

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls: The little people seem to have forgotten the corner, the letters are so few. I suppose they are too busy with their studies. This is the time folks generally pull up for the exams. Then, again, we have had so much snow that I fancy there must have been plenty to do after school hours. Still, I would like to hear from you all. Hurry up, children! See who can write a nice little story, just by way of variety. Your loving friend, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky: We receive the True Witness. I am fond of reading the little letters to you, and would like to see how one of mine would look in print. I am eight years old, and attend the convent school which is near my home. I am in the third reader, and I study catechism, geography, arithmetic, sacred history and French. My English teacher is Mother St. Ann, and my French teacher is Mother St. Jean de Dieu. I am very fond of them. I have four little sisters, all younger than myself. I have no brother. We had a Christmas tree this year, and Santa Claus brought us lots of presents. He brought me a telephone, a little steamer, a pair of moccasins and a book. Next time I will tell you how I spend my vacations. I hope you are well, and tho' late, I wish you a happy New Year. Your loving nephew, HAROLD D. West Frampton, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky: This is my first letter. I like to read the little letters. I have two sisters and two brothers. My little sister is one year old, and I am six. My other sister is 4. My birthday is on the fifteenth of February, and I am seven. My papa is a blacksmith. My cousin sent me a doll and a card and a book, and my sister got a doll. I guess that is all for to-day. Closing by saying good-bye. Yours sincerely, BERTHA McG.

Dear Aunt Becky: This is my first letter. One of our neighbors takes the True Witness and I get it as soon as they read it. I like to read it, you have such nice letters and stories in it. I think I will tell a little about the place. There is just one store, a post office, one boarding house, and a school house. The store is closed up for the winter. There is no school. My father is a blacksmith. I have three sisters and one brother. My brother is three years old, and I am eight years old. I hope to see my letter in print, so I will close my letter. From your loving nephew, HUGHIE McG.

A CLEAN MOUTH. A distinguished author says: "I resolved, when a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation by every boy.

A PAIR OF SHOES. One summer day a dozen years ago a twelve-year old boy was seated behind a small desk in the anteroom of a New York morning newspaper office. He was one of the regular force of office boys. One of these had the day before gone away, a fact which had in some mysterious way been noised abroad, and during the day a score of other boys had been in to apply for the place. None of them had been engaged.

THE PICTURES WE GIVE. A group of girls were laughing and chatting together over some pictures. One of them had been to a photographer, and was showing some "proofs" of herself in various poses. "Look at this one," she said, "Did you ever see a more scowling and

woe-begone creature? And he actually said it was a good likeness, and wanted to finish it up. I suppose I did wear that expression just then, but what a picture to give one's friends to remember one by!" But to how many friends has she given it, we wonder, printed on their memories, a picture of that discontented, uncomfortable self which will rise before them many a time! We are careful of the miniatures and photographs we bestow upon our friends—they must represent us at our best; but, oh the views of ourselves we leave all unconsciously on the walls of memory! The fretful look when trifles irritate; the cold indifference when some longing eye sought an expression of sympathy; the smile which held a touch of ridicule where there should have been reverence; the angry scowl when some unpleasant duty was suggested—they make pictures that last.—Pittsburg Observer.

LET THE CHILD BE A CHILD. Dear little Curly Head, careless and jolly, Life, as you view it, is play; Toiling is useless and fretting is folly, At least when you're having your way; Shouting for fun, You romp and you run, Worrying not over work to be done, Seeing no tasks that the years are to bring, Thinking the future will always be spring.

Dear little Curly Head, quickly forgetting Bruises of heart and of limb, Taking your own and unselfishly letting Your brother have what is for him, Thinking that they Who choose the fair way Are sure to be fully rewarded some day, You borrow no sorrow and treasure no dread! Of heartbreaking tasks that are lying ahead.

Dear little Curly Head, shouting and singing, Who is it frowns at the noise? Know they not what the gray future is bringing, After the play and the toys, Do they not know As they harrow you so That God hears the song of each child here below, That if children ne'er shouted and never were glad Men never could sigh for the joys they once had?

Dear little Curly Head, why are they trying To lure you away from your play, To fret you with books while your childhood is flying Like the blown rose's petals away? Before you are care And bruises to bear; Oh, why are they trying to hurry you there?

Dear little Curly Head, God never planned That men should be men as they come from His hand. —S. E. Kiser.

What's your name? he asked, briskly. "Walter Simmons, sir," answered the boy. The man rapidly questioned him further, and looked at his letters of recommendation. In a moment the boy was engaged. "You'll go on the night force," said the editor. "Begin to-night at

six o'clock—you'll get off somewhere around two. There'll be a couple of the boys here to tell you what to do." "Yes, sir," answered the boy, moving towards the door. As he stepped from behind the desk the editor noticed that he was barefooted. "Here, where are your shoes?" said the man. "You'll have to hurry if you've got to go home after them."

The boy looked down and hesitated. Then he glanced up at the man and said: "I haven't any shoes, sir." "No shoes? Well, we can't have a barefooted office boy. Can't you get some?" Again the boy hesitated. "I'll try my best, sir," he said, with a slight tremor in his voice.

"All right. Turn up here at six o'clock with shoes on and the place is yours—otherwise, we'll have to get some one else," and the editor hurried away. The boy walked slowly out to the head of the stairs. He paused here and gazed wistfully back into the anteroom. Then, catching the eye of the boy inside, he turned and ran down the steps. "Hi there! Hold on, kid!" came a voice from the head of the stairs. He turned on the first landing, and saw the other boy looking down at him.

"What's the reason you ain't got any shoes?" asked the office boy. "All worn out and thrown away, I've been out of work for a month, and my mother's sick." "Got any stockings?" "Yes, one pair," and he gazed down at his bare legs below his short trousers.

"Well, you must be about my size, I have a pair of shoes I might lend you for a week till you draw your pay. What'd ye say to that?" "You wouldn't ask me if you knew how much I want the place?" "Well, you skip home and get the stockings. Come right back and wait there where you are. You'll have to hustle if you get back by six."

Walter certainly did hustle; he was back several minutes before six, and stood panting on the landing, half afraid that the other would not keep his word. The next moment his new-found friend looked down at him. "Sit right down there," said the office boy. "Put on the stockings and I'll be along at six."

Walter did as he was told, and as everybody went up and down by the elevator, he was not disturbed. In a few minutes the office boy came, sat down beside him, and began taking off his shoes. "This is the only pair I've got," he explained. "Nothing very stylish about them, but if they'll do on your feet, they'll do on yours. They cost a dollar, anyhow, and you want to be careful of them—no skating on the floor or kicking the desk legs. Try that one."

"That fits all right," answered Walter. "Well, get 'em both on quick. My name is Tom Bennett, and I live at 989 Roosevelt street. There's a bakery in the basement that's open all night. The boss knows me. When you get off at two, you go round there and leave the shoes with him. I'll tell him you're coming. See that you don't fail, 'cause if you do I'll be out of a job myself to-morrow. I got your name and address from Mr. Hunt, and if the shoes ain't at the bake-shop in the morning, I'll be looking for you." He stuffed his own stockings into his pocket and went down the stairs in his bare feet. The other boy went up and began his duties.

For a week this arrangement was kept up. Tom found his shoes each morning at the baker's, and each evening the exchange was made on the landing. At the end of this time Walter was able to get himself a pair, and the partnership in footwear came to an end. But the friendship so oddly begun has never ended, and both boys proved to be capable of rising to better things. Tom is now in the business office, and Walter is a reporter.—Hayden Carruth, in Youth's Companion.

TELL THIS TO THE BOYS. The man who marries for beauty alone is as silly as the man who would buy a house because it had fine flowers in the front gardens. A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman the heart. The one is a jewel, the other a treasure. The love that has nothing but beauty to sustain it, like the violet, will soon cease to smile, and like the flower must fade. Love carries a burden which is no burden, and makes everything that is bitter sweet.

D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE.

Ottawa, Feb. 11th.

There was a very large attendance at the meeting of the D'Youville Reading Circle last Tuesday evening. Current events were briefly reviewed, some of the magazines for February being mentioned for reference. A note was made of the Canadian author, Dr. Drummond, whose readings at the Normal School a few days before had been listened to with keen delight by many of the members and senior pupils, who had accepted Principal White's kind invitation to attend. The sympathetic nature of the poet in the study of his subject, his deep knowledge of and love for that subject, and the inimitable way he presents him to us just as he is, were all commented upon as worthy of appreciation and praise. Dialect has been so much abused that we have grown almost to dread it, but there are a few undisputed masters of the art and Dr. Drummond is one of them. He deservedly holds rank with Malcolm Johnson, the writer of Southern negro stories; with Whitcomb Riley, of Hoosier fame, and with Eugene Field, the interpreter of childhood. The poet of the "Habitant" dialect is doing much for Canada.

The Review notes dealt with a recent work by Agnes C. Laut, Pathfinder of the West, a very interesting study of early Canada, and with Dr. Barry's latest volume of essays, entitled Herods of Revolt. It was decided in the beginning of the season that an occasional digression from the regular routine would be made. Last Tuesday evening was one of those chosen for a variation of the programme. A musical study was selected for the variation, and since music and literature are so closely allied, it may not have been such a digression after all. On a former occasion, Chopin was the great master selected for study; on Tuesday last it was Franz Schubert. A paper prepared by the chairman on this gentle, refined and lonely young musician was read by Miss Anna McCulloch. It told the pathetic story of the poor youth's hard struggle for recognition, the prize that came too late. Told of his yearning for companionship, friendship, admission into the pleasant throng, and his death at the early age of thirty-one, his longings all ungratified, yet resigned to the divine will that had tried him by the supreme test of forlornness. Told of his long years of patient work in his humble little attic, of his final venture into the world, and first appearance at the Conservatory of Vienna, where he had hoped to gain the recognition he so well deserved. It was a shabby reception poor Schubert's shabby coat received from the assemblage of the "gilded ones" of proud Vienna, whose word counted for so much more than that of the judges. The disappointment of that first appearance was a bitter trial to Schubert's delicate and sensitive soul. Like poor gentle Goldsmith, who might well be called a kindred spirit to the unappreciated musician, he was voted a failure. Both Goldsmith and Schubert attained to fame, but history does not tell us what became of their successful competitors.

Franz Schubert has left us 600 songs, 9 symphonies, several masses, 6 operas and a few operettas, besides an immense amount of chamber music. Although his life was so sad and lonely, his music is not depressing, though written in a minor key. It is not lively at any time, but it seems to contain a message of hope and cheer. He had been always a devout child of the Church, and religion had been his greatest consolation. He was one of those who lifted their voices in a hymn of praise to the Giver of "every good and perfect gift."

As illustrations of his cheerfulness, the Impromptu, op. 90, No. 4, was given by Miss J. Fortin, a very youthful musician, who interpreted the piece with wonderful skill and expression, and the Serenade, probably the favorite of all his songs, was sung by Mrs. M. Wnean. Father Faber's beautiful poem, St. Mary's by Night, was read by Miss Agnes Baskerville, in place of the usual Oxford study.

The second part of the evening was devoted to the study of India, but not in the usual way. Mrs. Thos. Ahearn, who has travelled extensively in India, entertained the members with an exceedingly delightful and graphic account of what she saw there. Glimpses of Colombo, Kandy, Benares and other exceedingly interesting places in India, were given with all their beauties and their sad ugliness, too. Visits to a few Buddhist temples, especially the Temple of the

Sacred Tooth in Kandy, interviews with Buddhist priests and one of the "holy men," a meeting with a charming little Indian princess on a pilgrimage to the sacred Ganges, and the terrible vision of a lonely leper on the great steps leading down to the famous river were all vividly described. But what the speaker dwelt upon with particular emphasis was the sad plight of the women of India. Anything sadder or meaner or more lowly than that life could hardly be imagined. It is slavery of the most pitiable kind. And this after twenty-five centuries of Buddhism! What more striking lesson is needed of the failure of Gotama and his rule, what greater proof of the immeasurable superiority of the rule of Christ!

The lecture for February was announced for the last Monday of the month. Rev. Dr. O'Boyle, of the University, will be the lecturer, the subject, the Gaelic Revival. The next meeting will be on the 21st.

MARGUERITE.

IN THE FAR COUNTRY.

(By J. Gertrude Menard.)

'Tis here in this chill country I dream of my fair isle, Now lost from sight and sighing So many a barren mile.

'Tis here in this far northland I see the winding lane, The cabin in the sunshine, The flower in the pane.

And ever in my fancy Faint lillings rise and swell, The sound that stirred the valley When rang the chapel bell.

'Tis then a bitter longing Sweeps o'er my homesick heart: Again the sad sighs choke me, Again the sad tears start.

But warmest winds seem icy When want jars at the door; And never bloom may brighten A cupboard's shrunken store.

And never sun from heaven, Shone blithe enough to grace The pallid look of hunger Upon a poor child's face.

And so the northland keeps us Because the north gives bread; But oh, sweet graves of Erin, Be ours when we are dead.

HONOR FATHER JOGUES.

Carnegie Hall, New York, was filled recently on the occasion of a lecture by the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J., on "The Pioneer Missionary and Martyr of New York State, Father Isaac Jogues." The lecture was given for the purpose of raising funds with which to build an Indian mission school near Orangeville, the scene of his sufferings, in memory of Father Jogues. It was under the auspices of the Marquette League.

The audience was about equally divided between Catholic and Protestant priests and laymen. Mayor McClellan, seated between Archbishop Farley and Coadjutor Bishop Cusick, occupied the centre of the platform on which were the members of the Marquette League and many distinguished clergymen. The boxes were filled with members of the city government and well known laymen.

Archbishop Farley, robed in his vestments, presided. Father Campbell was introduced by Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, who, in a few words, paid a tribute to the early Dutch settlers, saying that by their humane treatment of Father Jogues at the time of his troubles was started the eradication of bigotry between religious denominations.

In a most interesting story Father Campbell then told of Father Jogues. He pictured the early missionary's first voyage to this country, his explorations, during which he discovered Lake George, his work among the Indians, under constant danger of death, and his final capture and torture.

He told of Father Jogues' escape and his salvation by the Dutch, who returned him to his own land, from which he again set out in a short time to continue his labors, only to become a captive of the Indians once more, on which occasion he was beheaded, and his head placed on a staff and turned toward the Mohawk River, as a warning to other priests not to enter the country.

At the close of the lecture Archbishop Farley said: "I have not the courage to add anything after the eloquent words of Father Campbell, in memory of the first priest to come to New York, and though Father Jogues has not been canonized, I do not hesitate to call him New York's first martyr."



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Newfoundland Correspondence.

The latest Canadian blue-book gives the following as to totals of the Dominion's trade with Newfoundland for the fiscal year ended with June 30th, 1904, and for the 12 months preceding:

Table with 3 columns: Year, Imports from Nfld, Exports to Nfld. Values for 1903-4 and 1902-3.

It will be seen that there is an increase of \$100,000 in the total trade the past year, and this would have been swelled to \$250,000 but that the Sydney strike last summer curtailed the demand for iron from Wabana, which explains the shortage in the Canadian imports from the Island Colony.

Catholic education has won a signal victory in the educational arena during the past year. St. Bonaventure's College has made a famous record.

In the first five public examinations of 1904 St. Bonaventure's—

- (1) Has won the first Rhodes Scholarship for Newfoundland. (2) Has passed one of the three successful candidates at the London Matriculation Examination. (3) Has taken second place in Associate. (4) Has taken second and third places in Intermediate Grade. (5) Has taken first place in Preliminary Grade; (6) Has won the highest number of scholarships—nine. (7) Has taken the largest number of prizes—fifteen. (8) Has passed the greatest number of candidates—sixty. (9) Has secured the largest amount of money for prizes and scholarships.

A new company, to be known as the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, is now started. The following are the officers Mr. M. M. Beeton, President; Sir A. Harnsworth, M.P., and Mr. H. Harnsworth, directors. This company is capitalized at five million dollars, and is formed to engage in lumbering, pulp-making and paper-making in Newfoundland, and, to that end, to acquire such properties and accessories as may be essential to the success of its operations. We understand that it has reached an agreement with the Timber Estates Co. as vendors of the Millertown and adjacent timber areas. This will prove a great boon for Newfoundland, and will form a new epoch in the development of her latent resources.

At the last monthly meeting of the Total Abstinence Society, eight new members joined. The annual soiree held by the Society was a great success.

The total shipping in the colony up to date gives 2880 schooners, comprising 113,909 tons; 12 steamers comprising 11,597 tons, an increase of 78 schooners and 9 steamers over last year's record.

The Adelphi, the College quarterly, speaking of Archbishop Howley's book of poems, says:

"An interesting book of poems composed by His Grace the Archbishop, has recently been placed before the public. They are written with his usual skill and reflect credit on his ability. Several of them were composed when he was a student of St. Bonaventure's, and for this reason should be of special interest to the college boys."

He that lives according to reason shall never be poor.