

For Boys and Girls.

CONDUCTED BY T. W.

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I know a funny little boy,—
The funniest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy.
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan—
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks;
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The schoolroom for a joke he takes,
The lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout, and moan, and sigh.

The Girl That Works.

Many young people imagine that because a girl after she leaves school performs the household duties or obtains employment in one of the many positions that are open nowadays to young women, she lowers herself to an inferior social rank. They may be correct in a few cases, according to the strict regulations of conservative society; but according to merit and real worth, she can be peerless in all the graces of refinement and sterling character.

The girl that doesn't work but ought to do so, is the one most apt to despise her industrious sister. This drone is content to eat the bread of idleness and allow her father and mother to toil unceasingly to support her. She is unwilling to see her younger brothers and sisters deprived of their fair share of schooling in order that she may be kept at home and be dressed above her station in life. Of course there are some young ladies who do not have to go out from home to earn their bread and they may well, from a purely charitable motive, refrain from gainful occupations, in order not to take positions that others need. But even they have no right to hold in contempt the girl that works. They have been given more means by Divine Providence, through no exertion of theirs and through no desert of theirs.

However, there are some who take outside employment in order to get away from housework at home, where their presence is much needed and sometimes indispensable. Others are able to spend all their wages on themselves in buying extravagances. These, although they work, are selfish and deserve no respect. We should honor only the girl that is virtuous and delightful, who gives all that she earns above her own simple wants for the maintenance of those who are dear to her, to pay the rent, to keep the family together, to educate the younger children and to secure a home for her father and mother in their old age.

Poor Tactics.

It is understood that a certain young man in Chicago is willing lately, to accept, at a moderate salary, any position requiring close application, a high order of intelligence, and a meek and uncomplaining spirit. He has learned says the Chicago "Record," that he is only a unit in the sum of human existence, and that it does not pay to try to "bluff" others into a contrary belief. Our young readers would do well to profit by this experience, and always to bear in mind that no one is indispensable, be his position what it may.

This young man had worked six months for a long-established insurance company, fulfilling his duties, as he had reason to believe, with entire satisfaction to his superiors. He knew that the head book-keeper had referred to him as a "bright young man," and that his fellow clerks regarded him with respect. The manager smiled cordially when he met him, and addressed him familiarly by his Christian name. Altogether he felt remarkably secure in his position.

One morning he walked into the manager's room and asked if he could speak to him a moment.
"Certainly, Herbert. What is it?" said the manager, wheeling around in his chair and beaming kindly through his spectacles. "Nothing serious, I hope."

"Well, sir," said Herbert, "I wanted to tell you that I intend to leave you the first of next month."

"Why, is that so?" said the manager. "Well, well, well! You don't mean to tell me that, Herbert!"

"Yes, sir," said the young man, firmly. "I find that I am getting four

dollars a week less than any man in the office who is doing the work I am. I have got to have a raise or quit the first of the month."

"Oh, no, Herbert, you won't do that," said his chief, thrusting his thumb into an armhole of his waistcoat and smiling in the same genial and benevolent way. "No, no; you won't do that."

"I have quite made up my mind," said Herbert.

"Oh, you've made up your mind, have you?" said the manager. "Yes, yes. But you won't quit the first of the month, Herbert; you'll quit right now and right here. You can tell the cashier to make out an order for your wages to the end of the week, and send it to me and I'll sign it. That's all, Herbert. Good day."

A Mathematical Problem.

Think of a number greater than 3, and multiply it by 3; if even, divide it by 2; if odd, add 1, and then divide by 2. Multiply the quotient by 3; if even, divide by 2; if odd, add 1, and then divide by 2. Now divide by 9, and tell the quotient, without the remainder and I will tell you the number thought of.

Here is the answer and method: If even both times, multiply the quotient by 4, and the product will be the number thought of; if odd first time, and even second, multiply by 4, and add 1; if even first time and odd second, multiply by 4 and add 2; if odd both times multiply 4, and add 3.

Ben's Experiment.

Ben Bailey burst into his grandfather's study, his face aglow with excitement. "Well!" said the old gentleman, laying aside his book.

"Grandpa, Frank Morris wants me to go up to the mountain with him after the manzanita sticks. He knows where they grow, acres of them, straight, just right for canes! Mayn't I go? We'll be back early."

"And where do the manzanita canes grow?"

"Oh, it's way up Coyote canon, beyond the old mine, on the side of the mountain. Frank knows. He's been there."

Grandfather Bailey pondered a moment before he answered. "I wouldn't care, if you would promise me to stay away from the mine. It isn't safe for boys to go there alone."

"Oh, yes, sir! We'll not visit the mine!"

"And keep out of the poison-oak!"

"I always give that a wide berth, sir!"

With that Ben slipped out to tell his chum that it was all right; he could go.

The next morning the boys were up at sunrise, for the distance was some seven or eight miles, and they wished to have ample time to select sticks from the manzanita brush. Choice manzanita canes readily brought ten cents apiece from the tourists at Congress Springs, and some of them sold for as much as 25 cents.

Ben and Frank climbed patiently the steady grade of the canon, in which brawled a rising stream, fed by rains in the north. They passed where the road hung out, bracket-fashion, over the stream, and reached the abandoned mine, the tunnels of which penetrated the mountain in every direction, and some of the shafts of which were sunk below sea level. The immense works hugged the side of the mountain hundreds of feet above the canon road, while opposite across the brawling stream, the old smelting plant remained tucked away in its nook in the canon, and still occupied the whole of it, as of old.

When the young came-merchants found the manzanita, they seated themselves and ate as much as they could of their luncheon; then they went to work with a will on the hard, leather-coated shrubbery, and soon had collected a very choice assortment of canes.

"We can finish our luncheon at the sulphur spring, just below the mine," said Frank.

The descent to the canon road was accomplished with some difficulty. They were obliged to rest every few rods, because of the heavy bundles on their backs. When they reached the spring many of their canes had been dropped.

"I feel as if I were throwing away a good ten-cent piece," said Ben, every time we lighten our load of a cane."

"I felt as if we were leaving behind us good ten-cent pieces, when we took so few as we did," answered Frank, who had thrown away half his original pack.

They rested awhile beside the spring, heaved boulders into the stream be-

low, and wondered how far it was to the mine above.

"Let's go up and see," said Frank, at last.

"Well," replied Ben, dubiously, "I'd like to, but I promised grandfather that I wouldn't."

"I don't believe that he'd care just to look in the windows of the engine-house."

"Of course there isn't any danger in that," assented Ben, "and I know grandfather wouldn't care; but I promised him to stay away from the mine."

"Suppose that we go up only as far as the 'dump'?" persisted Frank; "that isn't anywhere near the mine. You could go there all right."

"I'd like to go as much as you would," said Ben, timidly. "I wish I hadn't promised."

"What is it you're afraid of? Your grandfather won't care—I know he won't! He meant that he didn't want you to blunder around in the shafts and tunnels, where there are cave-ins and fire-damp, and all that. Of course he don't want you to be hurt."

"I don't think I'd better," replied Ben, still hesitating. "You see, grandfather is always real kind to me, and I'd hate to do anything that wasn't square."

"I'll tell you," said Frank, as though to settle the matter, "I'll explain the whole thing to your grandfather, and if it isn't all right I'll take all the blame on myself. That's square enough isn't it?"

"I don't think grandfather would refuse, if he were here; do you?"

"Of course he wouldn't!"

"I guess it will be all right, anyhow."

Besides, we don't need to say anything about it if we don't want to."

"I'll explain it all to him, if you say so. You can depend on me every time."

With that the two started up the almost obliterated path, and reached the "dumped dump," which connected the smelter, on one side of the canon with the mine on the other. In former times when the train-car brought its load of ore out of the mine to the dump, the ore was put into the buckets, which ran on an endless wire cable.

This cable went through the air, downward, across the canon, and delivered the buckets of quartz to a chute above the furnace. The line was operated by gravity; empty buckets ascended one-half of the endless cable while full buckets went down with the other half, and the cable was controlled by a brake on the pulley-wheel at the tunnel.

Frank went to the mouth of the tunnel and peered into its mysterious depths, but Ben would not go near it.

"I promised to stay away from the mine and I'm going to do it!" he repeated to himself, trying to persuade his conscience that he was keeping faith with his grandfather, because the old gentleman had said nothing about the dump.

Ben studiously obeyed the letter of his promise, but to his spirit he was deaf. He walked out on the wharfed-like dumping platform; he stationed himself a few feet from the edge and gazed into the abyss from which he had climbed; he threw rocks as far as he could, and watched them scatter the waters of the swollen Coyote when they struck. Then he began to investigate the machinery, and Frank soon joined him.

The wire rope was about the only piece of mechanism left on the property; and even that had been stripped of its buckets. All else was dismantled.

"I wonder why it so sags in the middle," said Frank.

"Because it's loose," said Ben; and to prove it he hung with his whole weight on the upper rope, which was at an inviting height.

"Ben!" shouted Frank. "What if it should break?"

Even as he spoke, the weight of Ben's body set the cable in motion, and the next moment he was so near the end of the platform that he was afraid to let go.

Then, before he could think, almost, he found himself swung off into space. Out—out—over the terrible chasm he was slowly carried by the running cable, while Frank stood paralyzed with terror upon the mountain.

Had Ben's grip relaxed for an instant, he must have been hurled against the bottom of the narrow gorge, hundreds of feet below; but the boy was strong of arms and hands. When Frank could move, he tried frantically to stop the cable; but not until he found the brake was he able to check its speed. By the time he had stopped it, Ben was but a few feet from the other landing.

"Let it run!" he cried, when he saw Frank at the brake. "Don't stop it!"

Frank did not hear. He was endeavoring to make the apparatus run up hill—trying to draw Ben back over the abyss.

Ben saw his peril. He knew that he could not hold on much longer. There

was but one thing to do. He must make the remaining distance hand over hand. Very carefully and slowly he proceeded. The broken ends of the wire lacerated his hands, and in some places but two or three rusted strands remained to the cable of its original strength.

"Ben! O Ben! Are you hurt?" shouted Frank, when he perceived that his friend's weight no longer burdened the cable. He received no answer.

"I am going for help!" Frank

cried, after waiting in vain for some response.

Ben, when he felt the solid earth again beneath his feet, had swooned away. When he returned to consciousness he found himself lying on a small shelf, blasted into the side of the mountain.

Below him on the one side extended a long steep slope of pulverized rock, leading to the smelter; on the other was a sheer drop of two or three hundred feet into the river. Above him and across the canon stretched the cable which had been his undoing. What if he should have to spend the night there!

The hours passed by, and still no one came to his assistance. The sun had set behind the mountain, while it was yet afternoon, the wind blew in cold and raw from the sea. Ben paced back and forth to keep warm; but the chill struck him to the bone.

Toward the close of day he determined to reach the smelter while it was yet light; and to that end plied his hatchet with such effect on the scanty woodwork about him that he soon had a pair of stout, sharp staves at hand, ready for the descent. With the assistance of these he slowly and laboriously made his way down the steep and dangerous slope.

The descent was more difficult than he had imagined. Now and then a boulder would become loosened, and crash and bound along until it flew into splinters at the foot of the slope. At times the whole mass would threaten to give way and engulf him in a general landslide.

When he finally reached the bottom his clothing was in shreds and his body covered with bruises. He set about at once to find him a shelter for the night.

The old smelter stood as on the day it was abandoned. Great batteries of stamps lined the path the glittering ore must take on its way to the reducing cupolas. They were covered inch-deep with stone dust, as of old. In the engine house the antiquated engines still waited the signal of the morrow that was not to come, to resume their labors.

Ben wondered if the machines knew that they were getting old. Steam-engines, like men, require constant work to keep them young and strong and healthy.

Ben could not decide which portion of the immense buildings was the least dreary; but after he had looked through them all he concluded that he would rather sleep on the table in the office than on the floor of the engine-room, where bugs and lizards might crawl over him.

He was brushing off the table when he thought he heard a call, "Halloo-oo-oo!" Ben stepped outside and listened.

"Halloo-oo-oo! Ben! Halloo-oo-oo! Halloo-oo-oo!" called one of the rescue party.

"Halloo!" Ben answered, as loudly as he could.

"What was that? Was that not an answer?" The party stopped to listen.

ADVICE TO BOYS.

Work with all your might, boys,
Work with all your main;
Never lose your time, boys,
Thus you're sure to gain.

Rise early in the morning, boys,
Rise always with a smile;
Do all the good you can, boys,
Thus you'll not be "vile."

Be true to your Church, boys,
Be true to your name;
Tell not lies "to please," boys,
Thus you'll win true fame.

Obey and love your parents, boys,
Obey your teachers also;
Speak not back to either, boys,
Thus "Noble" is your motto.

Love God from your heart, boys,
Love your neighbors too;
Speak not ill of others, boys,
Thus Christian work you'll do.

WAS 107 YEARS OLD.

Mrs. Catherine Strain, who was born in County Armagh, Ire., in 1792, and who came to this country alone in 1819, at the age of 27 years, died at her home in Syracuse, N. Y., on Thursday, April 6. She was the oldest resident of Syracuse, her age being 107 years. When she went to Syracuse the city was a wilderness, and the place where she died was then the

"Halloo-oo-oo, there!" they repeated.

"Halloo!" came the answer.
"That was no echo!" said Grandfather Bailey. "It came from the old smelter."

Ben drew as near as possible to the edge of the stream. "Halloo!" he shouted again.

"He is there, sure enough; but how are we ever to get him across?"

"The stream is rising," said another, "and it's fifty miles around."

It was, indeed, a serious problem. In California bridges are infrequent, save in the most densely populated districts. During the summer the streams are quite or nearly dry; during the winter they are fordable between storms. But Ben could not be left until the water subsided without food or clothing.

Grandfather Bailey took from his saddle a coil of small rope. Tying a stone to one end of it, he whirled it around his head until the momentum was sufficient, and then allowed it to sing through the air toward the opposite bank. The throw was a good one. Ben easily secured the one end; the other was made fast to a tree.

Meanwhile a great fire had been built by the rescuers. Medicines were prepared as if for a sick person, "and blankets spread and warmed."

"Tie the rope about you securely!" commanded Grandfather Bailey.

Ben tied the rope around his waist and knotted it half a dozen times.

"Now," said the old gentleman, "don't be afraid. Jump boldly into the water. We'll have you across in a jiffy."

The water swirled and boiled and jostled the walls of its narrow bed most fiercely as it rushed toward the sea. It looked cold and black and deep, and the heart of the boy failed him.

"Don't think about it! It's only for a moment!"

It may be that the strain of the preceding hours had been too much for Ben. He had proved himself brave enough, suspended from the cable, and in his perilous descent to the smelter; but now that he was not alone, and there was no danger, he could not do the thing. He had lost his nerve.

His grandfather expostulated with him, but to no purpose; and when he saw that the boy could not bring himself to risk the venture, he held consultation among his men. Something had to be done.

Two minutes later Ben felt the rope grow taut; he felt himself being drawn irresistibly toward the rising torrent, brace himself as he might. The next instant he was in mid-stream, fighting madly to keep his head above water. He knew nothing more until he found himself before the camp fire, wrapped in a warm blanket. That was how Grandfather Bailey did things.

The following day Ben, from his sick-bed, told the whole story to his grandfather, who looked very serious indeed when he heard it.

"Ben," he said, as he took the fevered hand in his, "I think it has been a lesson for you."

Ben took the lesson to heart. He became one of the most fearless and successful engineers in the service of the government, with a record for difficult undertakings of which any man might be justly proud; but to this day he never passes underneath that old wire cable without thinking of the lesson he learned one autumn afternoon, when the Coyote was running high and the sap was in the manzanita.—Youth's Companion.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESE.

His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal, Most Rev. P. N. Bruchese, has been stopping for a few days with Grey Nuns at St. Vincent's hospital, Toledo. The Archbishop is rather youthful in appearance, but a man of wonderful and great ability, whose career in the few years he has been Archbishop of the Canadian metropolis gives promise of great things for the Church in the Dominion. His last visit to Toledo was in 1893, when he came as commissioner of the Dominion Government to the World's Fair. He finds much improvement in Toledo since that time.

On the death of Archbishop Fabre the humble and youthful Canon Bruchese became the unanimous choice of clergy and bishops to succeed to the venerable see of Montreal, and how well he has reached the expectations of those that knew him may be seen in the authority he exercises, not only as Archbishop but as the dominant personage of all Canada.

Monsignor Bruchese was educated in Rome and was for some years before his consecration one of the brilliant corps of professors of Laval University, Quebec. Since his consecration he has completed the great Cathedral of St. Peter's in his archiepiscopal city, one of the finest edifices on the continent and a facsimile of St. Peter's, Rome.—The Catholic Universe, Cleveland, Ohio, April 14.

TIRED AND LAUGUID.

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN ESTIMABLE YOUNG LADY.

Her Blood was Poor and Watery—Suffered from Sick Headaches and Fainting Spells—How She Regained Health's Bloom.

The Recorder, Brockville.

On one of the finest farms in Wolford township, Grenville county, resides Mr. and Mrs. Mrs. Alonzo Smith and family. Mr. Smith is perhaps one of the best known men in the county, as in addition to being a practical farmer he represents several agricultural implement companies. His family consists of two estimable daughters, the eldest being seventeen years of age. To a correspondent of the Brockville Recorder who recently called at Mr. Smith's, Miss Minnie E. Smith, the eldest daughter, related the following story:—"About two years ago I was taken quite ill. I became pale and languid, and if I undertook to do any work about the house would easily become terribly fatigued. I became subject to terrible sick headaches, and my stomach became so weak that I loathed food. My trouble was further aggravated by weak spells, and my feet, winter and summer, were cold as ice; in fact it seemed as if there was no feeling in them. I tried several kinds of medicine, but instead of helping me I was growing weaker. One day in March, 1898, my father brought home a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I immediately discontinued the other medicine and began taking the pills. I found that they helped me and four more boxes were procured and by the time I had finished them I was entirely well. I have never had better health in my life than I am now enjoying. My appetite is now always good, and I have increased in weight. All this is due to the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I would advise any other young girl troubled as I was to use them, and they will certainly cure if the directions are followed.

The facts above related are important to parents, as there are many young girls just budding into womanhood whose condition is, to say the least, more critical than their parents imagine. Their complexion is pale and waxy in appearance, troubled with heart palpitation, headaches, shortness of breath on the slightest exercise, faintness and other distressing symptoms which invariably lead to a premature grave unless prompt steps are taken to bring about a natural condition of health. In this emergency, no remedy ever discovered can supply the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which build anew the blood, strengthen the nerves and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. They are certain cure for all troubles peculiar to the female system, young or old. These Pills also cure such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Do not be persuaded to accept any imitation, no matter what the dealer may say who offers it. Imitations never cured any one. See that the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is on the wrapper around every box you buy.

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