

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



The Traunts.

Four funny finny fishes
Disobeyed their mother's wishes
When she went to get for them
some needed food.
"Stay just here, my sons and daughters;
Go not into other waters.
You must promise me, my children
to be good."

Woe, wayward, wicked Willie,
Who was very weak and silly,
That very morning ran away from
school.

For he wanted to go fishing,
And he couldn't keep from wishing
To be down beside the shady fishing
pool.

But four fishes in the river
Made him shake and made him shiver.

For they gazed at him with great,
reproachful eyes,
His desire to fish they banished,
While his rod and tackle vanished
As he shrieked aloud with terror
and surprise.

This so dismayed the others,
Who had disobeyed their mothers'
Strict commandment, that they
turned their tails and fled,
And they vowed as they were fleeing
To escape this awful being.

That hereafter they would do as
mother said.

Manly Tom.

"I'd like some work, sir; I am
willing to do anything. All I want
is a chance."

This is what Tom said in store
after store, in office after office, as
with tired feet he went up and
down the busy streets. And every-
where there met him the same an-
swer, sometimes gruff, at times only
brusque, in a few cases pleasant,
but still the same answer, till it seemed
to the poor boy that there was
neither place nor encouragement for
him anywhere.

Tom was eighteen, he had sailed
the lakes for a season, but the big
ore carrier that had been his home
lay at her winter quarters in the
river. Ice and storm had driven
the vessels from the lakes, so Tom
was looking for other work and
meeting only refusals.

But he did not give up; having
set out with an object, he clung to
it. At last he wandered into a
men's furnishing store and made the
request that he had made in vain
so many times before.

"No, we haven't anything a boy
can do," was the answer.

But the tone was kind and gave
Tom courage to urge, "Let me have
a chance. I don't care how hard it
is."

Something in Tom's face inspired
the merchant's confidence. "I can
give you a trial for a day or two
as porter. But it's no easy work, I
warn you."

"I shan't mind that," was Tom's
cheery answer. His heart had
grown suddenly light—he had found
what he had been seeking! True,
the work was of the most humble
sort; he had to wash the windows,
sweep the floors, wrestle with big
boxes of goods as they came in, and
do many things that much older and
stronger men are usually called upon
for. But Tom worked cheerfully—
more than that, he did his best; his
windows shone, his floors were clean
and what he had to do was done
neatly, promptly, as one who was
giving his mind to his work.

"You may have the place, Tom,"
said his employer at the end of the
second day, for already he was im-
pressed with the boy's desire to do
well.

Now, Tom was willing to do the
duties of a porter; he did not grum-
ble or complain that the work was
beneath him; at the same time he
did not intend to always stay por-
ter, and very soon he began to
attend night school, and also to im-
prove himself in every other way. In
the meantime he had made many
friends in the store, and shortly was
advanced to the position of sales-
man, but still kept up his continu-
ance at night school. Honorable,
truthful, and obliging, he quickly be-
came one of the most faithful and
trusted employes in the store, and
increased his circle of friends among
its customers. Nor did material
things absorb all his thoughts or time.
He was not ashamed to have the
world know that the Christian life
was his highest ideal. In the church
he made more friends, and while
striving to be the best salesman pos-
sible, he had an ambition to be
something more, so after a few years
he began attending law school.

But while doing this Tom kept on
selling shirts and neckties, collars
and cuffs, till his law studies ab-
sorbed so much of his time that he
left the store, only helping out Sat-
urday nights. For eight years and
five months he had worked for the
firm. It was hardly necessary to
say that Tom graduated from the

law school with high honors—there,
as in the store, he had done his
best. Then the citizens of his ward
were to elect a member of the city
council, and they said: "There is
Tom, he is straight, he will do his
best to serve us," so they elected
Tom. When the Council came to-
gether to choose a presiding officer,
they in turn said, "There is Tom,"
and they elected him to the highest
office in their gift. Step by step
Tom had advanced, through toil and
perseverance, striving for something
better, but doing his best in the
work at hand, as porter, salesman,
night scholar, law student, lawyer,
councilman, and president of the
council, all in ten years from the
time he walked the city's streets
seeking work.

A Word of Warning.

"If you take alcohol habitually,
in any quantity whatever, I am bound
to believe:

"1. That you are threatening the
physical structures of your stomach,
liver, kidneys, heart, blood vessels,
nerves, brain.

"2. That you are decreasing your
capacity for work, physical, intellec-
tual or artistic.

"3. That you are lowering the
grade of your mind, dulling your
esthetic sense, and taking the finer
edge off your morals.

"4. That you are lessening your
chances of health and longevity.

"5. That you may be entailing up-
on your descendants yet unborn a
bond of incalculable misery."—Henry
Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.

Where Does the Night Go.

"Where does the night go?" asked
the baby.

"Where does the night go when it's
day?"

And the merry brown eyes are deep
with wonder.

And the mischievous hands have for-
gotten their play.

Where does the night go? little
dream rover,

Where does the night go when it's
day?

Over the roofs and the fields and the
river,

Over the hilltops and far away.

The night and the stars they went
together;

And the baby's dreams, they, too,
are done;

And they'll not come back till my
little dream rover

Is snug in her nest with the cur-
tains drawn.

—Buffalo Times.

Sunshine Land.

"If only there were Wish Fairies!"
sighed Millie, as she sat curled up
on the nursery window seat one after-
noon. It had been dull and rainy all
day, so Millie had been reading
fairy tales; and the story of the
"Three Wishes" had been the last to
be read.

It was growing dusk, and the
lamp-light was going his rounds,
and one by one the lamps shone
out like glow-worms in the gather-
ing darkness of the square. Millie
yawned and stretched herself.

"I am so tired of the rain and
being indoors all day," she said. "If
only a Wish Fairy would come along
I'd wish to be in Good Temper Land,
in which I am sure is Sunshine Land,
I'm sure it never, never rains there."

"Would you?" said a wee voice at
her elbow, so suddenly that it al-
most made Millie jump off her seat
in her fright. "Well, perhaps there
are Wish Fairies for all you know,"
and a funny little chuckle accom-
panied the words. Millie was very
much astonished.

"Who—who—are you?" she gasped,
at the sight of the quaint little
figure before her.

"Why, I am the very person you
were wanting a little while ago,"
said the little old dame, still smil-
ing. "I'm a Wish Fairy. Now what
do you want? I'll grant you three
wishes; but remember, after the sec-
ond you must wish yourself home
again; otherwise you will have to
stay where you are forever and ever
and over. Now for the first wish.
Quick!"

Millie was rather hurried. It is
so hard to think of anything you
want, no matter how well you may
know it, when you are hurried, and
for a minute the little girl had
quite forgotten what she had wished
for a little while ago.

"Come, hurry up," said the fairy,
for she was not used to waiting.

"P-p-lease, I'd like to be in Tem-
per Land!" gasped Millie, at last,
quite forgetting in her hurry to say
Good Temper Land.

"Your wish is easily granted,"
said the little old dame, as she gave
her wand a slow toss through the
air.

There before Millie's eyes was a
place so dark she could scarcely see
where she was, and all around were
horrid, mean-looking little girls and
boys.

"Look, look at that little girl,"
cried a very cross-looking boy as he
pointed his finger at Millie. "What
a horrid face she has. She thinks
she is so nice, but she is not a bit."
All the bad-tempered children came
running toward her, each trying to
make her feel bad.

"Let's make her cry," said one.
"Yes, let's pinch her arm," said an-
other.

"She ought to be put out," said a
third, "if she is not to be one of
us."

Suited the action to the words,
one hit her on the head, another
pinched her arm, while the other
tried to drag her out by her foot.

Others followed their example, try-
ing to make Millie have a bad tem-
per. She tried hard not to cry, and
she was just about to burst into
tears when she heard the Wish
Fairy saying: "You have a second
wish."

"Then please—please take me to
Good Temper Land. I don't like
this place at all. P-p-lease do!"
cried Millie, between her sobs.

The little woman waved her stick
again, and a moment later Millie
was rubbing her eyes, for the sud-
den blaze of sunshine dazzled her.

After a few moments she grew
more used to the light, and, still
shading her eyes with her hands, she
looked around.

She stood in the center of a large,
village green, and on the green were
numbers of children, all happy, all
smiling, laughing gaily.

In fact everything seemed happy
in this place. The birds sang, the
bees hummed, the children laughed,
and the sun shone brightly.

Every now and then a sudden ray
of even more brilliant light seemed
to sweep over the green—just like
the flashlight from the lamp of a
lighthouse. Just as did the sud-
den darkening and thunder in Bad
Temper Land make Millie wonder,
until she was told by the fairy it
was caused every time someone gave
way to bad-temper or was mean to
anyone, so now this was caused by
the smile of some human who had
been kind and good, or someone
who had been very unhappy for a
long time, but who had smiled at
last at the prattle or kiss of a lit-
tle child. "This is Sunshine and
Children's Land, you know, dearie,"
continued the Wish Fairy, "for chil-
dren should always be gay and smil-
ing. But"—she sighed—"how differ-
ent is the other land—Bad Temper
Land!" Her face clouded, and she
sighed again.

"Oh, yes!" said Millie. "Bad Tem-
per Land is a dreadful place; and
I'm sure now I've seen such a lot
of cross-patch children, I'll never,
never, never be really cross and
naughty myself again."

"Time's up," said the old wo-
man suddenly. "You've only one
wish left, remember, so I suppose
you will wish to go home?"

"Yes, please," said Millie. "I'd
like to go straight back to my own
nursery. Home is really the nicest
place in the world."

A wave of the wand and Millie
sat up, with a start, and rubbed her
eyes. Her kitten had climbed up in
her lap and was clawing her arm,
trying to reach her face.

"Oh, that horrid Bad Temper
Land," she said, with a little shud-
der, "what a dreadful thing bad
temper is, Puss. The Wish Fairy
must have been a dream, but she
has taught me a lesson just the
same. I'll try ever so hard to be a
Sunshine child now and always, and
help to send rays to Sunshine
Land."

And not only to Sunshine Land,
but the Home Land, too!" said mor-
ther, with a smile, when an hour
or two later, her little daughter told
her of her strange dream.

"Smiles are precious things, dearie
—they are more valuable than all
the gold and jewels in the world,
and nothing can take their place.
Remember this always, Millie, my
child."—Exchange.

Life is not the dreadful thing; it
is the living of it. Life in the ab-
stract is a gay pageant, the passing
of a show, caparisoned in armor, in
ermine, in motley, in what you will.
But see that man without his ar-
mor, those in the crowd without their
ermine, those in the merry, merry
jangling of the bells, and you will
find how slender are the muscles
that the armor lays bare, how
shriveled the breast that the er-
mine strips, how dragged and weary
is that pitiable figure, which a few
moments before was dancing con-
tastically, grimacing with its ape—
E. Temple Thurston, in "Sally Bis-
shop."

Be always beginning. Never think
that you can relax, or that you
have attained the end.—Cardinal
Manning.

It is not so much what we do as
what we are that tells in this
world.

'The Church of the Holy Donkey.'

Quite a little ink has been ex-
pended over the case of that
"Church of the Holy Donkey,"
Ananias and Sapphira having had
the pleasure of welcoming several
distinguished new members to the
secrets and grandeur of their now
famous club. Indeed, a score of
two-penny preachers in England,
with a half-dozen excuses for editors
aided and abetted by a baker's doz-
en of prayerful dames, have de-
clared to the world that a "holy
donkey" is worshipped in some parts
of Italy, the "donkey" on which
Our Lord rode on the occasion of
His triumphal entry into Jerusalem.
Were it not for the blasphemy un-
derlying the whole affair, it might
be interesting to follow all the liter-
ature on the question; we can un-
derstand, however, that the preach-
ers, editors, and dames in question
have full right to go into the de-
tails of their genealogy.

The Liverpool Catholic Times has,
over the pen of clever writers,
shown the slanders to be prevari-
cators; in consequence, they have
been obliged to find the "Holy Don-
key" in a dozen different cities. No-
thing daunted, however, Editor
Hocken, whose special duty it is to
keep Orangemen in ignorance (for
the peculiar benefit of the crowd), is
a lucky inventor. The following
from the Register-Extension speaks
for itself, and to quote:

"The editor of the Orange Sentin-
el believes he has discovered the
Church of the Holy Donkey. A pic-
ture of that venerable shrine is giv-
en in the last issue, or at least what
purports to be a picture of the same.
Naturalists hold that cer-
tain species of animals and birds
have a sort of sixth sense, which
enables them to discover the pres-
ence of other members of the same
species even when many miles apart.
The unerring instinct of the Sen-
inel's editor has probably enabled
him to ferret out and locate this
venerated shrine to which the Rev.
George M. Atlas made a pilgrimage
on one notable occasion. We sin-
cerely trust that when the time
comes for the editor to make his
pilgrimage that he will not meet
with the same untoward fate which
has overtaken Brother Atlas. We
believe, too, that the discovery from
another standpoint is exceptionally
fortunate. The Orange Brotherhood
of this country have been without a
patron saint, and it seems to us
particularly fitting that the newly
discovered shrine should supply one.
What a crowning evidence of human
genius it would be, all the same, if
it should come to pass that the
man who invented the sacred doo-
rmat should also have discovered the
last resting-place of the Holy Ass!"

Does it not seem strange that bi-
gots should accuse Catholics of being
gullible. You can make them
believe what you like, and yet they
have stones to throw at us. Let
any blackguard and renegade get
up and denounce the Church, and
forthwith he is welcomed to a hun-
dred Protestant pulpits, with thou-
sands to credit his calumnies. Let
any grace-forsaken scamp write up a
Maria Monk story or a Chiniquy
book, and immediately he will
make all the money he expected. In
a word, the fanatical Baptists, Meth-
odists, and Presbyterians, with
such Anglicans as Sam Blake and
the rowdies who stand by John
Kensit the Younger, are the most
easily made dupes in the world.

You could make them believe Hal-
ley's Comet was made out of the
hide of a Madagascar grasshopper,
if only you could prove the Pope
loves comets. Of all the weak-
minded people outside of the asyl-
ums, Protestant bigots hold the
first place for mischievous childish-
ness and puerile malice. Religion
with them is a species of mania, a
frenzy.

Warts are unsightly blemishes, and
corns are painful growths. Hollo-
way's Corn Cure will remove them.

To be dissatisfied and fret about
the world when we must of necessity
be in it, is a great temptation.
The providence of God is wiser than
we. We fancy that by changing our
ships we shall get on better; yes, if
we change ourselves. I am sworn
enemy of these useless, dangerous,
and bad desires.—Saint Francis de
Sales.

These troublesome afflictions are caused
wholly by bad blood and an unhealthy
state of the system, and can be easily cured
by the wonderful blood-cleansing prop-
erties of

SKIN DISEASES

Burdock Blood Bitters

Many remarkable cures have been made
by this remedy, and not only have the un-
sightly skin diseases been removed, and a
bright clear complexion been produced,
but the entire system has been renovated
and invigorated at the same time.

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POET'S CORNER

'Love is Strong as Death.'

(Cant. viii., 6.)
Love is a cord
To draw us to our Lord,
For He shall draw us with the
"cords of love."
Stoop from above,
O ever-loving God!
And draw me up the path Thyself
hath trod.

Love is a fire
Of fervent, deep desire;
The Spirit quickeneth this fire of
love—
Stoop from above,
O Paraclete Divine!
Kindle my heart that it may be Thy
shrine.

Love is a gift
With power to uplift
The soul it dowens to the throne of
love—
Stoop from above,
O Giver of all grace!
Uplift me to the height of Thy
embrace.

Love is a cross
Of sharp and bitter loss—
Like to Thy own, O bleeding,
thorn-crowned Love!
Stoop from above,
And teach my heart to bear
This weary, wounding cross of pain
and care.

Love is a life
Beyond all pain and strife;
The glorious, deathless life of God
on high—
Oh, joy to die,
For evermore to be
Where love is crowned with immor-
tality!
—Edith R. Wilson

The Soul's Mastery.

One drear November night I walked
beside
An angry sea. The waves, white-
capped, rolled high
And dashed against the beach with
mournful sigh;

Then back again to wat'ry graves
and died.

So passion's tide rushed through
my heart and tried
Its strength. The moon, deep-sunk
in clouded sky
Its sombre shroud defied. Pale-dress-
ed, on high
It rose; nor waters dark its light
denied.

The glint and gleam on wavelets
seen revealed
A boat of pearl in bar of light so
grand
And bright,—its journey heaven-
ward begun.

Then, stooping down, as distant
thunder pealed,
In tiny barque I dropped, with
trembling hand,
My wayward heart; self's better self
had won!

—Sr. M. R., O.S.D.

Enemies.

No foe like the foe that was once a
friend;
No hate like what was once love.
Fearfully through the gloom I wend,
Where shall I hide me or how defend
From the poisoned shafts there-
of?

Once at your name for joy I'd start,
Where now I thrill with fear;
Once we were happiest heart to
heart,

Who now, the width of the world
apart—
Are still—ah God! too near.

All the days of my life to rue
The day that I saw your face;
All my doing but to undo,
My weakness and woe—that I once
loved you—
And that once I won your grace!

Hate and horror for evermore—
Oh was it for this, I pray—
Just to know how to wound most
sure,

That we read each other's hearts to
ere the drear dividing day?

Is hate like love? Will it cast out
fear,
And memory and hope defy,
And the cross on the grave that to
both is dear,
The desolation and anguish drear,
Of the death that we both must
die?
—Katherine E. Conway.

COMPULLED TO ABANDON WORK

A Very Severe Case of St. Vitus
Dance Cured by Dr. Wil-
liams' Pink Pills.

St. Vitus dance is a common dis-
ease in children and is also found
in highly strung men and women.
The only cure lies in plenty of pure
blood, because pure blood is the life
food of the nerves. And Dr. Wil-
liams' Pink Pills is the only medi-
cine to make this life food because
it contains the elements that ac-
tually make new, rich, red blood.
This statement has been proven over
and over again and now from Port
Maitland, N.S., comes another re-
markable piece of evidence of the
power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
over disease. Mr. Lyndon E. Porter,
is one of the best known resi-
dents of that town. He suffered
from a severe attack of St. Vitus
disease, and got no help from medi-
cine until he began using Dr. Wil-
liams' Pink Pills. He says:—"My
case was unusually bad. I was
compelled to abandon work. I found
it impossible to sleep, and night
after night would toss about in bed.
I was receiving medical attention,
but in spite of careful treatment I
gradually grew worse. My limbs
jerked and twitched to such an ex-
tent that I could not cross the floor
without falling or coming in con-
tact with some piece of furniture.
I could not raise a glass of water
to my lips so badly did my arms and
hands tremble and shake. I cannot
imagine more severe suffering and
inconvenience than one endures who
has St. Vitus Dance. My father be-
ing a druggist knew of the many
cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills, and advised me to try them.
I did so, and with the most happy
results. In less than two months
from the time I began the use of
the pills I was a well man, and I
have not since had the slightest
symptom of the trouble."

All over the world, Dr. Williams'
Pink Pills are making just such
cures as Mr. Porter's. They go
right down to the cause of the dis-
ease in the blood. In this way they
have proved in thousands of cases
to cure anaemia, headache and back-
aches, rheumatism, lumbago, neural-
gia, nervousness, indigestion, decline
and the special ailments of growing
girls and women. Sold by all medi-
cine dealers, or by mail at 50 cents
a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from
The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,
Brooklyn, Ont.

The King of Lourdes.

A touching incident occurred only
a few days before his Majesty's
death. When returning from Biar-
ritz, he stopped at Lourdes, in the
south of France, and reverently vi-
sited the famous shrine, with its
holy relics and mementoes of won-
derful cures. While there, the king
noticed a procession file slowly to-
ward the cathedral, and the great-
est monarch in the world bowed his
uncovered head in reverence as the
priests and others marched by. Con-
trast his conduct with the infidel
rulers of France, who if present
would be ready to revile the faith