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APPLICATION

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Y BLOOD. les and all Disns-Dr Wil-

Pilis the ure. -pale blood-is ale complexion. ed with poisona cause of every, ns, and pimples, ng, itching eczecan only be ood, and the ctually makes e, health-giving s' Pink Pills for ew blood which hes every organ . It clears the

pimples and health, strength s Lizzie Lobsinsays: "Dr. Wil-he best medicine g the blood of d was in a bad result I was un down, but mples and erup-I medicines, but Then I was Williams' Pink relieved me of can reco

suffering from ause of nearly flicts humanity. iams' Pink Pills blood that they anaemia, heart nes and back-neuralgia, indiliver troubles. od and womanget the genuine me, "Dr. Wil-Pale People." ound each box. lers everywhere 50 cents a box 2.50 by writing Medicine Co.

IME BELLS.

lls in Brooklyn, musical sets in ed recently by seph McNamee, wer now being a's Church on esign by Archin. The bells, with the great-y Bell Company, ten in number, g 3600 pounds, sical key of D of an improved one person can precision and n almost un-ious and popu-

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ington.-Brook-Brooklyn re-e same foundry the Church of ery of Pompel,

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls: What a nice lot of letters I resived last week! The delightful spring weather had the effect of setting the little folks to writing. How many are out gathering May flowers? The hepatica is to be found in abundance. Crowds of merry ones can now be seen wending their way to dear old Mount Royal and will bring home sweet fragrance in plenty. Tell about the flowers peculiar to your several districts.

Your loving, AUNT BECKY.

* * *

ar Aunt Becky: I was very glad to see my letter in the paper, so I thought I would write another one. The spring is here now. I am very glad. The are here now. I did not get any May flowers yet, but I expect to get some before my birthday, the 4th of May. I will be seven years old then, and my two little sisters are aged ive and three. We will soon have Arbor Day in our school. We always have a great frolic planting seeds I think this is long nough for this time.

Your loving niece, MONICA.

Bay View, P.E.I. * * *

Dear Aunt Becky: So glad to see my letter in print. We did not receive our (C.U.) preents Easter Sunday, as we expected, cause as we have had some new little while longer, and so give the others a chance for the prize. Our church looked very pretty Easter Sunday, with its Easter lilies and green plants and other flowers and I know the churches in Montreal must have looked beautiful. I should like very much to visit some of them. I was born in Montreal, but as we moved away when I was little, I don't remember much of it. Well, I must close. Hoping to see this letter in print. with much love I remain,

Your loving niece, WINNIE M.

+ + + PRICE FOR A BOY.

Here is a boy for sale, who wants him ? Clean of limb and clear of eye.

Nothing feazes and nothing daunts Who'll buy, who'll buy, who'll buy? He is a boy who's bravely spoken-Token of something pure as gold. Trots at a gait that's honest broken Bid for the boy, he must be sold.

But in his heart you'll find no Mean small things to await you

Here is a boy for sale-he's freckled,

Stubby his nose and red his hair;

He will jump at your beck or calling, Quick of hand and clear of eye. He is for sale at a price appalling-Who'll buy, who'll buy, who'll buy?

There may be boys,

Suits us best as the small boy goes Two hundred thousand dollars

Never ! venteen million dollars? Go d all the diamonds that ever Came from the ground, I'd still say

HIS NEW LEAF.

The boys came loitering along from thool, towards their homes in the ed village. Ragged Jim Han ed walked a little apart, and lis-med to their conversation. His bare let were red, and be hunched his ulders and shivered, for it last day of December, and was chill even in the sunny South

" he asked, timid-

only turned dawn a side path and hurried away with a motion quite different from his usual lazy saunter. It was true his father had been drunkard, a vagabond and a thief ever since the boy could remember His small stealings had lodged him in the country jail several times but at last a reckless burglary ha sent him to the penitentiary, would keep him there until Jim should be grown to manhood. And the better for his family, people said. Jim's mother was a grim, gaunt woman, working hard from morning till night in a new cotton factory over the hill, her two little girls looking out for themselves most of the time. For her only son she had ambitions, and insisted on his attending school.

"I can't stand it no longer," mutwrite another one. The spring is tered Jim, as he faced the sharp here now. I am very glad. The malts come up in a brook near our like signals of distress. "I reckon I house, and the boys have great fun was born to be a no'count, and folks trying to catch them. I saw the aren't slow to let me know it.

I see aren't slow to let me know it.

They're all talking about their 'new that leaves.' I reckon I can turn over a new leaf, too. I'll strike out for myself, I will. Mother's so cross all the time she's at home, and the girls do nothing but muss up the house, and fight like wildcats when she's gone. What can a fellow do there' reckon I can make my living. It's little enough I get to eat at home, and no clothes except the old ones somebody gives me. I'm tired of being counted a beggar and a thief's son. I'll sneak off this very night."

It was an ill-kept and comfortless home Jim was going to, but it stood in a pretty spot on a hillside, with trees about it, and a brook leaping down beside it. The half dozen valley acres to the right belonged with it. By great sacrifices Mrs. Hancholars in our Sunday School class ford had bought it, and had held it we thought it only fair to work a through all her trouble-perhaps because she could hardly have sold it had she wished. The crops were poorly tended and the broken fences let in wandering cattle and hogs.

As he glanced over the field Jim remembered, with an unwonted sense of shame, that his mother had hoed the corn by moonlight last summer, and he had-gone fishing. It was forced upon him that right here at home was a good opportunity to turn a new leaf, but he put aside the suggestion.

"I can't stay at home, that's all there is to it," he growled.

The house was empty and cold and n its usual disorder. The girls he in its usual disorder. knew, were chasing about the hills, uncombed, not fit to be seen. Jim thought of the tidy little sisters of other boys with disgust for his own. He was hungry, but there was nothing but a piece of corn bread, and that he threw aside angrily.

"What a way of living," he snapped. "I don't see how mother stands it." His heart was softened, now that he thought of leaving her. "But I'll make money—I'll save up and get rich. Then I'll come back and build her a new house and—but fa-ther will be out by then. Well, I'll take care of him, too, and maybe he will do better. I reckon I might as

well start now as to wait till night. I wonder if I have a clean shirt." He climbed the shaky ladder the little loft where he slept, but his eyes opened widely as he stood on the upper floor. There, spread out Rells on the floor to please the baby, on the shabby bed, draped on the same satisfies on the shabby bed, draped on the backless chair, was a complete suit for a boy. Cheap things they were, but Jim never thought of that, for he saw they were new-new-not some body's cast-offs; and the coarse derwear from the factory, the jes oat, vest and trousers, the calico shirt, with its starched collar front, the stockings and shoes. the

yool hat, all looked just his size. He measured the garments up to simself, held them off to admire them and then tenderly laid them away gain. There were tears in his

and a new resolve in his eyes, and a new resolve in his heart as he went thoughtfully downstairs.

"Mother does care," he said. "She's worked hard to buy the clothes, and worked hard to buy the clothes, and at up nights to make them. She used to be a tailoress, and she hasn't forgotten how. And what a blace for her to come when she's dred! No wonder she scolds."

The girls came running in like young wild things, and Jim propos-

don't want it all wet and sloppy to her, and to enlist her sympathies sweep and make the fires. Then I'll info her old age. milk old Brindle and get a load wood, and then we'll slick ourselves

the new clothes, and they had little concerns you is of interest to her. enough to cover them, but with their faces washed, their tangled curls combed and clean, patched aprons on they looked quite pretty to Jim. He and scarcely got himself into his new clothes, and received the admiring comments of his sisters, when Mrs. Hanford came. Her tired eyes lightened at the sight of the bright, orderly room, the tidy children, and the lad half proud, half awkward, in his new garments. It was a differusually met, and repaid her for days and nights of toil.

'Yes, I sewed on them nights." she said, in reply to Jim's questions. 'It was cheaper to make them. I had to go by guess partly, but they fit pretty well, don't they?"
"Fine," answered Jim.

There was no spoken thanks, no kisses, no demonstrations. They were not of that sort: but Jim's thanked her. And to himself he was saving:

"Things must go different after

this. He had not waited for the coming year-he had already turned his leaf and though he made no promises, I think his mother understood when he repaired the door-latch that very night, and fixed a window so it would not rattle. The most of New Year's day—a holiday for his mother -was spent in planning to mend fences and turn their thriftless cornpatch into a paying truck garden Jim has worked steadily to fulfil his plans, and he finds that he has gain ed in more ways than one, and it is his privilege to give gifts as well as

to receive them. TO YOUNG AUTHORS.

(From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.)

Do not forget to write far apart; in the case of stories, say sixteen or seventeen years apart. Write only on one side of the paper. The other side will come in handy some day. Remember that the author is quite

different from the Nihilist; it is necessary for success that your plot be discovered. If your first stories are rejected do

not be dejected. There are other professions still open. Study the workmanship of "up-to-

date" writers most carefully. will find much to avoid. + + +

YOU OWE IT TO YOUR MOTHER. To treat her with the unvarying courtesy and deference you accord to those who are above you in rank or

position. To study her tastes and habits, her likes and dislikes, and cater to them as far as possible in an unobtrusive

way. Never to intimate by word or deed that your world and hers are differ ent, or that you feel in any way

superior to her. To manifest an interest in whatever interests or amuses her.

To seek her comfort and pleasure in all things before your own. Not to forget that, though she is

old and wrinkled, she still loves pretty things. To make her frequent, simple presents, and to be sure that they are

appropriate and tasteful. girl at heart so far as delicate little

attentions are concerned. To give her your full co and never to do anything which you

think she would disapprove. To make her the partaker, so fa as your different ages will permit, in

all your pleasures and recreations. To lift all the burdens you can from shoulders which have grown stooped in waiting upon and working

To bear patiently with all her pe culiarities or infirmities of temper of disposition, which may be the result of a life of care and toil.

To consult her and ask her advice in regard to whatever you are about to do, even though you have no doubt as to what your course should

asion to make whatever return you an for her years of sacrifice and damning for your happiness and well-

when she comes. You wash the in youthful projects, hopes and plans, dishes and pick up things, and I'll so that she may carry her own youth

To talk to her about your work your studies, your friends, your up a little."

He felt ashamed again, for he had places you visit, for everything that

THE "HE SAID" GIRLS.

Did you ever notice a group of little girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen chattering away in a corner? The next time you sit near such a group listen and hear if about every tenth word is about what "he said." If it is, you have found some more of the "he said" girls, and they are not the nicest little girls ent picture from what those eyes are likely to loiter downtown after in the world. The "he said" school too late to help their mothers with the afternoon work. They are likely to wear better clothes than their fathers can afford, so that their neighbors wonder what their mothers can be thinking about. The "he said" girls also too often think more of the boys than of their books, and frequently fail to get through school. They are in for a good time, and have nothing in their heads but hairpins and two-steps.

Sometimes nature takes a girl out of the "he said" family and makes a fine woman of her, but generally she gets to going out to parties, and is developed before her time, and either marries and fades at twenty, hangs on after all the other girls are married off, and takes generation after generation of young boys raise by hand, and becomes known as "grandma" in the crowd.

There is nothing so sweet as a simple, frank, open-hearted girl. But the boy-struck girl is an abomination. The whole matter rests with the girl's mother. She can either bring up one of the "he said" girls or she can have a daughter to be proud of .- Emporia Gazette.

SAVED THE BABY.

"I was not a believer in advertised medicines," says Mrs. Chas. Van Tassell, Digby, N.S., "until I began using Baby's Own Tablets. When my last baby was born we never hoped to raise her. She was weakly, did not have any flesh on her bones, and a bluish color. The doctor who attended her told me she would not live. After reading what other mothers said about Baby's Own Tablets I decided to try them, and I must now honestly say I never had such a valuable medicine in my home. It has changed my poor, sickly, fleshless baby into a lovely child, now as fat as a butter ball. Words fail to express my thanks for what the Tab lets have done for my child, and I can only urge that other mothers do as I do now, keep the Tablets in the house always." Baby's Own Tablets positively cure all minor ills of babyhood and childhood, and the mothe has a guarantee that they contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by al druggists or sent by mail at cents a box by writing the Dr. Wiliams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont

A TRIFLE CLOSE.

"Did I understand you to state your opinion that Cousin Peltiah Johnson was a 'trifle close,' Mr. Smith? "So I said," answered Mr. Smith "Well, now, I have your idea of what a 'trifle' means. But I can tell you a story that will illustrate Pel-But I can tell

tiah's generosity. "He and his wife hadn't made their daughter Abigail any Christmas present for a number of years after she couldn't stand it any longer. She begged Peltiah to get something, but

the most she could prevail on him to was a white cup and saucer. "It wasn't much of a cup and sau cer, but Mrs. Johnson put it up and ent it over to Abigail's by Peltiah himself. He got home about ten o'clock, and his wife helped him off with his overcoat. There was something in one of the inside pocket

that stuck out a little, and she said "What is this, Peltiah?" "Peltiah kind of chuckled a little nd said he, 'that's the sasser.' 'Sasser ?' Mrs. Johnson cried out 'You don't mean to say that you've brought that sasser of Abigail's back

'That's just what I've done,' h

" 'And what for ?'

"'And what for?'
"'Wal, the cup's a pretty good
present for once, an' I give 'em to
understand that they'd get the saser next year. An' that'll give 'em,
e see, something to look for ard to
durin' a whole twelvemonth!' "-

What One Priest Did for the Irish Industrial Movement.

It is not often that an American born priest is found laboring in Ireland, though scores of Irish priests come to this country annually, and supply some of the best material that goes to make up the American priesthood; but there is one priest porn in Baltimore, now located Belfast, who has distinguished himself on behalf of Irish industry, and aided materially in stemming tide of emigration.

He is the Rev. William J. Kelly, and it was while he was located in Portaferry that he interested himself in the industrial condition of the peo ple there. An account of his efforts was recently written for the Irishman of Dublin by Miss Maureer O'Shea, as follows:

"The town of Portaferry, situated as it is on the shores of the lovely Lough Cuan, is without a railway and so cut off from any centre of industry that it was, unfortunately, like too many of our Irish towns. completely in the hands of the Gombeen Man.

The young girls of the place, on leaving school, had nothing to turn to but emigration or work for the miserable dole the Gombeen Man condescended to give for their beautiful needlework, which, when fines, etc., were deducted, seldom amounted to more than 18 pence and 2 shillings a week.

"The Gombeen Man, the Gombeen Man,

God grant his swift removal." "This, and even worse, was the state of affairs when, in 1894, Father Kelly was appointed curate by the late Dr. McAllister.

"With the highest and most patriotic motives, Father Kelly soon resolved to devise some means by which on independent lines, the young girls of the place could be kept at home and made to earn an honest livelihood.

"His first move was, when local support failed, to try and influence some of the Balfast merchants to establish a factory in connection with their own particular work, but this putated. was met with very scant approval, if

not with downright discouragement.
"Nothing daunted, however, Father Kelly returned to Portaferry and on hearing that a factory had already been established in Ballynahinch for the making of pillow cases. collars and cuffs, he sent, in March, 1895, six of the best in Portaferry to learn all the details of the business, supporting them there for six months at his own expense.

"In the meantime the young curate himself was not idle. He rented a large store, had it fitted up with long benches, to which were attached 60 sewing machines, canvassed the linen merchants of Belfast for the work, and, in September, 1895, had the supreme satisfaction of hearing the hum of industry set going for the first time in the guiet little town of Portaferry.

"This elation, if such it were, was of short duration, for the brave priest had only got things in working order when he was summoned by the Bishop to the work of another parish, and the factory, after some time, and at great loss, was taken over by the firm of Messrs. Somerset & Co., of Belfast, who have since kept it go-

ing.
"The girls are paid by piecework, and the majority of them earn between 10 and 15 shillings a week, every penny of which finds its way into the pockets of the local shop-

"Portalerry contained about 1700 inhabitants, and the wages earned in the factory for the year ended February, 1905, amounted to £1,873. owing the immense benefit to thus the place and the debt of gratitude the inhabitants owe to the noble exertions of 'the new curate,' Father Kelly.

"It will be scarcely credited that Father' Kelly took upon his own head such a heavy responsibility, and that at a time when the industrial revival was not a fashionable fad, and when 'the department,' the congested district boards, etc.. not in existence to give a helping hand.

"I visited Portaferry factory the first time last summer, and could not help contrasting the heal thy, happy looks and sweet cles voices of the girls (they were singin an Irish ditty at the time) with the van, worn faces to be met with as the dust and din of the city, when

An Improvement on Nature. Nature gives us fruit to keep us healthy. But fruit can't bring back health after we lose it. It take something more effective than fresh fruit to cure Stomach, Liver and Kidney Diseasea.

Truit atives or Fruit Liver Tablets

are fruit juices in tablet form. We are fruit juices in tablet form. We improve on nature by our secret process. By it, we so change the medicinal action of the fruit, that "Fruita-tives" are rendered effective enough to cure Constipation, Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Indigestion and Sick Kidneys.

If you want to be rid of these troubles, ask your druggist for a box of "Fruita-tives." They never fail. 50c. a box.

FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.

more on July 21, 1856, and went to Ireland with his parents when 7. years of age. He received his elementary education in the national schools and pursued his philosophical and theological studies at seminary at Belfast and Maynooth College. He was ordained to the priesthood in Belfast by Bishop Mc-Allister, of the Diocese of Down and Connor. His first mission was at Armoy, County Antrim, not far from he scenes of the early days of St. Patrick's captivity. He was subsequently moved to Portaferry. After number of years' labor there, he was called to a wider field of duty at St. Malachy's Church, Belfast,

He Will Still Say Mass.

The New York Sun says: Information was received in this city from Rome that the Pope has announced that he will confer the extraordinary honor on the Rev. Luis Martin, S.J. the Provincial of the Jesuits, of allowing him still to say Mass, although his right arm has been am-

One of the strictest rules of the Catholic Church is that in regard to what are designated the "canonical fingers" of the priest. These are the thumb and index finger of each hand, which alone are allowed to touch the Blessed Sacrament. They are specially anointed with holy oil when the priest is ordained. In lebrating Mass the priest, immediately after he has placed the Sacred Host on the corporal after the elevation, joins the thumb and index finger of both hands, and never separates them until the communion is ver unless he touches the Sacred Host.

It will be remembered that Father Martin, owing to a cancerous affection, had to have his whole right arm amputated three weeks ago. This would ordinarily have prevented his ever celebrating Mass again. When the Pope learned of the operation, and that Father Martin was rallying from its effects, he said that "so beloved a priest should not be deprived of the consolation of his daily Mass." Another priest will have to assist him at the altar, however.

A PRIEST GEOGRAPHER.

The Catholic missionary is never idle. The world owes many of great discoveries to those indefatigable men. In Canada another has

Rev. Father Morice, of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, whose mission the shores of Lake Stuart, is on nearly in the centre of British Columbia, has been travelling many hundreds of miles in a canoe, mapping all the streams, lakes, mountains and valleys in the upper basin of the Netchakkoh river. A fine map of discoveries, which has just been published by the Neufchatel Geographical Society of Switzerland, shows many details that have been seen on previous map. Lake Morice, for example, which is not found on the latest atlas sheets of British Columbia, is fifty miles long and 777 feet deep.

NEW EDITION OF K. E. CON-WAY'S FAMILY SITTING-ROOM BOOKS.

The third edition of "The Christian Gentlewoman," the fifth number of Katherine E. Conway's Family Sitting Room Series, is now in p It is but a few months since the edition was published. A sixth tion of "A Lady and Her Lette