

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



SAYING GRACE.

When we're at grandpa's house to dine
He looks around with sober face
Their clasps his hands and shuts his eyes,
And sister says he's "saying grace."
He says big words that I don't know—
I'm only four years old—but then I know two words he always says, One is "Thanks" and one "Amen."

While walking in my grandpa's woods
We saw a squirrel, big and gray,
He held a nut between his paws,
But did not eat it right away,
He closed his little shining eyes,
His hands raised just like grandpa's then,
I said, "Oh, sister, keep real still,
He's saying "Thank you" and "Amen."

—Selected.

DO YOU DO THESE THINGS?

It is bad manners to make remarks about the food at dinner.
To talk about things which only interest yourself.
To contradict your friends when they are speaking.
To grumble about your home and relatives to outsiders.
To say smart things which may hurt some one's feelings.
To dress shabbily in the morning because no one will see you.
To be rude to those who serve you either in shop or at home.
To think first of your own pleasure when you are giving a party.
To refuse ungraciously when somebody wishes to do you a favor.
To behave in a street car or train as if no one else had a right to be there.
To speak disrespectfully to any one older than yourself.

WHAT A DAUGHTER CAN DO.

There is so much a daughter can do for her mother that it is hard to know where to begin.
Suppose we start with how she can help with the housework and care of the younger children.
For years the mother has had the entire charge of both, and it is time she was relieved.
Patiently and uncomplainingly she has drudged along with no thoughts but for her children's welfare and comfort.
It should be the daughter's joy, as well as duty, to bring a little recreation and pleasure into her mother's life.
Remember, girls, that all your lives your mothers have been sacrificing themselves for you.
Now you have a chance to reverse things.
Your shoulders are young and strong; help lift the burden a little from the tired shoulders that have borne it so long.
Let her see that you appreciate all that she has done for you.
Take the heaviest part of the housework off her hands.
Make her stay in bed in the morning while you get the breakfast.
Send her out to enjoy herself while you look after the children.
Of course you cannot do this every day, but you can do your share of it.

A FEW HOLDS.

- Hold on to your hand when you are about to do an unkind act.
- Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to speak harshly.
- Hold on to your heart when evil persons invite you to join their ranks.
- Hold on to your virtue; it is above all price to you, in all times and places.
- Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of forsaking the path of right.
- Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.
- Hold on to your temper when you are excited or angry, or others are angry with you.
- Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

WHAT THE TWINS DID FOR MOTHER.

The day was hot. The twins, Maud and Mildred, came home from school "nearly baked" from their long walk in the broiling sun. After washing their hands and faces, they had a luncheon of bread and milk and fruit. Then they went out on the back porch and lay down in their hammocks for a nap.
They were just getting to sleep, when their mother appeared in the doorway and said:
"Girls, your Aunt Elizabeth has come and is going to stay for supper. I am unprepared for company. Could you go to the back

pasture and pick me some raspberries for a shortcake?"

"If it were not so hot!" protested Maud.
"And so far!" objected Mildred.
"Never mind, then," replied their mother, "if you are not willing to go." And she turned away wearily and Maud heard a half-stifled sigh.
The twins could not sleep any more after this. Suddenly Maud got up.
"Come on, Mildred," she said, "if we don't go, mother will."
"I don't see what in the world sent Aunt Elizabeth here this hot afternoon," grumbled Mildred, still loath to leave her cool and shady retreat. "But if you are going, I suppose I must. That's the misfortune of being a twin," she petulantly ejaculated.
They reached the kitchen just as their mother was tying on her sunbonnet.
"Where are you going, mother?" asked Mildred, a guilty flush staining her cheek.
"I was going to gather some berries, as we haven't a thing that is nice for supper."
"Well, I guess if it is too hot for us to go, it is too hot for you," impulsively spoke up Maud, taking the nail from her mother's hand, while Mildred went to the closet for its mate. "Besides, two can pick berries a good deal faster than one can," she asserted, as her mother began to untie her sunbonnet.
"Just as you say, dear," she replied. "If you and Mildred are willing to go, I suppose it will be better for me to work on the shortcake."

She tried not to notice the cloud upon Mildred's brow which still lingered there.
But the weary look upon her mother's face troubled Maud, and she ran back from the gate to say, in a cheery voice: "Don't worry about us, mother; there seems to be a breeze starting up. You and Aunt Elizabeth take our places in the hammocks. Mildred and I will see to the shortcake. You know you told us the other day that we should make the next one. Now, promise that you will do as I say," she insisted, pushing her mother gently back into her chair and pressing her lips tenderly upon her already drooping eyelids.
"Well—yes; since you insist, dear," was the somewhat reluctant answer. "You are a good daughter, and I must confess that I'm tired with the day's work."
"Do hurry, Maud!" Mildred fretfully ejaculated as her sister caught up with her. "If you felt as uncomfortable as I do you'd want to have this thing over as quickly as possible. Of all the days in the year for Aunt Elizabeth to visit us! Bread and butter is plenty good enough for people who haven't any more sense!"
"If you were not my own twin sister I should be ashamed of you!" Maud at last burst forth, exasperated by her sister's crankiness.
Not a word was said by either until the back pasture, with its wealth of tangled raspberry bushes held them both. Still in silence the girls began to fill their pails with the luscious fruit, and for a while nothing was heard but the thump of the berries as they dropped into the pails, the drowsy hum of bees and the twang of locusts.
The girls were standing side by side, each holding a pail well-nigh filled, when Mildred suddenly paused and pushed the hair back from her heated forehead.
"Well, it hasn't killed either of us!" she exclaimed in a whimsical tone of voice, pausing to watch her busy sister.
"I didn't suppose it would; and I think we have been just as happy up here with the birds, and bees, and berries, as we would have been down in our hammocks," was Maud's quiet answer.
"Yes, and we have been helping mother besides. I am glad, now, we didn't let her come."
"I knew you'd be," was Maud's earnest response. "I knew twins couldn't be so different," and she leaned over and kissed her sister's flushed cheek.
"What capable girls the twins are!" exclaimed Aunt Elizabeth as Maud proudly served the raspberry shortcake at supper.
They had set the table, prepared the tea, made the shortcake, and got out the best preserves.
For the second time that afternoon Mildred winced at undeserved approbation. It was not without an effort, however, that she finally spoke up:
"Maud is the only one to be praised. If it had not been for her I should in all probability have spent the afternoon in the hammock. But now I'm glad I went."
Having eased her troublesome conscience by this candid confession, Mildred soon regained her usual gaiety or spirits.
And the mother, proud of her loving daughters, who had not spared themselves in order to save her, was prouder still of Maud's promptness in service and of Mildred's honest confession.

FOUND THE RIGHT BOY.

"We have been looking for a long time for an office boy who does not whine, every boy who is not full of complaints every time something or other goes wrong. We have got him and we have roped him down. No human power can get him away from us. He is going to stay, and his wages are what he chooses to make them."
"We have had lots of office boys. Host of them had the disease of whining. A whine in a boy is worse than the whine of a sick dog, and that's saying a good deal. Whines never built a house, never laid out a town, never constructed a railway, never opened a bank, never made a school grow or a farm pay. Whines are a sneaking form of irritation that Satan devised to lead otherwise good boys astray. We don't want whines."
"Well, we advertised for a boy, and he came. We didn't know he was coming, but he came just the same. Several whining boys had been in, and we had promptly fired them. How he came was this: The wind blowing fifty miles an hour, the mud was knee deep in Poplar street, it was thundering, lightning and raining to beat the band, the sidewalks were afloat, and everything in town was soaked.
"Our office door was opened by a boy in a torn straw hat, a ragged suit of clothes, and bare feet. He was mud and water from head to foot, one eye had a cast, he had lost a little finger and his toes were stubbed. But his smile! Talk about seeing the faces of angels! That smile! It radiated like the sunshine of a June day falling over a trout stream in the green grasses of the meadows. It was warm, expansive, coaxing, reassuring, trustful, happy. And his voice said: "Not such a bad day after all, sir."
"No whine in that! No siree! If that boy had blown in by a cyclone he would have landed on his feet with the remark: 'It might have been worse.'
"He was engaged. Drop in and see him."

"I should think Jane McIntyre would leave school. None of the girls should have anything to do with her."
"Why not?" asked Georgine's father. The remark had not been intended for his ears, but since he had heard it there was no way out of answering the question.
"She took some money out of Laura Wiltzie's pocket. It was a fifty-cent piece."
"Who saw her take it?"
"Nobody. But she must have done it. She is the only girl in school who is poor enough so that she'd ever think of stealing what didn't belong to her. And, besides, she was in the cloak room after the bell rang."
Georgine's father shook his head.
"I'm afraid you wouldn't do to serve on a jury, my dear. It takes too little to convince you. A girl is poor, and so she would steal. She is alone in the room with money which can't be found, and so she has stolen. There is an old principle of law which has given satisfaction after being tested a great many centuries, and that is to treat an accused man as innocent till he is proven guilty. It would be worth your while to remember this."
Georgine came home the next evening with something of interest to tell.
"What do you think, papa? Laura found that fifty-cent piece in the lining of her coat. It had slipped through a hole she didn't know was there. And the girls who treated Jane horrid are so ashamed that time I won't believe anybody guilty they don't know what to do. Next till it's proved."

PROOF LACKING.

"I should think Jane McIntyre would leave school. None of the girls should have anything to do with her."
"Why not?" asked Georgine's father. The remark had not been intended for his ears, but since he had heard it there was no way out of answering the question.
"She took some money out of Laura Wiltzie's pocket. It was a fifty-cent piece."
"Who saw her take it?"
"Nobody. But she must have done it. She is the only girl in school who is poor enough so that she'd ever think of stealing what didn't belong to her. And, besides, she was in the cloak room after the bell rang."
Georgine's father shook his head.
"I'm afraid you wouldn't do to serve on a jury, my dear. It takes too little to convince you. A girl is poor, and so she would steal. She is alone in the room with money which can't be found, and so she has stolen. There is an old principle of law which has given satisfaction after being tested a great many centuries, and that is to treat an accused man as innocent till he is proven guilty. It would be worth your while to remember this."
Georgine came home the next evening with something of interest to tell.
"What do you think, papa? Laura found that fifty-cent piece in the lining of her coat. It had slipped through a hole she didn't know was there. And the girls who treated Jane horrid are so ashamed that time I won't believe anybody guilty they don't know what to do. Next till it's proved."

POET'S CORNER

THE GATE.

Once we turned from its beckon sweet,
Beads we counted and prayers we plied;
Strong of heart, and of marching feet,
Valiant of purpose in youth and pride,
To the sky and the stars our songs we cried,
And never a one dare say us nay;
But the stars were false and the prophets lied;
Where is the Gate to the Primrose Way?
Where are the comrades we used to greet
Over the hedge of that great divide;

The laughs they threw at our pilgrim feet,
The flowers they flung when we sought to chide?
Staff and scrip we have put aside
And over the night and across the day
We seek for the Gods undefined;
Where is the Gate to the Primrose Way?

Does the archway lurk in some phantom street
Where fancies like knights in armor stride,
Where dreams come true and a glorious fleet
Of ships come in with the sunset tide?
In Villon's alley does it hide?
Wise folk, give us a hint, we pray,
Send us a word as a friendly guide,
Where is the Gate to the Primrose Way?

Gallant sirrabs and dames discreet,
You that with lutes in rose bowers bide,
Help us the fiddler fate to cheat,
The root of the rainbow's end confide!
With tears we have sought it far and wide,
Tired and weary and lone we stray;
Alms we crave; let the good deride;
Where is the Gate to the Primrose Way?

L'ENVOI.
Brave Prince, Poet—the Quest decide!
Lead us to where the fountains play!
Leave us not sad, unsatisfied;
Where is the Gate to the Primrose Way?

LITTLE THINGS.

Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam
Only a little shriveled seed—
It might be flower or grass or weed,
Only a box of earth on the edge,
Of a narrow, dusty window ledge,
Only a few scant summer showers,
Only a few dear shining hours;
That was all. Yet God could make
Out of these for a sick child's sake,
A blossom-wonder as fair and sweet
As ever broke at an angel's feet.

Only a life of barren pain
Wet with sorrowful tears for rain;
Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam
Of joy that seemed but a happy dream,
A life as common and brown and bare
As the box of earth in the window
Yet it bore at least the precious bloom
Of perfect soul in a narrow room—
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold
Over the flower's heart of gold.
—Henry Van Dyke.

SOMETHING KIND.

If thou canst tell me something kind
That has been thought of me,
If thou canst lift my spirit up
To moods of buoyancy,
Then speak the words, I pray thee, dear,
However light they seem,
Withhold not from me anything
That adds to life's sweet dream.
If thou canst tell me of some one
Whom I have chanced to aid,
If thou canst point me out some spot
That I have brighter made,
Then whisper softly unto me,
In accents fond and low,
The kind truth never hurts nor harms,
But sets the heart aglow.
So come with light and warmth and cheer
To meet me every day,
Reflect to me the world's bright smiles,
And hide its frowns away
O, hast thou sorrows of thine own?
Have others injured thee?
Unburden as thou wilt, thou'lt feel
My tender sympathy.

If you canst tell me something kind
That has been thought or spoken,
If thou canst lift a spirit up
Too oft by treachery broken,
Repeat it, dear, my faith inspire,
However vain it seems;
For I would fain be trusted still,
Nor wake from life's sweet dreams.

THE MAID.

Thunder of riotous hoofs over the queaking sod;
Clash of reeking squadrons, steel-capped, ironshod;
The White Maid and the white horse,
And the flapping banner of God.
Black hearts riding for money; red
Hairs riding for fame;
The Maid who rides for France, and
The King who rides for shame—
Gentlemen, fools and a saint riding
In Christ's high name!
"Dust to dust!" it is written. Wind-scattered are lance and bow,
Dust the Cross of Saint George; dust
The bones of the King are crumbled,
And rotted the shafts of the foe.
Forgotten the young Knight's valor,
Forgotten the captain's skill;
Forgotten the fear and the hate and
The mailed hands raised to kill;
Forgotten the shields that clashed
And the arrows that cried so shrill.
Like a story from some old book,
That battle of long ago;
Shadows the poor French king and
The might of his English foe;
Shadows the charging nobles and
The archers kneeling a-row—
But a flame in my heart and my
Eyes, the Maid with her banner
of snow!
—Theodore Roberts, in Pall Mall Magazine (London).

TURKISH FREEDOM FOR THE CATHOLICS

PROCESSIONS ARE PROTECTED.

Surprise of Mussulman on Hearing of English Restrictions.

Writes the Constantinople correspondent of the Catholic Times:
"We had seen nearly all that a tourist generally desires to inspect the 17th June, I thought little more remained to be seen. But an agreeable surprise was in store for us. Going through the chief street of Pera, Constantinople, along with friends of the city, we were surprised to see the houses decorated with flags, while on the front and in the archways of the parochial churches, banners and garlands covered the walls and clustered around the Papal flag. Though it was the octave of Corpus Christi, no one of the party dreamt of the real meaning of the festive attire of the locality. Mussulman Constantinople, with its little group of 20,000 Latin Catholics among a population of 1,000,000 Turks, Greeks, Schismatics, Protestants, and all the other offshoots of heresy or schism, was not surely going to do any honor to the Catholic Church!

A PUBLIC PROCESSION.

"We are going to have a public procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament at 4.30 this evening," observed a French Catholic quietly. "The procession will file through the principal streets for the space of nearly an hour."
If a thunderbolt had fallen in our midst the party could not be more astonished, especially since among the flags, there were those of Turkey, France, Italy and England. And somebody then asked would the procession be liable to molestation on the part of the Turkish soldiers or Moslems.
"During the procession," went on the Frenchman, "the trams and cabs will stop; order will be maintained by the Turkish police and soldiers—that is, they will stand in the street and give the military salute as the Sacred Host is borne past. The Moslems and others will stand by respectfully, and everything will pass off as if there were question of the most Catholic city in the world."

A TURK'S SURPRISE.

There was a Turkish acquaintance listening, and he asked why we looked so surprised at the news of the Frenchman.
"Because," replied one of the party, "in London, with all its braggadoccio about liberty, equality and fraternity, the Catholics were prohibited last year from carrying the Sacred Host through the streets, and in Rome itself the Italian Government will not allow public processions of the Blessed Sacrament."
The Mussulman then did two things that expressed his mind only too clearly. Holding up his thumb and two forefingers, he made a gesture signifying bigotry and stupid prejudice. This done, he spat out with a gesture of contempt.
The picture descriptive of the order and respect that attended that procession was not overdrawn, for never have I seen greater respect paid in public to the Sacred Host.

The Catholic Writer.

No writer will lose in the end by permitting the fact to be known that he is a Catholic. There is today in the world no organization or institution with the prestige of the Catholic Church. The man who is afraid to be known as a Catholic is courting the very odium that he dreads. If a man is ashamed of his religion, he can scarcely expect non-Catholics to respect either it or him. The man who glories in being a Catholic will not only be respected for his loyalty, but he may be the means of inspiring respect where before there had been nothing but contempt bred of ignorance.
Catholic literature needs to be "boomed," if the slang term may be pardoned, and the best way to boom it is to show the world what there is of it. Let every public library in the country be searched for it and let lists be published of what is found, be it much or little. However little there is now will be more as a result of publishing the fact. There is no nobler service that Catholic organizations all over the country can undertake than to make known the Catholic literature in the public libraries of their vicinity and to take steps to increase its extent and use among Catholics and non-Catholics in the community.—William Stetson Merrill, in the Catholic World for July.

HAD BACHACHE.

Was Unable To Do House-work For Two Years

Many Women Suffer Untold Agony From Kidney Trouble.

Very often they think it is from so-called "female disease." There is less "female trouble" than they think.
Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability and a dragging down feeling in the loins. So many, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to "female disease?"
Most of the so-called "female diseases" are no more or less than "kidney disorders," and can be easily and quickly cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.
Mrs. C. Dupuis, Bellevue Village, N.B., writes: "I was unable to do my house-work for two years on account of backache. I could not get up the stairs. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me permanently after doctors failed to even relieve the pain. I can highly recommend them to all sufferers from kidney trouble."
Price 50 cts. per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Decadence in Italy.

An Indictment of the State of Affairs in That Country.

While the Italian and French Governments are interchanging compliments regarding the events of 1859, and every skirmish which took place in that disturbed year is magnified into a great battle to be commemorated fifty years after with monuments and banquets and high-flown oratory laden with insults to the Holy See and to Austria, an allied power, people of the capital of that new Italy, to the formation of which the events of 1859 had little reason to congratulate themselves on the present state of their affairs. The Parliament is a bear garden in which men are obliged to be witnesses of scenes and to hear language that would disgrace a tavern. Their City Council occupies itself more and more with the means of destroying the faith of their children, and of raising monuments in memory of the vilest Carbonari, or with commemorations of Solferino, San Martino, or the slaughter of Perugia, than with the promotion of the interests of the city. The strike of masons and bricklayers has paralyzed the building industry for the past week, bringing misery to tens of thousands of persons. There is also a dispute between the secular managers and the attendants of the large hospital of Santo Spirito in connection with certain dismissals. A bomb was placed in the quiet street beside the hospital, known as Borgo Santo Spirito, recently, and the force of its explosion may be imagined when it is stated that it was not only heard but felt by people living at Monte Mario two miles distant. The people of the district rushed from their houses in terror, while shattered windows in the hospital itself and in the residences opposite, bring to our minds the pitiful scenes that must have occurred amongst the poor patients in the crowded wards of Santo Spirito. It is a terrible incident, but one which exactly illustrates that decadence of Christian civilization which is, unfortunately, to be observed on all sides in the Third Italy.

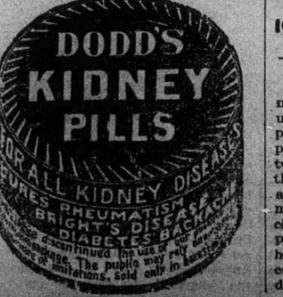
Sweet and palatable, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is acceptable to children, and it does its work surely and promptly.

Bishop of Newcastle.

The Right Rev. Dr. Richard Collins, Auxiliary Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, in succession to the late Dr. Wilkinson.
Richard Martin Collins was born at Newbury in Berkshire on April 5, 1857. He was educated at a private school at Malmsbury conducted by Father Larive. When twelve years of age, Richard Collins came North to St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw where he proved himself merely a keen student, but an amateur athlete, entering heartily into outdoor sports. He was ordained priest in the College Chapel by the Right Rev. John William Bewick, third Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, in May, 1885.

SELF RAISING FLOUR Brodie's Celebrated Self-Raising Flour

Is the Original and the Best. A Premium given for the empty bags returned to our Office.
10 Blouy Street, Montreal.



A Medical Need Supplied.—When a medicine is found that not only acts upon the stomach, but is so composed that certain ingredients of it pass unaltered through the stomach to find action in the bowels, then there is available a purgative, a cleanser of great effectiveness. Par-melee's Vegetable Pills are of this character, and are the best of all pills. During the years in which they have been in use they have established themselves as no other pill has done.

POPE AID OF HUMANA

ITALIANS K

Trojan's Forum

Which are
In Italy, one animal—and find the Italians to people, and especially males, writes the Quarterly Bulletin C.A. Here, more I visited, with Egypt, cruelty is of ignorance and classes themselves that it would they gave their lot. Yet in it particularly in F there is hardly a home so obscure shelter a pet cat, kept and cared for safe in saying the Rome has one them a great many altogether too wretchedly poor of fact, the are fond of the make great pets of their solitude. I never saw more than those of Rome forget the beautiful the Aventine, who was a bed of wh sunny angle of the wall? Or black golden eyes—the Centesimi! Store. These were friends and so was Pietro dog of the great Peter's.

CATS IN

The ruins of cats. abundant in cats. them. Tourists at scolding them, at least an ideal one. I could, sunning themselves on columns and great Emperor's of wonder, in an would the ubiquitous train from making gets? Fortunately, tented Tombs and bination of mischief and sling-shots or known in Rome. Horses, donkey, hard lives in Italy are kept in dark, and are very poor by the quality of This treatment is C ignorance of the Many families in ters where one would place a cow.

DONKEYS IN

The poor little de beaton and exposed weather. They are by the strap that body, to steady the behind, which other backward. This is to the fact that, taxes four-wheeled ily believe this to be the most unlikely T. The drivers pay these galled places, inevitable, and the comes calloused, the mal will cease to s animal falls lame, 't. Probably the 'know what to do. One of the most p of the humane wor interest taken in Pope. The society is ter lack of money. I deplore conditions. Instead of giving algar who demands it ing, send a small s the local Humane S other worthy char do much good, and harm. The Italian spairs of educating respect and self-sup tourists continue to ate and mischievous

The "Cathol

Those people who ting about "the Cat ion so much to his apprehension as the easily-led Catholic; other folks do his understand," the M land) Catholic. He its current issue, "a claim upon their because he is a Cat Catholics who suppo trograde municipal and no Catholic is such a man. In fa fight against him if to be in the wrong.

Pills for Nervous stomach is the cent system, and when t pends healthy action manifest in distur nerves. If allowed and its debility, a fa may ensue. The s is to restore the st action, and this is why for this than table Pills. These v virtue of these pill ous disorders.