

LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY IN THE MODERN BABYLON.

THE CHILDREN OF LONDON.

(By Miss May Quinlan, in London Tablet.)

POLLY.

There were certain side streets in which the younger social workers were not permitted to penetrate. But at the upper end of one such street stood a particular tenement which had escaped the ban. And among the denizens of this tenement was an unhappy baby named Polly. She was eighteen months old, and as yet unbaptized. During those eighteen months the desirability of Polly's baptism had been urgently dwelt upon. But Polly's mother was inflexible. Then the Nursing Sisters went and pleaded; one of them even offered to carry the child to the church and stand sponsor.

"No," said the woman, "she couldn't risk it. Besides," as she added, "Polly had too many brains." The objection sounded cryptic, but it seemed likely that some reason less intellectual lay behind it—something that might not with strict propriety be confided to the Sisterhood. Accordingly a social worker who was popular in the district, went and asked if she might be Polly's godmother?

"No," was the crude reply, "she might not."

"Of course, I know about Polly's brains," said the worker undaunted, "but I'll wrap her up and carry her myself."

The mother shook her head.

"Do tell me why not?" Then the woman wavered.

"Well, Miss," said she at last, "the fact is this. Me 'usb'nd, 'e sez ter me, 'Liza, sez 'e, 'never yer trust Polly inter the 'ands of no woman,' sez 'e, fer yer never can tell w'en a woman ain't drunk."

Whereupon my friend, who was statueque in appearance, and whose habit was South Kensington, became conscious of the impropriety of the confidence being made to the Sisters, for the husband's verdict admitted of no exceptions.

Then my friend pointed out that whereas she herself had never been seen the worse for drink, and presumption was in favor of her sobriety—an argument which the woman was somewhat loth to admit. But, by dint of inordinate diplomacy, it was finally arranged—subject to her husband's consent, and the said worker standing sponsor—that Polly should be baptized forthwith, and the Sisters were to telegraph when the arrangements were completed. Thus it happened a few mornings later that a telegram was delivered in South Kensington, and my friend accordingly hurried off to the East End. It was barely 10.30 when she neared the tenement. But already some excitement was afoot. People stood in doorways, and heads appeared from upper windows. A crowd had collected in the roadway and formed itself into a ring. And in this ring two drunken women fought like wild beasts.

One of the two, more irresponsible than the other, was engaged in warding off the blows of her opponent by wedging in between them an unresisting bundle. And this bundle—this weapon of defence, what was it?

A child's cry was the answer. It was little Polly, in her mother's arms.

MEG.

But sights and scenes vary, and there is an element of pleasing variety even in mean streets. Among the quaint little mortals I knew was Meg, aged seven. Of her it might be said that she had quite a talent for praying. Never did she see a hearse drive by but she felt impelled to pray for the eternal weal of the dead man. But as there is a touch of earth in all human endeavor, it so happened that Meg not only prayed assiduously, but she conceived the ambition of breaking her own record; her object being to see how many "Paters" and "Aves" she could get through, before the hearse whisked round the corner. Meg was accordingly rebuked for profanity. Such gabbled prayers, she was told, never rose to heaven. She must say them slowly. And it is to be presumed that she laid the counsel to heart, for it transpired soon afterwards that she held the somewhat unique position of spiritual adviser to her own immediate circle. One day she was approached by another small child who confided to Meg her

particular worldly wants, whereupon Meg urged the efficacy of prayer. So the other child went her way to return two days later—crestfallen.

"I ain't got nothink," was the verdict.

"Did yer say the prayers?" asked Meg.

"Yuss," came the response.

"Did yer say them slow?"

"Yuss."

The two children sat and gazed at one another. Something had evidently gone wrong.

"And yer said 'em slow," repeated Meg. Her brows contracted in profound thought, and there was an awful pause. Then she shook her head gloomily, "Dunno wot Gawd's doin'," said she, and thus she dismissed the subject.

PLAYING BY THE DEATHBED.

It was a squalid room, in a tumble down tenement, where a woman lay on the bare boards. The room was destitute of furniture, for starvation stood within the door.

The children looked wizened and pinched, but, in spite of their hunger, they played. The woman headed them not. In fact she had lain there since morning with her face to the wall. Perhaps she could not bear to look at them longer, for she had no food to give them. So the day passed. But now it was night, and the tenement room felt cold and lonely, and the starving children cried. Then, turning to their mother, they pulled at her skirt, and called in the gathering darkness. But no voice came back. Wondering at such a deep sleep, one ran for help; and when the neighbors came and looked on the woman's face, lo! she had crossed the dark river of death.

And so for twelve hours past—ever since dawn—had the motherless children played by the side of the dead figure; for twelve mortal hours had she lain rigid on the tenement floor—a victim of starvation.

A BAD FATHER.

But hard as starvation is, it would seem that the children of our city have other hardships to face. It was a little girl of seven who used to confide in me. Her mother was dead, and her father a bad character. There were five children under his care.

"Yer don't know my Dickie, do yer?" asked the child. I shook my head. "Dickie is only two, but 'e's as knowing as yer like! W'y! it were somethink ter see 'im doublin' up 'is fists an' hittin' mother as 'ard as 'e could—same as 'e sez'd me father do. But me father can't hit me mother no more," said the child, suddenly. "'cos she's dead. Yuss, an' me father took the pledge, 'e did, over me mother's body, but 'e ain't kep' it. He's a wicked man, me father is." The words seemed terrible, coming from the childish lips, and I hastened to turn the current of her thoughts.

She nodded, "I does pray fur 'im." Then with a touch of pathos, she said earnestly, "fur I don't want any o' my friends like ter go below." And the tiny child looked up with big wistful eyes, while she pointed a small hand heavenwards. "No," she reiterated thoughtfully, "I don't want 'em ter go below." "But," continued the child, "yer dunno' wot me father is. W'y! 'e used ter pull us aht o' bed o' nights, an' shove us inter the street, me and me little sisters. An' it's cold in the streets," she said, "with on'y yer night dress on, an' we used ter cry. An' inside the door we could 'ear me mother sobbin'. But whenever she tried to let us in, me father used to knock 'er dahn." She gave a deep sigh. "I think," said she sadly, "as 'e'll 'ave to go to hell, fur 'e's wickedder than nobody knows."

And from what was known of him it was to be feared that this verdict was not inaccurate. Sometimes, as I know, he would send his little boy to the clergy-house to ask for help. He used to tell him what to say, and then, seeing the wondering look in the child's eyes, he would mutter brutally, "Lie or no lie, yer'll say it!" And, as if fearing that the boy's promise would be of no avail, he stood over him with uplifted arm. "Before your God an' mine, swear it!"

The child used to cower down in terror; and so trembling in every limb he took the awful oath. And when it was over he would creep away from human sight and sob his heart out calling to his dead mother in the darkness.

"CARROTS."

Among the familiar spirits of another neighborhood was Carrots. No one knew her other name, but nei-

ther did any one grudge her the title of Carrots. She usually sat on a flight of steps and grappled with a bulky baby. It was too heavy for her to carry, hence her enforced inaction on the steps. She had a little pale face and a pair of bright eyes with a quick gleam in them, such as one sees in those of a bird of prey; and encircling her head like a halo of glory were tangled masses of red hair. It was so rich and red that, when the sun fell on it, it seemed to light up into a gorgeous blaze. Carrots had a head that Rubens would have loved.

When I passed by she used to hitch the baby to one side, so that by craning her neck she might get a partial view of things. "Ello!" was the invariable greeting, while a smile overspread the intelligent little face.

"How's the baby?" I'd ask. "Fine," said Carrots.

"What do you give him to eat?" "Anythink wot's going—don't matter to 'im."

Carrots always prided herself on the baby's abnormal digestion. But then, Carrots was not a nurse. In fact her avocation in life rose to higher flights than holding a baby on her knee. This occupation was really incidental and the baby hardly more than a blind. There were thrilling reminiscences in the inner recesses of her active little brain. But the sterner side of her career was guarded by a judicious silence. So she hugged the baby and at the same time disarmed suspicion.

(To be Continued.)

LA GRIPPE'S RAVAGES.

The Victims Left Weak, Nerveless and a Prey to Deadly Diseases.

La grippe, or influenza, which sweeps over Canada every winter, is probably the most treacherous disease known to medical science. The attack may last only a few days, but the deadly poison in the blood remains. You are left with hardly strength enough to walk. Your lungs, your chest, your heart and nerves are permanently weakened, and you fall a victim to deadly pneumonia, bronchitis, consumption, rheumatism, or racking kidney troubles.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills never fail to cure the disastrous after effects of la grippe because they purify the blood and sweep away its poisonous germs. Every dose makes new, warm rich blood which brings health and healing to every part of the body. This is proved in the case of Miss Dorsina Langlois, of St. Jerome, Que., who says "I had a severe attack of la grippe, the after effects of which left me racked with pains in every part of my body. My appetite completely failed me; I had severe headaches, was subject to colds with the least exposure, and grew so weak that I was unable to work at my trade as dressmaker. I tried several medicines without the slightest success until a drug clerk advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I acted upon his excellent advice and the pills rapidly and completely cured me. My strength returned, the headaches and cough disappeared, and I am again enjoying my old-time health. I am satisfied that if sufferers from la grippe will use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they will speedily recover from those after effects which make the lives of so many people a burden."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all the common ailments due to weak and watery blood, such as anaemia, headaches, sideaches, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, nervousness, general weakness and the special ailments that growing girls and women do not like to talk about even to their doctors. But only the genuine pills can do this, and you should see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around each box. If you cannot get the genuine pills from your drug-gist send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

THE SAD ALTERNATIVE.

A Scotch minister who was in need of funds thus conveyed his intentions to his congregation: "Weel, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of siller, and as we have failed to get money honestly, we will have to see what a bazaar can do for us."

Tired Mother, (to restless child)—Now, you sit still. I've druv you ten miles to enjoy this entertainment and you shall enjoy it if I have to pull every hair out of your head!

GLIMPSES OF THE SOUTHLAND.

"When icicles hang upon the wall And Tom bears logs into the hall, When all about the wind doth blow, And birds sit brooding in the snow And coughing drowns the Parson's saw And Marian's nose looks red and raw."

So sang Shakespeare of long ago—and it still rung true that morn when we left Milwaukee for the South. A parting blast came swirling and swooping down the ghostly Wells building, causing frantic clutches at hats and wraps, whilst amended were Pope's lines:

"Our hurried movements not from Art—but chance Though those move easiest who have learned to dance."

Like also those who get caught in a gale near a sky-scraper.

"It was the very witching hour when all the air a solemn stillness holds,"

and for a moment, on Grande Avenue—we

Stood on the bridge at midnight, When the clocks were striking the hour, And the moon rose over the city Behind the dark Church tower.

Nor can we forget

How many thousands of care-encumbered men Each bearing his burden of sorrow Have crossed the bridge since then.

St. John's sentinel tower stood massively silent and majestic in protection over us, while the cathedral chimed breathed a midnight blessing upon a city sleeping—faint and far its tones were re-echoed in the silvery cadence of St. Francis, while the booming bells of the city hall and the Pabst building awaked our hearts to the things "that made Milwaukee famous."

When safely ensconced on the "Pioneer Limited" we delightfully realized the ample truth of Col. Boyle's siren song—

"Take the 'Pioneer Limited,' wherever you go—or as far as you can. Strangely like the sage advice: 'Let yeez be dacent, and if yeez can't be dacent, be as dacent as yeez can.' But 'tis a long lane that has no turn," and finally we left the snowy northland—"with its icicles upon the wall—and Marian's nose so red and raw."

We sped swiftly past Wisconsin Lake—where the long light shakes past its "snowy summits famed in story"—and "we came to a land where 'tis always afternoon,"—where fragrant magnolias bloom,—where unfading roses redden the road sides—even on Christmas Eve—where luxuriant Azalia and snowy waxlike Jessamine breathe beautiful welcome to the New Year. A land where skies are ever bright as angel's wing—where our hearts, with the mocking birds, exulting sing. Via the "old reliable" Louisville & Nashville railroad—one of the very first and best developers of the South—where it is affectionately known as the "Ellen N"—we were once more "in the Land of Cotton"—"in Dixie Land"—we took our stand. Aboard very sumptuous sleepers which the "Ellen N" carries through Dixie—was an old gentleman with an abiding thirst. When, after various potations, the porter warned him that "no liquors could be served south of the Ohio," he indignantly vociferated, "what if I get cramps?" The polished gentleman of color calmly continued: "If youse gwine to git cramps, you better git 'em mighty quick, coz wez crossing the ribber now."

Finally we reached the "Lordly Tennessee, sweeping onward to the Sea"—on past Chattanooga's grim and gory Lookout Mountain and its pathetic National cemetery, with "its thousands of thousands lying lowly—hushed in silence deep and holy."

"Brave soldiers that battled and died for us Who living, were true and tried for us And dead sleep side by side for us The Warrior Band that hallowed our land With the blood they gave in a tide for us."

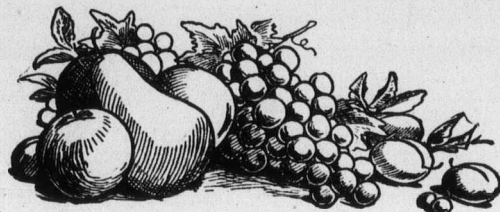
Surely we join in the poet's prayer: No more let the War cry sever or the winding rivers be run We banish all anger forever, when we bow o'er the graves of our dead. Thus but a day's ride in comfort from the rock ribbed hills of the

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets

Instead of Fruit.

Fruit is a splendid tonic for stomach and liver. The active principles give fruit its medicinal value. But they occur in such minute quantities, that when fruit is taken with other food, and goes through the process of digestion, their action is lost.



"Fruit-a-tives" are the active principles of apples, oranges, figs and prunes—extracted from fruit juices, combined by our own secret process, and compressed into tablets. They are the concentrated medicinal virtues of fruits and act much more effectively than any other known treatment in curing Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Torpid Liver, Biliousness and Kidney troubles. At all druggists. 50c. a box.

Manufactured by FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.

North, its boundless wealth of mineral, endless forests of pine and of oak, so typical of the energy and sturdy endurance of its sons and daughters—to the evergreen Savannahs of the South, its sweeping willows and its palms—where in poetic beauty now blend the tender memories of war's devastation, with the gigantesque reparation of States United.

Nor North nor South, nor East nor West To tear again the parent breast!"

But still bends the southern palm beneath the north's protecting pine, whilst we pray

"God of our Fathers!—Known of old Lord of our far flung Battle line Beneath whose awful hand we hold Dominion over Palm and Pine, Lord God of Hosts—Be with us yet Lest we forget—lest we forget."

A grateful instance of the welding and commingling of interests 'tween North and South was the experience of the Yankee from way down in Maine—who exhibited hogs in a Mississippi Fair. When the prizes were announced the man from Maine expostulated with the Awarding Committee of Southerners:

"Gentlemen, I don't question your integrity—but I have exhibited these hogs in fourteen states and won prizes in all of them, besides my hogs are so fat they can scarcely walk—while your native hogs are as thin as a rail—so I just can't see on what basis you made the awards."

"Well, Mr. Maine Man—since you ask we will say that we awarded the prizes strictly according to worth—and, however it be up north—a hog ain't worth shucks to us if it can't outrun a nigger."

"Alabama—here we rest"—rightly so named. For 'tis indeed a land where one could rest forever. There is a touching legend of a tribe of peaceful gentle Indians, who were ruthlessly driven away from the homes of their loved, and the dear graves of their dead. After many, many days of hunger and danger, and nights of weary wandering—they, exhausted utterly, threw themselves upon the grassy banks of a mighty river—exclaiming: "Come what may," "Alabama, here we rest."

Nearby the shifting sands of Pascagoula on the Mexico Gulf makes mournful music, ghostly in its weird wailing while the silvery moon gilds the southern sea. "'Tis the spirit of the Exiled, chanting their sad fate." What a pathetic page in our history is that which tells of the race that's fading away; who can read "Logan's Farewell" without the blush of shame, scalding the tears that rush unbidden to our eyes? We hear so much of the rights and wrongs of the negro—shall we entirely forget the woes and the wrongs wrought unto the native Indian? The first and rightful lord of this land.

The utter extermination of whole nations of Indians as the Pequods, etc., shall long scar our history, while even now, the "Government Indian Agent" is almost a synonym for "heartless cheater" of the poor and ignorant. True, the "Black Robe" priest and nun and generous layman—such as the Drexel family,

have done worlds of good unto a doomed race—who well may chant.

Beautiful is the Sun, oh strangers, When you came so far to see us.

The memories of Pere Jogues and Marquette—De Smet and so many other Jesuit missionaries, as well as Catherine Drexel, are jewels far too precious to be forgotten by the Catholic heart. When the Peon and the pauper Indian of Mexico and South America are pilloried—let us remember that in Catholic countries, the Indian still is. He has not been utterly stamped out of existence. Oh, my country!—Lest we forget. Lest we forget."

Alabama glows red with martyr blood. The first prayer offered there to the True God was by a Catholic, whilst Luther was yet an innocent Catholic school boy—long ere pilgrims dreamed of Plymouth Rock. With silent savages round about—gazing on barbaric wonder, the pioneer priest offered the holy Mass, and at its conclusion the lonely altar in the wilderness was reddened with the martyr's blood.

Tragic also the history of the first Bishop of Alabama. History tells us how and where he landed and whence he came—history tells of his yearning to spread the Catholic faith, and his brave heart disappearing in that "far resounding forest"—but history tells no tidings of his return! What fate was his—what weary wanderings—what heart aches, hunger and tragedy—where or when, or how he lay down to die—history tells not. "But precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of the just." His last moments and his last resting place are known only to the angels that treasure heaven's heroes.

A grave in the woods with the grass o'er grown With never a name and never a stone And only the sad night winds to moan O'er the Bishop who dared and died alone.

—Rev. J. Daly.

SOME IRISH CATHOLIC ATHLETES.

Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania and Harvard, Dartmouth, Holy Cross, Columbia and Brown are among the colleges which have depended in large measure for their football glory upon young men of Irish Catholic training. The son of a Torrington miner, Hogan, who leads Yale, ranks with his rival, Hurley, the doughty leader of Harvard, as a leading player of the season. Harvard's big substitute full back, Hanlay, of Roxbury, is another of the legion of football players who have accomplished things. In Capt. Larkin Holy Cross has one of the finest quarter backs in the country. Dartmouth looks for football material to such men as J. T. McDevitt, the old Brighton High School back, who was one of the most prominent members of the Dartmouth squad this fall. Cooney, of Princeton, who will lead the Orange and Black forces next year, is one of the best players. With Burke, his team mate, he has been a source of strength to the team throughout the year.—Boston Republic.