

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls: What a nice lot of letters I received last week!

Dear Aunt Becky: I was very glad to see my letter in the paper, so I thought I would write another one.

Dear Aunt Becky: So glad to see my letter in print. We did not receive our (C.U.) presents Easter Sunday, as we expected.

Dear Aunt Becky: Clean of limb and clear of eye. Nothing feazes and nothing daunts him.

Who'll buy, who'll buy, who'll buy? He is a boy who's bravely spoken—

His new leaf. The boys came loitering along from school, towards their homes in the scattered village.

What do you mean by 'turning over a new leaf?' he asked, timidly at last.

only turned down a side path and hurried away with a motion quite different from his usual lazy saunter.

"I can't stand it no longer," muttered Jim, as he faced the sharp wind which set his rage fluttering like signals of distress.

It was an ill-kept and comfortable 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 house was empty and cold and in its usual disorder. The girls he knew, were chasing about the hills, unwashed, uncombed, not fit to be seen.

"What a way of living," he snapped. "I don't see how mother stands it."

He measured the garments up to himself, held them off to admire them and then tenderly laid them away again.

"We haven't time," said he. "We don't want it all wet and sloppy when she comes. You wash the dishes and pick up things, and I'll sweep and make the fire."

He felt ashamed again, for he had the new clothes, and they had little enough to cover them, but with their faces washed, their tangled curls combed and clean, patched aprons on they looked quite pretty to Jim.

"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?"

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.

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.

Remember that the author is quite different from the Nihilist; it is necessary for success that your plot be discovered.

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.

To manifest an interest in whatever interests or amuses her.

To seek her comfort and pleasure in all things before your own.

To bear patiently with all her peculiarities or infirmities of temper or 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 be.

To do your best to keep her youthful in appearance as well as in spirit, by taking pains with her dress and the little accessories and details of her toilet.

To introduce all your young friends to her, and to enlist her sympathies in youthful projects, hopes and plans, so that she may carry her own youth into her old age.

To do your best to keep her youthful in appearance as well as in spirit, by taking pains with her dress and the little accessories and details of her toilet.

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?

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, or hangs on after all the other girls are married off, and takes generation after generation of young boys to raise by hand, and becomes known as "granda" 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 Tassel, 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 Tablets 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."

A TRIFLE CLOSE.

"Did I understand you to state your opinion that Cousin Peltiah Johnson was a 'trifle close,' Mr. Smith?"

"Well, now, I have your idea of what a 'trifle' means. But I can tell you a story that will illustrate Peltiah's generosity."

"He and his wife hadn't made their daughter Abigail any Christmas present for a number of years after she was married, and Mrs. Johnson, she couldn't stand it any longer. She begged Peltiah to get something, but the most she could prevail on him to buy was a white cup and saucer."

"It wasn't much of a cup and saucer, but Mrs. Johnson put it up and sent 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 pockets that stuck out a little, and she said: 'What is this, Peltiah?'

"Peltiah kind of chuckled a little, and 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 again?'

"That's just what I've done," he said. "And what for?"

"Wal, the cup's a pretty good present for once, an' I give 'em to understand that they'd get the sasser next year. An' that'll give 'em, ye 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, born in Baltimore, now located in Belfast, who has distinguished himself on behalf of Irish industry, and aided materially in stemming the 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 people there. An account of his efforts was recently written for the United Irishman of Dublin by Miss Maureen 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 miserably 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 Belfast merchants to establish a factory in connection with their own particular work, but this 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 quiet 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 going.

"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 shopkeepers.

"Portaferry contained about 1700 inhabitants, and the wages earned in the factory for the year ended February, 1905, amounted to £1,873, thus showing the immense benefit to 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., were not in existence to give a helping hand.

"I visited Portaferry factory for the first time last summer, and I could not help contrasting the healthy, happy looks and sweet clear voices of the girls (they were singing an Irish ditty at the time) with the wan, worn faces to be met with amid the dust and din of the city, where health and virtue have too often to fight a battle against overwhelming odds.

"Christ's crown of charity," lies in doing all we can for others, and surely in this case Father Kelly has earned well his crown."

An Improvement on Nature.

Nature gives us fruit to keep us healthy. But fruit can't bring back health after we lose it. It takes something more effective than fresh fruit to cure Constipation, Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Indigestion and Sick Kidneys.

Fruit-a-lives

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 "Fruit-a-lives" 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 "Fruit-a-lives." 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 the seminary at Belfast and Maynooth College. He was ordained to the priesthood in Belfast by Bishop McAllister, of the Diocese of Down and Connor. His first mission was at Armoyn, County Antrim, not far from the scenes of the early days of St. Patrick's captivity. He was subsequently moved to Portaferry. After a 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 amputated.

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 celebrating 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 over 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 its great discoveries to those indefatigable men. In Canada another has just come before the public.

Rev. Father Morice, of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, whose mission is on the shores of Lake Stuart, 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 Net-chakkoh river. A fine map of his discoveries, which has just been published by the Neufchatel Geographical Society of Switzerland, shows many details that have been seen on no 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. CONWAY'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 press. It is but a few months since the first edition was published. A sixth edition of "A Lady and Her Letters," the first of this fortunate series, is also in press. The publishers are the Messrs. Thomas J. Flynn & Co., of Boston.