

TALKS TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

WATCHING THE TONGUE.

Keep a watch on your words, my children,

For words are wonderful things; They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey—

Like bees they have terrible stings. They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine,

And brighten the lonely life; They can cut in the strife of anger— Yes, like a two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged,

If their errand be true and kind, If they come to support the weary,

To comfort and help the blind; If a bitter, revengeful spirit

Prompt the words, let them be un-

said;

They may flash through the brain like lightning,

Or fall on the heart like lead.

Keep them back, if they're cold and cruel,

Under bar, and lock and seal; The wounds that they make, my children,

Are always slow to heal.

May Christ guard your lips, and ever,

From the time of your early youth,

May the words that you daily utter Be the words of the beautiful truth.

Mother's Apron Strings.

"I promised my mother I would be home at six o'clock."

"But what harm will an hour do?"

"It will make my mother worry, and I shall break my word."

"Before I'd be tied on a woman's apron strings—"

"My mother doesn't wear apron strings," said the first speaker, with a laugh,

"except in the kitchen sometimes, and I don't know that I ever noticed any strings."

"You know what I mean. Won't you stay and see the game finished?"

"I could stay, but I will not. I made a promise to my mother, and I am going to keep it."

"Good boy!" said a hoarse voice just back of the two boys.

They turned to see an old man poorly clad and very feeble. He said:

"Boys, cut the acquaintance of every person who talks slightly of your mother's apron strings. It was just such talk that brought me to ruin and disgrace. I was ashamed not to do as other boys did, and when they made fun of mother I laughed, too."

There came a time when it was too late—there were tears in the old man's eyes—and I would gladly have been made a prisoner, tied by these same apron strings, in a dark room, with bread and water for my fare. Always keep your engagements with your mother."

It is an excellent sign that both boys listened attentively, and said:

"Thank you" at the conclusion of the stranger's lecture, and they left the ball-grounds together, silent and thoughtful. At last the apron-string critic remarked, with a deep drawn sigh:

"That old man has made me goose-flesh all over."

"Oh, Dick," said his companion, "just think what lovely mothers we have both got!"

"Yes, and if anything were to happen to them, and we hadn't done right!"

"You'll never hear apron strings out of my mouth again.—Harper's Young People.

Just a Slight Difference

A little girl who had been for a piano lesson, told her mother on her return that her teacher was not at all nice to her.

"Why, what did he do?" said the mother.

"He asked me right in the middle of my lesson how many turnips there were in a bushel?"

When the child went for her next lesson, she was accompanied by her mother, who said to the teacher:

"Why did you ask Nellie how many turnips there were in a bushel?"

"I never asked her such a question," replied the surprised teacher. But, he added, after a moment's reflection, "I did ask her how many beats there were in a measure."

Boys Easy Politeness.

"Politeness is rather a difficult thing, especially when you are making a start," says a boy, quoted by London Tit Bits. "Many people haven't got it. I don't know why, unless it is the start. It is not polite to fight little boys except they throw stones at you. Then you can run after them and when you've caught them, just do a little bit at them, that's all. Remember that all little boys are simpletons, or they wouldn't do it."

"It is not the thing to make fun of a little chap because he is poorer than you. Let him alone if you don't want to play with him, for he is as good as you except the clothes. When

you are in school, and a boy throws a bit of bread or anything at you over the desks, it is not polite to put your tongue out at him, or to twiddle your fingers in front of your nose. Just wait till after school, and then warn him what you will do next time; or, if you find you are bound to hit him, be pretty easy with him.

"Some boys are very rude over their meals. Don't keep on eating after you are tightening and you will be far more happier. Never eat quickly, or you might get bones in your throat. My father knows a boy who got killed over his Sunday dinner. The greedy boy was picking a rabbit's head in a hurry and swallowed a jaw of it; and my father says he was choked to death there and then. Be very polite over your meals, especially when it's rabbits. Since my father told me that I have always felt rather queer over a rabbit dinner.

"It is not polite to leave victuals on your plate, especially anything you don't like. If you don't like turnips it is better to eat well into your turnips first, while you are hungry, and you will eat the meat and potatoes easy enough after.

"Boys should always be polite to girls, however vexing they may be. Girls are not so strong as boys, their hair is long and their faces prettier; so you should be gentle with them. If a girl scratches you on the cheek, or spits in your face, don't punch her, don't tell her mother. That would be mean.

Dolly's Trouble.

"Oh, dear, I have dreadful trouble!" sighed Dolly Sweet. "It seems as if I couldn't bear it. Nobody knows how I feel."

"What great wave of sorrow has rolled over you now, Puss?" asked brother Ben, looking up from his Latin.

"You'd think it was trouble, I guess!" sobbed Dolly.

"Tell me all about it," said Ben.

"Who knows but I can find a way out of it?"

"There isn't any way out of it," said the girl. "You see, mamma has got the idea that I am careless. 'Isn't so; I'm just as careful, but some way my things get out of sight. Last week one of my rubber overshoes got lost, and then I couldn't find one of my new red mittens, and my handkerchiefs are always losing; and so mamma said if I lost anything more I should have to earn the money and pay for it. She said 'would teach me to be careful.'"

"Your mother is wiser; it's a good plan," laughed Ben. "But I would not cry yet."

"You don't know the worst," said Dolly. "This morning I borrowed mamma's pearl-handled penknife, and to-night I put it in my pocket just as careful, and 'tisn't there, and mamma says I'll have to pay a dollar."

"Did she know you borrowed it?" asked Ben.

Dolly hung her head.

"I asked her if I could take it to sharpen my pencil," she said very low; "but maybe she didn't know I wanted to take it to school."

"I should think not," said Ben. "But how will you earn the money? I've got a little I could lend you."

"Mamma says I've got to earn it," said Dolly. "She'll pay three cents every time I wipe the supper dishes, and four cents if I go without dessert for dinner. How long will it take to earn a dollar?"

"Just about two weeks," answered Ben. "if you don't miss any days."

There were signs of another tear shower, which the kind brother hastened to avert.

"I don't see as I can wipe your dishes, or divide my pudding with you," he said, "for in that case I suppose you couldn't earn the money, but I'll do this; whenever you wipe the dishes clean and bright, without any tears or frowns, I'll give you a ride down the long hill on my 'traverse.' Will that help you now, Puss?"

"Oh, goody!" cried Dolly, the tears giving place to smiles.

"And I'll give you the first one now," said Ben. "Put on your wraps, and we'll have a jolly slide."

When Dolly came back her face was so bright you would not suppose she had ever any trouble.

For two long weeks she wiped the supper dishes, and went without dessert for dinner. It was hard and they all pined her, but there came a day at last when Dolly stood before her mother, with a bright face.

"There, mamma, I've earned the dollar to pay for the knife," she said, "and I'm so glad."

"I am glad, too," said mamma.

"And I think, little daughter, that you are improving. You haven't lost anything for a week—have you?"

"No," said the little girl, "only a lead pencil; but I mended a button off my cloak. Will you please sew it on? I put it in my pocket."

"I don't find it," said mamma, looking in all the pockets.

"I surely put it there," said Dolly.

"You said you put the knife in your pocket, but—why, here's a hole!"

Mrs. Sweet ripped a larger hole, and put her hand between outside and lining, and took out two pencils, three chocolate-creams, the missing button and lost knife.

"Oh! oh!" cried Dolly. "I did put it there, mamma, and now I've paid for it besides."

"Well, dear," said mamma, "here is a little note book I will give you, and you shall write it down whenever you lose anything, and, also, what you earn, by extra work, or self-denial, and we will balance accounts once a month. You will have a dollar on the credit side to begin with."

"How nice!" cried Dolly. "And will you pay me all the money that's left over?"

"Certainly I will," said mamma.

Dolly clapped her hands. "I'll have lots of money for next Christmas!" she said. "You just wait and see."—Youth's Companion.

Now, girls, as this is to be a little confidential talk among ourselves I believe in a proper regard for looks, and in placing the right estimate upon them, says a writer in the Messenger. Handsome is that handsome does, of course. But nevertheless, there is a perfectly legitimate way of caring for one's appearance, and there is no especial virtue in going about in a careless, heedless fashion which offends the eyes and tastes of others.

By right of youth every girl has a certain beauty all her own. The years as they come bring gifts in their hands to young people in the teens and the twenties. But to keep those gifts you must take pains to preserve intact that inheritance of health which is your capital stock for life. Sometimes we are foolishly wasteful of this capital in youth, and we lose it, or impair it, or use up its reserves, and the train of headache, neuralgia, and other baleful ills which follow in the wake of our mistakes, is the penalty of our sinful improvidence. I will illustrate my meaning by an incident which came to my knowledge this week:—

"What is the matter," I asked, "with Constance? She looks so fagged and worn-out; there are hollows in her cheeks and great shadows under her eyes, and she seems either to be on the verge of an illness, or else she has been ill and is not getting well fast enough."

"Constance," said the friend of whom I enquired, "is burning her candle at both ends. She works hard in her office all day. Then, in the evening she is tired, so she goes to her room, throws herself down, and sleeps till ten o'clock, and then gets up and writes at her desk, for an hour. I suppose you have done the same thing, haven't you?"

"Never in my whole life!" I answered indignantly. "I have always taken the day for labor and the night for rest. And Constance will kill herself if this goes on. It will simply have to be stopped!"

A little thought will convince any young girl that she must sleep in the blessed darkness of the night. You want long, quiet sleep by night, hours of it.

Besides sleep in the interests of health and good looks, you also need bathing. A daily morning bath, either tepid or cold, as you prefer, tones your nerves, and gives you a splendid start for a day. Never think you have not time for this. It does not require much time, and it pays in the glow it leaves in the skin, and the dancing vitality in the blood.

Be very tidy in matters of dress. A girl reveals her character in the way she dresses, and loose or missing buttons on her shoes, rough and neglected hair, teeth which show signs of unwholesome decay, soiled and ripped gloves, and dress which is tawdry and pretentious, are indices which observant people read to the girl's detriment. Be tidy. A girl should be trim, neat, compact, and if in business dressed for service. Don't go trailing dusty and muddy streets in long dresses, which are appropriate for the drawing room, but out of place in a shop or office. Don't even let your dresses touch the street by as much as the rim of their outer-most hem.

In the interest of good looks and of health I want to counsel you against a subtle temptation, which walks into your house in the guise of an angel of light, and is a veritable demoniac agent before you are done with it, if once you fall into its clutches. Do not tamper with drugs. Take no medicine unless a physician tells you to do so, and writes the formula for you over his signature.

A writer in the Daily Picayune thus aptly describes one of a class of young men that are to be found in every large city.

Smith is one of the best fellows in the world, but he has one fault. He

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The Arrival of Spring Goods

Everything about the Big Store tells plainly of approaching Spring. There's a general clearing away of all winter goods to give greater opportunities for SPRING DISPLAYS. There are strong indications that the beginning of the flood-tide in Spring Goods is close at hand, and for months we've been planning, thinking and getting ready for these SPRING BEAUTIES. This vast organization is an aggregation of efforts in the art of getting together Spring things for Spring sunshine. The following contribute:—

- New Spring Jackets.
- New Spring Costumes.
- New Spring Skirts.
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- New Spring Dress Goods.
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- New Spring Hosiery.
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Spring tints grow brighter throughout the store and tales of beauty are told in the New Goods, of which price hints follow:

New Spring Capes.

The showing of Spring Capes is more liberal than on any previous occasion and values are pre-eminently attractive.

Ladies' New Spring Capes, in lawn and drab Amazon cloth, lined, trimmed ribbon and rows of stitching, \$4.80.

Ladies' New Spring Capes, in fawn, drab and black box cloth, lined throughout with colored satin, finished rows of stitching. Special price, \$3.75.

Ladies' Spring Box Cloth Capes, in fawn and drab, silk lined and trimmed inlaid satin and fancy stitching, Special, \$12.00.

Another Silk Event.

There will be some excitement over the arrival of another lot of those pretty silks which have caused such silk selling here for the past two weeks.

Ladies will buy liberally of these silks as they are admirably adapted for Shirt Waists, etc., and the price is so low that it pays to buy now for use in summer. Of course you know these silks were sold at 55c a yard. The Big Store's price, 39c.

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belongs to that unfortunate class of people who are always a little too late for everything. He is forever getting left by trains; he always arrives at the restaurants just after his favorite dish has given out. When he goes to church he can count on hitting the contribution box and missing a sermon, and at the theatre people glare savagely at him when he comes in during the middle of the first act and breaks up the scene. He might have made a fortune in business except for his habit of always being too late. Fortune knocked at his door, but by the time he made up his mind to let her in she had whisked around the corner with some other fellow. As it is, he has always bought property in boom towns just as the balloon was about to collapse, and gotten into speculations in time to be left with the bag to hold. In affairs of heart he has had no better luck. Several times he has been deeply in love, in his deliberate way, but by the time he could prosecute a leisurely courtship to a successful finish the girl had gotten to be an old maid and he didn't want her, or else she had gotten tired and married somebody else. Of late Smith has had an experience that he thinks puts the crowning touch on his misfortunes. He had been desperately enamored with a charming young girl visiting the city, and has been most assiduous in his attentions. Unfortunately, he has had a rival in young Brown, who is a hustler and doesn't believe in letting the grass grow under his feet; but so far as any body could see, matters have appeared to be pretty even between them for the young woman's favor. If Brown sent her roses before breakfast, in the mornings, when Smith's arrived later in the day they were much finer. If Brown's attentions were the more discriminating and flattering, and so they seemed quits at every turn. Man learns from experience, however, and mindful of the good things he had missed by being too late, Smith decided the other night that he would no longer delay, but would ask the important

question at once, so at the earliest possible moment he hid himself up to the house where she was visiting. Never had she looked so beautiful, but while he was trying to screw his courage up to the sticking point and separate her from the other people in the room, a servant came with a message that some one wished to speak with her over the telephone. In a few minutes she returned with a rosy glow upon her cheeks, with a new radiance in her eyes, and her lips curved into a smile so sweet and tender it looked as if love itself might have kissed it there. It was the final spur that overcame Smith's lifelong habit of putting off things. He piloted her to a secluded corner behind some palms in the hall, and there with an eloquence and sentiment that surprised himself, poured out the story of his devotion. The girl listened with a gentle compassion for a moment, and then she interrupted him: "Oh, Mr. Smith," she said "I'm so sorry, but you are too late. I have just accepted Mr. Brown by telephone."

WEBSTER BEATEN.

"The Review," of St. Louis, Mo., quotes and comments thus:—

"The Quarterly Journal of Economics," of Harvard University, on page 386, prints the following:—

"But what does all this signify? If we are getting restless under the taxonomy of a monocotyledonous wage doctrine and a cryptogamic theory of interest, with involute loculicidal, tomentous and moniliform variants, what is the cytoplasm, centrosome or kariokinetic process to which we may turn?" Webster is 'not in it.'"

What Some Women Earn.

(From the Chicago Record.)

Baroness Cederstrom, as plain Mme. Patti, has made as much as \$70,000 in a single year; though at present it is said she does not trouble to make more than £10,000. Melba earns £30,000.

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Inquietude proceeds from an inordinate desire to be delivered from the evil we feel, or to acquire the good we hope for; and yet there is nothing which more increases the evil, and which removes the good further off, than inquietude and eagerness. Birds remain prisoners in the net because when they find themselves caught they flutter, and beat about to get loose again; and by that means entangle themselves the more.