

For Boys and Girls.

CONDUCTED BY T. W.

HALLO, JACK FROST.

Hallo, Jack Frost!
We thought you were lost
Way off in the polar regions,
Mid the big ice floes,
And the Eskimos,
And the sturdy and stout Norwegians.

All covered with rust,
And thick with dust,
Our skates and our sleds have rested;
And no use had a chap
For a sealskin cap,
Or a coat that was double-breasted.

Above there are crowns
Of angry clouds;
The storm will be fierce in a minute—
And oh! what joy
To the girl and boy
If jolly Jack Frost is in it!

Bring out your skates
And sleds, my mates,
And hie to the place of meeting;
Far out of the North
He's sailed forth,
And we'll give him a royal greeting!

Hallo, Jack Frost!
We thought you were lost—
We felt uneasy about you;
For tho' you were rough,
It's plain enough
We can't get along without you.

The Cigarette Habit.

The habit of smoking cigarettes is one that has taken a firm hold upon the rising generation, especially upon boys of tender years; and it is not a rare occurrence to see, in the streets of Montreal as well as elsewhere, a small boy demonstrating to his companions how to master various ways of inhaling, exhaling and other "ailings" that can be had from a mouthful of cigarette smoke. It seems to be the delight of the average youngster to master the intricacies of the cigarette. When he can obtain a cent or two from his parents or others, he runs off immediately to invest it in a cherished cigarette instead of expending it in candies or the like, as the boys of other days used to do. The cigarette habit is responsible for the many pale and sallow-faced youths that we everywhere meet and many of the diseases so prevalent among our young men can also be traced to the deadly nicotine poisoning.

To such an extent has this vile habit increased that parliamentary legislation has been enacted in many places to limit the sale and manufacture of cigarettes and it would be of immense benefit if such legislation were introduced in this province. Parents may have a suspicion of symptoms of the habit manifested by headaches, but they do not always see the evil working in the boy's disposition as well as school masters. It is especially among our school-boys that the most disastrous effects are noticed and it is only the teacher that can see the almost universal dis-

inclination for brain work, the assumption of a loathsome demeanor and the resentment of discipline. It is certainly of great importance that the sale of tobacco to the young should be restricted; or that some measure should be devised to stay this alarmingly increasing evil, and the sooner it is done the better. We've got the smokeless powder, And the painless dentistry; Also the clamless chowder, And the workless Weary Willie; We have the chainless bicycle, And a horseless rig to let,— But a thing we want for the little lad, Is a smokeless cigarette.

Respect Your Parents.

There are many of our boys and girls of fifteen to-day, who imagine that they know considerably more than their father or mother. Because their loving parents have made sacrifices perhaps, in order to give them a better education than they themselves received when young, these children show their ingratitude by repeatedly interfering in their parents' conversation, and by watching an opportunity to display their small amount of learning by contradicting their parents in the presence of others.

I do not want to be looked upon as one of those who are constantly bewailing the degeneracy of the present age. I believe that every age has its own particular weakness; and that this is a period when children do not pay enough attention to manners and when many are greatly wanting in respect towards their parents. The children of to-day may love their father and mother fully as well as the boys and girls of former years, but they are not so polite and respectful towards them. How many children when called by their parents, come to hear what they are wanted for, instead of shouting "Eh," or "What?" How many when asked a question pay attention to answer respectfully? I fear there are not as many as there should be. They are too busy mastering geometry, latin, algebra, music and the many other branches that are crammed into the heads of the young folks of to-day, before they have been taught manners and how to be respectful towards their parents and elders. They seem to forget that the acquirement of good manners and politeness is a necessary adjunct to their education and that without it every other accomplishment is lessened.

Be respectful then, my dear young readers towards your parents and remember that they have learned more by experience during the course of their lives, than you will ever learn from books. The boys and girls who day be rewarded by the respect of their children; while on the other hand those who have never shown deference must not be surprised if they never receive it.

ST. MARY'S CONCERT.

The grand annual concert of St. Mary's Parish in aid of the decoration fund of the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel was held in St. Mary's Hall, corner Craig and Panet streets, on St. Patrick's night. It was a grand success from every point of view. The large hall was crowded to the doors, and the long and select programme of vocal and instrumental music was an intellectual treat. Among those present were Rev. Father O'Donnell, P.P., Rev. Father Shea, and many of the local clergy, together with a large number of prominent parishioners. It would be unjust to mention any one in particular as those that took part acquitted themselves in a most creditable manner; and one and all deserve great praise for the excellent talent they displayed. They had to respond to repeated encores. After a few appropriate remarks by Rev. Father O'Donnell, who thanked the audience for their large attendance, the following programme was rendered:—

Piano Solo, Miss Lawlor; Song, "The Dear Little Shamrock," St. Mary's Convent Pupils; Recitation, Master Wm. O'Hara; Song, by Little Tootsie; Song, "I Love You in the Same Old Way," Mr. J. Gallagher; Bugle song, Tennyson, Misses J. Croke, N. Kelly, Ag. Phelan, K. Logan, M. Toohy, A. Phelan, R. Lee, W. McGue, A. Goldsmith, A. McDonagh, A. Chevalier; Song, (duet), Mrs. Durand and Little Tootsie; Recitation, (comic), Mr. N. J. McIlhorne; Song, Mr. J. Bennett.

Second part.—Song, "Killarney," Miss M. Croke; Recitation, Master S. Murdoch; Song, "The Harp," Pupils of St. Mary's Boys' School; Song,

(comic), "Grandma's Advice," Little Miss M. Carroll; Song, Mr. Charles Anderson; Monologue and song, Mr. F. Burns; Recitation, Miss M. Reed; Specialties, Little Tootsie and Mr. J. Gallagher. Piano accompanist, Miss O'Dea.

FATHER CASEY'S ENTERTAINMENT.

The Irish parishioners of St. Jean Baptiste Ward are not less patriotic than those of other sections of the city. The ever zealous Father Casey was fully as successful in this St. Patrick's Day celebration as in former years. The spacious hall of the St. Jean Baptiste Academy was filled to overflowing. The programme which we give below was carried out in a most artistic manner in all its items. When the curtain rose Prof. Paterson opened the proceedings with an address, eminently fitted for the occasion, in which he dwelt upon the best characteristics of the Irish race. His remarks couched in beautiful and poetic language, were loudly applauded.

The following is the programme:— Part I.—Chorus, Boys of St. J. B. A.; Violin Solo, Master Shea; Song, Miss Hollinshead; Dialogue, Girls of S. H. A.; Song, Mr. E. Duquette; Calisthenics, Boys of St. J. B. A.; Song, Mr. Hickey.

Part II.—Chorus, Girls of the S. H. A.; Recitation, Lulu Levasseur; Song, Miss Hollinshead; Song, Mr. E. Duquette; Calisthenics, Boys of St. J. B.

YOU MUST have pure blood for good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla if you would **BE WELL**.

A.; Song, Mr. Hickey; God Save Ireland, Chorus.

Dr. Curran's lecture fulfilled the expectations of all present. He spoke of the old land and briefly but vigorously pointed out, the leading landmarks in its history. Passing from Ireland to Canada, he followed the footsteps of the early Irish pioneers, and dwelt upon the part played by the Irish exiles in securing constitutional government.

His Honor Judge Purcell, in proposing a vote of thanks, said that he considered the Doctor's address a perfect little gem.

OLD QUEBEC'S HISTORIC BATTLE-GROUND.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

The press of last Tuesday published the following despatch from Quebec: "The Plains of Abraham, sacred in the history of Canada, have been surveyed into eight hundred building lots, each thirty by one hundred feet. Nine streets have been mapped out. Up till to-day Canada paid a nominal rental of \$100 a year to preserve the most momentous battle-field British America has ever known. For two years, failing a new arrangement, the historical plains will begin to be converted into a closely settled suburb of Quebec. Every historical association in Canada has declared against the desecration."

The last sentence announces exactly what we would have expected. We do not feel able to express ourselves with sufficient force—always keeping within the bounds of propriety of language—to characterize such an attempt as that announced in the above paragraph. On reading it we were forcibly reminded of an article that Thomas Davis wrote, in 1843, for the Dublin "Nation," and a few lines of which might be inapplicable.

"There is," wrote Davis, "on the north (the left) bank of the Boyne, between Drogheda and Slane, a pile compared to which, in age, the Old-bridge obelisk is a thing of yesterday, and compared to which, in lasting interest, the Cathedrals of Dublin are trivial. It is the Temple of Grange. History is too young to have noticed its origin—archaeology knows not its time. It is a legacy from a forgotten ancestor, to prove that he, too, had not art and religion. It may have marked the tomb of a hero who, freed, or an invader who subdued—a Brian or a Strongbow. But whether or not a hero's or a saint's bones consecrated it at first, this is plain, it is a temple of high two thousand years, perfect as when the last Pagan sacrificed within it.

"What then will be the reader's surprise and anger to hear that some

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people, having legal power or corrupt influence in Meath, are getting or have got, a presentment for a road to run right through the Temple of Grange!"

"We do not know their names, nor, if the design be at once given up, as in deference to public opinion it finally must be, shall we take the trouble to find them out. But if they persist in this brutal outrage against so precious a landmark of Irish history and civilization, then we frankly say that if the law will not reach them public opinion shall, and they shall bitterly repent the desecration. These men who design, and those who consent to act, may be Liberals or Tories, Protestants or Catholics, but beyond a doubt they are tasteless blockheads—poor devils without reverence or education—men who as Wordsworth says:—

"Would peep and botanize
Upon their mothers graves."

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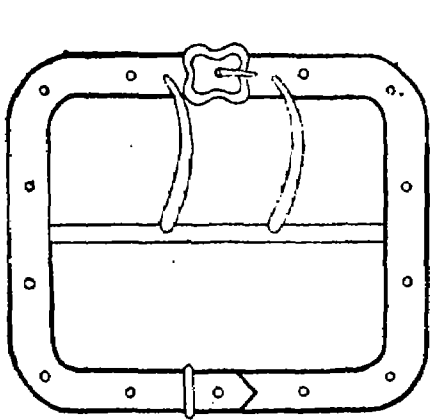
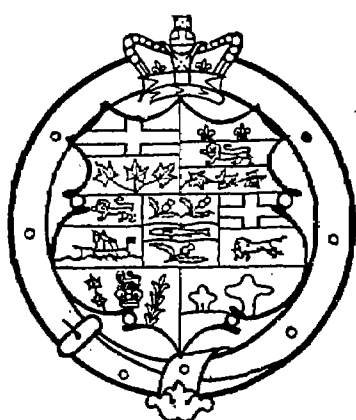
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