

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE STORY OF LITTLE BLANCHE.

A Breton Tale. H. Horn, S. J., in American Messenger of the Sacred Heart for November. THE ATHEIST AND LITTLE BLANCHE. I must, dear reader, if you are not afraid to come with me, use an author's privilege, and penetrate into the interior of the Chateau Noir hidden away in the woods between Pochols and Dek, near Quimper, in Brittany.

His god was formed as the ancients had formed theirs, by the personification of some little understood influence. The manner was the same, though the object was different: that was all. She had the atheism written, and evidently he wrote with facility. The writing had been quick, the flourishes were abundant, and the erasures few. And now he sat at the cedar fire running on in the line of thought his writings had evoked, with a moody look upon his face, and the less pleasing traits of his countenance growing more and more pronounced, as his head bent deeper down upon his clenched fist. He did not look the wizard people thought him (far from it), but his expression was not of the pleasantest—though, of course, this might have been fancy. Suddenly he took his hand away from his chin and took up his watch, then looked across at the side entrance opposite. Ah! there was no mistake now. His face had changed. It was unmistakably an agreeable face. His eye was kind and gentle now, and he wore a fond, expectant look as he gazed at the side door. He seemed to be listening for something. He took up a little bouquet of wild flowers, tied up in a curious bungled knot with a piece of blue ribbon and looked at them. Then listened again. Then quite softly and suddenly there came a sound of the door handle moving, preceded by no sound of approaching footsteps. The door opened and a little figure dressed in blue slipped quietly from behind the curtain, to which she gave two or three tugs to rearrange it before the door, then with a half grave, half shy air, she folded her little hands, clasping all the time a bunch of wild flowers, and walked in a solemn manner, with a few pert shakes of the head, across the room. She came to within a yard or two of where her father (for this was the atheist's daughter) was sitting, and there stopped and made a solemn ceremonious bow; then as though all ceremony were concluded she held up both hands and rushed at her father, who was quite ready to receive her on to his knee. The loving ceremony was always gone through at these little meetings of the father and his daughter. A year before the present date, he had returned from a long tour on which he had been absent four years, and had first seen his daughter, Blanche, since she was a baby. She had then, on her first visit to him, been carefully instructed by an old-fashioned nurse as to how she was to bow to her father and then say "Welcome home, dear father." And the air of naïveté, with which his little daughter had gone through the ceremony, had offered in finite amusement to the old philosopher, and he had told her that whenever she always bow. On that first occasion, however, she had been far from laying the same claims to a place on his knee that she now did. She had seemed almost as afraid of the old atheist, her father, as were the country children around. It was only after several interviews that she began to notice how friendly he was when she exhibited the little marks of affection which she had been taught to show. Her mother she had known till she was five (she was now seven) and since then she had been almost the only one who was admitted into the old library to help the atheist to pass his lonely hours. She was regular in her visits to him in the evening, and usually brought him a bunch of wild flowers, which had evidently been all of her own collecting and arranging and tying up. She was full of ideas, and had always something to tell him of the plans she was going to carry out, or the things she was soon about to get for him. She would listen to tales by the hour, as she sat on her father's knee, and would put all kinds of questions which were quite irrelevant to the main history, but which suggested themselves to her mind as the story proceeded. Then he would have to make up explanations, which led him often into fresh difficulties, till he would go off laughing outright. Then she would kneel upon his knee, grasping his beard with both hands, and with an air of the greatest curiosity ask him what he was laughing at. It would have quite taken the country people about if they could have been secreted in some gallery to watch the proceedings at these nightly interviews. It was quite astonishing to see how the old philosopher could become a child again to satisfy and amuse his little daughter. One day she had seen in the distance some little children playing horses. She had seen them with a pair of reins fastened to a little chap's arm, driving him along with a big stick. She was in great spirits about this, and full of it when she came to her father in the evening. She told him all about it, and said: "You and I might play, mightn't we, papa?" Her papa did not object and put in a few suggestions as to how he should be harassed. Then the little driver prepared herself with a good cane, and the papa trotted off round the table. He soon found out that he had no merciful driver, and the blows he received indiscriminately about the head and ears and shoulders, were as lusty as the most dogmatic Christian in the neighborhood ever wished he had the chance of administering to the old atheist. But Blanche thought that this was part of the game, and every now and then, descending from her assumed character, said: "Isn't it fun, papa?" Her papa had to call up all his philosophy to prevent himself from getting angry. However, he soon said that he was tired, to the surprise of the little coachman who was perfectly ready to continue. He had, in fact, to assume quite a commanding tone before he could make Blanche believe that his stopping was not also part of the game.

blows and abuse. He was glad to be released and would not play again under any persuasion. It was very seldom that they quarrelled in their nightly interviews. Blanche was so sensitive and so easily subdued that she was not often carried away to be really troublesome or disobedient. Once or twice he had had to tell her rather seriously not to say any more, but to go to bed, and she had trotted off looking quite ashamed of herself, and he had felt great pangs all night, thinking that he had been too cross with her, and so had to be additionally kind next night. One point there was on which they differed. Almost as soon as she had become familiar enough to chat and say what she wanted to him, she had said one night as she was going to bed, and he had wished her good night, "Papa, say 'God bless my little Blanche.'" "What do you want me to say that for? Isn't good night enough?" "No; mama always said 'God bless my little Blanche.'" "Well, you know, mama said what I don't. Mama wore a nice frock like you and I don't," he said, trying to laugh, though he felt himself in a curious position and could not tell why. Another time, as Blanche was going out of the room, she said "God bless you, dear papa." He looked at her as if he was going to reprove her, but checked himself and said, "There, trot off." "Now," she said, "you ought to say 'God bless my little Blanche.'" He got out of the difficulty as best he could, but felt his awkwardness and hoped that Blanche would let the matter drop. But her sharp little eyes had noticed something curious in his manner at the time, and she wanted to know why he would not say "God bless you, my little Blanche." So one night when he had been especially kind to her, and had been patting her head and telling her that she was his "own little Blanche." He was quite taken aback, but she went straight on. "Why won't you say 'God bless you, my little Blanche.'" It was a question he could not answer; he sat staring at the fire, wondering and wondering why it was that he could not say "God bless you, my little Blanche." It seemed that to say "God bless you" every night to his little daughter would be quite impossible, while at the same time he felt very loath to tell her, "Oa, there is no such as God." Yet why could he not say that? She had asked him one night if he thought that there were fairies in the long wood in front of the house, and he had explained to her that fairies were all nonsense, that there was no such thing, and he had told her all this as something which at her age she ought to know. But now when she asked him why he did not say "God bless you," he did not find it at all the same thing for some unaccountable reason. So he plunged into one of his deepest reveries as he gazed at the fire, and with something of an unpleasant expression on his face asked himself again and again why he would not say "God bless you, my little Blanche;" while she, tired already and sleepy, lay against his arm and kept repeating in a dreamy way, letting her arm bang against his knee every time she said it. "Why won't you say, 'God bless your little Blanche, you naughty papa? Why won't you say 'God bless your little Blanche, you naughty papa?' until her head grew heavier and she fell asleep against his arm, still murmuring and asking why he would not say God bless his little Blanche. But these small encounters were rare and the old atheist was not often put through this awkward self-analysis. They were happy evenings for both of them—a relief for the philosopher and a welcome opportunity for Blanche to show her affection for her papa. All the summer Blanche came and always had her little bundle of flowers, never very artistically arranged, and some times half composed of the ugliest flowers she could have found, which she, however, thought the height of beauty. Winter came and she brought him picture books to look at and explain to her, and he would tell her stories round the winter fire. Winter went and the flowers came back and the big ugly leaves grew rank on the bank and in the woods, but there were no little hands to pick them now and no more visits to the library of the childish form in blue. There was a little stick round upstairs quite different to the big old library, and in it little Blanche lay, very pale and very sick, and papa had now to come and visit her, not she him. Not only in the evening he came, but often during the day. He would go into the fields and woods now and make up bunches for the little invalid. He chose dock leaves and cow parsley, which had been favorites of hers, and carefully bound them up in blue ribbon, and brought them to her, and she always seemed to think them nearly as beautiful as her own. He had tried her with fine bouquets from the hot-house sometimes, and she appeared not to like them half so well. She always told him when he came that she would perhaps be well enough to get up to-morrow, and pluck him some flowers, but the morrow never brought improvement and each day she grew weaker and weaker. She had no idea that she was very ill, or, indeed, what exactly being very ill meant. She was only puzzled at this continued weakness and continued bed. One night she was worse and he had come to sit with her. Her voice had left her, but he saw her lips move and she muttered something. He leaned forward to listen. "Papa," she said. "Yes, I am here," he answered soothingly. "Papa, isn't it queer that I

to me." "Hush, little one," he muttered. The thought that an evening would soon come when he could not go to her nor she to him rushed upon him. He walked out of the room and closed the door, and a violent outburst of sobs convulsed his strong frame. He felt a certain shame at sobbing thus like a child, and fought against it, but the waves are slow to subside after a great commotion, and half an hour later the atheist father might have been seen in his library, determinedly trying to read, while every now and then a half-suppressed sob told of the half spent storm. Another time he heard her mutter something. He leaned forward, she said: "Papa, say God bless my little Blanche." He at once answered, "God bless you, my little Blanche, and make you better." She smiled triumphantly, murmuring, "I thought I would make you say it at last." TO BE CONTINUED.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A Noble Son. Dan Farrar tells a true story of a noble son that is not without its applicability to persons on this side of the pond: "I recall," says that eminent clergyman, "a young man in his home—a very great and famous man whose name I must not mention. His was the case of a man of genius, born of parents who had no pretensions to genius at all, and who was incomparably in advance of his parents in culture and education. Many a young man so circumstanced has been tempted to give himself airs; to look down upon his parents as inferiors, to shudder when they drop their h's; to condole with himself as the offspring of bourgeois or plebeian people of whom he is obliged to be ashamed. Not so the young man of whom I speak. He had taken as his rule of life the highest of all ideals—the ideal of Him 'Who went down to His parents at Nazareth and was subject unto them.' "I have sat at his table, and heard him pour forth the stores of his unexampled eloquence, and unroll the treasures of his large heart in lessons full of depth and beauty—and then his dear old mother—a perfect type of English middle class womanhood, with something of the holy Philistinism of a narrow creed which invests its humblest votaries with self-imagined infallibility—would lift up her monitory finger, before the assembled guests and say—'Now William—we will call him 'William,' though that was not his name—"listen to me." Then, while he and we respectfully listened, she would lay down the law with exquisite placidity, telling him how completely mistaken he was in these new-fangled notions— "Proving all wrong that hitherto was writ, And putting us to ignorance again." "Yes, mother," he would say, when her little admonition was ended; and the conversation would resume its flow quite undisturbed, and the dear old lady was more than satisfied. "It was the greatness of her son's genius which made him so good a son. A smaller mind would have winced or been contemptuous. 'Men do not make their homes unhappy because they have genius,' says Wordsworth, 'but because they have not enough genius; a mind and sentiment of a higher order would render them capable of seeing and feeling all the beauty of domestic ties.' "Are you better educated than your parents? Get down on your knees and thank God for giving you self-sacrificing forbears willing to grant to you what had been denied to them, and show you yourself worthy of their loving care by paying them back in love, since you have not the money, nor could enough of it be found, to wipe out your obligations to them.

The Discipline of Failure.

The really great men of the world are those who are not paralyzed by failures. Success is rare except through repeated failures. Those who put all at risk on one venture, and, losing, weakly surrender, never accomplish anything worth living for. Failures should enter into the natural expectation of everybody as a necessary, if painful, part of the discipline of life. Few begin with anything like a clear view of what they want to do, and the fortune they seek may come in a very different form from that which they have kept in view. It may be a very large success and yet scarcely recognized. What many regard as a victory may really be a defeat, and men often mourn as losses what ought to be considered as gains. The child that never fails never learns to walk. Failures are failures which lead to success. Everything depends on how to take our failures. Robert Louis Stevenson, in one of the eleven rules he laid down for the discipline of conscience, declared: "Our business in this world is not to succeed, but to continue to fall in good spirits." This seems on first reading an inversion. Surely it is worth while to succeed! How can it be our business to fail? Is failure, then, better than success—a thing to be courted and worked for? Not at all. He means that failures are numerous and constant. They stand thick in every pathway. We must make up our mind to meet them, and not to let them dishearten us. Here is the point. We are vanquished if we take a failure as final. We must not let it discourage us. We shall fall and fall often; but it is our duty not to lose heart, not to give up

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made himself famous by his works, and yet he says of his career. "I mean to lead a life that should keep mounting from the first; and though I have been repeatedly down again below sea-level, and am scarce higher than when I started, I am as keen as ever for that enterprise." This is the invincible spirit that will not own itself beaten because it stumbles and falls, but persists in rising and pressing forward, however slow and difficult the progress. It bravely refuses to surrender, holding that its business is to meet these inevitable failures in good spirits. The novelist had his ideal. It was to write a great poem. He never achieved it, but he was content, he wrote, to "cobble little prose articles." He never wrote the great poem, but he took his failure in "excellent good spirits," and achieved success in a different line. There is vast helpfulness in this thought, and for none more than for those who are concerned with the discipline of conscience. There are many failures in the Christian life. It was according to the divine plan that even our Lord in some respects should fall in His preaching—many refused to accept Him; He failed in His teaching—many refused to believe Him; He failed to restore the Kingdom of Israel—they rejected Him; He failed to convince the world of His mission—they crucified Him. He failed even with His own disciples, who fell away from Him and denied Him. There were some places where He could do no mighty works—the unbelief of the people thwarted Him. And yet He was not dismayed by failure. He did not even refuse to face the greatest seeming failure of His life—that ignominious death on the cross. The greatness of His spirit was shown in the way He endured, in the cheerfulness that which He gave Himself in sacrifice. The greatness of His triumph is beyond measure. He achieved a life unequalled in power and influence for good; and the world with common accord points to His spotless character as the one perfect model for mankind. Those who follow after Him meet many failures. Like the disciples, they disappear from His path sometimes, but, unlike Judas, who could not endure failure, they reappear and press forward again in good spirits.

a trial and secured some of them at the drug store, and after my boy had taken two boxes I could see the color coming back to his sallow complexion and noted a decided change for the better. He went on taking them and in a few months from the time he started to use them I considered him perfectly cured and not a trace of the disease left, except his blind eye, the sight of which he had lost before he started to use the pills. He has now become quite fleshy and I consider him one of the healthiest boys in the community. If any person is desirous of knowing the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills you may direct them to me, as I can highly recommend them to any person afflicted as my boy was." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid for 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Sneeze and Blow. That is what you must do when you have catarrh in the head. The way to cure this disease is to purify the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine soothes and heals the inflamed surfaces, rebuilds the delicate tissues and permanently cures catarrh by expelling from the blood the scrofulous taint upon which it depends. Be sure to get Hood's.

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A STRANGE CASE

Eye Trouble Which Developed Into Running Sores. DOCTORS SAID IT WAS CONSUMPTION OF THE BLOOD, AND RECOVERY WAS LOOKED UPON AS ALMOST HOPELESS—DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS WROUGHT A CURE.

From the Herald, Georgetown, Ont. Our reporter recently had the pleasure of calling on Mr. Wm. Thompson, papermaker, at Wm. Barber & Bros. mills, a well-known and respected citizen of our town, for the purpose of acquiring the details of his son's long illness and his remarkable recovery through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Thompson kindly gave us the following information which will speak for itself: "About two and a half years ago my eldest son, Garnet, who is fifteen years old, took what I supposed to be inflammation in his left eye. He was taken to a physician, who advised me to take him to an eye specialist which I did, only to find out that he had lost the sight of the eye completely. The disease spread from his eye to his wrist, which became greatly swollen, and was lanced no less than eleven times. His whole arm was completely useless, although he was not suffering any pain. From his wrist it went to his foot which was also lanced a couple of times but without bringing relief. The next move of the trouble was to the upper part of the leg where it broke out, large quantities of matter running from the sore. All this time my boy was under the best treatment I could procure, but with little or no effect. The trouble was pronounced consumption of the blood, and I was told by the doctors that you would not come across a case like it in five hundred. When almost discouraged and not knowing what to do for the best, a friend of mine urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saying that he had a son who was afflicted with a somewhat similar disease and

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