

BOYS and GIRLS

A WISE DOG THAT RANG A BELL FOR HIS DINNER.

In France there was once a little dog whose name was Fido. He belonged to a poor woman who did not always have enough food to give him. Fido must have thought it over to himself in this way: "My mistress loves me, but she is so poor that often she does not have enough food for her own dinner. How then can she afford to give me mine? I am a strong dog and a wise dog too, so I must get my dinner without troubling my good mistress."

JOHN'S SISTER.

"Didn't Clara remind you what you were to do?" "Yes'm. She reminded me, an' kept a-remindin' me till I just made up my mind that I wouldn't." There are a good many people who will sympathize with the boy who gave his answer. For there is something in human nature that rises in rebellion against that vexatious thing we call "nagging."

the dresses that they wore; And their faces look familiar, but those have a brighter glow. That have come from that good country where the heavenly flowers grow.

There is grandma in a gingham that I loved to see her wear. As she sat serenely knitting in her big, old-fashioned chair; Aunt Maria comes a-singing and her dress is cherry red; Is no brighter than the sunshine that her hopeful spirit shed.

Now I see some little children dancing up and down the quilt— This was one of Lucy's dresses, the Highland plaid was Bertie's kilt; And those tiny dots and figures were my little Annie's frocks— Oh, the blessed thoughts and feelings sowed together with these blocks.

There are other things we treasure that can speak of days gone by: Other things that set us thinking, make us laugh and make us cry. But of all the dear reminders ever shaped or ever built, There's nothing beats the story of a good old patchwork quilt. —Selected.

*** WOULD'NT SAY "PLEASE." There was once a small child who would never say "please" I believe, if you even went down on your knees. But, her arms on the table, would sit at her ease, And call out to her mother in words such as these: "I want some potatoes!" "Give me some peas!"

"Hand me the butter!" "Cut me some cheese!" So the fairies, this very rude daughter to tease, Once blew her way in a powerful breeze, Over the mountains and over the seas, To the valley, where never a dinner she sees. But down with the ants, the wasps and the bees, In the woods she must live till she learns to say "please."

It is all very well for a conscientious sister to feel herself responsible for reminding her brother as to his duty, and encouraging him to do it. But she makes a great mistake if she determines not to give him any rest till he does the thing she thinks he ought. Instead of helping him in the way of right doing, this mistaken course is very likely to drive him in the opposite direction. Good advice, encouragement, a little insistence, if tactfully given, are all a help. But no one is ever helped by nagging.

A SONG OF THE ROAD.

Whatever the path may be, my dear, Let us follow it far away from here, Let us follow it back to yester-year, Whatever the path may be; Again let us dream where the land lies sunny. And live, like the bees, on our heart's old honey. Away from the world that slaves for money— Come, journey the way with me. However the road may roam, my dear, Through sun or rain, through green or sere, Let us follow it back with hearts of cheer. However the road may roam, Oh, while we walk it here together, Why should we heed the wind and weather, When there on the hill we'll smell the heather, And see the lights of home.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

I ain't given much to idols, and I like the Lord's own way Of turning our eyes upward when we go so far astray. As to dote and keep a-doting on the things that fade and wilt, But somehow, spite of conscience, I love a patchwork quilt. I pieced this one up the winter that Tom went off to fight; I could stand it through the day-time, but as soon as it came night. All the horrid scenes of battle right before my eyes would flit, So I went to setting patchwork, just to ease my mind a bit. When I came to choose a pattern I picked out the letter T. Not because it was so handsome, but it stands for Tom, you see; And it was a little comfort, in those days so dark and cold, To have even that much of him that my hands could grasp and hold. Now I see old friends and neighbors coming through this patchwork door— Smiling at me 'bove the pieces like

The Two Artists.

A True Story.

They sat opposite one another in Madame Fenier's studio. Madame was wealthy and famous, the other poor and unknown. Madame was famous for one quality other than her great gift—her broad charity. She was ever ready and willing to help, without quailing in fear of a possible rival, and struggling artist in need of her skill. Hence her present visitor.

Madame was speaking, and somewhat enthusiastically. "Oh, I should be glad of you as my companion and friend if you would only stay with me always. Instead of your paying me, I will pay you, and will give you every facility for finishing your studies. I have plenty of money; we will go abroad—anywhere you like. You have no close relatives, you say; no one to concern yourself about. Give yourself up to the study of art. I will find the means if you will only stay."

"The poor artist with her heart in her work, this was like a glimpse of heaven. She was too overcome to speak a word. "Of course, my real name is not Madame Fenier," said the great artist. "It is Mary Ellen Transome, but the other takes better, you know," she added laughingly. "And mine is Mary O'Brien, and if ever you need any help in this world or the next, and I can give it to you, I will not neglect you for a single minute," said the other.

"What religion are you?" inquired Madame briskly. "Catholic." "I'm not; but that does not matter. We won't tread upon one another's spiritual corns." "No. Why should we?" "Why, indeed? So you are a Roman Catholic. Well, come and I will show you a picture which I think will interest you. It is no longer mine, for it has been purchased by the Venetian Art Gallery. This is it."

Mary O'Brien looked at it well, and at the title marked upon it, "The Virgin Mary," but said nothing. "Well?" queried the artist. "It is beautifully painted," she answered. The reply did not satisfy Madame Fenier. "She was a Jewess, you know," she said, a little patronizingly and waving a brush towards the picture, "so I make her as of the dark type." "Yes-es," was the rather hesitating reply. "You do not like it. I can tell by your face you do not like it. Why? What is wrong with it?" "It is a splendid painting, I'm sure; but, you know, I am not sufficiently versed."

"Never mind the painting. We'll say it is a work of art. Why do you not like the picture?" "We'll, it is unsuitable, untruthful. You know from your knowledge of art that a picture must possess, besides form and color, truth. It must harmonize in sentiment as well as in tone and hue." "Well? Quite true. But what is the matter here?" "Mary O'Brien again looked at the picture, at the Juno-like figure clad in a silken robe, which hung heavily over the bosom and shoulders with a weight of gold embroidery; at the rows of pearls encircling the round throat and binding the cluster of dark hair. The poise of the figure, the expression of the beautiful face, full and rich in color, was that of a proud, imperious lady.

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"So it does, but that does not alter the fact that the life, the inspiration, is wanting. The person who is meant for our Blessed Savior is represented as knocking for admittance on the door of a weed-grown garden of the soul, yet His gaze leisurely rests upon the spectator; and the expression of His face would indicate that He did not care whether the door opened or not." "The picture was finished. Indistinct outlines of the portion of the house, sunk into deep shadow, formed the background. The accessories were hardly noticeable until looked for. All the force, breadth, power and inspiration of the picture lay in the figure. It represented our Blessed Lady as seated upon a stool, with the Divine Infant asleep on her lap. Her attitude was one of willing resignation. The soft mold of her features was as yet unsharpened by sorrow. Her face was composed, but the expression of those liquid eyes, whose vision had passed beyond the limits of time into eternity, was a marvelous combination of supernatural wisdom and tenderest love. "The Mother of God" was the inscription on it. Madame Fenier studied it carefully, critically, in every detail before she expressed an opinion on it. "Who was your model?" "I had none." "The painting in places is defective," Madame announced. "That shadow to the right of the stool is anything but transparent, and you have been trying to remedy a defect in that lower fold of the robe by messing it about with the brush." She paused, rested her chin upon her hand, and said thoughtfully: "It is strange, very strange, that indescribable something. I was well versed in art before you left school. I could paint it more artistically than that, but I would give all I have ever done, and years of my life as well, to paint, as realistically true as that. Do you know what I have been thinking?" she said with a pause, and with a pathetic little smile. "I have tried so often to produce a picture of her, and have always failed; so I've been thinking that to succeed I should become a child of the Church which honors her so well. Then, when I know and love her, I will put into my picture that indefinable something that in mine is always lacking. So for the present I will give over the study of art and take up that of the life of Our Lady. Then, when that is finished, I will paint a picture of her, and it will be my life's work." She carried out both resolutions, but none of the galleries of the world ever held the picture. It hangs in the convent chapel in South Kensington, where she is a religious, a humble teacher of painting.—The Poor Souls' Friend.

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