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, Harvie

y St., Montreal

p into her little ome of those bril-the old French that is gangrening s there, but not de la Valliere and and Madam du

and Madam audivorced, and they otted to fly when heir kings. fter eleven o'clock wood entered the k room.

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wer; he said "good-ng pause, and, when sed he came back; Blanche Dillon was

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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 it does not not a strong dog and a wise dog it on to the control of the place where the dog lives there was a convent which was the home of some good nuns, and one day as Fido sat near by in the sun he saw a beggar ring the the sun he saw a beggar ring the bell of the convent door. Soon a woman came and brought a bowl of soup and meat, which she gave to CASIMIR DESSAULLES Dessaulies

soup and meat, which she gave the beggar. Fido trotted up and looked into the beggar's face as much as to say: "Can't you spare me one of those bones?" But the beggar did not see things in the light that Fido did. "Go away, you cur," said the beggar. So Fido trotted back to his place in the sun and lay down. But he was very hungry. He did not have anything to eat for a whole day. The beggar over the way as soon as he had eaten his food put the bowl in the hole in the door and then walked off.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1908.

A WISE DOG THAT RANG A

BELL FOR HIS DINNER.

and then walked off. door and then walked off.

"Those must be good women to
give food to beggars," thought Fido.
"I wonder if they wouldn't give me
a bowl of soup. There's nothing
like trying."

So Fido trotted across the street,

and, putting up his paw, rang the bell. "Ding, ding, ding," What a noise he made.

bell. Ding, ding, ding, ding on noise he made.

"There's another beggar after, food," thought the good nun to herself; and out she came with a plate of boiled meat, and looked around. "There's nobody here after all," she said, and shut the door.

"She calls me nobody," thought poor Fido. "I must try again." So he jumped up and rang the bell once more. "Ding, ding, ding dong." It made a much louder noise than before.

fore.

But nobody came. The woman stood at a back window, watching to see who was ringing the bell. Fide waited a while and then jumped up again and gave the bell a good

+ + +

A PUPPY'S OPINION.

I'm a frisky frolicsome puppy, to every sort of mischief, Eating every sort of mischer, Eating everything I see— Nice kid gloves or bows of ribbon, Handkerchiefs or master's shoes— Nothing comes amiss for luncheon; I eat everything I choose.

I've a friend a grown-up doggie, And I lead him such a dance; Scamper round him, pull his hair

out, Nip him when I get the chance. Oh, it's fun to be a puppy; Wish I never need grow up, I don't want to be a big dog; I'd much rather be a pup.

+++ DO YOUR WORK WELL.

Do well, do thoroughly what comes to you, is the advice of a thoughtful writer. Give a dignity and an individuality to your tasks, and the most ordinary things will take on a new meaning. meaning

JOHN'S SISTER.

BOYS and GIRLS

"Didn't Clara remind you what you

"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 nany 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." Many agirl with good intentions throws her influence on the opposite side from what she intended, merely because she is not content to let well enough alone.

"John, you know you've got twenty minutes of your practicing to But of

ty minutes of your practicing finish."

yminutes of your practicing to finish."

"Yes, I know," John's tone is perfectly good-natured. He does not resent the reminder.
"But, John, it's half-past four. There is less than two hours till supper time."
"I'm going to do it pretty soon, Kitty. I'm not going to stop in the middle of a chapter."
"Yes, but the trouble is you get so interested, John. When you've finished this chapter, you'll think you have time to read another, and, first thing you know, the supper bell will ring and your practicing won't be finished."

After the conversation has continued in this strain for a quarter of an hour, John probably begins to make short answers. Then he professes a complete indifference as to whether he finishes his hour of practice or not. He is likely as not to wind up the talk by declaring his intention to drop music altogether.

It is all very well for a conscientious sister to feel herself responsible for reminding her brotther as to his duty, and encouraging him to do it. But she makes a great mistake if she determines not to give him any

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 nastaken course is very likely to drive him in the opposite direction. Good advice, are accouragement of little insignity. advice, encouragement, a little insistance, if tactfully given, are all a help. But no one is ever helped by help.



A SONG OF THE ROAD.

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 daytime, but as soon as it came

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

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.

door— Smiling at me 'bove the pieces like

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 screenly 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 danc-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 Anni's frocks—
Oh, the blessed thoughts and feelings sewed together with these blocks.

are other things we treasure 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.

\* \* \* WOULDN'T 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:

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 away in a powerful

Over the mountains and over the seas, a valley, where never a dinner

she sees, down with the ants, the wasps and the bees,
In the woods she must live till she
learns to say "please."

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# TWO Artists.

#### A True Story.

"What religion are you."
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 Ro-I ain't given much to idols, and 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 correction with a face are investigated by the state of the

man 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 for the Venetian Art Gallery. This is it."

Mary O'Brien looked at it well, 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."

"Ye-es," was the rather hesitating

"Ye-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 ay it is a work of art. Why do you ot like the picture?"

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 embroiders; 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.

A SONG OF THE ROAD.

A True Story.

A SONG OF THE ROAD.

A True Story.

A Song of THE ROAD.

A True Story.

A Song of THE ROAD.

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weary and propped her chin upon her hands.

"A picture to be realistically rendered must be true," she said, "and I thought that was true."

"That part of the work depends upon the knowledge and feelings of the artist. In a certain national art gallery there is a picture entitled The Virgin at the Annunciation.' It represents a pretty-faced, most ordinarily pretty, young lady. Her frizzy light brown hair was fashionably arranged over a 'frame'; her neck and bosom were bare. A fluffy, frilly evening blouse supplied the drapery. It may have been painted according to the rules of art, but as a representation of the person intended, it—well, it is simply an atrocity."

Madame Fenier looked thoughtful

Madame Fenier looked thoughtful, then smiled.

then smiled.

"The artist must have been a ridiculous person. He could not even paint the costume of the period," was all she said.

"Then there is Holman Hunt's great picture, "The Light of the World." Have you seen it?"

"Yes, and studied it many a time."

"It has been said — of course, it may not be true, but the picture sears it out—that Holman Hunt was bears it out—that Holman Hunt was painting a historical picture (Diogenes) when a friend happened to come along, and suggested that a religious subject would take better with the public. Thereupon the great painter left the picture as it was, worked in necessary details, dubbed it religious, and called it the 'Light of the World,' and certainly the square, burly form, with the broad face, is a better likeness of the countenance of Diogenes than it is of the aesthetic beauty of the Divine Man."

"I do not care for it," said Ma-

aesthetic beauty of the Divine Man."
"I do not care for it," said Madame Fenier with a smile, "except for its artistic value. It is marvellously worked. The two lights, that of the lantern and the moon, are so wonderfully distinct, yet so skilfully blended that it is impossible to tell where the one left off or the other began. And the reflections! thought it a powerful work."

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Madame Fenier laughed a short little laugh, but said nothing.

"Now, tell me this," she said abruptly, "what is necessary to give the life, the true portrayal, in a refigious picture?"

"Knowledge and love!"

"The two artists spent the following year in Italy. Madame was a faithful and patient instructor and critic, but during that year nothing appeared from her brush. She studied the specially the art treasures of Rome and Florence. A modern picture, a madonna, painted by a Benedictine nun, took her fancy greatly.

Suddenly one morning she announced to her friend that she had painted a picture.

"Listen," she said. "I did not work it out to please the art critics of Europe; I painted it to please you.

"It stood upon the easel, a long, narrow canvas. Madame's critic looked at it long and earnestly, but did not say a word. The artist was watching her.

"You do not like it?" she said. "I can see by your face, you do not like it." "Why? Surely its simplicity will be please even you."

"Why cannot you? I'm well'aware you are not a Raphael or an Angelo, and I do not expect a work of genius but I wish to see your interpretation of the subject."

The other artist pondered a while, then said: "Wery well, I will try." 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 background. The accessories were hardly noticeable until looked for. All the force, breadth, power and inspiration of the picture lay in the background. The accessories were hardly noticeab

can see by your face you do not like
it. Why?'

'If don't care about it.''

'Why? Surely its simplicity will
please even you.''

It was simple enough in all truth.
A pretty, pensive face, a slender, girlish figure, clad in an unpretentious robe of pale blue.

'Well,'' she repeated, ''what is the matter with it?''

'It is a lovely picture, but quite unsuitable for our Blessed Lady. Its expression of sadness is like that of a young lady who was about to be married tomorrow, and who was feeling somewhat downhearted at leaving the friends of her girlhood.''

There was a quick movement, a flash of light on bright steel and the canvas was slit from top to bottom. The artist threw the knife upon the table and whisked out of the room, When next she appeared she looked directly at her companion and said:

"Now, as the schoolboys say, 'I want to see Fly do it.''

Miss O'Brien stared back.

"Yes," said Madame, interrupting her thoughts, "I want to see you do it.''

"But I cannot—that is, I wouldn't—I mean I could not do justice—I would not attempt—''

ment I cannot—that is, I wouldn't—I mean I could not do justice—I would not attempt—''

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