

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



Dream Street.

'Round by the corner of pleasant Dream street You can hear the light patter of dear little feet.

It has no beginning nor end, so they say, So you see you can't find it by asking the way.

Though every one goes to the Street of best dreams, Not a person will tell what it's like, so it seems.

No numbers are found on the doors over there, And the houses and people float high in the air.

They keep the forest spangles and silver star-beams In a wonderful store in the Street of good dreams.

To play round that corner so safe and so wide, You can start off to-night without money or guide;

Just climb on my lap and I'll whisper to you, And perhaps you will go where the dreams will come true;

Past Lullaby Land, then through Slumberdeep Square, And the first thing you know you are landed right there!

Why Susie Changed Her Mind.

When Mrs. Starr's cook asked the privilege of having her little boy with her during the holidays, Mrs. Starr had taken time to think the matter over before giving a definite answer. But Isabel had expressed her mind without delay of a moment.

"Why, it will be a nuisance, mamma. She won't half do her work, I'm sure."

"Susie is very faithful. I do not think she will neglect her work even if little George is here. The kitchen is roomy, and it seems rather selfish to refuse her something which means so much to her. Think if you and I saw each other only two or three hours out of a month."

"Mamma!" Isabel bridled indignantly. "The idea of comparing ourselves with Susie and her children. People of that sort don't feel as we do, of course."

"How do you know?" Mrs. Starr asked simply, and Isabel replied still hotly. "Why, everybody knows it."

The interests of the busy day had put the conversation with her mother almost out of her mind, when late that afternoon in another part of the town she saw a woman with her little boy beside her, standing at the curbing waiting for a car. The little lad's hand was held fast in that of the woman, and he prattled on in an eager voice, while his mother answered absently. Suddenly she stooped and kissed the little hand she held with a passionate tenderness which made the child turn and hide his face in her skirts. As she put her arm about him and stood up, Isabel, on the opposite side of the street, recognized Susie, poor Susie, with hungry mother-love in every line of her face and in her wistful eyes.

The Men With the Sacks.

Long ago, when people did queer things, an old man went around with a sack hanging behind his back and another one hanging in front of him.

sack in front and one behind. He went up to him, and began feeling his sack.

"What have you got there, my friend?" he asked, giving the sack in front a good poke.

"Stop! don't do that!" cried the other, "you'll spoil my good things."

"What things?" asked Number One. "Why, my good deeds," answered Number Two. "I keep them all in front of me, where I can always see them, and taken them out and air them. See, here is the half-crown I put in the plate last Sunday; and the shawl I gave to the beggar girl; and the mittens I gave to the crippled boy; and the penny I gave to the organ grinder; and here is even the benevolent smile bestowed on the crossing sweeper at my door; and—"

"And what's in the sack behind you?" asked the first traveller, who thought his companion's good deeds would never come to an end.

"Tut, tut," said Number Two; "there is nothing I care to look at in there. That sack holds what I call my little mistakes."

"It seems to me that your sack of mistakes is fuller than the other," said Number One.

Number Two frowned. He had never thought that, though he had put what he called his "mistakes" out of his sight, everyone else could see them, still. An angry reply was on his lips when happily a third traveller—also carrying two sacks as they were—overtook them.

"What cargo do you carry in your sacks?" cried one.

"Let's see your goods," said the other.

"With all my heart," quoth the stranger; "for I have a good assortment, and I like to show them. This sack," said he, pointing to the one hanging in front of him, "is full of the good deeds of others."

"It must be a pretty heavy weight to carry," observed Number One.

"There you are mistaken," replied the stranger; "the weight is only such as sails are to a ship, or wings are to an eagle. It helps me onward."

"Well, your sack behind can be of little good to you," said Number Two, "for it appears to be empty, and I see it has a great hole in the bottom of it."

"I did it on purpose," said the stranger; "for all the evil I hear of people I put in there, and it falls through and is lost. So you see, I have no weight to drag me down or backward."

Good Rules For Boys and Girls.

Be honest, truthful and pure. Do not use bad language. Keep your face and hands clean, and your clothes and boots brushed and neat. Keep out of bad company. Help your parents as much as you can. Be kind to your brothers and sisters. Do not be selfish, but share all your good things. Do your best to please your parents. Be respectful to your teachers and help them as much as you can. Observe the school rules. Do not copy. Do not cut the desks or write in the reading books. Never let another be punished in mistake for yourself; this is cowardly. Do not cheat at games. Do not bully. Be pleasant and not quarrelsome. Do not jeer at or call your schoolmates by names which they do not like. Salute your pastors, teachers and acquaintances when you meet them. Do not push or run against people. Do not chalk on walls, doors or gates. Do not annoy shopkeepers by loitering at their shop doors or gates. Do not throw stones or destroy property. Do not throw orange or banana peel, or make slides on the pavement; this often results in dangerous accidents. Do not make fun of old or crippled people. Be particularly courteous to strangers or foreigners. Remember to say "Please" and "Thank you."

Always mind your own business. Before entering a room it is courteous to knock at the door; do not forget to close it after you. Always show care, pity and consideration for animals and birds. Never be rude to anybody, whether older or younger, richer or poorer than yourself. Always show attention to older people and strangers, by opening the door for them, bringing them what they require (hat, chair, etc.), giving up your seat for them if necessary.

Jimmie's Faith.

"Father, I'm going to be a priest." There was determination in the voice of the boy who sat in a low chair in Father Henry's garden. He was eleven years old, but so small one would not think him nine. A fall in babyhood had left him a cripple, and Father Henry, gazed compassionately at the eager face lifted to his own, and gently repeated:

"A priest, Jimmie?" "Yes, Father, a priest. Oh, I know I'm crooked (with a slight motion towards the injured hip), but I ask our Lord every night to make me strong and straight, and I'm sure He'll do it. I don't know when" (the confident smile faded), "but sometime. It won't be soon, I'm afraid; for I can't walk as far as I could, and I get so tired."

"Perhaps the walk up here is too far, Jimmie?" "Oh, no, Father! I wouldn't miss my lessons for anything; and when I get very tired, I roll down the last two hills."

Father Henry laughed. "Do you never strike a stone?" "Sometimes, but I go over it so slowly that it doesn't hurt. I'll have to move on now, Father. Mother worries when I'm late."

"Yes," said the priest. "Perhaps you'd better start soon, Jimmie. There's a storm brewing. Look over in the west."

Although the sky above them was clear, the distant clouds were black. Father Henry knew a storm was gathering, and that it would take the lad an hour to reach his home in the valley, a mile and a half down the hills.

"Good-bye, Father! I'll be up on Thursday to tackle those verbs."

"Very well, Jimmie. Good-bye and God bless you."

Father Henry watched the little figure hurrying down the hill. "Brave of spirit, but helpless of body," he thought. It was the first time Jimmie had spoken to him of his desire to be a priest, although the boy's mother had said how earnestly he prayed to be made strong and well and to become a good priest.

"Jimmie will never be a priest, Father," sobbed the poor mother; "and I'm afraid when he realizes it the disappointment will kill my boy."

Father Henry had comforted her and bade her leave her son's future in the good God's care. Jimmie's mother's father had died six months before, and a few days later another baby sister was born. Mrs. Burke, with her six children, lived on a small farm not far from the bend of the river. Mary, the eldest child, with Jimmie's help, cared for a vegetable and flower garden, and sold the products to the hotel on the hill. This, with the butter and eggs and a slender income which Mrs. Burke received every month, enabled them to live in comfort. Jimmie had attended the Sisters' school, where Father Henry had noticed him, pale and delicate, growing paler as the months went by, and had taken him to see a doctor. After this Jimmie stopped school and went instead to Father Henry's three times a week for his lessons.

As he hurried homeward the first drops of rain began to patter about him and the wind bowed and swayed the trees. He had just entered the cottage when the storm broke in torrents of rain, peals of thunder and vivid lightning. Mrs. Burke gave the children their supper and put them to bed; then when the storm, which had raged for several hours, seemed to subside, she also retired.

In the early morning, awakened by the crash of a falling tree, uprooted by the flood from the hillside, she sprang from the bed to find the floor covered with water. The dam must have given away; for the river had begun to overflow, and in a short while the entire valley would be flooded. Hastily arousing the children she tore a sheet in three parts and bound two-year old Agnes to her shoulders. She held the baby to take little Harry in her arms. "Jimmie," cried the distracted woman, "keep close to mother! But what can I do with Ruth?"

Dear little Ruth was only five years old; yet, with the three younger and more helpless children, how could Ruth be cared for!

"I'll carry Ruth, mother," faltered Jimmie, bravely.

"No, Jimmie! You are weak and lame, and Ruth is as heavy as you. Take hold of my dress, Ruth, darling; and, Jimmie, dear, keep as close as you can to mother."

Mary went first, and with her moving in prayer the overburdened mother left the cottage; but as they crossed the yard, Jimmie and Ruth were swept apart from the others, and the roar of the storm drowned his mother's voice. Bravely the

boy struggled to keep the path up the hillside to Father Henry's. When Ruth began to cry, he took her on his back and went on through the rain, which continued to pour down upon them. In the darkness Jimmie's foot slipped.

"Dear Lord," he prayed, "please help us and save us!" And, despite pain and weakness, he scrambled up the hill.

At last the rain stopped, and he sank exhausted at the foot of a big tree, where an hour later the priest found them. Ruth lay with her head on Jimmie's breast, sound asleep, and Jimmie, his eyes closed and his face pale as death, held her fast. He opened his eyes as Father Henry bent over him.

"O Father," he cried, "I'm so glad you've come! I'm so tired! Tell mother I've got Ruth safe. Where's mother?"

"At the hotel, Jimmie," cheerfully answered Father Henry, "with Mary and the babies. They're all right, Jimmie—all safe."

The strained lines of his face relaxed and his eyes closed again; then the other searchers arrived, and the children were soon in the arms of their grateful mother.

The flood went down as rapidly as it had risen, and in a few days Mrs. Burke was back in her cottage in which the guests at the hotel had replaced all household goods destroyed by the flood.

Jimmie did not recover as quickly as the others; The exertion and exposure were too much for the frail boy, and Father Henry took him to St. Joseph's Hospital that he might receive every care. For weeks he lay ill; but his cheerfulness and patience won the admiration of doctors and nurses, and attracted the attention of a famous surgeon.

When Jimmie was able to be wheeled in a cushioned chair around the hospital, that surgeon had a talk with Mrs. Burke, and obtained her consent to operate on the injured hip. The operation proved successful; and shortly after, when Father Henry came to see his pupil, Jimmie greeted him with a happy smile and whispered:

"I'll be straight now, Father; and" (with a delighted laugh) "Dr. Hill says I can have my books next week."

Twelve years later Mrs. Burke was in the beautiful cathedral of the near by city. It was a lovely day in June, and sunlight came through the stained windows like showers of gold. The air was filled with incense and the perfume of roses; but Mrs. Burke saw only the priest at the altar—a young priest in all his strength and vigor. It was her son "Jimmie," and this was his first Mass.

A Prime Dressing for Wounds.—In some factories and workshops carbolic acid is kept for use in cauterizing wounds and cuts sustained by the workmen. Far better to keep on hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It is just as quick in action and does not scar the skin or burn the flesh. There is no other oil that has its curative qualities.

POET'S CORNER

BEFORE THE GOSPELS WERE.

Ye are witnesses of these things— Luke, 24-48.

Long noons and evenings after He had gone, Mary the Mother, Matthew, Luke and John, And all of those who loved Him to the last, Went over all the marvel of the past—

Went over all the old familiar ways With tender talk of dear remembered days. They walked the roads that never gave Him rest— Past Jordan's ford, past Kedron's bridge, Up Olivet, up Hermon's ridge, To that last road, the one they loved the best.

This way He passed with Jairus, this the place He called the light back to the maiden's face— A slow strange light as when the dawn fills up In her first hour a lily's pallid cup. There was the shadow of the cedar tree, Where He would sit and look on Galilee, And think on all that had been and must be. And yonder was the secret trail He trod Where birds were feeding as the guests of God, And where the lilies, lighted by the sun, Made dim the glory of King Solomon.

And there Jerusalem, where once He came, His words all sword and flame For those who buy and sell the Holy Name—

Lord Granard has gone from London to Ireland, to join the countess, formerly Beatrice Wills of New York who is in retirement at Castle Forbes till after the new year. At Longford, where the Granard family seat is situated, it is said that the countess is receiving instruction in the Catholic religion and it is believed that she will privately taken into the Catholic Church before Christmas. Lord Granard is one of the most prominent Catholics in Great Britain.

Oshawa Galvanized Steel Shingles
You can't afford to roof a building without Oshawa Galvanized Steel Shingles. Good for a hundred years. Sold for the free booklet.

FEDLAR People of Oshawa
McLeod, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

'Twas there He lifted up the little child, Its heart all wonder wild. Yes, lifted up a child for all to see The secret of the Kingdom that shall be.

So huddling often by the chimney blaze, They held their wonder-talk, Minding each other of some sacred spot, Minding each other of a word forgotten.

Went to the four winds like a flight of birds! —Edward Markham, Author of "The Man With the Hoe."

UPON THE THRESHOLD.

Once more we stand with half-reluctant feet Upon the threshold of another year; That line where past and present seem to meet In stronger contrast than they do elsewhere.

Look back a moment, does the prospect please, Or does the weary heart but sigh regret? Can recollection smile, or ill at ease With what is past, wish only to forget?

Say, earnest thou smile when memory's lingering gaze Once more recalls the dying year to sight? Wouldst thou live o'er again those changing days, Or bid them fade forever into night?

A solemn question, and the faltering heart Scarce dare say "Yes," yet will not quite say "No"; For joy and sadness both have played their part In making up the tale of "long ago."

Here memory sees the golden sunlight gleam Across the path of life and shine awhile; And now the picture changes like a dream, And sorrow dims the eyes and kills the smile.

So—it has gone—where all have gone before; The moaning wind has sung the dead year's dirge, Time's waves roll on against the crumbling shore, And sinks the worn-out bark beneath the surge.

Here ends the checked page of prose and verse, Of shapely words and lines writ all awry, There they must stand for better or for worse; So shut the book and bid the year good-bye!

THY LOVE IS OVER ALL.

Glad bells will ring the New Year in And bid the Old good-bye, And o'er this darling world of sin The stars come out on high; Methinks from those wide fields of light I hear sweet voices call, Soft-singing through the peaceful night, "Thy love is over all."

The sailor's little children sleep Like sea-blooms on a stem, While far off on the stormy deep Their father dreams or thorn; And though the mighty north wind blows And rains unceasing fall, Deep in his trusting heart he knows Thy love is over all.

Some poor old mother softly lays The rusted sabre by, While through her open window strays The glory of the sky— What though no footstep greets her ear, Her name no voices call, Yet still she knoweth Thou art near, Whose love is over all.

We owe our blessings all to Thee, A most exhaustless store, They have no limit or degree But grace both rich and poor; The beggar crouching at the gate, The monarch in his hall, Alike upon Thy mandates wait Whose love is over all.

Upon the New Year altar fair What gift shall we offer our part? Methinks Thy voice sighs through the air, "My child, give Me thy heart." Then take it, Lord, for weal or woe, I care not what befall, Enough it is for me to know Thy love is over all.

—Elvira Miller Slaughter, in Louisville Record.

Preparing For Conversion.

Lord Granard has gone from London to Ireland, to join the countess, formerly Beatrice Wills of New York who is in retirement at Castle Forbes till after the new year. At Longford, where the Granard family seat is situated, it is said that the countess is receiving instruction in the Catholic religion and it is believed that she will privately taken into the Catholic Church before Christmas. Lord Granard is one of the most prominent Catholics in Great Britain.

Oshawa Galvanized Steel Shingles
You can't afford to roof a building without Oshawa Galvanized Steel Shingles. Good for a hundred years. Sold for the free booklet.

FEDLAR People of Oshawa
McLeod, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

Capo Cresolene
For Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Diphtheria, Catarrh.
"Used while you sleep."
VAPORIZED CRESOLENE stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever-used, used. It acts directly on the nose and throat, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough. CRESOLENE is a powerful germicide, acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. CRESOLENE'S best recommendation is its 20 years of successful use. For sale by all druggists. Send Postal Note for Descriptive Booklet. Cresolene Anti-Septic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, in stamps.
THE LEEMING-MILES CO., Limited, Canadian Agents, Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Can.

The Dublin Gazette announces that the Estates Commissioners propose to acquire compulsorily lands in the townland of Rosmacoble, barony of Magherestephana, under the Evicted Tenants Act, 1907. The area of the lands, which are the property of Lord Erne, is 95 acres, 0 rods, 7 perches.

A Trip to Alaska.

A trip to Alaska is one seldom undertaken by the people in the British Isles, and of the many bookings undertaken by the Grand Trunk Railway officials in London, a few tickets show the destination to be that part far north of Canada, where coal and gold, together with meteorological observations, are often supposed to be the chief reason for the existence of that land. That such a trip can be made with little out of the ordinary fatigue of travelling is well proved by the recent communication sent to Mr. Fred C. Salter, European Traffic Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, from Mr. Bromley Challenor, F.R.G.S., who has just returned from the northwestern limit of the North American continent. The letter has an added interest by reason of the fact that on the day of the official opening of the Grand Trunk Railway's new offices at 17-19, Cockspur Street, S.W., Mr. Challenor was the first person to book a passage with the Company for Canada. On Dominion Day (July 1st) the trip was planned and provision made for the journey, and, in the first week in October, back in England again, the well-known geographer has been pleased to write to the Grand Trunk offices expressing his entire satisfaction with the easy way in which the journey was accomplished. After thanking the railway officials for making his means of transportation pleasant and comfortable, he says: "I was very pleased, indeed, with both the road and rolling stock of your Company, and in my opinion it is second to none on the Continent of America. The arrangements you made for me very much added to my comfort and enabled me to reach my destination in the quickest possible time, and I must say I experienced the greatest civility from the Company's staff during my passage on your road. The route you worked out for me was a most interesting one, and coming back as I did over the Rockies and the Great Lakes, I did not travel over a single mile a second time except the short run between Sarnia and Toronto. Will you be good enough to send me particulars of your 'Round the World Tours.' I am thinking that next spring I may have another run out to the West, and if I do, I should like to return home via the East." Thus the whole of Great Britain is quickly put in touch by this great railway system, with what frequently is said to be the best of the world's parts of the earth.—Dublin (Ireland) Daily Express, Oct. 19, 1909.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

Is Specially Calculated To Cure All Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Croup, Pain or Tightness in the Chest; and all Branchial Troubles yield quickly to the curative powers of this princely of pectoral remedies. It contains all the virtues of the world famous Norway pine tree, combined with Wild Cherry Bark, and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other excellent herbs and barks.

Windsor, Ontario, writes: "I was troubled with a nasty hacking cough, and for the past several months and several weeks but they did me no good. At last I was cured by a friend to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and with the first few doses I found great relief and to-day my hacking cough has entirely disappeared and I am never without Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in the house."

The price of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is 25 cents per bottle. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three lines across the trade mark, so be sure and see the none of the many substitutes of the original "Norway Pine Syrup."
Manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Leaves from Miss The earthquake and "Mother! Bert! see you again. I'm you a few lines will be told by some be any (the shock few hours), of the day, December twenty all to Providence, dazed—how long I tomorrow I will—

"Tomorrow" is the date, just we the twenty-ninth Antonio, Elizabeth—thank God!

"Yesterday we were told that angel, France us from our stupor, the first terrifying out. Antonio's stern like grip kept us garden at the rear.

by some impetuous frum, run, although w ble palaces on the ing, crumbling.

"Oh! the horror not recall it. I saw lotta, run, but had power of hand to n heard Francesca pres beside her. Elizabeth our knees, then on prostrate; thus— all we felt a little necks. Some one y it was Francesca."

THURSDAY, DEC 30, 1909. The B (Continued)

handbag of man behind a statue bluntly said, "for that made it with er dreaming that foreign-looking. O she told mademoiselle have liked to be ears, only they spooled or bold she is the most child possible. "There is quite here at present. favor this, 'becau ridicule the Bam much.' Elizabeth keep my Protest ground, else this thusiast will be cent with me. W friends."

Messina, D "Dearest Sister, you will have rec little packages, m tenth in a due tin season's joys. Cl be quite merry. famoines, dinn seventh at the A but I promise yo another and more one more in Christian spirit.

"Even now I Francesca, all-int is preparing for decorating the sc brother Tonic, pr renus," and I hea erness this morni occupy the prie-d midnight Mas Sister, is not this

"Messina, O "Dearest, kindes What noble amen fence! Nothing h than your own b extended to the l. "snapped" you for picture—not for a memory, radiat, looked when Bert you last summer ask so many qu dress and custom of the good Sister would be high rics that are in general, and l, lationship with y it), an occasi convents and th even Elisabeth ask ed and widowed fited, before y. I or rather hines N.W. do I think or bigoted; she i is quite convinc of leaving France in Rome, when the year. The Paola generations past, for first communic of the Sacred Ho "Strange to say forward to it with light. For my p another, I would might want to dear child grows ery day. So cleve This morning she address; she wish herself, for the pre Madonna.

"Dear Bert!—of have the pleasure him during the ho but I must not be arranged that Genoa on the twen there is to be a gr on the twenty-eigh cousin's distinguishi clares, in my hon postponed until the ry. So I am to be ble of the Island and Messinist.

"Antonio sent pr to Genoa, but am to leave home at mother got enough ever, she is well at full life, intell of Genoa."

Leaves from Miss The earthquake and "Mother! Bert! see you again. I'm you a few lines will be told by some be any (the shock few hours), of the day, December twenty all to Providence, dazed—how long I tomorrow I will—

"Tomorrow" is the date, just we the twenty-ninth Antonio, Elizabeth—thank God!

"Yesterday we were told that angel, France us from our stupor, the first terrifying out. Antonio's stern like grip kept us garden at the rear.

by some impetuous frum, run, although w ble palaces on the ing, crumbling.

"Oh! the horror not recall it. I saw lotta, run, but had power of hand to n heard Francesca pres beside her. Elizabeth our knees, then on prostrate; thus— all we felt a little necks. Some one y it was Francesca."

Leaves from Miss The earthquake and "Mother! Bert! see you again. I'm you a few lines will be told by some be any (the shock few hours), of the day, December twenty all to Providence, dazed—how long I tomorrow I will—

"Tomorrow" is the date, just we the twenty-ninth Antonio, Elizabeth—thank God!

"Yesterday we were told that angel, France us from our stupor, the first terrifying out. Antonio's stern like grip kept us garden at the rear.

by some impetuous frum, run, although w ble palaces on the ing, crumbling.

"Oh! the horror not recall it. I saw lotta, run, but had power of hand to n heard Francesca pres beside her. Elizabeth our knees, then on prostrate; thus— all we felt a little necks. Some one y it was Francesca."

Leaves from Miss The earthquake and "Mother! Bert! see you again. I'm you a few lines will be told by some be any (the shock few hours), of the day, December twenty all to Providence, dazed—how long I tomorrow I will—