

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

FRISBY MULLIGAN'S FORTUNE

Prisby Mulligan woke a full hour before sunrise, one beautiful morning in early June, and lay awake thinking until the glorious spectacle of the rising sun with its thousand and one glowing shades and tints recalled her thoughts to earth. Poor Prisby! She had never known anything but hard work since she was old enough to "take a hand" in the work—she should say drudgery—of their miserable home—so crowded with children of every age and sex that order was well nigh an impossibility, and peace, a thing to dream about!

Prisby was the eldest of eleven children whose wallings and woes and manifold wants made the little four-roomed tenement in which they lived, a veritable purgatory to the sensitive nerves and delicate organization of this first born, who, like Cinderella of old, was clad in rags by day and by night in robes of shimmering loveliness.

Not, indeed, that the poor child had a real fairy godmother. Alas! no. Her imagination was the only vehicle she ever rode in. She loved and dreamed about and desired beauty of surroundings, and beauty in the lives of these around her, with a vehemence that was only exceeded by the pain and disappointment of the reality, when she would start from out a most delicious reverie, and find things—what they were.

She was christened "Priscilla" after much and varied expostulation on the part of good old Father O'Hoolihan who had a feeling of personal responsibility in the matter of patron saints. Before Mrs. Mulligan's marriage she had time for a few things besides work. And during the first year of her married life she had been wont to devote much time to the perusal of a richly illustrated book of Longfellow's delightful poem, in which the beautiful Priscilla Mullins is the heroine. And by some strange law, the picture features of the old time grace and archness of the Puritan maid was represented in this flesh and blood "Priscilla" of Irish ancestry.

The day before the opening of our story, the child had chanced upon two gypsy women who were telling the fortunes of two or three girls who worked in the factory opposite.

"On, sister," said one of them to the other, "what a pretty young lady! And the bolder looking one of the two—a dark, unpleasant sort of a person with a gaudy shirt waist and a long drooping feather on the brim of her hat, said: "Darling, we'll tell your fortune for 50 cents. And, oh! but you have the beautiful fortune."

"Why, I never had 50 cents in my life," said Prisby, adding, wistfully, "couldn't you tell me just one or two things without any money?"

"At this the gypsies softened visibly. "Well," answered the milder looking one of the two, "we'll tell you a little of your fortune and then you must run away."

"You are going soon to live in a palace, where you will have beautiful clothes and servants and horses and carriages, and everything your heart could wish for. Tell the truth, little lady, don't you often wish for things like these?"

"Why, yes," said the child, "I'd love to live in one of them beautiful homes that I look through the windows of when I go to Mrs. Moneybag's house for her washing. But I wouldn't want to live in one of them unless there was peace and quiet there, and somebody to love me."

"My little lady that is just the sort of life you shall lead in the palace. You'll be so happy, you won't be able to speak a word hardly. And now, dearie, run home, and don't forget what I told you."

Forget! Prisby Mulligan was delighted with the prospect of all her cherished dreams coming to pass so shortly that she could think of nothing else. She was thinking of it now, as she gazed dreamily out upon the gorgeous spectacle of the rising sun.

And, alas! later on in the day, as she was walking home from Mrs. Moneybag's house, whither she had been with the washing, her mind was so filled with thoughts of the "palace," that she did not see the man at the railroad crossing frantically waving his arms, nor did she hear the strident tones of his voice, warning her to stop, nor the shrill whistle of the engine on the lightning express.

Two minutes later, her poor little bruised and mangled body was picked up on the track, and Mrs. Mulligan, with the pathos and philosophy born of hardship, had taken the little rigid form in her arms, and whispered into the unlistening ear: "My darling, you're better off." And to her husband she remarked bitterly, that "there was no less month to feed!"

And thus it came to pass that little Prisby Mulligan entered into that palace of her dreams. For what earthly palace or dream of love could compare with the heavenly mansion, where the God of love and beauty lives and reigns.

"Now," perhaps the dear mother sits near you in her accustomed place; "now" the years rest heavily upon her; "now" she waits for you to say "I love you," "I'll do it," "Mother, I love you." The "then" is coming all too surely when perchance you shall say: "Oh, that had you yet, for but five minutes to tell you all!"

"Then," when the beloved hands are folded to unclasp no more to earth work and "earth touches," "Hours" "now," but even five minutes "then"—Darling.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Fluency of Expression.

Were all students to consider some of the benefits derived from membership in a debating society, undoubtedly would hasten to become an active member of such a body.

The first benefit, and one that is undeniable, is that, by having an active participant in debates, one acquires that ease and confidence so woefully lacking in many students when speaking to a group of persons. No matter how well a student may prepare a debate, or speech, or essay, the art of his composition is more than counterbalanced by an imperfect, hesitating, stuttering recital or reading of the same. True, one's voice may have something ominous in its tone when heard aloud and alone in a large room, yet this seems so, because the owner of it makes it so. Suppose a student neglects practicing speaking before a body of persons. He advances steadily. At last, commencement day is near. He is to deliver a speech. The college hall is crowded. In the audience are his father, mother, brothers or sisters, or, perhaps, some other dear friend. He knows this and wonders how pleased they will be when he reads the oration. In the meantime they are all expectant, all hopeful, all confident. His turn comes and he bows to the audience. Alas! he bows, begins to speak, hesitates, begins again, hesitates. Thus, by the aid of a prompter, he finishes his speech. After the exercises are ended the disappointed parent or friend offers consolation for the praise that was to be showered on the author of that fine speech, had he only spoken it with ease and confidence. Too late comes regret for having failed to acquire what is termed stage presence.

A second benefit of debating is that it makes us fluent speakers. A student may have his brain filled with lore and that may be the end of it, because he lacks the art of expressing clearly and forcibly his thoughts to others. Then the question may be asked, "Of what use is that knowledge?" The owner of it derives a pleasure through his own contemplation of it, but then, since he has that advantage over others, should he not seek to lighten the pathway of the less fortunate with some rays of his intelligence? Certainly, he should.

Every day brings more vividly to us the fact that college educated men are needed more and more in every walk of life and sphere of action. He who is a necessity. Much of the future depends upon him. Then if he fails to be impressive at the right time, no one is blemished but himself. He is not capable of sustaining the responsibility entrusted to him. He fails to make an impression through his inability to express his views or those of his friends. Every college man should have a fluency of expression, as, no matter what choice he makes as to his life work, he will, at some time or other, be called upon to delight or instruct an audience. If he is unequal to the seeming task, the disappointment of his friends is keen. No one thing so much contributes to gaining a fluency of expression as debating. By it we are made ready speakers. The old adage of Bacon, "That reading makes a full man and writing an exact man," would be equally true were debating substituted for writing, although debating to a certain extent presupposes writing.

Other benefits of debating might be mentioned, but we are content to place before the students these two especially, since they are of prime importance to a college educated youth.

Cheerfulness Under Discouraging Circumstances.

"He declares absolutely that he will look only on 'the bright side of things,' and his mother and sister declare that they have never seen him low-spirited or in a bad temper."

There are many people to whom cheerfulness is an easy virtue. They are none too numerous and they ought to be regarded as daily, that a healthy, bright heart and a vigorous body make it easy for them to see the bright side of things.

But the young man of whom the St. Louis Globe-Democrat speaks in our opening sentence is a hopeless cripple. To him cheerfulness is not the mere effervescence of high animal spirits nor the overflow of good health, but the expression of religious peace. It is the attitude of a spirit that has met his pain and disappointment and has conquered them.

When Johnnie Walsh was four years old his trouble began. It was rheumatism, and for some years he hobbled about on crutches. But his disease set in and the original trouble grew worse and Johnnie took to his bed.

For eight years he has laid there, slowly and steadily losing the use of arms and legs and suffering also, in more recent years, a partial loss of sight, so that the comfort of reading long at a time is denied him. His mother and sister have little time to read to him, and if he were inclined to grow morbid or impatient he has abundant opportunity.

"Yet let no one go to Johnnie with a word of pity. He will laugh them away," says the reporter. Indeed his strong will and gentle spirit bring others to him both for comfort and for counsel. Children throng about him to hear bible stories and fairy tales; people who read little are instructed by his descriptions of new inventions and of foreign lands, and all are cheered and helped by his patient, Christian spirit.

He is twenty-two years of age and was carried to the polls this fall to cast his first vote, for Johnnie has a man's

interest in politics. He is a member of the church, also, and when, at long intervals, he is able to be carried to church he treasures the experience through succeeding months.

"No one can talk long with Johnnie without finding out he is a very earnest Christian," says the reporter, and he adds: "A visit to Johnnie is a cure for the blues. His affliction has been turned into a blessing and his presence breathes sweet peace and comfort."

Cheered by the hymns which he loves, the crippled boy has written others of his own, which his friends delight to hear from him. It is not the accuracy of rhyme or meter that makes these verses musical to those who know their author, but the spirit which breathes of strength and gentle trust.

"There is no silver lining to this cloud," says many a man whose affliction is less than half that of this brave lad's. In serene faith and helpful affection Johnnie Walsh has found the bright side of a very dark sorrow, and this has brightened not only his life but the lives of many others.

In the Contest of Life.

"A certain portion of every young man's time ought to be given up to outdoor exercise," says Russell Sage in an article in the Saturday Evening Post on "The Gospel of Saving."

"Most of the men who win riches and distinction in the great cities come from the country. They are farmer's boys, a general thing. The free outdoor life they have led equips them with a physique that defies hard work and long hours. Boys raised in the cities have no such advantages. Consequently they cannot stand the physical strain that is thrown on every man who comes to the front. Of late years this is becoming better understood. The boys are going to gymnasiums in the evenings, where they can get a taste of active life. But even a gymnasium, to my mind, does not produce the same result that exercise in the open brings. No sickly lad can in these days hope for a place in the front ranks. The struggle is too fierce, too trying."

"The boy who will win must be prepared to work eighteen or twenty hours a day, if necessary. He can do this only if he has taken such good care of his body that he is a good specimen of manhood. All the outdoor games that are coming to the front of late are excellent things, especially for city boys. I don't believe the advantage in the next generation will be with the farmer's boy so much as it has been in the past generation. Thanks to the better understanding of physical culture, the city boy now has excellent opportunities for getting all the healthy sort of exercise that he needs. And he has, in addition the advantage of being in close touch with his fellow beings. He has also unnumbered opportunities for cultivating and improving his mind. This ought to give, and no one will give, the city boy a big start in the new century. In a measure, of course, this start is offset by the fact that the farmer's boy of today has advantages for securing education that were denied to his father. Every little settlement now aspires to its college or high school, and the courses are so arranged that a farmer's boy may still do a good day's work and yet find time for acquiring an education. When all other means fail we have the correspondence schools, which, when honestly conducted, as most of them presumably are, are a boon to the ambitious boy living hundred of miles away from the nearest institutions where he could hope for higher education."

There are qualities for which we may pray, but which can be received only after certain discipline. A ripened character cannot be attained by a young person merely in answer to prayer—it can be reached only through long experience. These are blessings which we crave and which God would gladly give, but they come only through long and slow process. God delays to answer, that in the end He may give better things than could have been given at the beginning. An immediate answering would put green fruit into our hands. He waits until it is ripe.

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Why are some pious persons so cranky? They are cranky because they are so earnest that they are responsible for making them so. They are disagreeable, unsocial, quick to form rash judgments, and hard on others as well as on themselves.

The reason is because they are at war with the world and the flesh. They know how weak they are and so they constantly impose restraints on themselves, on their feeling, on that open-heartedness that would be apt to make them loving and beloved. The reaction is apt to cause them to be gloomy, morose, reserved.

They know how often they have been tempted to sin by others, and so they are always on their guard against their acquaintances, lest these give them occasion to gossip, wickedly, or act otherwise uncharitably, or in any other way lead them to transgression. This watchfulness against others, is likely to beget a sort of habit of antagonism towards them, and that unfriendliness makes them distant, abrupt and self-centered.

The Jesuit Father Merrick has a different explanation. While admitting that some religious persons are cranky, he puts the blame on the devil. He says: "If I meet an agnostic friend, most probably he would say, 'How are you, Father M.? Do come and take dinner

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Of Interior Conversation.

Suffer with Christ and for Christ, if thou desirest to reign with Christ. If thou hadst once perfectly entered into the interior of Jesus and experienced a little of His burning love, thou wouldst not care at all for thine own convenience or inconvenience, but wouldst rather rejoice at reproach: because the love of Jesus makes a man despise himself.

A lover of Jesus and of truth, and a true interior man who is free from inordinate affections, can freely turn himself to God, and in spirit elevate himself above himself, and rest in enjoyment.

He to whom all things relate as they are, and not as they are said or esteemed to be, is wise indeed, and taught rather by God than men. He, who knoweth how to walk internally and to make little account of external things, is not at a loss for proper places or times for performing devout exercises.

An interior man quickly recollecteth himself, because he never poureth forth his whole self upon outward things.

Exterior labour is no prejudice to him, nor any employment which for a time is necessary; but as things fall out, he so accommodateth himself to them.

He, who is well disposed and orderly in his interior, heedeth not the strange and perverse conduct of men. As much as a man draweth things to himself, so much is he hindered and distracted by them.

If thou hadst a right spirit within thee and wert well purified from earthly affections, all things would turn to thy good and to thy profit. For this reason do many things displease thee, because thou art not as yet perfectly dead to thyself nor separated from all earthly things.

Nothing so defiles and entangles the heart of man as impure love to created things. If thou reject exterior comfort, thou wilt be able to contemplate heavenly things and frequently to feel excessive joy interiorly.

UNANSWERED PRAYERS

"Unanswered Prayers" are made the subject of the following sensible discourse in the Angelus: There are selfish prayers which go unanswered. Human lives are tied up together. It is not enough that any of us think only of himself and his own things. Thoughts of others must qualify all our requests for ourselves. Something which might be good for us, if we were the only person, it may not be wise to grant because it might not be for the comfort and good of others.

It is possible to overlook this in our prayers, and to press our interests and desire to the harm of our neighbor. God's eye takes in all His children, and He plans for the truest and best good of each one of them. Our selfish prayers which would work to the injury of others He will not answer. This limitation applies specially to prayers for earthly things.

There is yet another class of prayers which appear to be unanswered, but whose answer is only delayed for wise reasons. Perhaps we are able at the time to receive the things we ask for. A child in one of the lower grades of the school may go to a teacher of higher studies and ask to be taught this or that branch. The teacher may be willing to impart to the pupil this knowledge of higher studies, but the pupil cannot receive it until the rudiments have been mastered.

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WHY ARE THEY CRANKY?

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The reason is because they are at war with the world and the flesh. They know how weak they are and so they constantly impose restraints on themselves, on their feeling, on that open-heartedness that would be apt to make them loving and beloved. The reaction is apt to cause them to be gloomy, morose, reserved.

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with me. I have some old port wine I wish you to taste.' If I meet a very devout friend the first thing he will say, probably, will be to complain of the weather or to inquire why the sacristan lit only five candles at the 8 o'clock Mass instead of six. I reservedly throw all the blame on the devil. I believe the pious people are naturally just as good fellows as the infidels, but the devil won't let them alone. Take a novice, for example. I remember seeing a novice, when I was one myself, passing a broom, seven times over the same corner of a room, with his eyes shut. What was the sense of that? Decidedly our guardian angels, are not going to suggest to us to be silly or cantankerous. Who does it, then? If not nature or our guardian angels, it must be the Old Boy. I hold for a principle that, if the above named individual would only leave pious people in peace, life would be a great deal more pleasant for all of us. I cannot admit that, as a class, devout, God-fearing persons, God-loving persons are naturally disagreeable, unnatural, etc. Therefore, let us blame the devil for it all. There will be no great harm done even if we are mistaken."

Whether this crankiness comes from opposition to the world and the flesh, as the Columbian thinks, or from annoyance on the part of evil spirits, as Father Merrick believes, certainly pious persons ought to be on their guard against it, lest they scandalize their neighbors and make the wicked believe that pious people are churlishness.

The uses of the woods are many, and some of them for the scholar, high and peremptory. He must leave the house, the streets, and the club, and go to the wooded upland, to the clearing and the brook. Well for him if he can say with the old minstrel, "I know where to find a new song."—Emerson.

A FARMER'S TRIALS.

A Sufferer For Years The Result of a Fall.

IN HIS WEAKENED CONDITION LA GRIPPE FASTENED ITSELF UPON HIM, AND BROUGHT HIM NEAR THE GRAVE.

Mr. William Silver is a well known farmer living near Hemford, N. S. During his life he has passed through much sickness, but now, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he is again enjoying vigorous health. To a reporter who recently interviewed him Mr. Silver said: "I am now in my sixty-second year, and I may date the beginning of my trouble to my sixteenth year when I was thrown from a horse's back and had my spine somewhat injured. This was always a weak spot, and it seemed to leave me more susceptible to other troubles, as it grew worse as I advanced in years. As a farmer I always had to work hard, and often to expose myself to inclement weather. My back trouble was finally aggravated by indigestion, and as this affected my appetite, I was very much run down. Finally a few years ago I was attacked with la grippe, which developed into pneumonia. My family doctor succeeded in conquering this trouble, but for six months I was not able to leave the house, and all that he could do for me did not bring back my strength. Finally I consulted another doctor, but with no better result. In fact before I stopped doctoring I had tried four different physicians, and all the time instead of getting better I was growing weaker. Some eighteen months had now elapsed since my attack of la grippe, and during that time I was not able to do any work. My whole system seemed exhausted, and my nerves shattered. One fine day I would go out for a while, but often I would become so weak and dizzy that I could scarcely get back to the house. One day a neighbor asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought the advice might be worth talking and I sent for a half dozen boxes of the pills. Before they were gone there was no doubt I had found a medicine that was helping me, and I got a further supply. I continued taking the pills for about three months, and before I quit using them I was feeling better and stronger than I had done for years. Every symptom of the weakness that had followed la grippe was gone, and my back which had bothered me for so many years was almost as strong as in boyhood. I have since done many a hard day's work, and been exposed to bad weather, but without any evil effects, and I can truly say Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored me to vigorous manhood."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such cases as the one noted above because they create new, rich, red blood, thus strengthening weak and shattered nerves. They do not purge and weaken like other medicines, but strengthen from the first dose to the last. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville Ont.

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