the sand and buried his face in the faithful white breast.

It was some time before Northcott presumed to venture near and speak.

presumed to venture near and speak. When he did, he took off his hat, and

"Manuel, I am a craven and a coward

—I confess it." Then yet more haltingiy: "A worse dog than Bianco would
make a better friend, I know; but I want your friendship. I want you to want mine."

want mine."
"I cannot withhold my friendship from the lowest," the boy replied gravely. "Many a worse dog enjoys it."
They turned to leave the place together presently.
"Come, Bianco," said Manuel, and his ownership was undisputed by any of the three.

the three.

Northcott looked at the young Mexican as they walked silently side by side.

His tread was regal, his mien gentle, and his beauty shone forth through the dust of conflict and through his service

garb.
When they parted a little later, he proved that he could give royally the royal gift of love. At the corral he held out his hand.
"Senor Northcott," he said, "as I

"Senor Northcott, he said, wanted your friendship. Could you like me for a friend, do you think?"
"Oh, for a brother!" cried Northcott. "For a dear brother!" cott. "For a dear brother!"

"Then," laughed the boy, "ride with
me this evening to my own house—a
place up the valley called "The Fig
Tree." Chiquita will be glad, I think,

Tree." Chiquita will be grad, I taken, to see us come in together."
"Chiquita?" All the love, and longing, and uncertainty that the day had held welled in that name. "Chiquita, do you say ?"
"I am," said the other, slowly, "Man

uel Placide Jose Rosas, more honored in being the brother of Chiquita than in anything else." Northcott, compre-"Rosas," said Northcott, compreanything else."

"Rosss," said Northcott, comprehending but slowly, "Manuel Rosss. So you are the owner of this ranch—of the whole valley, in fact?"

"No," answered Manuel, "the heir only, the owner to be in case my good."

"No," answered Manuel, "the helr only, the owner to be in case my good and old uncle wills it so. I am now, at his wish, learning the business from the —what do you say?—from the dust up. Will you ride with me, then, to-night up to my house?"

to my house ?" "Rosas !" cried Northcott impulsive "Rosas!" cried Northcott impulsiveiy. "I am so placed that I can sue for
Chiquita's favor, which is my life,
through you—and you alone. I will sue
for that favor, humbly confessing my unworthiness to day and your generosity.
Take me to her at once."

Bianco had believed before that all men were brothers, but something in that sunset seene confirmed his faith; and he kissed first the hand of one and then of the other of his master.—FLAVIA ROSSER in Ainslee's.

HIS LAST MISSION

Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Missionary
All day long, the heavy train rolled
westward under the August sky. The
sun beat down fiercely, and the passengers counted the hours until they
should reach the "Golden Gate." Over
the flat prairies, over the mountains,
through towns and cities, with pauses
at the quaint Spanish stations, south
through the Sante Fe route until the
"Great Divide" was reached, and the
train plunged into the mission-country,
the land of the old Franciscan padres.
Some days back the angels were
watching a scene in one of the parlor
cars on this particular train. A young
woman was travelling along. She was
refined in appearance, evidently intelligent and educated. There was not
much to interest her when she threw

to interest her when she threw aside her novel, but it happened on one weary, long day her eyes fell on a fellow-passenger, a distinguished figure. He was a man of splendid build and He was a man of splendid build and handsome appearance, who was seated some distance off in one of the chairs. His head rested on the back of the chair, sud his eyes were closed. His face was strikingly peaceful, but there was a pallor on it, and lines were visible on the high brow and around the mouth that told a tale of ill health. He wore a Roman collar, and the atmospherical strike the same of t mouth that told a tale of ill health. He wore a Roman collar, and the atmosphere of purity that seemed to hover around him spoke elequently of the Catbolic priest. The lady looked at him attentively for some time, for she thought he was sleeping. But she finally noticed his lips were moving. His hands stirred, and she saw with surprise he was passing a string of beads through hands stirred, and she saw with surprise he was passing a string of beads through his fingers. They were plain, small, yellowish wooden beads strung on a steel chain, with a little cross attached

steel chain, with a little cross attached and a small round medal.

She was not a Catholic, and had heard of the "Romanists and their Rosary," and that they prayed to "the Virgin" in preference to God. A feeling of disappointment surgedup in her heart, that this splendid man, this intellectual look ing gentleman, should be a slave to such superatition. She was filled with indignant pity. That moment Father Doyle opened his eyes. He was a reader of men's minds, and he read her soul. Internative the apostolic instinct rose in his men's minds, and he read her soul. In-stantly the apostolic instinct rose in his heart and he went to the chair opposite hers, with his beads still in his hands. "You are wondering what I am do-ing?" he said, with that winning smile

and indescribable magnetism that was always his own. The lady could not resist his attractive personality.
"Well, I confess I was wondering how

a man of your apparent intelligence and education could find time for such superstition as praying on beads," she

Father Doyle laughed.

"Do you know anything about these beads?" he said.

beads?" he said.

'Not a' thing, except they look extremely childish to me."

"Well, will you allow me to explain their meaning? It is very monotonous on the train. This journey is long, for I presume you are bound for San Francisco like we are (pointing to two Nuns who were seated some distance off), and anything is better than counting the miles till we get there. Shall I explain the beads?" Who could resist Father Doyle!

"Why, I will be delighted if you take the trouble," said the lady, "but don't try to make a Roman Catholic of me,

for you will fail ignomimously."

Father Doyle held up his rosary with both hands; his face was reverent, and his rich voice very gentle.

said in a broken voice:

"Manuel, I desire to ask pardon, to make some sort of reparation for the thing I have just done."

The younger man looked at him, but "Assuredly." was the prompt reply.

redly," was the prompt reply. "Assuredly," was the prompt reply.
"It is my religion!"
"Then," said Father Doyle, "you believe in the Rosary. We are all human, impressionable beings. Things we see appeal to us. We are apt when we pray to have our minds carried away by other thoughts. If we have something to touch and draw us back, we pray better. Hence we finger our Rosary. We Catholics believe that the Redemption of the world was effected by Christ We Catholies believe that the Redemption of the world was effected by Christ becoming man, while still remaining God. If He became man, He was human, and had a human mother. The human, and had a human mother. The Rosary is powerful with Christ as an in-tercessory prayer, because He is the Son of this blessed Mother, and we ask her to plead with Him for us, because He is God as well as Man. See these beads! There are five divisions of ten beads: each division marks next of Hibeads! There are five divisions of ten beads; each division marks part of His Life closely connected with hers. In the first and second chapters of St. Luke you will find each of these parts or 'mysteries'—and we think of them as we pray. There is the Incarnation; the visit of Mary to Elizabeth; the Nativity; the Presentation of the Child in the old Jewish temple; His Dispute with the Doctors. You have seen Hoff man's picture of that scene, haven't you?"

with the Doctors. You have seen Hoffman's picture of that scene, haven't you?"

"Why, yes," replied the lady, much interested. "You say you think of these Bible scenes while you pray? Why, that is beautiful!"

"Yes," said Father Doyle, still holding out his rosary. "We say on each bead the heaven-born prayer the angel first uttered, 'Hail Mary full of grace!' You will find that in the same chapter of St. Luke. We say first the Lord's Prayer, Our Father who art in Heaven. Then the Hail Mary, ten times at each Mystery to make our prayer more earnest and emphatic, as a child who begs its mother for a favor never ceases to cry out—please! please! We love this blessed Mother, Christ's Mother, and we know she will plead for us who are sinners!

"But this is not all. These beads of mine have only five divisions. There are three times five in the whole Rosary. The next five are the Sorrowful mysteries, as those I have described are the Joyful ones. The sorrowful part tells of the Catholic priest De la Salle. "In understand yon mean to say by the Catholic priest De la Salle. And the first monk who cared for the deaf mutes was not that Spaniard Pedro definition in the Bible. The last part is called Glorlous, because it tells of the Resurrection from the Dead and all the

rest. I will explain more of it to you later if you are not weary. We Catholics love our beads; and we lay these prayers as a crown of roses at the Throne in Heaven, being assured that where the Son of God is King His Mother is Queen. Not one jot or tittle of honor do we take from the Almighty. We praise Him for the noble, splendid tender gift of His Mother to us. Sho

We praise Him for the noble, splendid, tender gift of His Mother to us. She is as Wordsworth says:

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast." Here Father Doyle paused. The lady looked thoughtful. A new expression was on her face, the dawning of grace. She took the well-worn rosary from the priest's hands, held it for a moment, and reverently returned it.

With a beautiful smile Father Doyle rose, klased his beads, placed them in his pocket, and in leaving said:

"We shall meet later. Think over what I have said. I have more to tell you if you wish it. May the blessed Mother have you in her keeping!"

There was a new look on the lady's face, a softened light in her eyes. The train rolled on. Father Doyle had given his last mission. Less than a week latter he lay dead in the church of his Paulish brethren in San Francisco. God rest his precious sou!

If these lines ever meet the eyes of her to whom he spoke on the Santa Fe train, may her heart melt at the remembrance of the zeal of this dying Apostle of Of the Zeet of this order of the Court of the Court of the burning glories that crown the works of this noble missionary of the Faith, whose heart-ory was ever the conversion of America.

WHAT THE MONKS DID

words: "Priests and monks are good for nothing; they always hated science, art and progress; their schools are poor and all the books published by Catho-lics are of no value, and when a young man cannot become anything else, he studies for the priesthood."

one day, after school, a student by the name of Sepp called on the professor. Sepp was a bright and intelligent young fellow and could not be easily bluffed. He went to the professor. sor's room and said gently: "Professor, I have some difficulties that worry me ever since I attended your lectures.

"Only some questions, profess

reserved for us the classics? How is it possible that those valuable writings of the Greeks and Romans did not get lost during the barbarism of the Dark Ages?"
"Monks copied them, and thus they

have been saved."
"What, professor? Monks, you say, copied them?"
"Yes, my friend, and especially the

Benedictines."

"So, monks copied the old codes and saved them for us. Indeed, that must have been a very troublesome work.

Was it not? And probably many a monk caught consumption from the library dust? Well, I am surprised. Strange times and curious monks to spend their lives copying letter after letter from Livy, Caesar, Cicero, Virgil, Ovid, Homer, Demosthenes, etc. And how those codes look! Carefully written just like painted and the initials are in fact a fine piece of art. Oh, these monks! Wait, professor, is it true that without the priests we would not have a Columbus and a Vasco de Gama? A monk, Fra Mauro, history tells us, made that costly map which gave Columbus the first impulse to the discovery of the New World?"

"It is true, but somebody else could have drawn such a map, too."

have drawn such a map, too."
"Of course. Why should the monks and priests alone, have those great ideas? Listen professor. I also read that a Pope introduced the grateful Arabic figures in arithmetic and abolin arithmetic and abol-

"Well, my boy, Pope Sylvester II. introduced them, but somebody else could have done the same thing if the could have done the same thing if the Popes were not always so ambitious."
"Again, history teaches that a monk invented the telescope and the microscope, but this hardly can be true? The monks want to claim all inventions."

"Well, my boy, it is believed by many that the theory of both th telescope, and miscroscope was known to the Franciscan Roger Bacon, but remember, he was an exception and what we style a modern Franciscan, and not of those bigots and cowl bear

"He died in 1292." "He died in 1292."

"He, then, was up-to date very early, wasn't he? Besides this, professor, not long ago I read of the man who first taught that the sun is stationary and that the earth resolves about the sun, and even you, professor, do not know whom I mean."
"Corporations. I suppose."

"Copernicus, I suppose." "Copernicus, I suppose."
"No, sir. Copernicus was not the first one. Before him the Bishop of Ratisbon, Regimontanus, was teaching that theory of phanetary revolution."
"That may be possible."
"Therees me, professor, why do we

'Yes, and now stop, you blockhead!' "Yes, and now stop, you blockhead!"
"Don't get hot professor. It is not
our fault that history is full of these
"black devils." Moreover, I read that
a monk by the name of Schwartz invented gunpowder; the monk Guido
d'Arezzo the gamut and laid down the
foundation for harmony; a monk from
Bevaria the process for glass painting. foundation for narmony; a more recognition of the Jesuit Secohi is especially distinguished for his discoveries in spectroscopic analysis and in solar and stellar because the Jesuit.—"

scopic analysis and in solar and stellar physics; the Jesuit—"
"Shut up! You are guying me. Do not take me for a lightening rod."
"You're right, you're right, professor. The first lightning rod was not made by Franklin, but it was invented by the Premonstratensian monk Divisch. You can read that in any up-to-date envalonadia.

date encyclopedia.

"For heaven's sake, hold your tongue. "For heaven's sake, noid your tongue.
You are too talkstive."
"Ah, the greatest polyglot of modern times was Cardinal Mezzofanti. He was a talker! He knew only seventy-eight languages and dialects, and talked fity six."
"That'll do, you silly goose. Get out

"In what direction? The deacon Flavia Gioja, who improved the compass about the year 1300, could certainly tell

What's the matter ? You're getting

the brain fever, fellow."
"What, if I have the brain fever, go and get the fire engines which were first introduced by the Cistercian monks, and the Capuchins were down to the seventeenth century the first firemen of

If you don't shut up now, you'll fly out the window, you infernal rascal.
"In aerial heights. Oh. truly. The first balloon was made by the monk Barthold Gusmac sixty years before Montgolfieri, and in 1720 this monk ascended with his balloon in the presence of all the loyds and countiers of ascended with his balloon in the presence of all the lords and courtiers of Portugal. What do you clean your eyeglasses for professor? They are also an invention of the black devils and were invented in the thirteenth century by the Dominican Alexander Spins. Are you in a hurry, that you look at your watch? You shouldn't do that because it is an invention of the that, because it is an invention of the priests. The first clock is from the ecclesiastical writer Cassiodorus (505). but his invention was improved up n by Sylvester II, whom I mentioned be-I have some difficulties that worry me ever since I attended your lectures. Will you kindly help me to remove them?"

"Why not, dear friend, with the greatest of pleasure. Certainly I will."

By Sylvester II, whom I mentioned before. The first astronomical clock was made by the Abbot Wallingford in 1316. Now I'll go. I see you're hot professor, and the gas lights down town are turned on. Oh, yes, professor, I almost forgot to tell you that the Jesuits invented the gas light, the Jesuits invented the gas light, the Jesuits this natio lucifuge. Without any doubt the Jesuits invented and introduced it in Jesuits invented and the Jesuits Invented and the Jesuit Dumm established the first gas company in 1815 in Preston. Now, goodby, professor. Kindly excuse. Oh, I see you bought a new bicycle? By the way, the first bloycle was built by the priest Planton in 1845. Good night, professor."—Selected.

THE IMPORTANCE OF RELIGIOUS TEACHING

A great Roman empress, says Bishop

A great Roman empress, says beauty of Auckland, N. Z, in one of his addresses, was once asked by her guests to exhibit to them her jewels. She consented, and immediately she led in and presented to them her children—trained in every art and grace suited to their age and time. "These," said she, age and time. "These," said she,
"are my jewels." The children are
also the living jewels of Christ our also the living jewels of Christ our Lord. He blesses them; He set them up as the models of all that would aspire to the kingdom of heaven; He proclaimed the Magna Charta of the little ones. One of the most popular pictures of our day represents Christ blessing little children. One of the mothers is there depicted as gently publing her child up to receive a bless. pushing her child up to receive a bless-ing from the Saviour's willing hands. That is what the Church of Christ is doing with her crown jewels, with the bepushing them to the Sacred Heart and the blessing hands of their dear Lord. the is the incomparably perfect ideal that she ever places before the little ones, the highest inspiration to noble thought and endeavor. Around noble thought and endeavor. Around the personality of Christ she centers the training of the child. He is the Teacher of all teachers; He stands upon an eminence which no other has reached; His educational influence has been the most far-reaching, the most profound, the most abiding, the most vital and creative, that this old world has ever known. The wealth of truth and love known. The wealth of truth and love revealed in Christ—that is what has transformed the world, ennobled men, raised woman to her proper sphere, brought the children into their own, and given us all that is best and sweet-est in our |civilization. The knowledge and love of Christ are, indeed, the most precious and educative possessions of race. They are the basis of true cul-ture, of real intellectual and moral pro-

Let knowledge grow from more to But waster."

"Let knowledge grow irem more or mind But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music, as before,
But waster."

WHAT THE CHURCH TRIES TO DO what the Chuket This is no both this knowledge and love of Christ, our faith tries—in the home, the church, the school—to instil into the mind and heart of every child that her holy hand has blessed with baptismal grace. As Christ took His stand beside the child, Christ took His stand beside the child, so does she. At every stage of their existence, she stands beside Christ's little ones—she stands beside Christ's little ones—she stands beside them like an archangel with a flaming sword, protecting born and unborn life against the assassin's hand, sheltering the outcast in her peaceful homes, educating them in the knowledge and love of God, guarding them, as far as she may, against the philosophies and the dangerous school systems that would imperil the precious grace with which heaven has endowed them.

It is in childhood and youth—that is, in the school period—that the more important stage of human development take place. The school-period is, then, a time of tremendons importance in the training of the child. In the home and the achool we do the winter seeding and the school we do the winte

the school we do the winter seeding and the spring seeding of life; and that kind

RAILROAD MAN HAD TO LAY OFF

Until He Took GIN PILLS

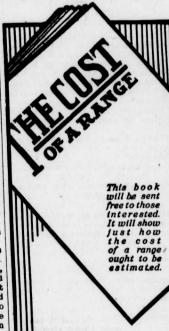
Buffalo, N.Y.

"I have been a Pullman conductor on the C. P. R. and Michigan Central for the last three years. About four years ago, I was laid up with intense pain in the groin, a very sore back, and suffered most severely when I tried to urinate.

sore back, and suffered most severely when I tried to urinate.

I treated with my family physician for two months for Gravel In The Bladder but did not receive any benefit. About that time, I met another railroad man who itad been similarly affected and who had been cured by GIN PILLS, after having been given up by a prominent physicians who treated him for Diabetes. He is now running on the Diabetes. He is now running on the road and is perfectly cured. He strongly advised me to try GIN PILLS which I did-with the result that the pains lef

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