



### There Was a Little Boy.

There was a little boy, with two little eyes,  
And he had a little head that was just the proper size,  
And two little arms, and two little hands;  
On two little legs this little boy he stands.  
Now this little boy would now and then be cross,  
Because he could only be the very thing he was;  
He wanted to be this, then he wanted to be that;  
His head was full of wishes underneath his hat.

"I wish I was a drummer to beat a kettle drum;  
I wish I was a giant to say fee-fu-fum;  
I wish I was a captain to go sailing in a ship;  
I wish I was a huntsman to crack a nice new whip.  
"I wish I was a horse to go sixty miles an hour;  
I wish I was a man who stays up in the light house tower,  
I wish I was a sea gull with two long wings,  
I wish I was a traveller to see all sorts of things.

"I wish I was a carpenter; I wish I was a lord;  
I wish I was a soldier with a pistol and a sword;  
I wish I was the man that gets up high in a balloon;  
I wish, I wish, I wish I could do something soon.  
But all the wishing in the world is not a bit of use;  
That little boy this very day he stands in his own shoes;  
That little boy is still but little Master What-do-you-call,  
As much as if that little boy had never wished at all.

### Wanted an Office Boy.

This is what happened to 75 responses to an advertisement for an office boy:  
The man who advertised was a Pittsburgh banker. He thought he could select the boy needed in his office by examining the written application and the references given. When the 75 answers came, he first tossed the 20 postal cards unread into the waste basket.  
"This job," he said, "is worth more than a postal card to the boy or girl who gets it."  
Of the fifty-five remaining letters, 12 had evidently been hurriedly scribbled in the office of the newspaper which printed the advertisement. All 12 followed the postals into the basket. There remained 43.  
The first test to which these were put was that of penmanship. Eighteen were disqualified on that score.  
The remarks of the banker as he rejected the 18 were illuminating.  
"An office boy must write a plain, easily readable hand. Only a genius can adopt bad penmanship as a mark of his individuality."  
Faulty spelling barred 10 more of the applicants. "Business men," said the banker, "must adhere to the kind of spelling found in dictionaries. They cannot countenance or promote reforms, much needed as they may be, in their business correspondence."  
Four letters were not considered because the writers had worded them like telegrams. One of these said: "Just saw your ad. Offer my services. Am eighteen. Car. call to-morrow."  
He was not invited to call, for although economy is a virtue worth practicing, it is misplaced when applied to words in an application for a position. Such a note is discourteous.  
The advertisement called for two references. In only three letters which passed the other tests had this requirement been remembered, so the selection narrowed itself down to these.  
Of the three writers, only one showed that he understood something of typewriting. He had been graduated from the grammar school, had taken up commercial work in an evening school, and had rented a typewriting machine, so as to fit himself for office work. This boy received a notice to appear at the banker's office.

### "For Mother."

"Don't you get tired running about all day long with these bits of work for your mother, Jennie? It takes a good many steps to do all her errands, I am sure."  
"It does take a good many steps, but they are all for mother. I don't get tired when I do it for her. She's always doing something for me. That's all she works for, she says." Jennie's face glows as she says this. It makes all the difference in the

world for whose sake one is busy. To work for those one loves makes the feet light because the heart is light.

### Polly's Elation.

The other day when Polly was about to start for the party, the baby cried. Polly picked her up and rode her to "Banbury Cross," till the baby was laughing again. But as Polly looked down at herself her face clouded over. "Oh, dear!" she said, "I never thought. Now I'm all wrinkles, and I'm not fit to go to the party."  
Aunt Amanda came out and looked her over. Then she patted Polly's quivering cheek. "Just you wait," she said, "in five minutes we'll have you as good as new."  
It was more than five minutes, as it turned out, but not so very long, after all. Two flatirons were placed on the hottest part of the stove, and Polly took off the wrinkled skirt. In a very short time the sheer lawn was smooth again, and the grateful Polly gave Aunt Amanda half a dozen kisses.  
"You're like a good fairy," she said.  
Aunt Amanda returned both the kisses and the compliment.  
"I've noticed," she said, "that you have a flatiron of your own that smooths out a great many wrinkles. Now run along! Hurry or you'll be late."

It was really a very puzzling remark. Polly thought about it a number of times as she made her way along the slippery pavements, and then forgot it in the interest of the party. There was a new girl among the guests, a girl who sat primly in a corner by herself, with a queer little pucker about her lips, as if it would have been the easiest thing in the world to cry. Polly made it her first business to get rid of that pucker. Then there was Dora Case, who was always getting cross because she fancied she was not chosen in the games as much as somebody else. Polly chose Dora herself, and suggested to good-natured Elinor that she should do the same, and in less time than it takes to tell it, Dora was beaming like a full moon.

So it went all the evening, and it was not till Polly was falling asleep that it occurred to her that she had forgotten to ask Aunt Amanda to explain her mysterious remark. But you must have suspected that the kindness which forgets self, and was smoothing away the lines in other people's faces which told of trouble or anger, was the wonderful flatiron by means of which Polly ironed out so many obnoxious wrinkles.

### The Birthday Surprise.

"I'm going downtown after school to buy a birthday present."  
"A birthday present?" Madge repeated. "I didn't know any of your family had birthdays this month."  
"They don't," laughed Flossy. "That's the funny part of it. The birthday present is for somebody I never saw." Then seeing the curiosity in her friend's eyes, she explained: "My cousin who lives in the country wrote me about her. She's quite a poor little girl, and she's had the rheumatism so that she can't walk at all. Kitty said she meant to make a cake for her birthday, which is the fifteenth, and I decided I'd send her a little present. Just think, only 14, and the doctors say she can't ever walk again!"

"I wonder if she wouldn't like a box of paints," Madge said thoughtfully. "I got two almost alike at Christmas."

## Suffered For Thirty Years With Catarrh of The Stomach.

Mr. John Raitt, 71 Counsel St., Montreal, Que., has used Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills and recommends them to all his friends. He writes:—"I take pleasure in writing you concerning the great value I have received in using Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for Catarrh of the Stomach, with which I have been a sufferer for thirty years. I used five bottles and they made me all right. I also had a very severe attack of La Grippe, and a few doses acted so quickly that it was unnecessary to call in a doctor to cure me. For the small sum of 25 cents we have our own doctor when we have Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills."

Price 25 cents per vial, or 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"Of course she'd like them," Flossy exclaimed, and then Sadie Sargent interrupted to inquire what it was that was interesting her friends. When she heard, she announced that she had some books she couldn't ever read again, and perhaps the girl up in the country might enjoy them.

As fire creeps through dry grass, passing from one withered blade to the next, so the plans for a birthday surprise went through Mrs. Parker's school till not a girl was left out. Everybody was comparing notes, so that no two should send the same thing, and by the fifteenth they all felt acquainted with the little shut-in in her far-off country home.

Flossy's cousin wrote them all about it. "She was the most surprised girl you ever saw," the letter said. "I carried the cake over, thinking that it would be about all that she had for her birthday, and there the table was covered with packages. Poor Lydia was so excited she didn't know what to do, and every few minutes her mother had to get behind the door and wipe her eyes. She told my mother that when Lydia was in bed, she called her back after she'd kissed her good-night, and said, 'Having so many friends who never saw me, most makes up for other things, mamma.' Wasn't that sweet?"

And the girls who read the letter were satisfied with their share in that birthday surprise.

### When Jim Was Janitor.

"You're too small for the place," "I'm awfully strong," Jim stretched himself up and struck out with his arms.  
"The pay is small and there is a good deal of work."  
"I want the pay, Miss Evans, and I know I can do the work."  
"But," looking at the determined face, "can't you get something a little better to do out of hours? It seems to me there are better things than being janitor to one room."

"I don't know of anything, and janitor's good enough if I do the best I can."  
"Go on and do it, Jim," Miss Evans, teacher, smiled encouragingly at the undersized applicant.  
The school was in a ramshackle old building on the edge of a town which was outgrowing itself so fast as to find difficulty in keeping up with modern improvements. No one was specially to blame because things were ill-kept and at loose ends.

"I will, you'll see. Please give me a recommendation, Miss Evans," he coaxed. And she did so. With the beginning of the next week Jim began his work, glad to find that his duties were to be in the room in which his grade was placed.

He came to it with an air of proud proprietorship which it was good to see, and his work soon won the notice of the teacher, she finding that her comfort was much increased by his faithful cares. The ashes were kept out of the old stove so that a good fire could be made, and on cold mornings it was made. And before long it was noticed that Jim made it a part of his business to look out for the best wood about the place. No more shivering in the poorly-built room while wet wood dimly steamed and sizzled. No more smoke, for Jim had pounded the old pipe into shape.

Jim found one of his chief trials in the boys, who made matters worse by their careless ways. Unnecessary mud, he thought, was brought in, notwithstanding he had picked up an old scrap of carpet and put it on duty as a door-mat at the entry. At Jim's polite request that it be used, some of the youngsters, possessed by a hoodlum spirit, made a point of walking around the mat. In sudden wrath Jim seized one of them. A scuffle ensued and the principal was called, who reprimanded Jim for making a disturbance.

But near the close of school Miss Evans sent Jim out for a supply of pencils, and took the opportunity to say: "If you were all as faithful to duty as Jim is, we could have better work done and a cleaner room."  
The next morning some of the boys came with an intention of chaffing Jim, but he stood by the door-mat, and as they drew near with a double share of mud on their shoes, said, pointing a stiff finger at it: "Use that."

And while still pretending to make game of the small janitor, they thought it best to obey.  
"What is that for?" Miss Evans asked, as after school one day, Jim came into the room tugging a step-ladder far too heavy for his size and strength.

"It's for these curtains," Jim gazed from one window to the other with a face of contempt. "Look at 'em. Some ragged, some saggy, hitching this way and that way, not one of 'em that'll run up smooth or that you ain't afraid to touch."

whacking down on you if you touch it."

"You are right about that, Jimmy," she said, laughing.  
"Now that the weather's let up and it's getting so I've got a little better of the mud and the wood, I'm going to tackle these."  
"Jimmy," Miss Evans sat down and looked earnestly at the boy. "do you think it's worth while?"  
"Oh, yes, ma'am," said Jim cheerfully. "Some of 'em's real good yet and with a little tinkering they'll all be lots better."

"But I don't mean about the curtains only, but a good many of the things you do that no one but you ever thought of doing. You won't make anything by it. You won't get any more pay than if you let things run as they ran before."  
"Miss Evans," Jim looked straight out of straightforward, honest eyes. "haven't you ever had a feeling that—that you can't feel real satisfied unless you—do the best you can? Not just the things you're told to do, or the way to do 'em, but—" It was plain that Jim's powers of expression were not equal to the bigness of his "feeling." "I mean the good feeling inside when you know you're doing more than you just have to. Proud, you know, and satisfied." Jim drew himself up; then, as Miss Evans went to the door, he opened it for her.

"I am ashamed of myself," she went out, speaking it under her breath, thinking hard—"to have tried to put such a sordid idea into the mind of a nobleman."

As the days were lengthening and brightening Jim went to the principal.

"I'd like to have some plants for the windows in our room, sir," he said.

The principal looked with interest and curiosity at the boy whose ambitions seemed out of proportion to his size.  
"What put that idea into your head?" he asked.  
"They had 'em where I used to go to school before I moved here. It's nice. And they had pictures on the walls, and maps. I wish we could have some here."

"Perhaps we will some day. We're hoping for a new schoolhouse some day soon."

"I wonder if they'll keep me then," began Jim.

"Is it so much to be a janitor?" "I don't know as 'tis," Jim appeared to be doing a little thinking about it. "But I heard somebody say that it isn't so much what you do as the way you do it."  
The principal gazed after the boy as he went out.

"That little chap has got down to the true gist of the matter," he said to himself. "He has a small place but makes it a proud one because he is proud of it."  
Miss Evans and the principal talked among their friends, and before long Jim's heart was gladdened by the plants. It is unnecessary to say how well they were taken care of. The maps and pictures came by slower degrees, but before the end of the year "Jim's room" was looked on as the banner room of the school. Boys and girls rejoiced in being promoted to it and lamented on being "passed" out of it.

Then it became Jim's turn to pass on, and his heart was heavy when it was thought best that his duties also should pass on. But he carried his faithful activity with him, and soon another room showed that Jim held to his sturdy views on "the way to do it."  
The boy was too intent on his everyday studies and duties to have any time to consider whether his actions attracted more than the usual amount of attention. But all boys, as they go on, are making a record of one kind or another. It is a pity that some slouch through their school days, half doing, half carrying, to a slouchy manhood, carrying the half-doing through a life of failure, while others, setting their feet firm on the ladder whose steps are founded in faithful effort and laudable ambition, mount to the top.

When a new high school was finished, Jim was given the place of head janitor, with able assistance. When his four years' course was ended, he applied for a continuance of the work; but others had been thinking about him.

"He is not the kind of boy to keep at such work," they said. So Jim was helped on to college. And those who have watched his faithfulness in a few little things are sure that in whatever life work he may be led, they are likely to be satisfied by "the way" he does it.

### M. Clemenceau and the Swiss Priests.

An amusing incident is related about M. Clemenceau at Carlsbad, writes the Paris correspondent of the Irish Catholic. In drinking the waters there he made the acquaintance of a Swiss priest who is a professor in Germany. The ex-Prime Minister of the French Republic took a great fancy to his religious friend and talked to him about his projects. Some of them were most ambitious. One day when the good priest was reading a book in the shade of a tree M. Clemenceau came up to him and noticed the volume had evidently greatly interested him, because he had marked numerous passages with a red pencil. In reply to the question, "What book are you reading?" the priest said, "It is a volume by Noriac." When then asked what passage he had underlined, the priest refused to satisfy the ex-Minister's curiosity. As, however, M. Clemenceau insisted, he handed him the book, and the ex-premier read underlined with a pencil, "A monkey in office is more powerful than a fallen minister."  
M. Clemenceau walked away whistling, and for the future avoided meeting the priest.

### A Strange Story.

Mouldering away on the walls of the old monastery in Milan, Italy, hangs the famous "Last Supper" or Leonardo da Vinci. Like every other masterpiece, the painting required many years of patient labor, it is perfect in its naturalness of expression and sublime in its story of love. In addition to these qualities it has an incident in its history that contributes not a little toward making it the great teacher that it is. It is said that the artist, in painting the faces of his Apostles, studied the countenances of good men whom he knew. When, however, he was ready to paint the face of Jesus in the picture, he could find none that would satisfy his conception; the face that would serve as a model for the face of Christ must be dignified in its simplicity, and majestic in its sweetness. After several years of careful search, the painter happened to meet one Pietro Bandinelli, a choir boy of exquisite voice, belonging to the Cathedral. Being struck by the beautiful features and tender manner, that bespoke an angelic soul, the artist inquired the boy to come to his study for the painting of the face of Jesus. All was done most carefully and reverently, but the picture was yet incomplete, for the face of Jesus was absent. Again the painter, with the zeal of a true lover of his art, set about in search of a countenance that might serve for the face of the traitor. Some years passed before his search was rewarded and the picture finally completed. As the artist was about to dismiss the miserable and degraded wretch who had been his awful choice, the man looked up at him and said: "You have painted me before." Horrified and dumb with amazement, the painter learned that the man was Pietro Bandinelli. During those intervening years, Pietro had been at Rome, studying music, had met with evil companions, had given himself up to drinking and gambling and fallen into shameful dissipation and crime. The face that was now the model for the face of Jesus, had once been the face of the face of Christ. Here is the story of a sinful life, and also how often has it been repeated? The soul that has lost by sin the innocence and beauty that God gives it, has in this story the reflection of its own existence. Every soul that is without sin is Christ-like; but the soul that is transfigured with sin, is as hideous as the soul of Judas was.—Southern Messenger.

### New York Chinese Missions.

Father Montaner, in charge of the mission for the Chinese of New York, has opened a new house for his work in the heart of Chinatown. This will be supported by the diocese. Twenty-two Chinese are at present under instruction. Several of the catechumens will soon be baptized. The lower floor of the house has been fitted up as a chapel the next floor will be used as a meeting room, and there will be rooms for sleeping accommodations for those preparing for the Sacraments. Some of those under instruction live at a distance from the mission, and it is to keep them under proper influence that this provision has been made. The missionary will live at the house, together with his catechist, a young native who came from Canton last year.

### ADVICE FROM A MOTHER TO ALL OTHER MOTHERS.

The young mother—the inexperienced mother—is always glad to get the advice of the more experienced in the care of her little one. Thousands of mothers have emphatically said that there is no medicine equal to Baby's Own Tablets for keeping little ones well, or restoring health if illness comes suddenly. The young mother can safely follow the lead of these others. Mrs. John Shortall, Georgetown, Ont., says: "I would not be a day without Baby's Own Tablets in the house. I believe they saved my youngest child's life. At the age of three months she cried all the time with indigestion. Our doctor did all he could for her, but did not seem to help her. Then I got Baby's Own Tablets and they worked a wonderful change. They seemed to tone the stomach, and she has ever since been a healthy child." Sold at 25 cents a box by all dealers or by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### Autumn.

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,  
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,  
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand  
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!  
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,  
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand  
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,  
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!  
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended  
So long beneath the heaven's overhanging eaves;  
Thy steps are by the farmers' prayers attended;  
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;  
And following thee, in thy ovation splendid,  
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves!  
—Longfellow.

## GANANOQUE MAN OUT OF TROUBLE.

Had Rheumatism, but Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it.

Hugh Abernethy on His Feet Again—Cure is Easy, Simple, Natural and Permanent.

Gananoque, Ont., Oct. 11.—(Special).—That Rheumatism can be cured surely, simply and permanently is the good news that Hugh Abernethy, a well-known resident of Kingstreet, is spreading among his neighbors.

"I had suffered from Rheumatism and stiffness of the joints," Mr. Abernethy states. "My muscles would cramp. I could not sleep, and I had terrible headaches. I took many different medicines but nothing did me any good till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. Six boxes put me on my feet again."

Others who have taken Mr. Abernethy's advice and used Dodd's Kidney Pills are also loud in their praises of the old reliable Canadian Kidney remedy. For Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism and other blood diseases by curing the kidneys. Sound Kidneys keep the blood free from impurities. And with no impurities, such as uric acid in the blood, you cannot have such painful and dangerous diseases as Pain in the Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, and Heart Disease.

Keep your Kidneys strong and well with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you can face the cold, wet days of fall without a fear of rheumatism.

### "Help Thou My Unbelief."

Lord, I believe, for oft my wondering eyes  
In life's strange scene have seen  
Heaven's good arise,  
Where evil rest and evil sore had been,  
And men forgetting Thee, had sunk in sin.  
Lord, I believe, for I have known  
Thee near  
When all my heart was filled with pain and fear,  
Thy very Presence, Mighty Lord, I know,  
Thou on Thy needy children dost bestow.  
Lord, I believe, not yet as fain I would;  
Dimly Thy dealings have I understood:  
Thy word and message yet to me have brought  
Only a shadow of Thy wondrous Thought.  
Fain would I follow on to know  
Thee, Lord,  
Fain learn the meaning of Thine every Word  
Truth would I know, the truth that dwells in Thee  
Setting the honest heart from doubting free,  
Lord, I believe, Oh fan this trembling spark,  
Lest all my hope be lost in endless dark,  
And where I yet believe not, lead Thou me,  
And help my unbelief, which seeks for Thee!  
—Elizabeth French.

Sport Near Wake Station, G. T. P.

In the vicinity of Wake Station, or the Lake Superior branch of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, good duck hunting is to be found. The lakes in the vicinity are also well stocked with muskies and mountain and salmon trout. Moose, caribou and red deer are plentiful and good sport is assured any one visiting that district. Guides may be secured by writing to V. Porter Hogan, Wake, Ont. Wake is 160 miles from Fort William.

### The One Loyal Church.

In a sermon at the opening recently of a new church in Belfast, Ireland, Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., paid eloquent tribute to the loyalty of the Catholic Church to the whole teaching of Christ. "Tell me," said the famous preacher, "what is the name of that Church which to-day teaches the whole Gospel of Christ, shrinking from none of its tenets, minimizing nothing of its provisions? There is one Church and one only which dares to be loyal and true to the whole moral teaching of Christ. The Catholic Church stands alone in repudiating divorce, in repudiating racial suicide, in repudiating any compromise in the matter of Christian education. Nay, not only will the Catholic Church have nothing to say to revising the Athanasian Creed, but she holds tenaciously to all the doctrine that it teaches and she shrinks from none of the responsibilities which her teaching necessarily involves. How splendidly loyal she is to the revelation entrusted to her to define and to teach."

A Safe Pill for Sufferers.—There are pills that violently purge and fill the stomach and intestines with pain. Paralee's Vegetable Pills are mild and effective. They are purely vegetable, no mineral purgative entering into their composition and their effect is soothing and beneficial. Try them and be convinced. Thousands can attest their great curative qualities because thousands owe their health and strength to timely use of this most excellent medicine.