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OF QUEBEC, District
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of the District of Mon-
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plaintiff, and the said
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May, 1902. Beaudin,
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aintiff.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A LITTLE BOY'S WISH.

When winter comes, the people say, "Oh, shut the door!" and when, as sometimes happens, I forget, they call me back again, it takes till summer time to learn; And then things change about, and "Leave it open!" is the cry when I go in or out. I try to be a pleasant boy, and do just as I ought; When things become so hard to learn; I wish they might stay taught!

—Little Folks.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

— Here is a little tale with a moral—read it and ponder: Tom was a sturdy little athlete and won most of the races and other contests of strength. Through various winsome traits he had found his way to the heart of his teacher, and she was always interested in his success. One day arrangements had been made for a foot race. Several boys were to run, although everybody was sure that Tom would win. The preliminaries were settled, the race started, and the boys were off over the course. Tom led clear and free for about half the distance, then, to the surprise of everyone, Johnny began to gain upon him. Jim was just behind Johnny and running vigorously. Tom's feet seemed to grow heavy and Johnny steadily decreased the distance between them, until finally he shot past Tom and, with a sudden spurt, gained the goal fully five yards in advance. Jim was close behind and he, too, sped over the line a little ahead of Tom, but enough to give him second place and to leave Tom out of the race.

"Why, Tom, what was the matter?" asked the teacher as the defeated boy came toward her with tears streaming down his face. His only answer was a sob. "Tell me what happened, Tom." Tom dug his knuckles into his eyes to dry his tears and tried to tell his story. "I started all right, you know—" "Yes, you led them all." "But when I got half way there the boys began to call, 'Go it, Johnny, you're second!' 'Hustle, Jim, you're gaining!' 'Run, Johnny, run! you're most up to him!' But nobody said, 'Go it, Tom!' and somehow it got into my legs and they wouldn't go," and Tom, dropping to the ground in a heap, cried as though his heart would break. Moral: Many have failed in life because there was no one to say, "Go it, Tom!"

ST. GALL AND HIS BEAR.

— Just a month had passed since my last visit to the home of my young relatives, the Barrys; and so my dropping in on them the other evening was hailed with unusual animation. "Welcome back, uncle!" exclaimed the bride. "You have become such a stranger that we were beginning to despair of seeing you again." "Good evening, uncle!" said the bride. "I hope you have quite finished your tedious and painful business with the dentist." "Hello, Uncle Austin!" cried Frankie, who entered at this juncture. "How's our poor toofees now?" "Well, children, I'm glad to see you all again; and particularly glad that the dentistry business, which explains my prolonged absence, is over and done with—for the present at least. My 'poor toofees,' Frankie, are not so well as they might be, but are much better than they have been for the past month."

"Did it hurt awfully having them extracted, uncle?" "No, Clare; the extraction was a simple matter, and practically painless. What did hurt, however, was the dentist's 'taking impressions,' and especially his fitting the plate. If I had gone through the process during Lent, and suffered it with patience, it would have served as an excellent penance. But what have you been doing with yourselves lately? And how have my usual Sunday night stories been replaced?" "Mostly by reading Bible history stories, uncle. Aunt Annie did come over to see us a fortnight ago; but she wouldn't or couldn't talk of anything but Aunt Lizzie's baby son,

Arthur. You'd think, to hear her, that there never was so handsome, clever, good and intelligent a child in the world before." And Bride rather sniffed at so prosperous an idea. "Oh, well, Bride, you know the baby is just a darling; and the last time we were in 'Aunt Lizzie's,' you made as much of Arthur as even Aunt Annie did. Just think, uncle," continued Clare, "the little fellow calls Aunt Annie, as well as his mother, 'mamma!'" "That speaks well for both the baby and Aunt Annie, my dear. She evidently loves him very much." "S'pose a big bear eat him up, wot she do den?" This query from Master Frank was a surprise. "For goodness' sake, Frankie, what put that idea into your head?" "Eil, Bride, Charlie told me bears eat me up if I don't keep off sweet. An' me saw a bear de udder day fight a mans wif a pole."

"Oh, I remember now!" commented Clare. "There was a performing bear up the street one day last week; and I suppose Charlie has been terrifying poor Frankie in connection with the wrestling match between the animal and its owner." "Talking of bears, uncle," said Bride, "do those lives of the saints with which you are so familiar, make any mention of them or their relations with holy persons?" "Yes, my dear; bears figure in the biographies of some of the saints, and in their pictures also. Did you ever see an old-fashioned picture of St. Gall?" "St. Gall! I don't think I ever heard of him before."

"Wasn't he an Irish saint, uncle?" asked Clare. "I think Father Quinlan mentioned him in his sermon on last St. Patrick's Day."

"Very likely, Clare. He was Irish; and the first time you pay me a visit, I'll show you an old engraving in which he is pictured with a bear standing beside him."

"And what is the story that the engraving suggests, uncle? I am sure it must be interesting." "A narrative of a good deal like many others I've told you, Bride; so you must not expect anything sensational or exciting. St. Gall was born in the Green Isle about the year 550. He was a pupil and afterward disciple of the Great St. Columban, and is known nowadays as the apostle of Switzerland. He had accompanied St. Columban in many a journey through the southern part of Europe; and finally, when his master was travelling through the Swiss mountains on his way to Italy, Gall, who longed to be a solitary and lead a life of penance, decided to seek out a hermitage where he could spend his days alone. With this purpose in view he addressed himself to an old deacon called Hiltibod, who knew the country thoroughly. Hiltibod told him that he knew a particularly wild spot that would suit well for a hermitage, were it not that it was a regular den of wild beasts."

"Does not the Apostle say," answered Gall, "if God is for us, who shall be against us? And does he not affirm also that with those who love God everything turns to good, and that He who delivered Daniel from the lion's den can preserve us from the fangs of ferocious beasts?" "Impressed by such firmness of will and such faith, the old deacon consented to guide the saint to the place he had in mind, and the journey was fixed for the next day. After spending the greater part of the night in prayer, the travelers started at daybreak. About noon the good deacon, who was getting tired, asked the saint if it wasn't about time to halt and take some refreshment. 'You may take all that is necessary to keep up your strength,' said Gall; 'but as for me, I'm resolved neither to eat nor drink until God shows me the place destined to become my home.' Hiltibod didn't insist any further and they continued their journey."

"About nightfall, as the two were approaching the bank of a little river called Steinach, Gall, getting entangled among some thorns, suddenly fell prostrate upon the ground. His companion wished to help him up; but the saint prevented him, saying: 'Let be; this is the place for my repose. I have chosen it for my dwelling-place.' Arising, he cut a branch of a cherry tree and, making a cross of it, planted it just where he had fallen. Kneeling before the cross, he spent some time in prayer; after which the two built a fire, prepared their modest meal, ate it, and, after returning thanks, stretched

themselves on the ground to sleep. "Just then, says the legend, a big bear that had come down from the mountain approached and began to devour the remnants of their supper. Hiltibod was a good deal frightened; for the bears of that region were apt to be pretty savage. But Gall said to the animal: 'Tis not fair to eat without having worked. So I command you, in the name of the all-powerful God, to fetch some wood to put on our fire, which is about to die out.' "The bear at once started off, and Hiltibod was delighted at the thought that it had been scared away by Gall's voice. He hoped they had seen the last of the beast. Judge of his surprise, then, when a few minutes later back came the bear with a great dried branch, which he broke into several pieces and placed on the fire as the saint had ordered him to do. Then Gall took a whole loaf of bread out of his knapsack and gave it to the animal saying: "Take this as a reward for your work; and now go away from this valley. I permit you to live on these mountains near by. You may possess them in common with me, provided you don't hurt any human being." The bear obeyed and betook himself to the nearest mountain.

"St. Gall, having dismissed Hiltibod on the following day, established himself in his hermitage, where he dwelt many a long year. He had the most friendly relations with all the wild animals of the neighborhood, and in particular with his first acquaintance among them, the bear. He soon allowed that obedient beast to pay him frequent visits. And it was a very good thing he did; because later on, when the saint was entirely destitute of food, the bear, just like the raven that brought bread to St. Paul the Hermit, carried food daily to his venerable master."

"I dess 'at bear oodn't eat 'ittle Arfur or me eeder," commented Frankie, whose drowsy-looking eyes reminded me that it was time to say "Good-night!"

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The Tablets can be obtained at any drug store or you can get them by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

A FLOATING CONVENT.

A remarkable ship, sailing under the Turkish flag, but bearing the Russian name which is translated into "The Patronage of Our Blessed Lady," lately entered the harbor of Taganrog. This large sailing vessel is in reality a floating monastery. It belongs to the Abbey of Mount Athos. The captain and the whole crew wore monastic habits. The captain is one Father Gerassim, who wears the insignia of a hieromonachus of the Greek Church. The vessel is painted black and bears on the bow a large cross. There is a chapel on board, in which Father Gerassim daily says Mass. The rules of monastic life are strictly observed on board.

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GUARANTEED PURE.

The Value Of a Child.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

It is well, at times, that the press should openly criticize judicial authority, especially when the exponents of that authority seem oblivious of all sentiments such as Christians are taught to regard with an abiding faith and to cherish as the talisman of human happiness. After all a tribunal is only a human institution, and to the Court as well as to the ordinary individual applies the dictum, "it is human to err." The law may be supreme, and it may be wrong and dangerous to attack the majesty of the law; but the interpretation, or the administration of that law may be diametrically opposed to its spirit, and be open to censure, or at least, to just criticism.

A local newspaper in its issue of last Monday, contains an editorial, that has the two-fold merit of being brief and to the point. It is under the heading "The Cash Value of A Child." So striking is that editorial comment, and so clearly does it expose a case of peculiar interest, that we reproduce it in full. The editorial in question runs as follows: "The North Jersey Street Railway Company has just settled a remarkable case arising out of a claim for damages for killing a child. The case was tried six times, the juries in the lower courts awarding from \$3,000 to \$5,000 damages. These verdicts, however, were set aside as excessive by the Supreme Court which gave the weight of its authority to the opinion that when a child is killed through the negligence of a railway company the parents are only damaged to the extent of one dollar. The Company has settled with the plaintiff upon a basis of a thousand dollars, damages and the costs, amounting to about two thousand dollars more. In assessing the value of children there is apt to be a wide difference between buyers and sellers. How the Supreme Court in its wisdom arrived at one dollar as a fair valuation of a child's life is difficult to imagine. Possibly the court was of the opinion that the only damage done to parents by killing their child is of a sentimental character and does not feel justified in awarding compensation for sentimental damages. In that case it would have been more logical to have given judgment for the company. A child is either worth something or it is worth nothing in law. If it is worth anything, with all respect to the Supreme Court of New Jersey, it is worth a great deal more than a dollar."

As far as it goes we are in harmony with these comments and views upon this particular case; but we cannot stop short at the mere consideration of the value in hard cash of a human life. One dollar, nor one thousand dollars, cannot be laid down as a standard in a case where no computation is possible. The life of a child, a fact evidently ignored by the tribunal above mentioned, is a human life. The killing of a child means the separating of a soul from a body and the launching prematurely of the former into eternity. Seen with the eyes of Christian faith the life of a child of one year, or younger, is as important as the life of a man of fifty, or of eighty. In the eye of the criminal law the killing of a child is murder, just as is the killing of an adult. As far as the human being killed there is absolutely no distinction. In the eye of God the crime and the sin are equal, and of the same nature. A human life—be it that of an infant, or that of an aged person—is still a human life. And we will even go farther, and say that if there could be any degrees of wrong in such cases, the killing of the child should be considered the greater of the two crimes. For in taking the life of the child you not only end a career on earth, but you put an end to all the possibilities enclosed in that life, you cut off long years of existence that by right belongs to that child, you deprive that being of the opportunities that youth, middle age, and old age may have had in store for it, you deprive society of a member whose years might be counted by decades in the future. In a word, the life of a child cannot be estimated at its real or its possible value; nor could any man dare say that the compensation given to parents, no matter how great it might be, could be in excess of the loss sustained.

Yet all this is merely judging a human life from a material standpoint; there is no thought of the soul, of the grandeur of that creation which was to the image of its

Creator, of the rights of that being to life and to the possession of the opportunities afforded it by God. In dealing with such cases the Court should decide upon the degree of responsibility in the party causing the death, and then upon the degree of suffering and loss inflicted upon the parents, and pass judgment in accordance; but it should not, and it cannot, decide upon the value of a child's life.

Catholicity and Wealth

Commenting upon the very evident fact that the Catholic Church in this country is growing not only in power but in social prestige, our highly esteemed contemporary, the "Catholic Telegraph," remarks:—"The hope of the Church everywhere lies in the plain people. This always has been true, and always will be. It is undeniable, however, that if our people of wealth should become really and truly Catholic, the betterment of the masses would be speeded from that day. There would be no terrible antagonisms between Capital and Labor, injustices would perish out of the world and all men would become brothers, instead of slaves and masters, respectively, as now. Even fashion would lose its silliness and find its highest employment in doing good works. If the ideals of wealth can be changed by an acceptance of Catholicity in the name of civilization let the conversion of the wealthy take place at once. It is precisely because the rich and powerful of our country are at heart Christless and religionless that the poor are being ground to powder."

Honesty in Small Things

It is more difficult to be honest in the small things of life, than in important affairs. The merchant who is very careful to pay up every debt, who would not cheat his creditors even if there was not the slightest chance of discovery, will often, nay, habitually misrepresent or over-praise his goods and convey erroneous impressions to his customers. In this, however, the merchant does nothing exceptional. Few persons in active business can say at the close of a week, that they have acted strictly and honestly in all their transactions. They may not have told lies. They may not have tried to impose the slightest loss on any one with whom they had dealings. But can they always say that they have not now and then created false impressions, allowed false notions to go uncorrected, or evaded and equivocated the truth? It is honesty and straightforwardness in these small affairs of life that really determine, as well as form the character. A man who will praise and compliment where he believes there is no real merit, a man who will smile upon a wrong act, simply to keep "in" with the wrong doer, a man who will admit or acquiesce in a false opinion or statement, simply for the sake of peace and good fellowship, a man who will not appreciate merit or value in his neighbor, because of jealousy and malevolence; such men can not really be called straightforward and true men, although they may pay every cent of their debts, and be strictly honest in all their money dealings.

Yet in these small affairs, as in more important matters, honesty continues to be the best policy. The shrewd diplomatist is found out at last. The politic aspirant makes his road upward doubly difficult. While the honest man is after all trusted and liked with all his unpleasant truth and bluntness.

What we particularly need in this nation of politicians, are men who "own their own souls," independent, straightforward men who will not pander to the multitude, who reprobate dishonest opinions and expressions, as much as they hate lying and cheating, who are honest in every relationship of life, in every word and deed, even in every thought of their daily life. The necessities of commerce and diplomacy have made men too fearful of offending each other. They are polite even to sycophancy when they have an interest to subserv, but to those from whom they expect no favors, they become harsh and rude. Politeness is well when it is equal and honest, but not otherwise. In the majority of cases, honest, straightforward dealing even in business, is better than the honey-eyed words and feigned friendship that deceive and injure. Honesty need not be blunt nor rugged, it may be graceful. It was said of a great Englishman, that his "no" was more pleasant than many another man's compliance. It illustrates how unpleasant truths and honest opinions may be made as acceptable and as pleasing, as dishonest statements and deceptive just this.—Catholic Citizen.

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