

Chats with the children

"NEVER SAY DIE."
Keep moving! keep cheerful! though empty your purse;
Though fortune be stingy, and fate be perverse;
Keep moving! don't loiter! misfortune defy,
And pocket your grievances; never say die!

Discouragements wait you, but keep a stout heart.
And though you get laughed at take all in good part;
"Perseverance" the motto on which you rely,
Be honest and truthful, and never say die!

In battling the world you may get some hard bumps,
Don't let them hurt you, and never give way to the dumps;
Keep moving! you're sure to succeed if you try,
So pluck up your spirits and never say die!

You'll be weary, no doubt, of all work and no play,
The same thing is wearying day after day;
But keep plodding on, and be "Patience" your cry,
For you'll win in the end, if you never say die!

Selected.

THE ALLITERATION CONTEST.

This competition was closed on Feb. 17th. The compositions were all excellent, and it was very difficult to decide who should be the winner. The prize has been awarded to Master Tom Matthews, 500 Adelaide St. W., for "The Tailors thrilling tale." This composition, though not the longest sent in, was so excellently worded as to read with perfect smoothness and sense. It was, moreover, very funny, so I think we shall all agree that Master Matthews deserves the prize this time.

All the articles sent in have been inserted, so those who were not successful have had the consolation of seeing their compositions in print at any rate. Cousin Flo is very sorry to have to disappoint so many of the little cousins, but of course, we all know that only one person could win the prize. However, there will be plenty more competitions; indeed there is another going on now, the contest for the prize book, about which I told you last week. Cousin Tom will not be allowed to compete for that, as he has already won one prize, and everybody must have an equal chance.

I shall not forget the other competitors though.

The latest time for receiving articles being Feb. 17, Mary Murphy was too late.

Cousin Flo.

Dear Cousin Flo.—This is my attempt at an alliteration. Truthful Teresa told Tommy Tompkins that the tourists travelling through Tallahassee Thursday thought travelling through the temple towards Trinidad they took the "Tymon" through the temple towards trade (teapots, turpentine, trousers), to the trusty tribes, telling them that they took the trouble to take these things to them. They then turned towards Texas to try tiger taming till they tired themselves totally. Thus they tarried till time told them to take themselves to Toronto.

Yours Truly,
Age 12. John A. Doyle,
77 Anne St.

Bert Bowman bought Bounce. Bad Bounce bit Baby Bertha. Baby Bertha bewled Bertie. Big brother Bert brought Baby Bertha big beautiful banana. Baby Bertha broke big banana. Big brother Bert bade baby Bertha bite big banana Baby bit banana. BERNICE GENDRON, Aged 10. Penetanguishene, Ont.

Arthur Arundel Arndt an agreeable, agile amateur astronomer and Archibald Angus Allison an amusing, accomplished accurate algebraist, attended an autocratic author's amusingly analytic autobiography.

Aida Alice Amis an airy, artful, ambitious artist attended also and accidentally attracted Arthur.

Arundel Arndt's ardently anxious attention. Archibald Angus Allison ably attested absolute although abrupt adoration, and affectionately advocated an alliance a-la-mode. Alice artlessly assented, and Angelina Ann Arndt an ancient, arrogant amazon angrily and audaciously asked Arthur's allegiance.

CELINA GLEASON,
Cornwall High School,
Age 14, Feb. 18, 1898.

PUZZLES.

BURIED RHYMES.

1. Is that ham Esther?
2. Tom, is sis slipping her tea?
3. What a lot Lotta wants!
4. Did you find what you wanted on the table?
5. You can go when I let you.
6. Goal there, Walter, hit nearly over!

CRYPTOGRAMS.

To be methodical; A native of India; One who takes anything. German name for a girl; Something that repeats sounds; To be prosperous; Part of an eclipse; To go on an ex-

curious; French for good-bye; cruel, pitiless.

Initials read downwards, give the name of a famous playwright, and finally, the title of one of his plays.

SQUARE.

An animal of Peru; The name for Buddhist monks; What proprietary medicines are called; To punish with a fine; A sign of the zodiac; The name of a flower. Words read the same downwards and across.

CONJUGES.

I often go to school, but I never learn anything; I know everything, but have been never taught; I cannot talk, and yet can tell you anything you want to know.

What am I?

What is that which belongs to you and yet everybody uses it more than you do yourself, though nobody can take it away from you?

Answers to Puzzles of Feb. 17th.

1. A Plum Pudding.
2. A thorn in the foot.

T O P S
C O R O N S
T W I N D S
Y

4. Canada.

Master John A. Doyle, 77 Ann St., credited with 4 marks; Jennie O'Malley, 374 Queen St., Ottawa, 2 marks; J. E. Thomson, 810 Yonge St., 8 marks; Martina McGee, Tottenham, P.O., 2 marks; Edward Malloy, 841 Lippincott St., 2 marks; Thomas Boland, 1301 Bloor St. W., 8 marks; Aggie Blondin, 111 Kent St., Ottawa, 2 marks; Nettie O'Hara, Hamilton, 4 marks; Teresa Lannan, Port Colborne, 4 marks; Ollie Blaine, Barrie, Ont., 8 marks. Last day for receiving answers to puzzles is Friday morning in each week.

Some of the answers to No. 1, were very funny, one competitor said "rye," another "wine," and third "a Spanish gentleman, and an English lady."

"It is a GREAT PUBLIC BENEFIT." These significant words were used in relation to Dr. Thomas' EUCRATIC OIL, by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee, of three or four years' standing. It never fails to remove soreness as well as lameness, and is an incomparable pulmonary and corrective.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A 5 CENT PRAYER-BOOK.

"The Traveller's Daily Companion," approved prayers, with Preface by Most Rev. Wm. H. Elder, D.D., Archbishop of Cincinnati, has just been published by Messrs. Benziger Bros. It contains the prayers for a journey, taken from the Roman Breviary, besides short forms of daily prayers, and devotionals. The book is so small that it easily fits the upper vest-pocket, and can be carried continually about one. The price is 5 cents in cloth.

POEMS OF REV. EDMUND HILL, C.P.

"Passion Flowers," is the title of a beautiful volume of Father Edmund Hill's lyrics and sonnets either in honor of our Divine Lord's Passion, connected with it or referring to it; together with a narrative poem in two parts. "St. Hermenegild a Passion Flower of Spain." Father Hill is one of the foremost Catholic poets, well-known for his contributions to the Catholic press. Many years ago he published a small volume of "Poems Devotional and Occasional" and friends to whom they are familiar have been joined by literatures of well-merited reputation in urging him to bring out a fresh collection. The volume is handsomely issued, it has a pretty green and gold cover, and is printed on deckle-edge paper, with gilt top. A portrait of the author with his autograph signature adorns the book. New York Benziger Bros: Novice 12 1/2.

On holidays in England two parties of men or boys will frequently get hold of a rope and pull on it, as a test of the strength of the two parties. They call it the "tug of war." Many a hardworking man and woman in each party is pulling a "tug of war" with death for an antagonist. They fail to take proper care of their health. When they suffer from indigestion or a slight bilious attack they "wear it out." After a while these disorders wear out the reckless man or woman and the result is consumption, malaria, rheumatism, or some blood or skin disease. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser tells all about these diseases. It is free to all. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all the maladies named. It cures the cause. It makes the appetite hearty, the digestion perfect, the liver active and the blood pure. It is the great blood-purifier, deobstructor and nerve tonic. Don't let a druggist impose on you with a more profitable substitute.

"I had a very severe pain in the small of my back, where my hips join on to my body, and it hurt so that I could not go to work," writes Wm. Z. Powers, Esq., of Erie Shaded, Ontario, Can. "My doctor came and pronounced it rheumatism. He gave me a prescription, but I got no better; but worse. I purchased a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery from my druggist, and commenced to use it. I began to improve at once and got well. Now I am in perfect health—no pain, no rheumatism."

Nearly every disease known to doctors and the treatment is described in Doctor Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. One thousand and eight pages and over three hundred illustrations. Please send three one-cent stamps, to cover cost of stamps and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 661 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y., for a paper-covered copy. French cloth binding, fifty stamps. This book is a veritable medical library in one volume.

Domestic Reading

Dare to be true—nothing can need a lie.

Ah, life's peace is said to be found by holy men in the desert. Here, indeed, there is desert enough; but peace—of that I know nothing. I suppose it is the holiness that is lacking.—Farthest North.

Who can fathom the depths of the human mind? The brain is a puzzling piece of mechanism. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of." Is it so? I almost believe it—a microcosm of eternity's infinite "stuff that dreams are made of."

Home, sweet home! In my heart I sobbed and wept for joy and thankfulness. The ice and the long moonlight polar nights, with all their yearning, seemed like a far-off dream from another world—a dream that had come and passed away. But what would life be worth without its dreams?—Farthest North.

I often think of Shakespeare's Viola, who sat "like patience on a monument." I should like to design such a monument. It should be a lonely man in shaggy wolf-skin clothing, all covered with hoar-frost, sitting on a mound of ice, and gazing out into the darkness across these boundless, ponderous masses of ice, awaiting the return of daylight and spring.—Farthest North.

There are men of esprit who are excessively exacting to some people. They are the talkers who have what may be called jerky minds. Their thoughts do not turn in the natural order of sequence. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zig-zag racks you to death. After a jolting half-hour with one of these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel.

It is nothing new to suffer from the fact that our knowledge can be but fragmentary, that we can never fathom what lies behind. But suppose, now, that we could reckon it out, that the inmost secret of it all lay as clear and plain to us as the rule-of-three sum, should we be any the happier? Possibly just the reverse. Is it not in the struggle to attain knowledge that happiness consists? I am very ignorant, consequently the conditions of happiness are mine.

Great works of art have risen only at religion's call. The marble is planted at her magic touch, and seems to breathe a pious life. The obelisk stone is instinct with a living soul, and stands there, silent, yet full of hymns and prayers—an embodied aspiration, a thought with wings that mock at space and time. The temples of the East, the cathedrals of the West, altar and column, and statue and image—these are the tributes art pays to her. Whence did Michael Angelo, Plidias, Praxiteles, and all the mighty sons of art, who chronicled their awful thought in stone, shaping brute matter to a divine form, building up the pyramid and Parthenon, or forcing the hard elements to swell into the arch, as fire into the dome or the fantastic tower—whence did they draw their inspiration? All their greatest wonders are wrought in religion's name. In the dawn of time, genius looks through the clouds and lifts up his voice in hymns and songs and stories of the gods; and the angel of music carves out her thanksgiving, her penitence, her prayers for man, in the unseen air, as a votive gift for her. Her sweetest note, her most majestic chant, she breathes only at religion's call. Thus it has always been. A thousand men will readily become monks for religion—would they for gold, or ease, or fame?

OUTER SORTS.—Symptoms, It dache, loss of appetite, turned tongue, and general indigestion. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a true saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

A LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson, Cameron, states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by the physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' EUCRATIC OIL, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on his advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

Before every decisive resolution the dice of death must be thrown.

E.B. EDDY'S
ARE THE
BEST
MATCHES

FIRESIDE FUN.

Oupid is always shooting, and for ever making Mrs.

"When is a fowl's neck like a bell?" "When it's rung for dinner."

Why are ships like two sets of chessmen? Because they have fore-castles.

Why is the Lord Mayor like an almanack? Because he only serves for one year.

Why is a shirt half washed like a banknote? Because if you hold it up you can see the watermark.

What part of the alphabet makes a complete sentence? Letters "b" and "o." (Let us be and see).

Why is the letter "r" like the face of Hamlet's father? Because it's "more in sorrow than in anger."

Aunt Matilda. "Why do you look so wretched, Jimmy?" Jimmy: "I have to be good when we have company."

He: "This shoe does not fit. Try a bigger one." She (severely): "No, sir; bring me the same size a little larger."

A small boy, hearing talk of "Father Christmas," wants to know who is "Mother Christmas." Why, "Christmas Eve," of course.

Mrs. Biuks: "Your daughter has a very pretty foot." Mrs. Winds: "Yes; I'm going to get some sculptor to make a bust of it."

Why is a man who saves a ship's company from destruction like Richard of the Lion Heart? Because he's a crew's-aider (Crusader).

"Why did you dismiss your doctor, Miss Sprightly?" "I had five prescriptions from him, and there was not a blade in one of them."

Doctor: "A gentleman called, you say? Did he leave any name?" Buttons: "Yes, sir; I asked him his name, and he said it was 'Immaterial.'"

"What is wisdom?" asked a teacher of a class of small girls. A bright-eyed little creature arose and answered: "Information of the brain."

Why is an oyster the most contradictory thing there is? Because he's got a beard without a chin and you are obliged to take him out of bed to tuck him in.

"You do keep in splendid preservation, madam. You are almost as young-looking as your daughter!" "As it happens, I am the daughter!" (Tableau).

Why is a man looking at the Falls of Niagara like one suffering from a violent disease of the visual organs? Because he has an awful cataract in his eyes.

"I say," said Bliggins, "what's the 'reign of terror?'" "The rain of terror," replied Bliggins, "is the shower that comes up when your wife has her best bonnet on."

Two men sat oysters for a wager—who should eat the most. One ate ninety-nine and the other a hundred and won. How many more did the winner eat than the other? One.

Teacher: "What is the meaning of the word 'excoarte?'" Scholar: "To hollow out." Teacher: "Give me a sentence in which the word is properly used." Scholar: "The small boy excoartes when his papa licks him."

Mother: "Where were you during that thunderstorm?" Son: "Over in that field with the big tree in it."

Mother: "But I told you distinctly, many times never to stand under a tree during a thunderstorm." Son: "I didn't; I sat down."

"You love my daughter?" said the old man. "Love her!" he exclaimed, passionately; "why, I would die for her!" For one soft glance from those sweet eyes I would hurl myself from yonder cliff and perish, a bleeding, bruised feet below!" The old man shook his head. "I'm something of a liar myself," he said, "and one is enough for a small family like mine."

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