

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

CONDUCTED BY T. W.

OPINIONS.

RALPH'S:

I wish that girl had been a boy!
I hope a boy would move next door
For girls are always prim and neat;
I know she'll be a bore!
She will not want to wade or run,
She'll never, never catch a ball,
Nor climb a tree, nor fly a kite—
Girls are no fun at all!

WINIFRED'S:

Oh, I'm sorry he's a boy!
Two girls could have such splendid times
At sewing doll-clothes, playing tea,
Or reading tales and rhymes.
Of course he'll hit me with his ball,
And make a dreadful lot of noise,
And play at soldiers all day long—
There is no fun in boys!

—Marion Beatty
In Youth's Companion.

The Adventures of a Penny.

"I was born in the mint at Washington," said a dull, battered, old penny to his friends in the money drawer of a little fruit stand. "I did not look as I do now; I was bright and fresh, and was very anxious to see the world. How did I know about the world?" he answered in response to a tarnished ten-cent piece. "Well, I was placed in a large bag with several other friends, much older than I was, and taken to a paintshop by a short wiry, little man, and I was locked away in a dark, gloomy thing which I afterward found out was a safe. Being very young, of course, I did not like this gloomy existence, and my friends used to tell me stories of the world to keep me quiet, but they only made me the more anxious to be free. One day I was disturbed from a peaceful nap I was taking, by being pulled out of a bag, with a number of other coins, and given to a painter.

"I was just beginning to take a survey of the shop, when I was thrust into the man's pocket and carried away. The next day I was taken out of the pocket, and laid on a plate, where there were bills, coins and a few gold pieces. I could not imagine where I was. There were long seats filled with people, many of whom were reading little books. I afterward found out that it was a church. The tray was carried into a small ante-room and the money hastily counted. The bills and gold pieces were put in a safe, and the small change was placed in a bag. The man accidentally dropped me out, and I rolled under the desk. 'Never mind,' he said, 'it is only a penny.' 'Only a penny!' How the words stung my heart! For I have a heart under this copper jacket! Monday a man came in with a broom and a duster. He moved the desk, and swept under it, not taking the least notice of me. 'Oh, the impudence of these mortals!' but I hardly had the words out of my mouth, when I was swept up and thrown into the ash barrel. Here I remained for a day, when a man came along with a queer two-wheeled wagon, he emptied the barrel into it and drove off quickly. I was thinking what a cruel world it was, when the wagon stopped with a jolt which gave me quite a start. The man withdrew a bolt at the back of the wagon, and out rolled all the ashes, bearing me along.

"Alas, alas," I cried, "my future will end here, and— I was interrupted by childish voices. 'Ain't yer found anything' yet?" inquired one of the other. "No, nauthin much, ain't much in the dump terday!" So this was a dump. The children were probing in the ashes with a stick, when suddenly came to view. They picked me up with childish delight, and ran quickly round the corner to a little fruit stand, where they invested in an orange. So here I am, tarnished and dirty, but still ready for more adventures. Though I am only a penny I have my place in the world.—M.R. Murphy, Donahoe's Magazine.

False Pride.

It is to be regretted that very many of the children of to-day are imbued with a spirit of false and empty pride, entirely unbecoming to one of their station and years. Too often they learn this foolish lesson of pride from their parents, and before a child can talk plainly, it is able to tell you who are low society—"poor trash who work for their living," and who are respectable,—"rich folks who live on the earnings of the poor."

Some are proud because their great grandfather's thirty-second cousin has left them a legacy, and the family can wear finer clothes and put on more style than formerly; others because through some fortunate speculations upon the part of their father or on account of political influence their position in life is raised to a

higher level, and others again because of their association in college or convent with rich men's sons or daughters, they afterwards think it beneath their dignity to mingle with their old companions. So they strut along the streets like a peacock with new feathers, and forget to bend their lofty head to their former friends—they do not see them any more—or to speak more properly, according to the phrase, "they cut them."

Thus too many children grow up thinking that the great distinction between people in this world is the difference between fine clothes and coarse ones—never dreaming that honesty, virtue, talent or a well-spent life has anything to do with the matter. In their opinion money and a good tailor or dressmaker can make a fine lady, or a fine gentleman any day.

Therefore dear boys and girls, never distinguish people by their fine clothes, but by their fine hearts and their fine minds. People of wealth and fashion are just as good as others, if they do well and act well, using their money and their station for their own real good and for that of their fellow-men—but they are no better than the old rank of blood. Despire no man but for his own bad actions, and admire no man but for his own good deeds.

How Johnny Learned to Wipe His Feet.

"Did you wipe your feet, Johnny?"
"No, mamma; I forgot."
"Run back and do it, then, please."
"Yes, mamma."

There was a prolonged and energetic scraping and rubbing of two obedient feet on the hall rug.

"Mamma, won't you tell me why you have to wipe your feet every time you come into the house?"

"Yes, if you cannot find out yourself."

Johnny looked interested. Mamma always let him find out things for himself when he could. He had found already that there was always a reason behind her commands, and he enjoyed hunting for it.

"Where can I begin?"

"Well, walk all around the rooms, and when you are near the beginning place, I'll say, 'Warm!'"

That was just like mamma, and Johnny knew he was going to have a good time. He went through the two parlors, but mamma was silent. Johnny was watching her over his shoulder, and hardly knew when he crossed the threshold into the library.

"Warm!" cried mamma suddenly. Johnny halted promptly, and looked all about him.

"Don't look too high for the reasons of things," said mamma with a smile, as Johnny, not budging an inch, stood rolling his eyes up towards the ceiling.

"Warmer!" as the little lad began to look toward the floor.

"Oh, I spy!" said Johnny suddenly. And he picked up a big cake of dry mud from the carpet. "I've found out, mamma!"

"That is one reason, but there are others.

"In the house, mamma?"

"Yes, but you can't see them just yet."

"Why can't I see them now, mamma?"

Mamma laughed, and gave Johnny a kiss. Then she handed him pencil and paper.

"I will write a question on this paper, and you may have until tomorrow night to answer it.—'What makes mud?'"

"Huh! that's easy! Water and dirt!"

"Yes. Write it this way: 'What makes mud?' 1. Moisture. 2. Dirt." Write down everything that you see dropped and left on the sidewalk or in the street. If it is wet, put it under 'Moisture'; if not, put it under 'Dirt.'"

"Hullo, here's the sprinkler! Do you spell 'water' with an a or an o mamma?"

"W-a-t-e-r," said mamma, without a smile.

She never laughed at Johnny's mistakes, and that was what made Johnny think she was 'lot's nicer'n other boys' mammas."

Presently the city carts came along to gather up the garbage, the barrels were heavy, and the men, to save lifting them, emptied the contents upon the street, and then shoveled it into the carts. They left a good amount behind them, however, and Johnny got quite excited over trying to write down all the different things he saw remnants of. Mamma suggested that "garbage" would cover it all, so Johnny, after much wrinkling of his forehead and twisting of

his tongue, wrote "Gobbige;" for mamma was called away just then.

The ashman came down the street and he, too, tipped over the barrels, and shoveled the ashes into the cart—all but what blew away; for the wind was high, and a large part of every shoveful went flying all over the street.

Mamma was gone a long time, but when she returned Johnny called her to the window.

"I don't know how to say things, mamma. There are the sewer men cleaning out the sewers, and they spill the dirty stuff on the street. Then a waggon went by full of old bones and meat from the market, and some of that dropped from the cart. Then there are horses and dogs and cats. I saw a dog go by with blood dripping from its ear, and the men

spit on the sidewalk,—and O mamma! I don't think mud is nice; do you?" And Johnny's little nose was all puckered up with disgust.—The Messenger.

Danny's father, who is a farmer and stock-grower, took several carloads of hogs, reared on his own farm, to Chicago, where he sold them to the great pork packing firm of Armour & Company.

While in Chicago Danny's father received the following letter from the little boy:—

"Dere papa:—Did you see Mr. Armour kill the big fat hog with the black tale and didn't he think it was a busster? I was sorry to see the hogs leave the farm and you most of all.

"Your loving son,
"Danny."

NOTES FROM AMERICAN CENTRES.

A home for self-supporting women is to be shortly established in New York, and will be under the management of the Sisters of Mercy. It will be known as the "Regina Aporum." It is the intention of its promoters, who include Archbishop Corrigan and Bishop Farley, to make the home attractive, and all institutional restrictions will be dispensed with as much as possible.

Women out of employment will be allowed to stay at the home free of charge, until they can procure work. There are about 1,000 applicants already for admission to the Home. The Sisters who also have charge of St. Joseph's Home for Infant Girls, at 82d street and Madison Avenue, have sold the plot of ground on which the institution stands for \$750,000, and they at once begin the erection of a new building in 152d street, near Broadway. The site was purchased recently and plans have been prepared.

The Alabama Legislature, now in special session engaged in devising methods for constitutionally depriving colored men of their franchise, goes even further than some other Gulf States have in this particular, says the New York Sun. It is seriously proposed at Montgomery to devote school funds derived from real estate held by white men to the education of white children and from property held by colored men to the education of colored children. By the last educational census, Alabama, the estimated number of white children between the ages of five and eighteen years was 335,000, and of colored children between the same ages 286,000. There were 4,800 white and 2,400 colored teachers, and the percentage of illiteracy among inhabitants over the age of 10 years was this: White, 18; colored, 69. Exclusive of Louisiana, in which illiteracy among the colored population is 3 per cent. higher, no State has so high a ratio of illiteracy among colored inhabitants, and, with the exception of Louisiana, North Carolina and the Territory of Mexico, the percentage of illiteracy among native white inhabitants is nowhere so high as it is in Alabama.

The Alabama proposition to establish a "color line" in the collection of school taxes may be described as a plan to make illiteracy a permanent condition in that State.

Sister Imelda Theresa, the former

Salvation Army Brigadier, whose conversion to the Roman Catholic faith a little more than two years ago created a great stir in the Army ranks, assumed the white veil last Sunday in the chapel of the mother house of the Congregation of St. Catherine de Ricci of the Third Order of St. Dominic, at Albany. Miss Swift entered the convent of St. Catherine de Ricci having chosen to devote herself wholly to a religious life, and as the period of her probation as a postulant had passed, she was invested on Sunday with the habit of a novice of the Order.

The following salary schedule, arranged by School Commissioner O'Brien, has been submitted to the School Board of New York:—

Teachers—First three years, women \$900, men \$900; fourth, fifth and sixth years, women \$720, men \$1,200; seventh, eighth and ninth, women \$840, men \$1,500; tenth, eleventh and twelfth, women \$934, men \$1,800; thirteenth and fourteenth, women \$1,128, men \$2,160; fifteenth and following years for women \$1,284.

Principals—First year, women \$1,750, men \$2,750; second, women \$2,000, men \$3,000; third, women \$2,250, men \$3,250; fourth and all following years, women \$2,500, men \$3,500.

The schedule further provides that women principals who supervise five or less classes shall not receive more than \$1,560 per annum, and men not more than \$2,500. All advances in salary are to be made in accordance with the schedule unless the Board of Superintendents in any case reports adversely, but any principal or teacher so reported against will have the right to appeal to the School Board.

The Chicago Citizen says:—

Mayor Carter H. Harrison received the following cable message April 25 relating to the establishment of local government in Ireland, in accordance with a recent act of parliament:—

"Local government happily established. Ireland waits your message on her march to Home Rule.

"Editors Irish Independent, Dublin, Ireland."

The reply of the Mayor was as follows:—

"Rejoice in Ireland's triumph. Full freedom must follow.

"Carter H. Harrison, Mayor."

A FRATERNAL SOCIETY IN THE HANDS OF A LIQUIDATOR.

The secret order known as the United Friends, which operated a fraternal scheme, has gone into the hands of a receiver, and it is said, may be only able to pay 50 cents on the dollar of its liabilities. Its six or seven thousand living members, some of whom have been paying in the order for sixteen or seventeen years, have only their experience to look back upon, the society's obligations to them not being counted, of course, among its present liabilities. All the money they have paid in is gone.

Slight mention of the failure has heretofore been made. The order was at one time one of the most prosperous of the fraternal orders. One of its most prosperous chapters was known as Hain Chapter, being named after the late Frank Hain, general superintendent of the elevated railroad, its members being nearly all old employees of the elevated roads. The United Friends was a split from the fraternal order known as the Chosen Friends. It was organized with the idea of paying to its members sick benefits in case of total disability and death benefits to their survivors of from \$500 to \$3,000. The money to pay the benefits was raised, as in all of the fraternal orders, by assessments upon its members.

were young and few died. Then the assessments were only 50 or 75 cents a month and the members didn't feel them. But as the order and the charter members aged, young men didn't come in with the necessary frequency, and the older members began dying off. Assessments went up correspondingly. In 1898 the Imperial Council saw the end in sight and they decided to stop issuing \$3,000 insurances. Then they concluded to make fixed assessments on the older members and the "five-year step-up plan" was adopted. This means that all persons of a certain age were in a class and remained in that class five years at a certain fixed assessment. At the end of five years they stepped up to the next class and had to pay a higher assessment. A man 60 years of age had to pay \$5 a month for a \$2,000 policy.

This step of the Imperial Council resulted in the loss of several thousand members, and at the beginning of this year the order found itself with piles of unpaid benefits and in no condition to pay them. The order altogether was in the worst condition that it had ever been in. In April a special meeting of the Imperial Council was called and the situation was presented to it State by State. No plan was suggested that would enable it to go ahead and pay its debts, and it was decided at this

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meeting that the only thing to do was to apply for a receiver. This was in the middle of April.

Plans to provide for the living members were called for. The Metropolitan Insurance Company, it is understood made a proposition to take all the members without regard to age or physical condition, giving them policies for the same amount as the policies they held in the order, but charging them at the rate commensurate with the risk. The Independent Order of Foresters also made a proposition to take over the membership, but only after a physical examination, and large numbers of the members had reached that time of life when they could not pass the physical examination. The council decided that it was unwise to accept either offer, but it furnished lists of members to two committees with directions to lay the propositions before the members. These committees are at work now.

In the meantime the Metropolitan, it is understood has withdrawn its offer and now it will take only members that can pass an examination. That leaves out entirely several thousand of the oldest members. Included among these are men who have paid into the order nearly the entire amount that they would have received if they had died. These members are helpless, it having been held by the courts time and time again that the man who insures in a fraternal order insures only from month to month, and there is no redress when the order fails.

At the time of its failure the United Friends owed \$170,000 in unpaid death claims, and it was thought that if it paid 5 cents on the dollar it would be doing well. Since April 15, however, some money has come in and other assets, it is believed, may realize to pay one-half the total claims. This, however, does not help the living members. Their money is wiped out absolutely.—New York Sun.

HEROISM OF A YOUNG SURGEON.

Dr. Reuben Ludlam, Sr., President of Hahnemann Medical College and one of the most widely known homoeopathic practitioners in the world, was stricken with heart disease at 5 p.m. yesterday just at the critical point in an operation he was performing at the college hospital. Although Dr. Ludlam was carried from the operating room in a dying condition his son, Dr. Reuben Ludlam, Jr., who had been acting as assistant immediately seized the instrument from his father's hand and to save the life of the patient continued the work.

Dr. Ludlam, Sr., expired within five minutes in a room adjoining the operating room, but it was not till a half hour later that the son, the patient having come safely through the operation, went to his side. The patient was a woman. The operation was the removal of a fibroid tumor of large size from the abdominal cavity. The patient probably will recover as the result of young Dr. Ludlam's service.

Dr. Ludlam's death came without the slightest warning. The patient had been under the anaesthetic for half an hour and the surgeon was about to excise the tumor. Clad in a long white robe, and instrument in hand he was bending over the patient when he cried out:—"I feel weak."

He sank in the chair that was hastily placed behind him. At first it was thought that he had fainted. He was carried into the adjoining room. Dr. Homer V. Halbert of the staff was summoned from another part of the hospital. Dr. George F. Shears, professor of surgery, was also sent for, but death came quickly and their services were of no avail.

BOARD OF THANKS.

At a meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary, Division No. 1, of the A. O. H., held in their hall, St. Alexander street, Monday, May 7th, a hearty vote of thanks was tendered to all those who so ably contributed to make their double entertainment of April the 20th and 25th such a success.

Sunday Newspapers in England.

The London correspondent of the New York Post in commenting on the Nonconformist revolt against Sunday newspapers says, that they have found a powerful leader in Lord Rosebery. He assured the News-vendors' Institution on Wednesday that the proprietors of both the Sunday Mail and Sunday Telegraph, Alfred Harmsworth and Sir Edward Lawson, are personal friends of his, and he dared say that if they should cut them both open they would find that neither of them very much cared about this extension of newspaper enterprise. The truth is that the opposition of the churches and the withdrawal of the patronage of churchgoers from the ordinary daily issues of both journals are proving so grave a matter that the Mail, at least, would be glad now to find some reasonable excuse for withdrawing the Sunday issue. The general impression is that Lord Rosebery's appeal will be made an excuse, and that the days of the seven-day newspaper in England are numbered.

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