

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



A TROUBLESOME SUM.

"Arithmetic," the Sum remarked, "is not in Willie's way. If I have a chance, most terribly I'll puzzle him 2-day."

"As he declares that figures are a nuisance and a bore, I'll try his 10-der brain, as it has ne'er been tried be-4."

"He says he 'S's the rule of 3,' And so it's my design, To show his teacher that he is A youngster asi-9"

To do that sum when it was set Cost Willie toil immense; He said he'd known no harder 1 In his 6-perience!"

CLEVER PUSSY.

A lady had a tame bird which she was in the habit of letting out of its cage every day. One morning as it was picking crumbs of bread off the carpet her cat, which always before had shown great kindness for the bird, seized it on a sudden and jumped with it in her mouth upon a table. The lady was much alarmed for the fate of her favorite, but on turning about instantly discerned the cause. The door had been left open, and a strange cat had just come into the room! After turning it out, her own cat came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird without having done it the smallest injury.—Selected.

APPRECIATE YOUR MOTHERS.

"Oh, I never do housework!" we heard a young girl say in a crowded car. "Mother doesn't expect me to. I keep my hands nice for practicing. Mother's used to work, she doesn't mind. I never do the dishes."

Never help the weary mother who toils early and late to keep the precious daughter in school? Never lift one finger to lighten the heavy burden of her who has never spared herself for your comfort, from the time you were a tiny, helpless infant in her arms?

OLD JACK THE CART HORSE.

Jack was a wise old cart-horse in our village. Often when a child, I used to stand at the door of the shop of John Hall, the blacksmith,

and see him shoe old Jack.

How cheerful it was, on a cold day, to see the fire flame up and down, and then, when he took up the horseshoe in his iron pincers, and laid it on the anvil, and made the sparks fly, as he hammered, how intently would I watch the scene!

One day Mr. Hall's boy, in shoeing Jack, drove a nail the wrong way. Jack did not find it out till he had gone home, and then the nail began to pain him a good deal; so what did he do but open the gate, and jump back to the blacksmith shop!

Mr. Hall saw him coming, and knew at once that something must be the matter. Jack came in, and held up his lame foot, as much as to say, "Please take off my shoe." Mr. Hall took it off, bathed the foot, and replaced the shoe, whereupon the old horse trotted back to his master's farm.

Jack was always very playful. He liked to have a bit of fun with his master, and would run round and round the pasture when the latter came to harness him. But he never kept his master waiting more than two or three minutes. It was all meant as a joke.

THE BOY WITH A BACKBONE.

"I say there, boy, want to earn a nickel?" Tommy Tolliver, the new errand boy at the factory, jumped to his feet. Want to earn a nickel? Was there ever a boy who wanted it more, Tommy wondered. Had he not been studying the "Want" column of the daily paper for weeks in the hope of finding a job, so that he could help his mother to keep all the little Tollivers in food and clothing?

"Just you run around the corner to the saloon and get this two-quart pail full of beer. Here's the change. We'll pay you the nickel when you come back," said one of the group of men who sat eating their lunch in the corner of the room.

Tommy's face flushed, and instead of reaching out a willing hand for the extended pail, he clasped both hands behind him.

"I can't do it," he said. "Why can't you?" sneered one of the men. "You ain't much of a kid if you can't carry a two-quart pail of beer two short blocks."

"That's just the trouble," answered Tommy, with a flash of the eye. "I'm a lot too strong to carry a two-quart pail of beer even one block. I've had enough of the stuff. If it hadn't been for beer I wouldn't be working here doing what my father ought to be doing, taking care of my mother and the youngsters. I'd be in school like other boys."

"The faces of the men clouded with anger. "Who set you to preach to us, you young upstart? Don't you know we can make it mighty unpleasant for you here if we've a mind to?"

"I can't help it," replied the boy firmly. "I can't touch the stuff." "Say, sonny, you better do it this time," counseled a good-natured

young man, "or they'll complain to the superintendent about everything you do."

"You'll have to do it, that's all there is to it," said the first speaker. "The boss put you here to run our errands. So just you take that pail, and don't you show up here again until it's filled. Here?" And the pail was thrust into the boy's hand.

Just outside the door Tommy hesitated for a second, thinking hard. "That man in there isn't the head man," he argued. "There are men way ahead of him. Of course, if I come to the boss telling me, I've got to do it. I'll have to hunt for a new place, but I'm not going to give up easy."

Straight around the corner went Tommy to the main entrance, up the broad steps to the elevator. The elevator man directed him to the room where "the president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer were holding an important meeting."

"Well, my boy, what's the trouble?" asked the gentleman who seemed to be at the head of affairs. "I'm Tommy Tolliver, the new errand boy in the factory," said Tommy bravely. "I just came yesterday, and the men down there say I've got to get this pail of beer or I'll be fired quick. I came up here to find the real boss. Say, is it so? Have I got to carry their beer for them?"

The man looked seriously down into the anxious boy's face as he answered with another question: "What do you propose to do?" "Quick as a flash the answer came back, in a respectful but spirited tone:

"Do? I reckon there ain't but one thing to do, and that's to hunt another job. I'm not going into the beer business for anybody." There was a subdued murmur of applause in the room.

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member, and it would be better still if editors of newspapers became acquainted with this condition in Italian affairs.

The Inner Shrine is now in the best seller class. It is a remarkable story in some particulars. It is not the wonderful story that some writers have asserted, but it is entertaining reading for a spare hour. Because it is published anonymously it has aroused more interest than if the name of the author appeared on the title page.

Aspects of Anglicanism, by Mgr. Moyes, D.D., Canon of Westminster Cathedral, Longmans, Green & Co., paper, 2s, cloth 2s 6d, net, is a re-issue. The preface explains that the chapters of the book appeared substantially in a series of articles in The Tablet, at various dates between 1890 and 1899. Canon Moyes states that he is of the opinion that certain principles of faith are more easily set forth in the light of concrete illustrations than by abstract statements, and adds that such concrete illustrations are most conveniently sought in the facts and incidents of the religious world of our time. The articles are written in the clear style for which Mgr. Moyes is noted and are upon a variety of topics which maintain as lively an interest to-day as they did in the times in which they were originally written. There is a useful topical index.

A Pill for all Seasons.—Winter and summer, in any latitude, whether in a torrid zone or Arctic temperature Parolee's Vegetable Pills can be depended upon to do their work. The dyspeptic will find them a friend always and should carry them with him everywhere. They are made to withstand any climate and are warranted to keep their freshness and strength. They do not grow stale, a quality not possessed in many pills now on the market.

Bishop of Galway.

Dr. O'Dea's Appointment Marks New Era in Ireland.

The appointment of the most Rev. Dr. O'Dea to the See of Galway marks a new era in the history of the relations of Ireland with the Holy See. From the time of Gregory XV. (1622) all business matters between this country and the Roman Curia have been transacted through the congregation of the Propaganda, and during these years Ireland has been in the position of those regions in which the Church was imperfectly organized. Now, however, by the Apostolic Constitution published a few months ago, this country has been withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the Propaganda and placed directly under the ordinary Common Ecclesiastical Law, so that for the future all business transactions will be carried on, not through the Congregation already mentioned, but by that peculiar office or Tribunal to which the matters happen to belong. The election of Bishops of Ireland in the future will be controlled by the congregation of the Consistory, and the present is the first instance of an appointment under the new regime.

Dr. O'Dea's selection for Galway is particularly appropriate. He will have here, in guiding and shaping the destinies of the University College ample scope for the display of that educational ability for which he has already earned such a high reputation. During a twelve years' Professoriate in Maynooth he delighted his class with a power of clear and lucid expression, a comprehensive grasp of his subject, a depth of knowledge, and a capacity to impart a living, interesting, and dry-bones of Moral Theology, that compelled the attention of his class and made his lectures a pleasure that few of them would willingly forego. When he was called upon to fill a higher and more responsible position in the College there was universal regret, and this sorrow was intensified when it was realized that his removal from the Chair of Theology deprived the students of what promised to be one of the most valuable additions to Theological literature that ever emanated from the pen of a Maynooth professor. In its unfinished condition, the little treatise, "De Justitia et Jure," is unrivalled, as far as it goes, of its reasoning and cogency and its acquaintance with the wide acquaintance which its displays with all the intricate details of English Jurisprudence in its relation to the Ecclesiastical and Moral Law. As Vice-President of Maynooth College, Dr. O'Dea acquitted himself with no small degree of firmness, zeal and prudence, and it occasioned no surprise some six years ago when he was elevated to the episcopal charge of the diocese of Clonfert.

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HEALTHY LITTLE CHILDREN.

A mother should not expect that her children will escape all the ills to which babyhood and childhood are subject, but she can do much to lessen their severity and make baby's battle for health easily won. Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are little ones. They are mothers' ever-ready help and Baby's best friend. The action of the Tablets is gentle but thorough. They cure colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, allay the irritation at teething time, destroy worms and promote healthy, natural sleep. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or narcotic. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

There is no Rainy Season.

General Ashton, of Tacoma, who accompanied Moreton Frewen to Prince Rupert, is a firm believer in the future of the town. The present is his first trip here, and he predicts that with the sale of lots, there will be an influx of people who mean business, and who will stay by the proposition. "I believe," he said yesterday, "that in a great measure the industrial and commercial history of Tacoma, Seattle and Vancouver will be duplicated here. Your harbor is a truly magnificent one. Prince Rupert is in the path of the growing Alaskan and trans-Pacific trade. The country between here and the prairies presents limitless opportunities for development, and whatever takes place, Prince Rupert must more or less directly benefit. This port is nearer the ports of the Orient than any shipping port to the south. The new railway has an exceptionally easy grade. These are matters to be considered by the great business establishments of the east and middle-west, whose operations extend across the Pacific. Sometimes you hear people talk about the rain. Why the whole coast, from Alaska to California, is in the rain belt. We have no rainy season. The weather does not enter into the calculations of the big business men, whatsoever. With them it is a matter of time—of dollars and cents. If they find it more to their advantage to do business through this port, they don't care whether it's hot or cold, cloudy or bright. And they will find that it will be to their advantage to figure on Prince Rupert."—Exchange.

ATHLETIC BOYS



Should Learn to Swim.

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Now that the sun's rays have more warmth in them and the chill is leaving the water, those boys and young men who do not know how to swim should begin lessons at once. Every boy should learn to swim when he is in what is termed the "tender" years; this advice concerns girls, too, and every parent see to it that the boys and girls learn to swim. In a recent holiday even upturned they float and will suffice to keep a couple of men afloat for a considerable time. The great advantage of the swimmer lies in his confidence. When he falls into the water, he knows that it is not a difficult matter to keep afloat, and he does not throw up his hands and make violent struggles. The writer and Dr. "Jack" Brannen (correct), who will be remembered as the dashingly forward line which formed the attack of the wonderful team that won such high honors for the Irishman in hockey, were tumbled out of a canoe into a seething rapids one day and were sent scurrying through the swift running waters in most surprising fashion. Some spectators who saw the affair from land expected that they were about to become witnesses of a tragedy, but to their surprise we reached safe waters and got ashore with the canoe, paddles and such garments as were in the craft. "Jack" had presence of mind, and saved the pain of us. It was a big surprise to be suddenly tumbled out of a canoe into a seething caudron of water and when I shot up I was surprised into inactivity. Then I was pitched along suddenly, something cracked me on the head and I was further surprised to find myself sliding over the bottom of the canoe, then floating upturned. As I was shooting off a tug at my hair woke me up and a sharp command to "hang on to the canoe." I did what I was told and the pair of us were tumbled down the rest of the way as though we were "bumping the bumps," clinging to the canoe and salving everything. It is practically impossible to swim in a rapids, and "Jack's" method was the best way out of the difficulty. Edward Stewart White in one of his books tells of the Hudson Bay voyager's way of going through a rapids. The man let himself go, relaxed his muscles, and allowed the water to drive him through the channel, hoping only that he would not be driven against a rock before he reached the still waters. It takes a lot of confidence to do that, but it is the only way. So the sum total of my advice is: first, learn to swim, next learn coolness and confidence. Then no matter how much confidence one has never attempt to try the fool performance of rocking the boat. This and the didn't-know-it-was-loaded person furnish a lot of work for the grave digging fraternity.

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ATHLETIC BOYS



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