

Our Boys and Girls.

QUEER RAPID TRANSIT.

How some little ones travel, with their mother, of course, whenever she wishes to go. Is really and truly a laughable thing. The way she takes them, do you know?

Dame Pussy not caring for coaches and such, in her mouth gives her children a ride! But then she really cares not to be seen. I think it her natural pride!

I've heard Mother Elephant (perhaps you have, too). And it shows quite a good deal of spunk. When her baby she gives the least bit of a ride.

Packs him carefully up in her trunk! Mrs. Hippopotamus, a wise mother indeed. Has for travel a very bright knack! She paddles away on the face of the stream.

With her baby perched high on her back! Mrs. Kangaroo, too, of dress very plain. Caring neither for frill, shoes nor lockets.

Ere she starts for a trip, she hurriedly thrusts Her baby deep down in her pocket! But your mamma, dear, how different. To keep you from dangers and harms.

When she goes to see grandma, on foot or by train. Carries baby safe clasped in her arms! —Babyland.

STREET EDUCATION.—Notwithstanding the fact that the schools are now in full swing there are a large number of boys still wandering around the streets from day to day.

What are the parents of such children doing? Are they dead to that important duty which imposes on them that they educate and bring up their children in the fear and love of God? No doubt, they will set forth paltry and trivial reasons for such conduct, but in a few years they will see the result of their folly, carelessness and neglect. Shame will cover their brow, dishonor will stare them in the face, and trouble upon trouble will be their lot. It is then that the too late regrets will come.

There is scarcely a worse school on earth for the education of the young than that of the street. It is a melancholy reflection that so many of the rising generation are preparing to graduate into active life from its corrupting associations. It is impossible to calculate the power and extent of the evil influences which are brought to bear upon the minds and hearts of boys who are allowed unrestricted liberty to roam the streets day and night, imbibing the "evil communications" which corrupt good manners, drinking in lessons of blasphemy from their companions.

REAL KNOWLEDGE.—"Why are you in the world?" Don't know, never studied that! Yet a great many other things have been studied, and the most important has been neglected. Surely none should be ignorant of the great reason of their existence: why God created them, why they are in the world, what is expected of them; what they must do to please God. To young people we must say, get knowledge. Yes, by all means get knowledge. But get the knowledge that is of the most worth—the knowledge that will be a light to the feet, and a lamp that will illumine the dark places in the earthly pilgrimage. The knowledge that is real and true, that is never useless, but points out our eternal destiny.

THE DUTY OF BEING CHEERFUL.—We speak much of the duty of making others happy. No day should pass, we say, on which we do not put a little cheer into some heart. make the path a little smoother for some one's tired feet, or help one robin into its nest again. But we are not so accustomed to think of the duty of being happy ourselves. Yet the one duty is taught in the Bible as clearly as the other. Jesus said His disciples should have tribulation in the world, but He said in the same sentence: "Be of good cheer." That is the problem which is set before us as Christians. We are to live cheerful. The fact is, however, that not all Christians are cheerful Christians at all times. Some are scarcely ever cheerful—are habitually uncheerful. Others are cheerful only at times, when the sun shines and all things go well with them. The truth is, there are in the ordinary life a thousand pleasant things to one which is unpleasant.

TO CURE LOW SPIRITS.—Take one ounce of the seeds of resolution, properly mixed with oil of good conscience; infuse into it a large spoonful of the balsam of patience. Distill carefully a composing plant called "other's woes," which

you will find in every part of the garden of life growing under the broad leaves of disguise. Gather a handful of the blossoms of hope, sweeten them properly with a syrup made of the balm of Providence; and if you can get any of the seeds of true friendship, you will then have the most valuable medicine that can be administered. But you must be careful to get the seeds of true friendship, as there is a weed which much resembles it, called self-interest, which will spoil the whole composition. These ingredients, well mixed and faithfully taken, soon complete the cure.—Selected.

CORNER STONE OF HEALTH.—Exercise, said a physician the other day to the editor of a contemporary, is the corner stone of health. It differs essentially from work, in which the fundamental idea is that of labor. On the contrary, the idea of exercise is based upon activities undertaken for the benefit of the body or mind, some form of exertion intended to promote health or furnish amusement. Work is essentially toil, even though it be congenial. Exercise, on the other hand, is purely recreation. If exercise be taken only from a sense of duty it loses the distinguishing feature of exercise and becomes work. A course of exercise should be carried on by easy stages. Exercise is a tonic, and therefore benefit is not to be derived from a single dose.

GOOD READING.—The young should carefully foster a fondness for good books and periodicals. We find many of our boys and girls get a liking for low trashy literature, which corrupts the mind and leads into the ways of evil. How many a young person can trace his or her downfall from the path of rectitude by reading bad and dangerous books and papers. Shun such things as dangerous snares as you would the bite of a venomous serpent, and cultivate a liking for the good and true.

DOING ONE'S BEST.—What a grand thing 'tis to be able to say after doing any kind of work, "Well, I've done my best." There's a certain kind of consolation even of failure at the end of the work stares you in the face. The following is a very good story on this point.

There was a boy whom we will name Luke Varnum. He was fifteen years old and he was lame of his left foot. So when every boy in Number Five and every man, old and young, shouldered his firelock and marched off to join Gen. Stark and fight the Hessians at Bennington, Luke was at home. He limped out and held the stirrup for Lieut. Stark to mount; and then he had to stay at home with the babies and the women. The gun had been gone an hour and a half, when three men galloped up on horseback. And Luke went down to the railings to see who they were. "Is there anybody here?" said one of them.

"Yes," said Luke, "I am here."

"I see that," said the first man, laughing. "What I mean is, is there anybody here who can set a shoe?"

"I think I can," said Luke. "I often tend fire for Jonas. I can blow the bellows and I can hold a horse's foot. Any way, I will start up the fire."

So Luke went into the forge and took down the tinder-box and struck a light. He built the fire and hunted up half a dozen nails, which Jonas had left unintentionally, and he had even made two more when a fourth horseman came slowly down on a walk. "What luck?" said he, "to find a forge with the fire lighted?"

"We found one," said Marvin, "with a boy who knew how to light it."

And the other speaker threw himself off the horse meanwhile. And Luke patted the hoof of the dainty creature and measured the shoe, which was too large for her. He heated it white and bent it closer to the proper size. "It is a poor fit," he said, "but it will do."

"It will do very well," said the rider. "But she is very tender-footed, and I do not dare to trust her five miles unshod."

And, for pride's sake, the first two nails Luke drove were those he had made himself. And when the shoe was fast he said: "Tell Jonas that I let up the forge and put on the shoe."

"We will tell him," said the Colonel, laughing, and he rode on.

But one of the horsemen tarried a minute and said: "Boy, no ten men who left you to-day have served your country as you have. It is Colonel Warner."

When I read in the big books of history how Col. Warner led up his regiment just in time to save the day at Bennington I am apt to think of Luke Varnum. When I read that that day decided the battle of Saratoga, determined that America should be independent, I think of Luke Varnum. When I go to see monuments erected in memory of Col. Warner and Gen. Stark and even poor old Burgoyne, I think of Luke Varnum and others like him. And then sometimes I wonder whether every man and boy of us who bravely and truly does the very best he knows how to do does not have the future of the world resting on him.

R. J. LOUIS OUDHUY.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

HOME CRITICISMS.—Most of us dread criticism no matter of what description, says an exchange, but the criticism of one's own family is not only the hardest to bear and the hardest to escape, but the hardest to refute. It is generally just and true, and in its truth lies its sting.

The members of one's own family come down upon one heavily, and hit with unerring accuracy the weak place in the armor. They know exactly where to find it. They are seldom excited by the catalogue of one's perfections read by an enthusiastic friend. "Oh, yes," they answer,

calmly, "what you say is true, but this and that and the other imperfection offsets and spoils his good qualities. Necessarily you judge as an outsider; one's family sees so much more clearly."

Trying it often is to hear our talents, which are prized by discriminating friends, slighted or openly flouted by our own families. It is quite as painful to hear our trifling faults of disposition, scarcely noticeable to outsiders, magnified by those who see them nearest. But the discipline is a healthy one, and even helpful, if we choose to so regard it. The genius that creates its own reward and its own sustenance or it is worth nothing. The disposition which makes or mars love in daily life is what counts in the summing up of character.

GOLDEN SILENCE.—Did you ever try to keep silence while a volley of angry words was being fired at you? This is the question asked by a writer. Ah! then, you know it is not an easy thing to do, and you have also to learn that there is a great satisfaction in being able, at such a moment, to control that spirit of self-justification that will arise in one of us, but which often urges us to say more than is wise. It is easy, indeed, to attempt to vindicate oneself, but it is not so easy to recall the bitter words that are almost sure to escape us.

There is scarcely a victory so well worth the winning as a perfect control over the tongue. First, because the struggle withing us is so great that we may be rightly proud when we have conquered, and again, because of the fruits of victory. The momentary triumph of having one's enemy with his own weapons is not worth putting up against the sweet satisfaction this bit of self-control will give. The first is transient, the second is eternal. Our speech in anger will never mend a quarrel, but it will never miss the mark, and its work is most effective when the one at whom it is aimed has become calm and begun to wonder what weapon has so seriously wounded. No matter what the offense, remember that words spoken in anger will never mend a cause. Wait until the heat of resentment is spent, then rebuke, if necessary; you will do it more effectively than with a host of angry words. If by silence, or the "mild answer" which "turns away wrath," that one commands the greatest respect and obedience.

HELPING MOTHER.—"Mother, may I help you?" Girls, if you know how much your mother appreciates words like that you would often say them and as often carry them into execution. It is not so much for your mother's sake, but that your mother will be pleased, but on account of the thoughtfulness that prompts your question.

And you know mother has to work hard, often and long. She is only human, even if she is your mother, and she becomes tired sometimes, and a little help is a grateful relief. How proud she must feel to see her little daughter cheerful and eager in her desires to proffer aid.

Mother rarely complains of the labor and trouble they endure for the sake of their children. They seem to glorify in complaining to be done by their boys and girls. And how they oftentimes complain!

It is only an easy task that mother asks them to do, but to judge by the amount of complaints they make you would be led to imagine that they were commanded to move mountains.

THE VALUE OF CONFESSION.—Cardinal Gibbons gives this testimony to the value of the confession: "My experience is that the confessional is the most powerful lever ever erected by a merciful God for raising man from the mire of sin. It has more weight in withdrawing men from vice than even the pulpit. In public sermons we scatter the seed of the Word of God, in the confessional we reap the harvest. In sermons, to use a military phrase, the fire is at random, but in Confession, it is a dead shot. The words of the priest go home to the heart of the sinner. The confessor exhorts the penitent, according to his spiritual wants. He cautions him against the frequentation of dangerous company, or other occasions of sin; or he recommends special practices of piety suited to the penitent's wants. Of all the labors that our sacred ministry imposes on us, there are none more arduous or more irksome than that of hearing confessions. It is no trifling task to sit for six or eight consecutive hours on a hot summer's day, listening to the stories of sin and sorrow and misery. It is only the consciousness of the immense good he is doing, that sustains the confessor in the sacred tribunal." His Eminence practices what he preaches—he, as well as every other Catholic, cleric or lay, goes to Confession and finds in that sacrament contrition, forgiveness, resolution and grace to avoid sin.

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IRISH PRISON STATISTICS.

Year by year the statistics of serious crime in Ireland become more encouraging, says the Dublin "Freeman's Journal." The report of the prisoners' board for 1899 is no exception to recent records in the evidence it affords of satisfactory progress. The number of persons sent to convict prisons last year was 89, the number discharged 109, and the number in custody on Jan. 1, 1900, 832. Twenty years ago the number was 1,031, thirty years ago 1,230, and forty years ago 1,631. Even more satisfactory than these figures is the gradual disappearance of the female convict. On Jan. 1, there were only nineteen women in convict prisons in Ireland, as compared with 212 in 1879.

The figures of juvenile crime are quite as satisfactory. The number of convicted juveniles was last year 159, as compared with 222 in the previous year, and 462 in 1891. Twenty-two were girls. The report states that "besides these, 6 boys and 1 girl under 12 years of age,

and 48 boys and 18 girls from 12 to 16 years of age were committed to prison as untried prisoners during 1899, but were not convicted." The practice of Irish magistrates in sending untried prisoners to jail has always been a scandal. Irish magistrates act in this respect as if every accused person were to be presumed guilty until he had proved his innocence. The magisterial practice is utterly irreconcilable with repeated judicial decisions, but, unlike English judges, Irish judges have never endeavored to improve it. It would be a more proper subject for some of their assize addresses than the political views they occasionally ventiliate. When it comes to sending innocent children to prison, it is certainly time that somebody should interfere.

UP TO THE STANDARD.

Montreal, Can., Sept. 25, 1900. —A. C. Hamburg, 195 Maisonneuve street, this city, makes this statement: "My blood was very poor and my health impaired. As I am a machinist, I need good health to earn my living. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which brought my health up to the standard." Many others testify that they have received great benefit from the use of this excellent medicine.

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Chas. A. Chase, to the Chase Electric Construction Co., electric letters for signs. Consideration, \$5,000.

Kate Williams to Alfred D. Fowler, of Los Angeles, Cal., trade-mark, "Electrogon" on medical compounds. Consideration, \$25,000. (Communication of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, New York Life Building, Montreal.)

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Society Directory.

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LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.—Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on the first Sunday, at 4 p.m., and third Thursday, at 8 p.m., of each month. President Sarah Allen; Vice-President, Stasia Mack; Financial Secretary, Mary McMahon; Treasurer, Lizzie Howlitt, 383 Wellington street—Application forms can be had from members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.—Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Laprairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street, telephone Main 2239. Recording Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 Hibernian street, to whom all communications should be addressed; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Colfer, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: —J. J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh.

A. O. H., DIVISION NO. 3.—Meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at No. 1863 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Aid. D. Gallery, president; T. McCarthy, vice-president; E. J. Doyle, recording secretary, 1635 Ontario street; John Hughes, financial secretary; L. Brophy, treasurer; M. Fennel, chairman of Standing Committee; marshal, M. Stafford.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 9.—President, Wm. J. Clarke, 208 St. Antoine street; Rec. Secretary, Jno. F. Hogan, 86 St. George street, to whom all communications should be addressed; Fin. Secretary, M. J. Doyle, 12 Mount St. Mary Ave.; Treasurer, A. J. Hanley, 796 Palace street; Chairman of Standing Committee, R. Diamond; Sentinel, M. Clarke; Marshal, J. Tivnan. Division meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of every month in the York Chambers, 2444 St. Catherine street, at 8 p.m.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League, J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. S. C. Hallissey, Rev. Vice-President; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; W. P. Doyle, Secretary, 220 St. Martin street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 13th November, 1884.)—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the branch may communicate with the following officers:—Jas. J. Costigan, President; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Financial Secretary; Jas. H. Malden, Treasurer.

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