

HIS HANDICAP

"Well, good-by, old boy!" said Tom Thorpe, gently. "I'll be around again to-morrow, if you care to have me."

The big young fellow in the hospital bed stared back for a moment into the eyes of the other big young fellow who stood looking down at him. Then he put out one hand—the left one—and evidently tried to say something in reply, which did not, however, become audible.

But his friend understood. He grasped the thin left hand with his own, said cheerily, "All right; there is nothing I'd rather do," and hurried away.

When he had closed the door of the men's surgical ward he gave his broad shoulders a shake, and shut his lips firmly together a moment. As he went down the corridor he was saying to himself, "Oh, that's tough—tough! I don't blame the poor fellow for going blue like that. I believe he'd get well faster if he could have a bit of hope put back into him."

As he reached the hospital entrance he met one of the surgeons coming in, and ventured to delay him a moment. "Would you mind telling me, Doctor Stuart," he asked, "if you think despondency has anything to do with keeping my friend Caldwell down?"

"Despondency has much to do with it," agreed the surgeon, promptly. "Cheer him up all you can. He's shown great courage and endurance all through this siege, but it's told on him. I suppose he thinks his ambitions are all thwarted, and that's enough to make him blue. Get him to believe there's something left for him to do in life."

"Yes, that's it," mused Tom Thorpe, as he went on his way. "I've got to do something for Kirke something positive, that will help him on his feet."

He thought about it all the way to the great manufactory where he held the post of electrical engineer. It was a fine position for a young man but two years out of a technical school. Kirke Caldwell had held an equally good position in a neighboring city. The two had been classmates, even rivals within the bounds of a sturdy friendship.

Three months before, Caldwell, superintending the installation of new electrical machinery, had seen one of his workmen accidentally short-circuit a powerful current with a pair of pliers, had pulled the man away somehow, but in wrenching his hand away from the pliers, had taken the deadly current himself. He had been so burnt that amputation of one hand and one foot had been necessary to save his life. The man to whose rescue he had sprung, died, and there had been weeks during which it seemed certain that Caldwell must follow.

That danger was past for him now; he had his life, but it was small wonder if the splendid courage he had shown through all that had failed him. Alone in the world and dependent upon his own resources for a living, he felt that there was little use in trying to get well.

But Tom Thorpe knew better; and after thinking about his friend's case all day, he went to his father to ask his co-operation in a plan he had formed.

Tom Thorpe and his father lived together in a little flat, which was as homelike as a place with no wife and mother in it can be.

"He's a magnificent fellow!" Tom declared to his father, walking the floor; his face full of eagerness. "If we could just have him here for a month, till he got enough strength, and then take him to see Westworth, I believe the thing would be done."

"I don't know myself what he could do with his handicap in electrical engineering, but I believe he could be his own salvation if he got his brain working at it. You don't know what is in that boy, father. He's twice as clever as I am, and he must be made to show it."

Mr. Thorpe smiled. He had his own opinion of his son's cleverness. He let Tom's modest estimate of himself pass, however, and agreed heartily that a month with themselves and a trip of a hundred and twenty miles to see a certain man in a university town might be the tonic Caldwell needed. Therefore Tom went to bed and to sleep with an easier mind.

"Kirke," said Tom Thorpe one morning, when Caldwell had been for three weeks a member of the Thorpe household, "I'm going on a little trip down to Remsen, and I've a mind to take you with me."

Caldwell, sitting in a big reclining chair by the window, looked around at Tom with an expression of languid surprise.

"There's no reason in the world why you shouldn't have an outing," pursued Tom, briskly. "We're only a few blocks from the station. I can wheel you over in your chair, put you into a Pullman, send the chair in the baggage car, and take you round Remsen as easily as if I were a cash carrier in a department store. We'll have a fine time out of it."

"It's good of you, Tom," said Caldwell, gratefully, "but—"

"You're going, that's all," said Tom, firmly. "I know you don't want to, but you're going just the same, and you're going now. The train leaves in forty-five minutes—just time for me to put on your best coat and your handsomest cravat, and get you over to the station without running down my baby carriages on the way. Here you are—and you will want your light overcoat; this April air's a little sharp."

ly as possible where he had left it off, and to mingle with men instead of trying to hide away from them.

The beginning of the journey was accomplished with the ease Tom had prophesied, thanks to some previous planning. At the station Caldwell was brought by the most direct and least conspicuous route to the steps of the train, where Tom, assisted by a cheerful colored porter, conveyed him swiftly on board the Pullman and established him, not in a private compartment—Tom had considered that idea and rejected it—but in a chair at the rear of the car, where he could observe everybody else and be himself unnoticed.

As the train left the station Tom was gratified to note that Kirke looked out of the window with more interest in his sombre eyes than had been there in weeks.

Remsen was not a long distance away, but the luncheon hour arrived in the middle of the journey, and Tom ordered a lavish meal. Kirke, beginning languidly, was soon eating broiled bluish and roast duck with his old-time zest. Tom, on the other side of the table, talked and joked, and brought to his friend's face a frequent smile.

At Remsen Caldwell found himself being wheeled rapidly away through the wide, elm-bordered streets of the old university town. Several generations of the Thorpes had been educated there, the succession being broken when Tom had insisted on going to a more famous centre of learning.

"Still, I sometimes wish I'd stayed by the family traditions," Tom declared, turning from the side street which had brought them from the station into the broad avenue which led toward the group of college buildings on the hill. "Whenever I come here I get a new respect for the place. There's a certain atmosphere in which one seems to breathe the very spirit of learning—the real thing. They've got some of the finest men here I ever knew—McIntosh, the mathematics instructor, and Bronson, in history, and Westworth, the crack-jack in chemistry. I want to see them all, and I hope we'll be in time to get into Westworth's chemistry lecture. You'll enjoy it, I know; there's nobody like him. He'd make a long-haired musician throw down his score and take to the Bunsen burner and the retort."

He was talking with a purpose—to keep Caldwell from refusing to go into the recitation-rooms, as he feared he might do. But Caldwell, although he was dreading to be taken before the eyes of men of his own sort, had reached the point of understanding that Tom had a definite purpose in all this, which he did not mean to be cowardly enough to defeat.

So he set a grip on himself—easy enough in the old days, harder than could be believed now—and acquiesced pleasantly when Tom wheeled him down a long corridor of the Science Hall, and pausing at a certain door, whispered somewhat nervously:

"You won't mind my taking you in? The door's at the back of the room, and Westworth won't see us, anyhow."

Caldwell's shaken spirit winced for an instant as he was drawn into the lecture-room, and a hundred pairs of eyes looked curiously round at the unusual noise of a wheel-chair bumping through the door-way. Tom was too much wrought up to steer straight.

But when the boys saw the pale face in the chair—a face which still showed both strength and charm—and took note of the feebleness of the tall figure resting in inert lines against the plainly needed support, they turned away again, and only a few fellows near the door gave attention to the newcomers. These made them welcome with friendly nods.

But after the first five minutes in the room Kirke Caldwell needed nobody to divert his thoughts from himself. Tom Thorpe, breathing a little hard from mingled exertion and anxiety, might lean back in his seat and let his friend alone. Kirke had at last forgotten everything in the world but what he now saw before him.

The lecturer's face, although tanned to a healthy color, was scarred with irregular, blanching furrows, and his eyes were hidden from sight behind black spectacles.

His body was strong, magnificently built, the movement of his hands, as he talked, illustrating his words with gestures, was vigorous and full of meaning, his voice was deep and rich; his inflections were full of vivacity and enthusiasm; but the man himself was disabled by the absolute loss of his sight.

As Caldwell, watching him, thought back for an instant to all the blind people he had ever known, it occurred to him that although they had had almost invariably been of kindly disposition, bearing their hard lot with patience and resignation, never once had he seen among them any one like this. And presently as in the interest of the lecture itself he forgot to speculate or to compare, he became conscious that something he thought he had lost forever was returning to him—for the moment, at least—the old, keen joy in a scientific argument and demonstration, presented by a master of his subject.

The lecture concluded amidst an outburst of enthusiastic applause, of the sort which means not only honest appreciation of the thing that has been done, but hearty love and admiration for the doer. The class poured hurriedly into the laboratory, where certain important tests were now to be made, supporting a new and singular theory which the lecturer had propounded.

"Come down and see it, won't you?" a student urged Thorpe and Caldwell. "If you've never seen him in the lab, you ought not to miss it."

"I have never seen a person whose heart was filled with real love for others that did not have a sunny disposition. For love is the sunshine of life, and if our hearts are filled with hope and good will for all mankind we can no more help shedding sunshine into other lives than the sun can help pouring sunshine on the earth.

But selfishness is a dismal swamp from which arises clouds of discontent that enfold us and shut the sunshine out of our own lives and prevent us from shedding sunshine into the lives of others.

Blessed be he who forgets himself and seeks the happiness of others, for verily his life shall be filled with sunshine and he will unconsciously and without effort scatter wherever he goes—Select

"How did he lose his sight?" Caldwell asked, eagerly, of the young fellow, who, with a hand on Kirke's chair, was accompanying them down the sloping aisle. Tom rejoiced with him in himself that it was all happening so naturally. If a stranger told the story it would not look to Caldwell so much as if Tom had meant to read a moral to him.

"Got hurt in a lab explosion," the boy said. "Freshman making carbon monoxide-sulphuric and oxalic acids in the generator, you know. Chump left out the safety bottle—had the burner too high—opened a window. Westworth came in and saw him with his head over the report—flame blowing one side in the wind—January wind. He jumped to disconnect, gave the fellow a shove one side just quick enough to save him, and got that awful explosion in his own face. Alkali, you see, drawn back into the acid by the generator cooling too quick in the 'zer' wind. No safety bottle between."

Caldwell nodded, his face full of intense interest. They were at the laboratory door. The student wrat on in a whisper:

"I saw it all. I don't like to remember how he suffered—with the pluck of a bull-dog all the time. Eyes blown full of glass as well as acid—face horribly burned. Never saw a ray of light again. Freshman wanted to die—to his credit. Westworth made a chum of him. We'll have to hurry. He never loses a minute's time himself, or lets any one else lose it for him. This way."

The next half hour passed for Caldwell in a haze of delight. He was less conscious of his pleasure—although that was very great—in the somewhat remarkable experiments which were made under Prof. Westworth's direction than in the recognition of the great and noble spirit of the man himself.

Alert in every sense but one, eager as a boy to prove what he had assisted, intimately interested in his class itself, with down to his individual members, when he showed perfect familiarity, calling upon one another to note various steps of the work in confirmation or refutation of their personal notions concerning it—he was the genius of the place, a dominating personality, which it was an inspiration to each mind within its influence to know.

"Glad you enjoyed it," said the young man who had brought them in. "We're so proud of him here we never lose a chance to have others appreciate him. He never lets up on himself. Takes his cold tubs and his dumbbells just the same, and tramps miles with one or another of us every day. We count it a treat to go, you know."

Tom Thorpe kept Caldwell until the class had nearly gone, and the professor was left with his assistants making ready to go to the next duty. Then he wheeled his friend up to the blind man and made a blunt introduction which came from his heart:

"Professor Westworth, this is my friend Kirke Caldwell, an electrical engineer who was in my class. He can't give you his right hand because he tried to save the life of one of his men last February, and lost a hand and foot, and—some other things. I want—"

The strong left hand of Maurice Westworth had found Kirke's long before Tom had struggled thus far. His face had lighted instantly at Tom's description with a peculiar tenderness of sympathy which as long as he lived Kirke never forgot.

"A handicap," he said, his fine lips smiling. "Ah, then, we shall see what you are really made of. Electrical engineering—and your brains are left you. Let the other men put on the rubber gloves; it's you who can solve their problems for them."

What a Bay of Sunshine Can Do

It was rather a gloomy room and a very gloomy day. There were many at work in the room and they all looked weary and despondent.

There was a break in the cloud and a ray of sunshine managed to find its way through the window and made a little lake of gold upon the floor and scattered a golden glow all around.

One of the workers began to whistle. He did not know just why he whistled a merry tune because he felt like it. The little spot of sunshine on the floor had been reflected on his heart. The faces of the workers brightened. They were no so weary as they had been. The little ray of sunshine had lifted the mist from their hearts. They worked at their tasks with more spirit.

Strange how much one little ray of sunshine can do. There is never a day that we do not have a chance, yes, many chances, to shed sunshine into shaded lives. It does not require much effort. It does not cost a cent. It does not take any sunshine away from those who shed it.

The sun cannot help shining. It sheds sunshine in all directions all the time because it has so much sunshine that it does it without trying. And the street way to shed sunshine is to have our own hearts so full of sunshine that we can't help it.

And now some one says: Yes, it is easy enough to shed sunshine if you are blessed with a sunny disposition.

To a very large extent we make our own disposition. We can drive the sunshine out of our hearts by thinking about ourselves and brooding over our own troubles and grievances.

You never saw a person who was all wrapped up in himself that had a sunny disposition. And you never saw a person whose heart was filled with real love for others that did not have a sunny disposition. For love is the sunshine of life, and if our hearts are filled with hope and good will for all mankind we can no more help shedding sunshine into other lives than the sun can help pouring sunshine on the earth.

The Will for the Deed.

(By Frances Lee Pratt.)

I feel as young as ever I did; I don't know but I do. I can step off as spry as what Lester can to-day, and hoe out my row with him—if I take a notion to.

And my sight, that hasn't failed me much, if any. Why I can see the tall pine tree on the top of Northfield mountain that my old grandsire used to try his eyes by as plain as you can. And there ain't anything the matter with my hearing lar's I know. Well, it pesters me some to understand folks when they talk down their throats as some of these young ones have 'got a notion of doing. Don't it you?"

This fashion of muzzling has come 'round since I was a boy. We 're used to be taught to speak up plain, and so's to be heard.

I won't say as I care to do the day's work as I did once, but that ain't necessary, for I am considerable forehanded, so why should I be bored down to it now?

I've got a good home here with Lester, as good as anybody need to want, and I can have things pretty much as I want 'em now; with no bother of keeping up the fences, and getting the cattle out of the corn.

I like to putter 'round in the garden, and chore about the barn a little, for there ain't a lazy bone in my body, and never was, and I'd rather than not; it is good exercise. But I've put in a power of hard work in my day; I calculate I've done pretty near my part and it is time I lay off a little and let the younger ones take the felt of the burden. Lester and Martha say the same.

All I've got will be Lester's when I'm through with it, and he knows it. His wife knows it too, otherwise I doubt if she would make me altogether welcome, for she is a good deal of a driver and likes to look out for number one.

I made my will when Lester first got married and took the farm to work, and I did surmise I'd let matters rest there. A body kind o' likes to feel that he owns his own things to the end. But Lester and Martha, they kept deceing and nagging me to give them a deed of the old place right out, clean and clear.

I held off for a spell, but they said so much that at last I gave in for the sake of peace. Lester said I shouldn't never know any difference; but it would be the old place, the old things and the old home, just the same; but if he had the property made over to him there wouldn't be no chance for any trouble or wrangle after I was gone.

They were sartainly in the rights 'out about the trouble that property makes for them who come after. You might suppose, Lester being my only and sole heir, that there it would be all right under his own hat.

But look at the old Stewart estate. I don't 'spose far-off cousins have stopped being born yet, and coming in to make work for the lawyers. I mean the Stewart that kept the big store down at York, ye know.

Finally it got so's that we couldn't hardly get through a meal of vittels but what something or another would come up to the same subject, then Martha would sigh and speak about the work and the expense that Lester was putting onto the old farm. And she would sigh again and hope he would get the worth 'n't back sometime. I hadn't never supposed before as how the land was so run down and used up as what she made out to be the case.

And then, after a spell, they began to talk about strating out west and taking up a government claim somewheres.

"Give me a place I can call my own and I'll work my fingers off and not say a word; it isn't she work I'm afraid of," says she. And then Lester would speak up and say he sposed a man might get more off them 'ere western lands in one year than he could make in ten, if ever, here in Inchohro.

At last he stopped hinting and surmising and took a different tack. And so did she. They took to pitying me. "You can't give up the care while you hold on to the property, and have to think about the taxes and the getting rid of the produce," says they, "and it is wearing on you terribly. The home is going to be yours just the same. You won't never know any difference, everything will be right here same as ever."

says they. "But you'll be tased of the care which is too much at your time of life. You are ageing too fast with so much to think of."

"Why," says Lester, "Eben Dutcher was remarking only yesterday that he never see a man change in a year as what my father had. And he asked me if you was well and wasn't you doing too much for a man of your years. It made me feel real bad, as though he thought I wasn't looking out for you as I ought to."

And then Martha, she sighed and said, "The neighbors hadn't ought to blame you, Lester; it ain't your fault."

At last just to stop their talking and please 'em I turned 'fool and consented up to the deed of the farm, west-lot and all, made out to Lester, me taking not even a life-lease back. Then for quite a while things went on very smiling. It was "Father wants this," and "Father must have that"; and I had almost too much sweetening in my tea. But that did not last. The extra attentions wore off and it got so that most anything would do for the old man.

DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTMENTS	FEAST
1	W.	v.	Of the FERIA.
2	T.	v.	S. Simplicius, Pope.
3	F.	v.	Of the FERIA.
4	S.	r.	S. Lucius, Pope.
			Quinquagesima Sunday
5	Su.	v.	Quinquagesima Sunday.
6	M.	v.	Of the FERIA.
7	T.	w.	S. Thomas Aquinas.
8	W.	v.	Ash Wednesday.
9	T.	w.	Crown of Thorns of Our Lord.
10	F.	r.	Of the FERIA.
11	S.	v.	Of the FERIA.
			First Sunday of Lent
12	Su.	v.	First Sunday of Lent.
13	M.	v.	S. Gregory the Great.
14	T.	v.	Of the FERIA.
15	W.	w.	Ember Day. S. Zachary, Pope.
16	T.	v.	Of the FERIA.
17	F.	w.	Ember Day. S. Patrick.
18	S.	w.	Ember Day. S. Gabriel, Archangel.
			Second Sunday of Lent
19	Su.	w.	S. Joseph.
20	M.	w.	S. Cyril of Jerusalem.
21	T.	w.	B. Benedict.
22	W.	w.	S. Catherine of Genoa.
23	T.	r.	Lance and Nails of Our Lord.
24	F.	r.	Most Holy Shroud of Our Lord.
25	S.	w.	Annunciation of B. V. Mary.
			Third Sunday of Lent
26	Su.	v.	Third Sunday of Lent.
27	M.	w.	S. John Damascene.
28	T.	w.	S. Sixtus III., Pope.
29	W.	w.	S. John Capistran.
30	T.	v.	Of the FERIA.
31	F.	r.	Five Wounds of Jesus.

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A Priest Novelist
America has three famous Jesuit novelists and one of them lives in Chicago. Everybody knows Father Finn and many know Father Henry S. Spalding, but Father J. E. Copus, S.J., is the coming great Catholic novelist of the century. No first book ever made such a hit as did his "Harry Russell." It was something new, full of incident, full of purpose, full of deft characterization. The book came as a surprise, followed the next year by "Saint Outbursts." This too was judged phenomenally graphic. You seem to hear his people talking, you hear their laughing. Deftly unpretentiously he takes us out loitering amid green fields and woods along picturesque watercourses and shows picturesque knows nature and his secret haunts. In his sequel to "St. Outbursts," "Shadows Lifted," just published, he is singularly happy in this respect. The book is a distinct advance compared with its predecessors. Young people will read it because of the story and character drawings, but older folks will find in its pages much of their lost youth and many heart touches that are irresistible.

January number of the Rosary by Charles O'Malley. "Shadows Lifted," a sequel to "Saint Outbursts," by Rev. J. S. Copus, S.J. (Cuthbert), New York. Benziger Bros., 1904, 800 p. 22c. 85c. Father Copus is well known in Stratford and especially in Kinkora, where he was a member of Father O'Neil's congregation, and was well acquainted with the elder generations of the Hairsnips, Kellys, Kennedys and others of that neighborhood. Father Copus said his first high mass and preached in St. Joseph's, this city, on the Sunday immediately after his ordination by James Cardinal Gibbons at Woodstock, Maryland, on June 27, 1899.

Father Copus is Professor of English in St. Ignatius College, Chicago, and is much engaged in mission work in the city and state, besides all his literary engagements.

A Fable for the Times
A Millionaire one morning bought a paper from the newsboy who frequented the corner where the rich man's office stood, but found he had no small change in his pocket to pay for his purchase.

"Never mind, sir," said the boy at once, touching his hat (which was proper) as he spoke, "I'll trust you, sir."

A day or so later the millionaire again saw the boy, and called him. "Here," said he, "I bought a paper from you the other day when I had no change. I owe you a penny."

"Oh, that's all right," came the reply from one who knew something of Wall Street, "keep it for your honesty."

Gratitude has a faithful memory and a fluent tongue.

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When drugs and doctors fail to ease you, write to me and I will send you free a trial package of a simple remedy which cures me and thousands of others, saving them over \$7000 yearly in expenses. This is no humbug or deception, but an honest remedy, which enabled many a person to shake their rheumatism. JOHN E. SMITH, 219 North 34th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

