#### sef and season pepper. Then add milk and ten egg and ace upon a layer with a layer til the dish is of butter over. over a little top browns.

ER 22, 1904 1

ason fillet with pepper and fine; roll evened wooden skeauce in china ed in silver in-

ne all but legs vory dressing; tender with n; cool; cover ery foliage and

# RAL.

capable of restand jealousies ead. A lofty nspiring, since ess soared far ordinary morthat such hondiscern Dr. of greed, Dr. ashion of conlers, or revolt rath's intoleress. It was irses that this orous Westerse and onyx r the sake of t alone, show-ion than if the

lready a senseperating room the surgeon's his merciless an himself e it, Fanny's tant neither cted these ruon grew chro s purely scien-patients, and ing shortcomourse, he did

no one alive

in her profes-

ng perception. an acquired sharp and frecool, slightly ere over: havphitheatre and ng as a jewel-felt at leisure ternoon out uniform and outer air blew urry summons h a labyrinth ir, through a ough jealously separate wing,

reth was alpreparations. stant surgeon, busied themwhite masks new order of uments were glass trays of dilators, tenof acrid, antioom with doging man and it an occasionically working

ration. Fanny in for hip dis-veloping virulging attack re-ontrol. le prognosis," nt

onscious figure ating-table ne can hardly ninutes." With cGrath adjustthe patient's been reckoning ld burn. up anyhow,"

ng kinder than d appraisingly body. "Seems to pull him 1!" McGrath

with a lack of 'anny's nerves, was at work, out one superdeft, relentless Fanny watched ! But, oh! for

# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY,

Dear Boys and Girls :

Dear Aunt Becky :-

Dear Aunt Becky :-

glad to see my letter this week.

+ + +

My teacher is Mother St.

hard now to receive a crown for my

work. Our class is the third, and

there are 23 pupils in it. Good-

+ + +

I was very glad to see my little

letter in last week's paper. My mamma and papa were also glad. I

am in the second first class in Bel-

mont school, and study reading, spelling, English grammar, French

grammar, geography, drawing, pen-

also in the first Communion class,

and hope to be able to make my

first Communion next year. Mr. Cud-

dihy is my teacher, and he says that

I am doing well. We had an exami-

nation in Catechism on last Friday,

and I did fairly well. Next week I'll

+ + +

I am a little girl of ten years of

age. I go to the Marie Rose Con-

class, and last month I came out

second in the examination. I receiv-

ed a special crown for my prize. I

am studying reading, spelling, Bible

history, geography, writing, drawing and French. Last Sunday I

was made vice-president of the Holy

Angels' Sodality. Rev. Father Ca-

sey is our parish priest, and often comes to our school. I like school

very well, and am working hard to

+ + +

Many, many thanks for the kind-

ness in publishing my little letter.

see it. I am studying music and

sing and play a little. I have to devote two hours to my lessons

every night. I am very fond of

+ + +

as promoted two classes this year.

the first Communion class, and study

my Catechism every night. Last

am now first. I have to study hard

at night, and write two exercises,

one in French and the other in Eng-

will be glad when they'll see my

I am in the second first class in

the Belmont School, and am study-

ing very hard. I am also preparing

did not do very well last Friday at

but will do better this week.

My mamma and papa both

JOHN.

Friday I obtained 100 marks.

MARY GERALDINE.

school and like my teacher.

Dear Aunt Becky :-

little letter.

Dear Aunt Becky :-

mma and papa were very glad to

I am in the second English,

Dear Aunt Becky :-

get promoted.

Dear Aunt Becky :-

manship and Sacred history. I am

Dear Aunt Becky :-

FREDDIE.

LORETTO.

HENRY.

I am very much pleased to see so many little ones take advantage of the children's column. Surely some of you have been out nutting. If all the little folks could not enjoy the same fun, let them partially share all the little long could not only the same lun, let them partially share it by telling them all the fun you had. Or, maybe, some of the boys it by tening them an the talk journal. Or, maybe, some of the and girls have kodaks and have taken some amusing snap shots. us all about it.

Your friend.

AUNT BECKY.

he eats too much candy before meals Dear Aunt Becky:

I am a little boy nine years old. I

And he does not eat what is good go to the Belmont School, Guy him: And he does not sleep well, Last year my teacher was And because he is always on the Mr. Cuddihy. He is preparing me this year for my first Communion, and I hope to be able to pass. Every FRANCIS. + + + Friday we have an examination in my Catechism. I like school very CHILDREN'S WITTICISMS. much. My teachers are kind to me, and I like them. Mamma will be

A little English child, who was spending her first night on American soil, was nervous at being left alone. Her mother calmed her by saying that the little angels flying around I am a girl of eleven years of age. would look after her. Some time I attend Mont Ste. Marie Convent after she heard suppressed crying and on Guy street, and like the place hurried to the child's room, "Oh, mother," sobbed the poor little vic-Ovide. I am studying grammar, tim, "the little angels do bite so!" geography, Church History, arithme-They were mosquitoes, but remembertic, music, spelling, reading and French. I am fifth in my class, and ering her mother's words she had tried to bear their attentions. at the 'last examination received 100 + + + points. I spent a very pleasant vacation at Magog, and am studying

Nervous mother, to little boy, who is quite undisturbed by a terrific thunderstorm—"Oh, Tommy, aren't you afraid?" "No, mummie, it's only gentle Jesus playing with his toys."

\* \* \* Young Mother - "Now, Harold, whom do you love most, papa or

Little Harold-"Papa."

Young Mother-"But yesterday you said you loved me most."

Little Harold.-"Yes, but I've thought it over since and decided

that we men must stick together." \* \* \*

"How do you like school?" asked a father of his little daughter, after her first day.

"I like it awfully !" was the re-

ply. "And what did you learn to-day?" inquired the interested parent.

"Oh, a lot !" said the child. "I've learned the names of all the boys."

\* \* \* Bertie-Pa, a little stream is streamlet, isn't it?

Pa-Yes, Bertie. Bertie-Well, pa, is a cutlet a little cut, and a hamlet a little ham, and a gimlet a little gim, and a pamphlet a little pamph?'

Pa-Oh, go way, Bertie; I want a little quiet.

Bertie-Well, why didn't you say you wanted a quietlet?

\* \* \*

A photographer, taking the picture of a four-year-old girl, tried sweet names, and gentle persuasion to make her sit still. Finally he turned to the despairing mother and said, "Madam, if you will leave your darling with me, I think I can interest her better and take her lovely face," The mother withdrew, and was soon called to see a highly satisfactory negative. After they left the mo ther asked, "Nellie, what did that nice gentleman say to you when I left you alone with him?" "Well, he thaid," lisped Nellie, "'If you Just measure by the golden rule I am a boy of nine years of age. I don't thit sthill, you ugly, squintof your trembling carcath.' Then I I like school very much. I am in that very sthill, mamma!"

\* \* \*

START AT THE BOTTOM. Two hovs left home with just about money enough to take them through college, after which they must de pend entirely upon their own efforts. They attacked the collegiate problem successfully, passed to gradua tion, received their diplomas from the faculty, also commendatory letters to a large shipbuilding firm with which they desired employment.
Ushered into the waiting-room of the head of the firm, the first was for my first Communion and hope given a to be able to make it next year. I letters. given an audience. He presented his

"What can you do ?" said the man the examination, as it was the first, of millions.

"I would like some position, sir that would comport with my dignity and acquirements." was the reply.

"Well, sir, I will take your nam and address, and should we have anything of the kind open, will correspond with you. Good morning,

The other presented himself

'What can you do ?" was asked. "I can do anything that a green hand can do, sir" was the reply. The magnate touched a bell, which

called a superintendent. "Have you anything to put a man at work at ?"

"We want a man to sort scrap iron," replied. the superintendent. And the college graduate went to sorting scrap iron.

One week had passed, and the president, meeting the superintendent, asked: "How is the new man getting on?"

"Oh," said the boss, "ho did his work so well, and never 'watched the clock," that I put him over a gang." In one year this man had reached the head of a department and an advisory position with the management at a salary represented by four figures, while his whilom companion was maintaining his dignity "clerk" in a livery stable, washing harness and carriages.—Selected.

\* \* \* GRAN'MA'S APPLE PIE.

Sing a song of sixpence! When it's by and by, Gran'ma says she's specting To make an apple pie.

When the pie is finished, Gran'ma says she'll see If there's any dough left She'll give it all to me.

Then I'll make a li'l pie, 'Cause I allus know When she says, 'I'll see, child,' There'll surely be some dough. Exchange.

HELPING THE HORSE.

A pretty story is told of a thoughtful little boy who set an example worthy of being followed by many grown people.

It was cold, wintry weather, and the street had become coated with ice. This made it very hard pulling for the horses, especially up the hill near where Robbie lived.

"Papa," said Robbie, when his father came home that evening, "I helped a horse pull a load of coal cognized her. up the hill to-day."

"How did you do that." -inquired his father in some surprise. "Why, it was just this way," an-

swered Robbie. "The hill was covered with ice, and the horse was slipping all around; but I went and got some ashes and sprinkled them under the horse's feet, and all the way to the top of the hill. The driver thanked me, too, and said that I had helped to pull that load up the hill." "Well. I think you did myself."

was the reply, "and I'm very glad my little boy is ready to help in a case like that. Keep that up as noble thing to help even a poor dumb animal." long as you live, Robbie, for it's a + + +

FOR YOU, LITTLE MAN.

I have some good advice for you, My merry little man,

'Tis this: where'er your lot is cast, O do the best you can ! And find the good in everything, No matter what or where: And don't be always looking for

The hardest things to bear O do not stand with idle hands,

And wait for something grand While precious moments slip away Like grains of shining sand ! But do the duty nearest you, And do it faithfully.

For stepping-stones to greater things These little deeds shall be.

In this big world of ours, my boy, There's work for all to do. That which is set for you:

and try it with the square of trut And with the lines of right; In every act and thought of yours O keep your honor bright ! -Companion.

+ + +

THE GENERAL'S PERIL

An amusing story is told of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, when she was quite a little child. Her Majesty was not allowed to share dinner with the elder members of the royal household, but was permitted to make her appearance at dessert and place her self beside some particular favorite general, and, after eating some fruit, the little girl turned and gazed up "I wonder you're not afraid to sit next to me.'

Everybody in the room turned at the sound of the childish treble. "On the contrary, J am but

pleased and honored to sit next to my future queen," replied the old general. "But why should f be afraid ?"

Assuming a woe-begone expression. the little queen replied: "Because all my dolls have the measles—they're all down with it!"

## BERTHA'S GIFT.

"I must give myself. I must give with a quick sense of relief. Bertha myself. So says father, so says mother. So say the priest and Sister Anastasia. Just what they mean, I don't understand. And I am always hearing about charity. giving money or old clothes is not the kind of charity they mean."

So soliloquized Bertha Allyn, as she sat over one of the little devotional books that had been given to her at Christmas time. She had just read to the sentence: "Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

It was hard for the young girl to see how that could be.

As she laid down the book, her thoughts took 'a sudden turn in quite an opposite direction. was to be a party the next evening at the home of one of her young friends. She was keenly anticipat ing the social pleasure that she expected to enjoy. She was fond of society, and the more so that she was an especial favorite.

Bertha had yet some arrangements to make. Certain little additions to the pretty costume required some yards of ribbon and some flowers. So the girl put on her warm wraps and hastened off down the street to make the purchases.

She was conscious of a very positive sense of pleasure in her a little expedition. Perhaps it was because the air was so pure and the sunshine so bright. Perhaps it was because the young blood coursed so quickly through her veins, and her thoughts were so joyously occupied with pleasures to come. At any rate it was a very bright face that she carried into the village milliner's store, where she went in quest of white satin ribbon to wear with her organdie gown. The little milliner— where was she? Bertha knocked on the wall, stamped about as loudly as she could, but for five minutes sh could get no response. At last the door opened, and there stood Miss Riley, looking so wan, so worn, so anxious, that Bertha scarcely re-

She came forward to attend her customer, apologizing for the delay. Her mother had been taken suddenly very ill, and the poor little saleswoman had not been able to get any sleep for the last two nights

The milliner and her old mother lived all alone in the dear home to which the mother had come at her marriage, forty years before. All their living was earned by the daughter's deft fingers, or came from the profits of her little stock. A small enough living it was, but, sweetened by affection and ennobled by a strong sense of duty, it was more sufficing than many an ample one.

But now it was plain that the milliner was suffering from a great fear and a great anguish.

"You will be worn out," said Bertha. "You must have somebody to take care of your mother."

"It is impossible," replied the daughter. "I can't afford to hire a nurse. I can't afford to hire any kind of help."

Then, seeing the look of sympathy in Bertha's eyes, she suddenly put her poor, worn hands to her face and burst into tears.

"Let me come," said Bertha. She spoke so suddenly that the next moment she was frightened at what she had done

But the little milliner looked up if I had been left alone."-Ex.

could not take back her words

"Will your mother be willing?" asked Miss Riley. "I think so—I know she will," said Bertha. "She likes to have me help. She has always done a great deal herself for sick people, but she

isn't strong enough now. As the girl spoke, she was consci ous of a great repulsion. She didn't like to be in a sick room. She didn't like the presence of sick, old women, in particular. But her pro mise had been given, and she must abide by it.

She did not yet understand what it meant to give herself. She was going to give her service, her time, her strength. But it was not with a willing offer. Her mother read her dissatisfaction in her face when she asked permission to go to Miss Riley's and do whatever came to hand

in the emergency.

"I'm glad to have you go," said
Mrs. Allyn. "But you will not be of much help unless you give your

There was the same old phrase

She must give herself!
Miss Riley's mother was not prepossessing invalid. She was nerdismayed at the very beginning of her task. As night came on and she thought of the pleasure was missing, she felt that she deserved a little concession, a little appreciation. When the invalid "How awkward you are!" the young nurse came very near "talking back." good cry afterwards to make up. She had been trained to do thoroughly the task in hand, whatever it might be, and she strove to make her touch as light and tender as possible wher she bathed the forbidding old face, and combed out the tangled locks By and by, when the sick woman fell asleep and Bertha sat by the window looking out into the dusk, a sudden light flashed upon her "inward eye. It is promised to him who does the will of God that he shall "know the doctrine." "To give my time, my hands, my

eyes, is not giving myself," thought the young girl. "To give myself is to give my will, my wish, my heart. If I am willing to give up the party for the sake of helping Mrs. Riley, if I am willing to forget what I dislike, and let an unselfish liking come into my heart so that I can be happy in taking care of the old mother, that will be giving myself. I have often helped at home, unwillingly, grudgingly, and I see now that my so-called help was a hindrance, for it grieved and wounded my mother." It was a blessed enlightenment. And the light grew with the free giving. And the gift was of true use because of the heart behind it. Divine help flows through the loving heart. Even the heart of the youngest, the simplest, the most ignorant, may be a medium of God's help, and love, and goodness.

During the few days of service in the milliner's house, Bertha grew in grace and knowledge through her genuine self-surrender. It was happy moment when, with a glad

light in her eyes, Miss Riley said : "You have helped me save my mother. I think I should have lost her

threw the slave into the sea and sold the stone to a merchant, then drank himself into delirium tremens and remorse and committed suicide.

The merchant sold the jewel to Thomas Pitt, Governor of Fort St. George, for £20,000, and Sir Thomas brought it home to England. Scandalous stories as to the way which Pitt had obtained the stone were told and literally ruined his reputation and happiness

He sold the diamond to the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, in 1717, for £135,000, but he could not down the scandal, and, at his death, left a sworn statement denving the stories and defending his reputation.

When the French regalia were stolen during the Commune an anonymous letter was received by the au thorities saying that some of the booty would be found in a ditch at the Champs Elysees. The Regent diamond was found there. Presumably it was too valuable to be easily disposed of. It weighs 1862 carats.

### How Like a God.

The commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Nathaniel Hawthorne last July vous and irritable, and Bertha was was perhaps a little noisier business than would have pleased that sensitive, solitary, and fame-eluding genius. That shy, proud spirit could not rejoice greatly in the "tributes" of the present race of literary men. as remote as possible from him broke out with the harsh words: originality of imagination and fastidious perfection of style. But there is something attractive in the proposition to erect a statue of Salem romancer, if a man like St. Gaudens could be induced to undertake the work. In form and features how like a god! In dignity, in splendor of eye, in majestic intellectual beauty that had about it something remote, as of another, sphere, Nathaniel Hawthorne was unapproached by any author since Goethe. That glorious head should be repeated in a thousand busts and casts. Especially in New England, where, perhaps, more attention has been given to the cultivation of mind than of "personal pulchritude." By his looks as much as his books. Hawthorne stood apart, a sort of sublime solitary.—Everybody's Maga-

## A PRAYER.

Teach me. Father, how to go Softly as the grasses grow; Hush my soul to meet the shock Of the wild world as a rock; But my spirit, propt with power, Make as simple as a flower; Let the dry heart fill its cup, Like a poppy looking up; When its heart is filled with dew. And its life begins anew.

Teach me. Father, how to be Kind and patient as a tree; Joyfully the crickets croon Under shady nook at noon; Beetle on his mission bent Tarries in that cooling tent; Let me. also, cheer a spot, Hidden field or garden grot-Place where passing souls can fest On the way and be their best

\* \* \*

-(Edwin Markham, in Philadelphia

Father, I do not ask That Thou wouldst choose some And make it mine. I pray By Thine own hand: my will

Be only Thine, however deep I have to bend, my hand to keep. Let me not simply do, but be con-Sure that the little crosses each are

And no mistake can ever be With Thine own hand to choose for

-F. J. Noel.

Bulletin.

"Bless your heart, honey, I was born different myself, and if I'd kept my leg and my arm I dare say I'd be strutting around on one shaking the other in the face of God Almighty just like I used to do. A two-legged man is so busy getting round the world that he never has time to sit down and take a look in all the rest of my life when I was sound and whole. Why, I could sit here all day long and stare up at the blue sky, and then go to bed feeling

## THE KING AND THE KILTIES. | not have been excelled.

London at the Royal Albert Hall. had no sooner opened their tour of Great Britain when they attracted the attention of the King, and the result was a royal command for the picturesque Scotch-Canadians journey up into the Highlands Scotland, and give one of their admirable entertainments before His Majesty at Balmoral Castle, where hunting season. The London papers

the King is now living during hi had been full of the unique concerts rendered by the "Kilties" and so warm in their praise of the supert musical organization from the other side of the Atlantic, that King Edward became desirous of hearing the new band that was "the talk of the town."

The railway journey made by th Canadian band from London to Balmoral and return was a recordbreaker. Only one concert at Royal Albert Hall was cancelled, and when it is taken into consideration that the "Kilties" were absent from London but a fraction over thirtyeight hours, during twelve of which they were the guests of the King, it skipper, who agreed to take him that my twelve hours were full and will be seen that the whole affair on board ship and go halves in the brimming over."—Uncle Tucker, in was managed in a way that could sale of the diamond. The skipper The Deliverance,

The programme rendered before the King and the ladies and gentlemen The famous "Kilties" Band of Belleville, Canada, which is now giving a series of great concerts in layer the "Kilties," a little of being introduced to the delight of the distinguished audience. That the splendid Canadian band from Belleville has scored an unprecedented success is beyond question, and the thousands of admirers of "Kilties" in Canada and the United States will be glad to learn of the favorite band's great triumph on the other side of the ocean.

The French royal jewels have had varied careers, and many of the best were lost before Eugenie, the diamond lover, came to powe., but France has what is, perhaps, ...e most perfect diamond in the world-

of England's great scandals. It was around him. I tell you I see more mines in Kistna. The slave cut his bandages and escaped to the coast. There he confided in an English

THE STORY OF A DIAMOND.

the Pitt or Regent diamond. This diamond was a feature in one

found by a slave in the Porteal in one hour as I am now than I saw leg, bandaged it, hid the jewel in the

JOSEPH. OPINION OF AN EIGHT YEAR OLD PHILOSOPHER As to "Why a Boy does not get Fat."

Because he does not eat enough, and sometimes when he does eat a lot he eats up so quickly that he does not digest it. And because Page 6.)