

You Can Buy **BEST WASH DAY**

of any Grocer

BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

Our Boys And Girls.

"BUTTONS."—"Mother, I think it's hard on a boy to have to go where he can't have any holidays. Only think, I must be just as busy Christmas and Easter as any other days."

"Yes, my dear, it is quite true; and, indeed, Christmas, and Easter will be your busiest days," said Mrs. Earle, with a sigh of sympathy, "but you must remember the other side of the question; you are only a boy and you can earn three dollars a week and your board. This is a great deal for a lad like you."

Dick said to himself that he must "be a man" and try to see this bright side. He was to go to General Withrop's as "buttons," and "truth to tell," he hated the idea of it. His father, an Englishman, had been a butler and his father before him had been the same. Each had laid by a comfortable sum of money, enough for their old age, but Dick's father had met with an accident that had made him almost helpless for two years, and he said the time was near when they would have nothing unless something began to come in. He thought it a good fortune to get this place for Dick, with the family where he had been butler himself for fifteen years. There was only one "ort" in the arrangement, to his mind; that was the fact the man who had taken his place was a violent "apiast." Still that was something his boy must meet, and bear as best he might.

"Tell me one thing, Mother," said Dick. "Can I go to early Mass Christmas day, do you suppose?" "Yes; I don't see why not," she answered, quite as anxious as was her son that he should attend to what was more than money, or anything else to them. "You cannot be needed before six o'clock, at the earliest, and you must be at the Cathedral at five. I will meet you, and such a happy beginning will surely bring a blessed day."

So it was settled between them. Christmas came Thursday, and Dick was to go to his new place Monday, at ten o'clock. And, just as the clock struck the hour, little Dick appeared at the area door. The cook filled him with awe, he saw she was such an important person; but the "kitchen-maid," as she was called, was a sweet, rosy-faced Irish girl, named Mary Ann; and Dick, somehow, felt she was his friend right away. She opened the door, and when she saw it was the new "buttons" she smiled at him and whispered, "Mind you wipe your shoes to be friends with Mrs. Johnson."

Dick sat down on the first chair he came to, and wished he were at home. It was all so queer and new. Presently a voice came through the speaking tube.

"Has the new boy come?" "Yes."

"Well, send him up to the butler's pantry."

Mary Ann offered to show him the way. On the stairs she said to him, softly: "Now don't you be scared at anything. I know your dear mother, and jest you remember it's Mary Ann is your friend all the time; only don't have too much speech with me, 'cause it might make trouble. And be very silent, and jest mind and do what you're told; it's jest this, 'mind your own business' and you'll come out all right, never fear, and Mary Ann's yer friend every time."

"Here is your boy, Mr. Billings."

"Mr. Billings" looked him over, and said in his grandest tone: "I think he will do, Mary Ann, I understand 'es Earle's boy, so he may 'ave learned something. Mrs. Wentworth says you are to take 'im this afternoon to 'ave his new suit fitted. Huntil that is ready 'ee can clean silver, I spose; but 'ee can't hopen the door, and hit's not a butler's work to my mind, but has we sin't a footman—well—you might—well, no—hi"—do hit meself."

"That afternoon Dick went with Mary Ann, and they found, with a little altering, his new clothes would be ready Tuesday evening.

Dick detested the idea of being called "buttons," and "page" was not much better; but when he saw the blue cloth and pretty gift buttons he could not help knowing it all suited his bright curly hair and rosy cheeks.

"Billings was very particular to be called 'Mr.' Billings in the kitchen, and Jane, the cook, was equally sensitive about being 'Mrs.' Johnson.

"Of course," she said, "it's another world upstairs, and I had nothin' to do with makin' it, and there I'm 'Jane,' of course, but down here I'm high-cock-alorum, and if there's any honors comin' to me I want

em, and no sass from nobody."

"Very well," said Gretchen, the waitress, "and ven I'm married I wish I knew vat's the missus I will be."

Dick listened to all this and thought it over with some perplexity, knowing "mother" would make it plain. His new life was bewildering. The butler rarely had a pleasant word for him, and would call him "Sissy" and "Little Popish Humbug," and when he broke a plate asked if he "was going to confess it." In the kitchen he heard Gretchen tell Mary Ann "he was the picture of one angels." He laughed a little to himself, and guessed between the two he was "just a decent sort of a boy."

Wednesday soon came; Christmas Eve, Dick felt a little anxious about Christmas morning. The Wentworth's had a Christmas tree, instead of a vigil. He had to be on hand in case he should be wanted. Fortunately he had gone to confession Saturday evening; so that was plain. But how was he to be sure to wake in time. Half-past four is very early for a boy of fourteen. But he remembered his room was next to Mary Ann's and she had an alarm clock. So his mind was at ease.

The tree was a wonderful sight; quite beyond anything Dick had ever dreamed of. Little Alice remembered him and called him to come and see it; putting her little hand in his and saying:—

"O, Dick, it is so lovely, and I know Santa Claus has not forgotten you."

He, and everyone in the household, had gifts that made them feel happy and at home. Dick had what he wanted above everything, a silver watch. But it was his first Christmas away from home, and he wondered why one should keep the day at all if they didn't care enough to find out the vigil was a fast, and Christmas day for joy and feasting.

Morning came. Mary Ann's alarm clock went off at four o'clock, and Dick dressed "as still as a mouse." Mary Ann told him, though she had to give up going herself, she would set her clock for him.

"So far, so good," he said to himself, "but how am I to get through this great house and not have anyone hear me. And if they should hear they might think it a burglar."

The thought was really a dreadful one. He wished he could have spoken to someone beside Mary Ann.

But Billings would have said herid things about the Catholic church; Mrs. Wentworth he seldom saw, except at the table. Cook only told Mary Ann at bed-time that she would need her in the morning. So he blessed himself and said a little prayer as he started. He took his shoes in his hand and reached the third floor safely. Then he thought "the second will be all right in a minute."

Suddenly a door opened, and there was General Wentworth, looking more awful, to poor Dick, in his night wrapper, than he ever looked to his soldiers in his grandest military dress on horseback.

He stood still and looked at Dick, as he said afterward, "the child made a perfect picture, with his golden curls and great frightened eyes." He held his cap and shoes in one hand and seized the banisters with the other, while the two looked each other fair and square in the face. (General Wentworth said afterward that he loved the lad from that moment.)

"What on earth!"—he explained, and then stopped.

Dick remembered the lesson he had always been taught, "to be brave and speak the truth," and he took a step nearer the man who was great in every sense of the word.

"Please, General Wentworth," said Dick in a very low, awe-struck voice, "I'm only going to early Mass."

"It's all right, child," whispered the General, "only go softly, for Billings might take you for a burglar."

Dick almost flew down stairs, but the quick ear of Billings caught the sound of footsteps. He seized his revolver, and just as Dick opened the door he called out: "Just drop that silver," and fired.

Dick being rather small, and Billings not a very good marksman, the shot went over his head, but for a second he thought he must be killed.

"Oh, Mr. Billings, it's only Dick; don't fire again," he shouted, "don't fire again!"

Billings by this time had seen his mistake, but Dick rushed into the arms of a policeman who had heard the shot, and took him for an escaping burglar.

"Ah, I have you, you young rascal," he cried, "This time we'll fix you!" saying which he seized him by his collar, while poor Dick shook with fright and excitement.

The sound of the pistol brought the General also on the scene. Billings felt foolish as well as terribly alarmed.

General Wentworth guessed at once what had happened and was

horrified to think how near the poor child had been to a sad end. But the policeman was asking questions faster than they could be answered, and Billings was stammering and wishing vainly that he had stayed in bed, burglars or no burglars.

"And jest tell me, yer young scamp," said the policeman, "where were you going this hour of the day?"

"I was going to Mass, sir," said Dick simply.

The master of the house saw it was time for him to speak, and, with a smile that was a contrast to the fierce and frightened looks of the others, he said to the policeman:

"Mr. Jones, if you must arrest anyone it will be my over-faithful butler. The boy tells the truth, and," he continued, turning to Dick, "with your permission, I think Dick may run as fast as his legs can, and carry out his very good intention while I explain."

The policeman took his hand from Dick's collar, saying:

"All right, Sir, if you take the responsibility."

"Oh, thank you, General!" cried Dick, and he fairly flew till he reached the Cathedral.

His mother was waiting for him at the door, and they went in without stopping to speak, except Mrs. Earle said:

"Your father is a great deal better, Dick, and I am very happy."

The sanctuary was beautiful, and the music made Dick forget all the troubles of earth. Mrs. Earle glanced at him once, and the expression of his face and the thought of the good news the doctor had given her made her as joyful a wife and mother as one could find in Boston that exciting Christmas.

After Mass Dick told her his story, and she felt, almost, as if her husband and son had come back from the dead.

"And, now, Dick," she said, "it's rather awkward it'll be to go back. It's mighty near killin' you he was."

"Yes," answered Dick, "but I'm thinkin' I'll go back and say: 'Mr. Billings, I know you didn't see who it was, and of course you meant to do the right thing, but my mother thanks God you are a bad shot.'"

Mrs. Earle laughed heartily. It was from her that Dick had inherited most of his fun; but she realized, more than Dick did, how much this mistake meant.

"I'm not sure," she said, "exactly what to say to you. It seems to me the right thing is to ask our lady to pray for you, and then go quietly back and say nothing until something is said to you. Then you will see best what to do."

Dick followed her advice. It was half-past six when he reached the dining-room. No one was to be seen, but he heard Mary Ann in the kitchen preparing things for the cook, who never came down before seven. He began to set the table, and about half-past seven Billings came in and gave the finishing touches before he went down to interview the cook. He neither looked at or spoke to Dick, who was equally silent.

Breakfast passed quietly, but just as everyone else had left the room General Wentworth turned back and said:

"Billings, I wish you would come to the library, after you have finished what you are doing. I suppose you have had your breakfast."

Billings bowed and said: "Yes, sir, certainly, sir," with a very red face. In less than half an hour he returned with a face as white as it had been red.

"Dick," he said, "hi am very sorry for what 'as appened, but there's no use talkin' about it. You hought to 'ave told me you wanted to go hout early, and hi 'ad no right to fire my pistol without seein' who it was. The General wishes to see you and 'ee's waiting in the library."

"Dick's heart beat fast, but he knew he had done nothing wrong, and he remembered the kind face he had seen at four o'clock.

"Merry Christmas, Dick!" said the master of the house. "I hope your fright has not spoiled the day; for even a brave soldier cannot stand being fired at from behind, hey Dick?"

"Thank you, sir," answered the boy. I was scared, but when you came down I knew I'd be all right."

"I sent for you because, after what has happened, I know you and Billings will never feel quite comfortable together. He was very hasty, and you should have told him you wished to go out early, but you were, both of you, intending to do the right thing. Billings is very much ashamed, and, no doubt, you are sorry for your mistake. I have thought of a way out or it that I think will suit all around. I go to Washington to-morrow, and, although you are rather young, I will start you as my valet. When you are older, I will see you have every chance to rise in the world, either in the army or outside; that is, if you turn out as I expect."

"Thank you, sir," said Dick, who was so happy and relieved, he could think of nothing better to say. Like most honest boys, he could not put gratitude in words.

He hurried home to tell his good news; and to pack his small trunk. It was to be the beginning of a new life that was to be, in the highest sense, a success. Some other time we may tell you how he rose, step by step, always having the love and respect of those whose good opinion is worth gaining. But the crowning honor of his life was that his joy in his glorious Mother Church touched the heart of the General, who said one day to his wife: "I have never dared tell that boy Dick that I am, in one sense, at least, a Catholic. Just fancy what an absurd state of thing; I am ashamed to own the truth, and if Dick knew it, I am not sure he would stay with me."

"Well, what will you do, my dear?" asked his wife, rather dreading his answer, never having heard him own he was afraid of anything before.

"Your decision means a great deal," "Yes," answered her husband, "I have thought it over for a long time. I'm not going to be a coward in the church any more than in the army. I am going, to-day, to see Father Wallace, and I shall tell Dick afterward. I will take the lad with me when I make my First Communion."

Mrs. Wentworth burst into tears.

"You will not desert me, my dear; what shall I do?"

"Come with me, my blessed little wife!"

She did not answer then, but there came a happy day when they had one heart and mind. And then the promise was kept which she had made; that their children should be brought up in the faith. And, as the old story books used to say, "they were all happy ever after."

As Mrs. Earle had said, "that was a blessed Christmas, when Dick went to the Wentworth's."—Mrs. E. W. B. in the Young Catholic Messenger.

Household Notes.

ABOUT COFFEE.—"I am glad you think the coffee good," said the fashionable matron. "My whole family prides itself on the coffee I serve, and I confess I am proud of it. As you say, it is a thing that is made in almost every household at least once a day and that not one person in a thousand makes really well. I attribute more than half of my success to an experience I had just after I was married. I often think how many other women might profit by it."

"You know I come from the South. We had an old colored cook in my girlhood home whose coffee was celebrated throughout the entire countryside. When I thought of becoming a housekeeper myself I got Mammy Liz to teach me many of her famous dishes, but especially her way of making coffee. I made it morning after morning under her direction, until I reached perfection."

"When I married and came North I instructed my first cook as Mammy Liz had taught me. But somehow, after the first few mornings, when I had made it myself, the coffee was not good. Of course I accused my cook of being careless. She protested that she followed my directions in every particular, but as the coffee at breakfast continued to grow steadily worse, I again descended to the kitchen and made it myself. To my distress my coffee was no better than that of the previous morning."

"Then I noticed that it had a stale, weedy taste—that the delicious, fresh aroma was lacking—and I complained to my grocer. He assured me it was the best coffee money could buy. I tried other grocers, but without success."

"In my next letter home I begged mother to ask Mammy Liz if she could think of the cause of my trouble. Mother wrote back:—'Mammy has a bad opinion of "poor white trash" servants. She says most likely your cook is too lazy to clean the coffee pot properly, and unless this is kept sweet and clean, the best coffee will lose its delicate aroma. Take a knife and pass it around in that crevice about the bottom of the pot. If you find that stale sediment has collected there you will understand why your coffee seems to have lost its delicious freshness. Clean this crack out thoroughly. Then take sandpaper and scour the pot. Lastly, pour in boiling water and scald it three or four times, until not the least odor of coffee remains. See that your maid does this every time she uses the pot.'"

"Well, my dear, I hastened to the kitchen, applied the knife, and sure enough, in that crevice a ring of stale, black sediment was packed hard. I cleaned, scoured and scalded for ten minutes. When I left it the pot was as sweet and bright as new, and the next morning we had delicious coffee for breakfast."

"How do I manage? Simply by attending to my coffee pot myself. Yes, I know that with six servants in my house I shouldn't have to, but every morning regularly I go into the kitchen after breakfast to scour and scald it properly, and as soon as it begins to get discolored inside or remains redolent of coffee in spite of my washing I promptly buy a new one."

STOCKINGS.—A prominent physician urges the wearing of stockings with white feet, which he says will do much to promote ease in walking and also dispose of many ills of the feet. Socks or stockings of cotton or lisle thread in black bind the feet and make them swell, he has said; no matter how fine and open they may be, the black dye with the hard thread of the lisle variety is a combination particularly trying to tender feet. He recommends unbleached balbriggan, preferably the whole sock or stocking of white, but the foot must always be white. A further caution is added that new cotton stockings, as well as new cot-

ton under garments, should be washed before they are worn to take out the sizing used by the manufacturers.

AMMONIA.—Few people realize the possibilities of ammonia. The preparation known as common spirits of ammonia is valuable in many ailments. For example, ten or twenty drops in a large wine glass of water will revive a fainting person. It is an excellent stimulant in case of nervous depression and headache, as it restores circulation. Again, a few drops of ammonia poured into hard water makes the water soft, and it takes the dirt off of paint more quickly than anything else, takes the stains out of carpets, cleans combs and hair brushes and makes good and silver look as good as new.

THE WEATHER.—A piece of camphor gum is said to be a very good indicator of what the weather is going to be. If when the camphor is exposed to the air the gum remains dry, the weather will be fresh and dry, but if the gum absorbs the moisture and seems damp it indicates rain.

STEEL ORNAMENTS may be made bright by the use of burnt alum. Burn some alum and pound it fine and sift through coarse muslin. Apply dry with a soft brush. Powdered burnt alum can be procured at the chemists. Emery powder well rubbed on will often remove small spots of tarnish on steel.

OIL THE CLOCK.—It is stated that if a small bottle of coal oil uncorked is placed inside of the clock case the clock will never need oiling. It should be watched and replenished often.

KEROSENE applied with a flannel cloth is most efficacious in removing discolorations in metal or porcelain tubs. These are often occasioned by the mineral properties contained in the water, but more often by the lack of daily care. In either event a brisk application of kerosene will effectually remove all traces of them.

LACE can be given an antique look by dipping it in clear coffee after the rinsing.

A Nice Teacher for Phillipinos.

Some years ago a man by the name of Rev. Mr. Jernegan, who lived in Providence, R. I., got up a swindling scheme by which he lined his pockets with the money of gullible people—whose name is legion. When the swindle was discovered the Rev. Jernegan found it healthful exercise to travel to Europe, with a comfortable sum of \$300,000 in cash, the proceeds of his strenuous industry. He was apprehended in Europe and made to disgorge \$75,000. But we live at railroad speed and events crowd on us so fast that this preacher's exploit would be forgotten were it not for an item in a newspaper telling of his present whereabouts and avocation.

Now, reader, stop and think, and in view of his past record, try to guess where he is and what he is doing. In some European penitentiary walking the treadmill? No, guess again. In State's prison somewhere in America? No; but you might as well give it up. The Boston "Herald" give the information that the Rev. Jernegan is in the Philippines teaching school. He is trying to reform and elevate the little Phillipinos and give them some idea of American ways and Anglo-Saxon civilization. But as the little yellow fellows have no money they are at least financially safe. But the friars must go.—New York Freeman's Journal.

Proposed Statue of Father Mathew.

A meeting was held recently by a committee of Knights of Father Mathew following resolution:

"Whereas, in the places of St. Louis, tues commemorative heroes of the civic of our country, and

"Whereas, This place and home of most influential body proclaim and live a temperance views of Mathew; therefore,

"Resolved, That Council, No. 18, Knights of Father Mathew, take the initiative in raising a fund for the placing a statue of Father Mathew that will stand as a monument to the progress in St. Louis and the best Park, to be unveiled at the World's Fair convention of the Abstinence Union will in this city; and be

"Resolved, That six be appointed by Knight to take charge and bring it before the city of our organization may have their aid operation in carrying out this successful end."

The committee are Messrs. John T. Kelly, J. W. Hannon, E. J. Costigan and Dr. R. C. Two hundred dollars are being raised to fund to be raised to

The members of Council have been receiving petitions of other councils begun this praiseworthy, commemorative work, appeals to Catholics, but are to see the cause advanced. The statue proposed to erect will about \$10,000. Protection of the beautiful statue that ornament Cork, will be made. Some officers of this mat charged of this mat pushed vigorously so statue ready for un-

Dr. Da Costa At Char

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