

## Our Boys and Girls.

### GOD'S EYES.

"I cannot see," said little May,  
"How God is everywhere;  
He's with me here to-day, you say,  
And with my cousin there."

"At grandpapa's in old York State,  
And uncle's o'er the sea;  
Knows all about my dear playmate,  
Sweet little Annie Lee."

"How can He know the things we do  
When He's so far away,  
Beyond the sun and sky so blue,  
Above the stars, they say?"

"Why, sister May," quoth little Joe,  
Smiling between his sighs;  
"You surely cannot help but know  
The stars are God's own eyes."

"I do not think it strange at all  
That God knows all we do,  
Since countless eyes, so bright and small,  
Look down through Heaven's own blue."

"One night when I was all alone,  
I woke in great alarm.  
Certain I heard a ghostly moan  
That could mean only harm."

"Wishing to look out in the night,  
To know what caused me fear,  
I softly opened the window light  
To peep if foes were near."

"None were in sight, but everywhere  
God's eyes were shining bright,  
Filling the sky and earth and air,  
Dazzling the world with light."

"And one, the brightest of the train,  
Winked at me from on high;  
I crept to bed, happy again,  
Knowing that God was nigh."

—Belle V. Chisholm,  
In the Rosary Magazine.

A COW'S MOO.—A very small girl was learning to write. Her teacher ruled the slate and set her "copies," and Lucy took great pains with the pot hooks and round o's with which she began. One day the teacher set down something new for Lucy to copy: M-o-o—Moo.

"What is it?" asked Lucy, with a puzzled look.

"That is 'Moo,' the noise a cow makes, Lucy. See, it is made up of pot hooks and round o's, just what you have been learning on."

So Lucy sat down and prepared to copy "Moo," but she did it in a queer way. She made an M at the beginning of each line, and followed each M with a whole string of o's all across the slate like this: Mooo-ooo.

"But that isn't right, Lucy," said the teacher when the little girl showed her the slate. "You must copy the word as I have written it, so: Moo."

Lucy looked at the teacher's copy, and then at her own attempts, and then she shook her head decidedly. "Well, I think mine is right, Miss Jones," she said, "for I never saw a cow that gave such a short 'Mo' as you write down."—Harper's Round Table.

THE SHAMROCK LEGEND.—The adoption of the Shamrock as the emblem of Ireland is placed in the century when St. Patrick, the great apostle of Erin, was preaching to the Celts and laying the foundation for the spread of Christianity in the "Green Isle." The story goes that he was preaching one day on the hillside, and, wishing to illustrate from nature the doctrine of the Trinity to his pagan hearers, he bent down, plucked a piece of shamrock and held up its tripartite leaf as a symbol of the Almighty.—three in one.

MIND YOUR MANNERS.—A very successful business man was telling me of the number of the young people he had met with in his career, and he said that the successful man or boy had always something attractive in his manner. "It might be a kindly disposition, or the result of good breeding, but if a boy was to succeed in the present day he had to be thoughtful of the feelings of others, and very tactful in his bearing. 'Nothing,' he said, 'would more certainly ruin a lad's career than the critical disposition. If a boy came into the office and began to criticize everything he saw, and was cold with the clients, he was destined to failure from the beginning.' I had often noticed this myself, but was very much impressed with the decided opinions of this man with a very large knowledge of the world of business. A friendly, courteous manner attracts people. They want to be made to feel comfortable — 'at home,' as it is called—even in a store or an office. There is a store in the neighborhood of my home that I avoid as much as I can, for no

other reason than that the clerk makes me feel mean and uncomfortable every time I go in. The goods are all right, the prices are reasonable, and the location is convenient. But I find that I am not the only person who has been made feel mean and uncomfortable in that store, and so I can say with truth the owner of that place of business loses many dollars a year from the bad manners of his clerk.—Young People's Weekly.

A SQUIRREL'S HOT TIME.—It was not "little Miss Muffet," it was little Mrs. Wynn, who "sat on a" bench in Central Park, instead of "a tuftet"—whatever that may be. And instead of "curds and whey," she was "eating" what was far more up-to-date, some dainty like ginger-snaps. "When," not "a big spider," but a small squirrel, "sat down beside her," not Mrs. Wynn, but the squirrel, was "frightened away."

Mrs. Wynn was Harry Wynn's mamma. She was waiting in Central Park, very near the Seventy-second Street entrance, for Harry to run across the street from the little kindergarten and find her. She waited every day for him. To-day she had brought a few dainty ginger-snaps as a little surprise. For Harry was very fond of ginger-snaps.

So was Mrs. Wynn, for that matter; and as she waited she opened the little white folding bag and began to eat them, slyly, so that people passing would not see.

But, although the dainty morsels were quite unseen as they were carried to her mouth, she was found out. Somebody guessed that something good was in the hand that stole so often up to the sunny face.

A little squirrel came near and nearer, and finally jumped upon the farther end of the bench, sat himself down, and looked at her.

Mrs. Wynn knew the squirrel. They were old friends. Once when he was very hungry she and Harry had fed him twenty peanuts, by actual count!

"Why, you dear little pet," she said softly; "do you want some, too?"

The dear little pet evidently did want some, too; for after a very little coaxing, he gave a few gay flirts of his plummy tail and took the ginger-snaps held out toward him with both paws. Then he sat up and began to nibble with all his might, keeping, meanwhile, a mild eye turned upon the lady.

Now the one thing upon which Mrs. Wynn's baker prides himself is the purity of his spices. And the ginger with which he flavors his snaps is a very alert, wide-awake kind of ginger. It knows what is expected of it, and never disappoints, but makes itself felt at every opportunity.

Mrs. Wynn and Harry were fond of the little twang; but it was new to the squirrel. At first, as it entered

his empty little stomach, it served as a pleasant encouragement to appetite. But after the first pangs of hunger were appeased, a new and strange feeling came over him.

As is usual in such cases, he did not get at the right cause. He thought it was probably the result of that long scamper over the park meadow which he had taken a little while before with Aileen, his dear little sweetheart squirrel. By the way, he must coax one of these dainties from the pretty lady and bury it for Aileen.

Or, perhaps, the little hurt under his pearl-colored waistcoat came because, in thinking of Aileen, he was led to remember that little side waltz she took with his rival.

But no; Aileen's capers had often hurt him, but they had never hurt like this. And as he paused, the ginger made itself felt in a most ungrateful fashion.

He turned startled eyes upon Mrs. Wynn. She was murmuring all sorts of endearing terms to him, trying to coax him to remain until Harry's coming.

The squirrel suddenly dropped the half-eaten dainty and clasped his little arms tightly across his breast. His eyes grew frightful. He opened his mouth and gasped for breath.

Mrs. Wynn was terrified. She feared that the squirrel had gone mad, and was about to spring upon her and tear out her eyes. But, unlike little Miss Muffet, she could not move. Fear held her. She sat in dumb terror awaiting the result.

Another moment, and the little creature sprang to the ground, laid himself flat upon his smarting stomach, and dragged himself slowly along, as if he would rub out the hurt. Then he began to go faster and faster until, with electric speed, he flew across the park meadow as if a thousand furies were after him. Bits of grass and earth flew into the air behind him as he fled.

Mrs. Wynn forgot her fright. Her woman's wit understood the mystery of such flight. She was not cruel at heart, and she knew that the smart must soon be over; so she laughed out so merrily and sweetly that Harry, who chanced to be coming, said to the other children:

"That's my mamma laughing. Isn't it pretty?—most as pretty's if her was singing."

And when the story was told to him he laughed as merrily as she, and together they wondered what the little gray squirrel would tell to Aileen, his pretty sweetheart, about the little brown sweetheart which tasted so good at first, but which made the lining of his pearl-gray waistcoat feel so very hot and uncomfortable afterward. — J. C. Chandler.

A GREAT BUILDER.—The D. and L. Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is a great builder. It gives weight, adds healthy flesh, and overcomes any downward tendency of health. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., makers.

### A MIRACLE OF THE REAL PRESENCE.

Writing to a religious in Australia, the superiress of a convent in Albany relates the following extraordinary occurrence, which befell a cer-

tain good priest, from whose lips she heard the whole story. Being summoned one night to attend a dying person who lived at a great distance from the town, the priest placed the Blessed Eucharist in a pyx on his breast and rode forth into the darkness. The road was bad; a fearful storm was blowing; the horse, after going some distance, was quite exhausted, and the traveller was forced to put up at a wayside inn. After depositing his sacred charge in a drawer near his bedside, the Father betook himself to rest. Early next morning he resumed his journey and had already gone about three miles on his way, when it suddenly flashed across his mind that he had, in a most unaccountable way, forgotten to take the Blessed Sacrament from the drawer before leaving his bedroom.

Inexpressible was his dismay when he remembered that he had left the Holy of Holies unguarded at the mercy of the unbelieving household. He retraced his steps toward the hotel, full of anxiety as to what might have happened. Springing from his horse at the door he met the host, of whom he anxiously inquired whether the room in which he had slept the previous night still remained unoccupied. "Indeed, sir," excitedly replied the hotel-keeper, "I don't know what you have done to that room. We cannot get the door open, try as we will, and we can see through the keyhole that the room is full of a very bright light!" With a fervent ejaculation of thanks to heaven for this wonderful interposition the priest hastened toward the room, followed by the curious and expectant household.

Without the slightest resistance the door opened at his touch, and he threw himself on his knees before a chest of drawers, which served as a temporary tabernacle for the Lord of Hosts. Then the priest, holding the Sacred Host in his hand, addressed the assembled company with deep emotion and eloquence such as he had never possessed before, explained the doctrine and mystery of the Blessed Eucharist in burning words of faith and love, and declared that house to be blessed wherein the Lord of Heaven and earth had deigned to take up His abode and show forth his power and goodness in so wonderful a way. The humble chamber had indeed become suddenly changed into a chapel, and the crowd of bystanders into an attentive and awe-stricken audience.

In consequence of this extraordinary event every member of that unbelieving household became a child of the true Church.—Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

### TWO IRISH CITIES.

Mr. Pile, the new Lord Mayor of Dublin, is a Protestant of some section or another. But whether he is a Nonconformist or a member of the disestablished State Church, he does not profess the religion to which the vast majority of the Dublin people belong. He has been elected because he is a Nationalist of the Home Rule class, all Unionists in Dublin being proscribed while Home Rule is withheld from Ireland. In Belfast the opposite condition obtains. The Lord Mayor of that city must be a Unionist. But will Belfast elect a Catholic Unionist to the office of Lord Mayor? We might as well ask would the Orange Lodges of Ulster send delegates to Rome this year with a contribution of Peter's-pence to the Holy Father? Which is the city of sectarian bigotry—Dublin or Belfast?—London Universe.

"I'll weeds grow apace." Impurities in your blood will also grow unless you promptly expel them by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

### THE DEADLY MINE.

The terrible results of the mine explosion at Fire Creek, Va., are now being made sadly apparent. The rescuing parties are working hard at Red Ash mine in removing debris and securing the bodies of victims of the explosion. The scenes of distress among those hunting their missing friends are appalling. The work at the mine continues, and it is still impossible to give the exact number of victims or to identify all the bodies that have been recovered. The most conservative estimates of some of those connected with the mine places the number of killed at fifty-two, and there are others who insist that the number of victims will be found to reach sixty. Six more bodies were recovered early this morning, all being dead.

A report from the rescuers at the mine on Sunday was that thirty-four bodies had been rescued, twenty-nine being dead and five seriously injured. Those rescued alive are Carl Downey, John L. Day, John Elliott, John Kane and Harry Dawson.

While the surviving miners and others estimate that there are at least thirty-nine miners still entombed,



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ed, General Manager Howell says there are still in the mine only thirty-six. The estimate of the latter would indicate that there were seventy killed and five injured, as it is conceded that all still in the mine are dead.

No definite cause for the explosion has yet been learned.

### VALUE OF TIME.

How much good may be done in five minutes? How much mischief? In a recent murder trial before a western court the prisoner was able to account for the whole of his time except five minutes on the evening the crime was committed. His counsel argued that it would be impossible for him to have killed the man under the circumstances in so brief a period, and on that idea largely based his defence, the other testimony being strongly against his client. When the prosecuting attorney replied, he said: "How long a time really is five minutes? Let us see. Will his honor command absolute silence in the court room for that space?" The judge graciously complied. There was a clock on the wall. Every eye in the court-room was fixed upon it as the pendulum ticked off the seconds. There was breathless silence. The keen-witted counsel waited until the tired audience gave a sigh of relief at the close of the period, and then asked quietly: "Could he not have struck one fatal blow in all that time?" The prisoner was found guilty, and, as it proved afterwards, justly.

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### CHATS WITH THE FARMERS.

#### FRUIT CULTURE—GENERAL PRINCIPLES.

Since Canada is becoming such an extensive fruit-growing country, we feel inclined to give our farmer the benefit of the most reliable information on the subject. This week we take the liberty of reproducing an able article published in the last report of the Superintendents of "Farmers' Institutes" for Ontario.

One of the first things which determines the success or failure of any particular fruit is the climate question. With great extremes of heat and cold we yet have through a large part of Ontario, a climate which favors the successful production of most of the fruits belonging to the temperate zone—and fruits of the highest quality. The annual temperature of the different sections of the country will naturally have much to do with the successful production of the different fruits. Occasionally a favorable winter may enable a fruit to be ripened outside its usual northern limit, but the minimum temperature of the average year will determine the question as to whether certain fruits can be profitably grown or not. Thus when the mercury habitually touches 10 degrees below zero, the successful culture of peaches is practically impossible; where the point ordinarily reached is from 15 to 20 degrees below, the growing of the sweet cherry becomes a doubtful experiment, and so on with other fruits. In each species of fruit, however, there are varieties with exceptionally hardy characteristics, enabling them to withstand conditions totally fatal to the rest of the species, and it is this fact that makes the choice of varieties an extremely important point for the planter to consider. Then, within a given district there may be locations so favorable as to enjoy immunity from the more severe frosts affecting the surrounding country. The low temperature of the water in the spring will retard the growth of vegetation, and thus enable the effects of spring frosts to be escaped. In the summer the temperature at night will usually be higher on the lands adjacent to a lake, and in the fall, the warmer temperature of the water will lengthen the growing season, and less danger from the early autumn frosts exists. Experience has shown that the most favorable sites for orchards are on lands frequently sloping to bodies of water, and always a little elevated above the surrounding country. This is partly because of the influence of the water; partly from the drainage facilities; and partly because of what is known as atmospheric drainage. It is a fact familiar to most people that the colder air is, the heavier it is, and the low flat areas are usually, therefore, the first to suffer from frosts. With regard to the aspect or exposure of orchards generally, this much may be said: Near large bodies of water the most favorable exposure is on the slope towards the water. In a district away from water a northern or northwesterly exposure is the best, as the blossoming period is retarded and danger from spring frosts escaped. The slope, however, must not be too pronounced, or too cold and backward. Account must also be taken of prevailing winds, and a few words may be advisable here as to the use of windbreaks.

WINDBREAKERS.—The value of windbreaks for the orchard is a much debated question, full of pros and cons, only a brief summary of the main points will be possible here. The gradual removal of forests in Ontario has rendered the sweep of winds over the farm lands more violent and more noticeable. Winds ac-

### SPRING MEDICINES CAUSE

## Chronic Constipation.

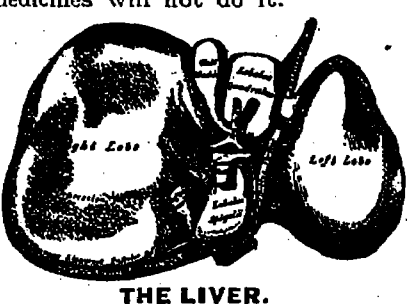
The system of the average man or woman is constantly clogged with impurities. He becomes more conscious of it as warm weather comes on. He tries to cleanse it with Spring Medicines. These deal only with results and not with the cause. So the next year he has to take the medicine again. Then he has to do so oftener. In time he becomes a constant user of purgatives and a victim of Chronic Constipation.

All this is wrong. A healthy body is not like a house to require a yearly upsetting called cleansing. A perfectly healthy body with all its organs in good order is SELF-CLEANING. IT NEVER GETS CLOGGED. It was not intended that man should once a year drench and scour the delicate membranes that line his body with crude preparations of still cruder drugs commonly called patent medicines. God has adapted Nature to the needs of His children. The changing seasons with their differences of temperature, food, etc., will give the system all the help it needs—IF THE ORGANS ARE HEALTHY. And the methods of Nature are so gentle that the man is not conscious of this cleansing. He simply knows that he FEELS WELL ALL THE TIME.

But so-called "Spring Medicines" produce a violent change which creates an inflammation and tendency to disease. The system loses the power to cleanse itself. CHRONIC CONSTIPATION results, and brings still further evils.

If you have some of the above symptoms, mark them and send them to the Doctor. He will tell you what to do to be PERMANENTLY CURED, and what the proper treatment would cost. He makes no charge for diagnosis or advice. Address DR. SPOULE, B.A. (English) Catarin Specialist, Graduate Dublin University, formerly Surgeon Royal British Naval Service, 7 to 13 Doane St., Boston.

There is only one reasonable way to treat the body. Put it into such a condition that IT WILL KEEP ITSELF WELL. This is what Dr. Sproule does. His patients after finishing treatment continue to grow stronger year by year. This is because he makes all the organs of the body work properly and in harmony. Is not that better than constant yearly dosing? But this requires special treatment for each case. Patent medicines will not do it.



THE LIVER.

1. Are you fatigued?
2. Is your complexion bad?
3. Are you sleepy?
4. Are you irritable?
5. Are you nervous?
6. Do you get dizzy?
7. Have you no energy?
8. Do you have cold feet?
9. Do you feel miserable?
10. Do you get tired easily?
11. Do you have hot flashes?
12. Is your vision blurred?
13. Have you a pain in the back?
14. Is your flesh soft and flabby?
15. Are your spirits low at times?
16. Is there a bluish tint after eating?
17. Have you a swelling in lower leg?
18. Is there throbbing in stomach?
19. Is there a general feeling of lassitude?
20. Do these feelings affect your memory?
21. Are you short of breath when exercising?
22. Is the circulation of the blood sluggish?