

'I thought you didn't like me because I'm Irish,' said Arnold, shamefacedly; 'then I got mad and said things, Father.'

'I don't know what they were just now,' said the prefect, smiling. 'I knew you were just "mad," as you say, but what put that in your head about not liking you because you are Irish?'

'Just meanness, I guess, Father.'

It was an unexpected answer, and the priests exchanged looks.

'Well, don't think it again. Now we are square. I'm afraid, though, I'll have to send you to Father Aloysius for a penance,' he added with twinkling eyes.

'Oh, yes, Father, I'll do anything. Shall I come up to your room after supper?'

The supper bell rang just then and he scampered off—but came back for a moment to say shyly:

'Thank you both for not telling my mother first.'

He ran off to join his companions, carrying in his heart the kind fatherly smile of both priests, as warm as the glow of the sunset behind them.—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

KEEPING AT IT.

There is a very old but very good story about a boy who was engaged one winter day in putting a ton of coal into a cellar. His only implement was a small fire shovel. Noticing this, a benevolent old gentleman expressed his surprise and commiseration. 'My son,' said the old gentleman, 'you surely do not expect to put in all that coal with that little shovel?'

'Oh, yes, I do,' replied the boy cheerfully; 'all I have to do is to keep at it.'

There is a lesson in this story for young and old, and it is exemplified in the lives of the great men of the world. It is a mistake to suppose that the best work of all the world is done by people of great strength and many opportunities. 'Keeping at it' is the secret of success.

Never be in too great haste. Too many boys spoil a life-time by not having patience. They work at a trade until they see about one-half of its mysteries, then strike for higher wages. Such men are botches and slouches.

When learning a trade, my boy, don't move like a rusty watch. Act as if your interest and the interest of your employer were the same. Employers will not willingly lose good employees. Be honest and faithful. There is the secret of success, my boy, and that is the thing lacking with too many.

WHAT JIMMY HEARD.

'Queen Mary,' said the teacher to the class in history lesson, 'loved France so much that she declared the word Calais would be found written on her heart after she was dead.'

Pausing a moment, the teacher looked at a boy steadily.

'Jimmy Smith,' she said, 'you were not listening.'

'Oh, yes, I was,' Jimmy replied.

'Well, what did Queen Mary say would be written across her heart?'

'Kelly,' was Jimmy's triumphant reply.

NOT HIS OWN.

It was a very fashionable concert, and the artists very well known ones, but the two young things were too busy with picking out their peculiarities to hear the music.

In the midst of a beautiful selection the pianist suddenly lifted his hands from the keys, and one of the young things was heard to say clearly:

'I wonder if that hair is his own?'

The old man who sat beside her was slightly deaf, but he turned with a benevolent smile.

'No, miss,' he imparted pleasantly, 'that is Schubert's.'

FISH AS A BRAIN FOOD.

A young woman from the west was making a visit to an old seaport town. One morning while walking with her host she said:

'What is the diet of all these people?'

'Fish, mostly,' responded the man.

'Why,' spoke the westerner, 'I thought fish was a brain food. These are really the most unintelligent-looking people I ever saw.'

'Well,' replied the host, 'just think what they would look like if they hadn't eat fish.'

A PROBLEM.

When Grover Cleveland's little girl was quite young her father once telephoned to the White House from Chicago and asked Mrs. Cleveland to bring the child to the phone. Lifting the little one up to the instrument, Mrs. Cleveland watched her expression change from bewilderment to wonder, then to fear. It was surely her father's voice—yet she looked at the telephone incredulously. After examining the tiny opening in the receiver the little girl burst into tears. 'O mamma!' she sobbed, 'how can we ever get papa out of that little hole?'

THE DIFFERENCE.

A house-hunter, who had just got off the train, stepped up to a boy hanging around the station, with this salutation:

'My lad, I am looking for Mr. Smithson's new block of semi-detached houses. How far are they from here?'

'About twenty minutes' walk,' replied the boy.

'Twenty minutes!' exclaimed the house-hunter.

'Nonsense! the advertisement says five.'

'Well,' said the boy, 'you can believe me or you can believe the advertisement, only I ain't tryin' to make a sale.'

COULDN'T REMEMBER IT ALL.

Little Robert, says an exchange, rushed into the kitchen one day and asked his mother what kind of pie she was making.

'Lemon meringue pie,' she answered.

The little fellow disappeared, but presently returned. 'Mamma,' he asked, 'what did you say is the pie's middle name?'

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

The pupils were being examined on the subject of personal hygiene.

A boy was asked, 'What have you to do in order to keep your teeth sound and white?'

'Clean them,' was the prompt reply.

'When ought you to clean them?'

'Morning, noon, and night.'

'What are they to be cleaned with?'

'With a toothbrush.'

'Very good; have you a toothbrush?'

'No, sir.'

'Has your father a toothbrush?'

'No, sir.'

'Has your mother a toothbrush?'

'No, sir.'

'But how do you know about the use of tooth-brushes?'

'We sell them, sir.'

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