

Our Boys and Girls.

SACRAMENTAL BELLS.

The sacramental bells ring warningly.

To say the Living Bread is near, and that the faithful bend the knees And bow the reverent head.

To waiting souls, the Elevation chimes Bring not an equal joy; And yet—to each and all— they give, at times, A bliss without alloy.

They sound like fairy bells from a world apart, At twelve years old, and less, When—for the first time—in our simple heart, We feel a God's caress.

At a First Mass, the Consecration bells, Jesu, proclaim 'tis Thou— And, hearing them, Thy priest's young bosom swells In grateful ecstasy.....

Who shall reveal what such a joy-bell brings To his pure heart of fire? In his anointed hands he holds the King of kings, His God—his sole Desire!

Yet other kind of joy-note in the peal Sounds, when—in bridal dress— At Nuptial Mass, two Christian lovers kneel, Praying Thee, Lord, to bless.

When, through the black-drap'd church, tolls mournful knell, Nought can assuage our grief Save the blest chiming of the altar bell.

Ah! but—of all these bells—the sweetest far— Is one as yet unring; On dying ears, it tinkles from afar, With Miserere sung.

I dream I hear it—thru' a thick'n'g mist, Nearing my chamber door; Dear swift, priest, the Precious Eucharist, And cross the threshold o'er!

Sweet little bell, beside my death-bed rung, This last bell is the best..... The Host is placed upon my parched tongue— Ring for my Marriage-Feast!

—M. M. de J.

DON'T BE UNEASY.—Many boys, without being conscious of it, are constantly wriggling. They fidget when standing, and do not know what to do with their hands. When sitting, the trouble is with their feet, and with these keep up a tapping or other motion, thus causing an unnecessary and unpleasant noise especially in the presence of strangers. Let each boy who reads this train himself like the soldier, "to stand at ease," and to sit at ease, and he'll show that manners will count more than giddiness or carelessness.

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.—One little word to our young scholars. You have started at school again. Everything in the beginning seems easy and pleasant and you enter into your work with zeal. According to the days pass on the work gets more difficult, and the bright clouds change and are overshadowed with dark and threatening ones. Don't therefore be discouraged. Remember that the careful, steady plodder has accomplished far more than the "meteoric flash" scholar. The example of Robert Bruce and the spider is a good one on this point. You may not be blessed with a gifted memory, a bright intellect and a quick apprehension to grasp things, but pitch in with a determined will and keep at it, and success will crown your efforts. "Perseverance overcomes all obstacles," should be your motto.

WISE MAXIMS.—1. A thought at the start saves a groan at the end. 2. Don't strive after too many things at once. 3. Duty well done brings a peaceful rest. 4. Lock the door against Applause unless you have Humility for the porter. 5. A river is longer than a spring; so should your thinking be longer than your reading. 6. Don't be enticed into wrongdoing by evil associates.

GOOD ADVICE TO BOYS.—You are learning a trade. That is a good thing to have. It is better than gold. Brings always a premium. But to bring a premium a trade must be perfect—no silver-plated affair. When you go to learn a trade do so with a determination to win. Make up your mind what you will be, and be it. Determine in your own mind to be a good workman.

Have pluck and patience. Look out for the interest of your employer—thus you will learn to look out for your own. Do not wait to be told everything. Remember and act as though you wish to learn. If you have an errand to do start off like a boy with some life. Look about you. See how the best workman in the shop does and copy after him. Learn to do things well. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Never sign your work. Every job you do is a sign. If you have done it, in ten minutes, see if you cannot do the next in nine. Too many boys spoil a lifetime by not having pluck.

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he managed to capture them and bring both home, no one could imagine, but he really did. This is not a story, but a true account of a dog whom I am proud to know, and who is living now.

R. J. LOUIS CUDDHY.

Household Notes.

TO WASH SILK.—A great many people undertake to wash silk without using the slightest judgment and here we would like to give a few pointers on how this dainty fabric can be successfully cleaned. If washed carefully silk stockings, handkerchiefs, and any of the wash-silk dress fabrics which are so extensively used this season for waists, children's dresses, and other purposes will retain their dainty color and freshness. It is better to mend the stockings before putting them in the water, as a very small hole assumes alarming proportions during the cleaning process. They should be washed alone and never boiled, nor should soap ever be rubbed directly upon them.

Prepare a suds of warm (not hot) rain water, and dissolve a little borax in it. Borax will not injure the color or fabric, and should always be added to the water, for it is the safest and the most effective agent known. Put the silk in the water and gently rub and squeeze it until it is clean. If one water is not enough to accomplish this, use two.

Rinse well, using two clear waters of the same temperature as the suds, putting a little bluing in the second. When ready to wring, first fold smoothly, then wrap in a clean towel, and pass through the wringer. Dissolve a little gum arabic in water, and dip the silk in it, after raising it a little stiffness is thought necessary.

When taken from the last water, hang as carefully as possible, smoothing it to avoid wrinkles, which are hard to iron out. When nearly dry, press each piece carefully with this piece of muslin or calico spread over it. Air the garments after they are ironed until they are thoroughly dry before putting them away.

FRUIT AT BREAKFAST.—The business of breakfast is a most important one, for it stores the human battery with power for the day's work. A good breakfast gives a man staying qualities and equips him for almost any emergency likely to occur.

What are the essentials of a proper breakfast? The first, the most important item is a preliminary meal of fruit, oranges, grapes, apples, cantaloupe, berries, seasonable fruit in which juice predominates over fiber. Fruit juices, taken early on an empty stomach, are converted into alkalis, keep the blood normally alkaline, preventing saturation of the system with uric acid and warding off the storms of suffering which such a condition provokes.

Fruit juices act as correctives to the digestive organs, whetting the appetite, increasing the secretion of the gastric juice and stimulating peristalsis. Where fruit is eaten every morning, digestion is satisfactory, the bowels are natural and regular, the head is clear and an agreeable feeling of general well being is experienced.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon this matter of a preliminary fruit breakfast. If accustomed to eating a small breakfast, you should lighten the noon lunch and 6 o'clock dinner. You will sleep better and rise with appetite. If the fruit does not appear to agree with you at first, try a small beginning. Take only an orange drink, the juice and only reject the fiber. Persist, and the stomach will adapt itself. Gradually add a bunch of grapes and an apple. You will be surprised at the far-reaching benefit derived from so simple a practice.

After the fruit, the usual breakfast of a chop and rolls, omelet, potatoes, coffee or what not is in order.

As if by magic, after a few applications, every gray hair in your head was changed to its natural color by using LUBY'S Parisian Hair Restorer.

It is not often that we read of laborers who enjoy large salaries, but there are some such in the world. We are greatly interested in and amused with the account given by "The Bits" of the amounts earned in certain industries. It might interest our readers, so we give the text.

"In days when thousands of English working men, capable, able-bodied, and willing, cannot find the meager employment, stories of iron-workers who earn the incomes of high-placed Government officials and drive to their work in well-appointed broughams read like pages from a fairy-tale. And yet this workman's Elysium exists, and is so far from being overcrowded that its gates are open to hundreds more who wish to share its delights.

It is true that Pittsburg, the centre of this Paradise of labor, is one of the last places in the world to suggest an Elysium. Its thousands of mills crowd and jostle each other, and it is enveloped day and night in 'pillars of fire and smoke.' But in this American inferno, in which Mr. Andrew Carnegie made his millions, money is to be made as probably as when else in the world of industry.

"The homes of its workers are far away from the smoke of Pittsburg, and in them the puddlers, beaters, and rollers lead lives which would be the envy of many of our prosperous professional men in England.

"The worst-paid labor in these 8,000 mills makes an income which many a clever city clerk may never hope to enjoy. His eight hours of work daily bring him 18s., or the comfortable wages of 25 s. a week. If he cares to add to his earnings by working on Sunday he has an income well over £200 a year.

"A beater can always rely on minimum wages of 25s. to 30s. a day, a daily income which would satisfy most British working men for a week's work. The average 'beater' thus makes a yearly income of over £500, and is the financial equal of a fairly successful professional man in England.

"The cream of good wages, however, falls to the lot of the 'roller,' whose minimum wages are £2 5s. a day, and in many cases reach as high a figure as £4 a day for eight hours' work. The best-paid Pittsburg 'roller' thus earns as much money in an hour as his English brother is glad to earn in a day. His annual income ranges from £600 to £1,000.

"It is little wonder that a man who coins money at this rate can afford to keep his family in great comfort, if not in luxury. His house is sumptuously appointed; it is commodious inside and imposing outside, with its porch and veranda. It is lit by electricity and heated by steam, and has a beautiful garden attached to it. His children have their pianos, and expensive toys; his wife can dress in costly silks; and he himself has, in many cases, his cosy, well-equipped library, and even a billiard table."

Meanwhile the night passed away without a single soldier of the enemy approaching the house. Every one in the house was surprised. But when they ventured to the door in the morning, behold on the very side which the enemy were posted, the snow had been drifted up by the wind as high as a wall, so that it was impossible for any one to come through it.

They all thanked and praised God. "See, now," said the grandmother, "God has actually built a wall to keep off the enemy from our dwelling! He is gracious and merciful, and infinitely rich in the means wherewith to deliver us."

When taken from the last water, hang as carefully as possible, smoothing it to avoid wrinkles, which are hard to iron out. When nearly dry, press each piece carefully with this piece of muslin or calico spread over it. Air the garments after they are ironed until they are thoroughly dry before putting them away.

ON DISAPPOINTMENTS.—Let us neither permit ourselves to settle into a gloomy belief that a fate is working against us, nor pass even seemingly trivial disappointments by as things to be pushed aside and forgotten. Says a well known contributor on domestic affairs. Let us take them up as they come with cheerful seriousness, and see what they may mean to us. Were we too confident in ourselves, too eager for glory, too self-absorbed, too unconscious of our weakness, too blind to those of others? What was there in this might have been?

And as for failure, "let it not so much as be named among us." That man only is a failure who makes himself one! In one sense, and that not a narrow one, let us say of what has disappointed us, "let the dead past bury its dead." Not by feelings of change of purpose, nor by forgetfulness of life's first hopes and loves, much less by putting out of remembrance our mistakes and errors, but by summoning these all together as our treasure-house of experience, and the seed of wisdom, to learn new secrets of success. Even if we should, by what happily is a rare occurrence, fail of all material victories despite undaunted courage and perseverance, we shall yet be benefited, as men should walk, upright before mankind, and with our faces turned towards heaven.

Our generation seems largely separated into two great divisions, the recklessly confident and the sad, unlearned secrets of success. Even if we should, by what happily is a rare occurrence, fail of all material victories despite undaunted courage and perseverance, we shall yet be benefited, as men should walk, upright before mankind, and with our faces turned towards heaven.

Let us take humble ground of self-appreciation. We are amazingly fallible, we are grievously short-sighted; let us be quick to look into our spoiled plans and vanished expectations for our own mistakes, and see if we have not found in disappointment a true indication of our fault. We are proud, we are vain, we are through unfulfilled hope we have left to us the power to succeed in showing the very noblest traits which characterize the truly great.

GRANDMA'S PRAYERS.—Once, during a European war, the inhabitants of a solitary house were in great alarm. As night came on, the enemy was approaching the place. The dusky sky was lighted up, here and there, with the blood-red glare of fires. The guns were heard roaring.

big fearfully. Moreover it was winter, and the weather was very cold and stormy. The good people were in dread of being plundered, and still more, of being driven out of house and home, during the roughest season of the year.

The pious old grandmother alone took courage and heart from her confidence in God. She read to her children and grandchildren a prayer out of her old prayer-book, in which occurred the words "May God build a strong wall, and ward off the enemy from this dwelling!"

One of the grandchildren, who had listened devoutly, thought it was too much to ask of God to build a wall, and said they ought not to pray for such impossible things.

But the grandmother said: "These words are not to be taken so literally, they merely mean: 'May God defend us securely from the enemy, as if our houses were surrounded by a wall!' And yet if God chose, really to build a wall for our house, do you think it would be impossible to Him?"

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FRANK J. CURRAN, B.A., P.C.L.

ADVOCATE. SAVINGS BANK CHAMBERS, 180 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

September 23, 1900

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