

## Our Boys and Girls

### BY AUNT BECKY

#### DID HE DO IT ON PURPOSE?

The owner of an old sheep-dog tells a good story of his intelligence. The collie had been much annoyed by the conduct of a neighbor's dog, which is too lazy to hunt bones for its own consumption, but greatly enjoys unearthing the treasures of others. When Dash had been deprived of several choice stores in this way he evidently meditated over the vexing matter, and at last a bright idea came to him. One day after dinner, when the neighbor's dog was out of the way, Dash began to dig a hole not far from where his master sat watching him, and in it he deposited a big and still eminently desirable bone. Then he covered it well with earth, disappeared for a moment, and came trotting back with a small bone, which had seen its best and second-best days, but was still good enough, in Dash's opinion, for a thief. The bone he laid on the earth which hid the big bone, and scraped the earth over it with elaborate care. His master had the satisfaction of knowing that the ruse was successful, for the next morning, he saw the thief hastily leaving the premises with a small bone in his mouth. Later in the day Dash reaped the reward of his wisdom as he sat munching the big bone at his leisure.—Presbyterian.

#### HOW TO GET ON.

A young man asked, "How can I get on in the world?"

1. Get at some work for which you are suited. Learn it from top to bottom. Excel in it. Know more about it than any other man, be more skillful in it than any of your competitors.
2. Save money. Begin to hoard the cents if you can not afford to lay by \$1 a week. Acquire the habit of thrift.
2. Get a good reputation for honesty, truthfulness, regularity and trustworthiness. It is business capital. Deserve it. Don't try to

deceive the world. You are sure to be found out.

4. Treasure your health. Avoid excesses of all kinds. Keep from drunkenness. Arise early. Sleep enough.

With a business experience, frugality, a good reputation and health, opportunity for advancement in prosperity are sure to come.

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#### AN INDIAN LEGEND.

An Indian story that has been handed down, and is still believed by many Indian tribes, is one about the transformation of leaves into birds. Long years ago, when the world was young, the Great Spirit went about the earth making it beautiful. Wherever his feet touched the ground lovely trees and flowers sprang up. All summer the trees wore their short green dresses. The leaves were very happy, and they sang their sweetest songs to the breeze as it passed them. One day the wind told them the time would soon come when they would have to fall from the trees and die. This made the leaves feel very sad, but they tried to be bright and do the best they could so as not to make the mother trees unhappy. But at last the time came, and they let go of the twigs and branches and fluttered to the ground. They lay perfectly quiet, not able to move except as the wind would lift them.

The Great Spirit saw them and thought they were so lovely that he did not want to see them die, but live and be beautiful forever, so he gave to each bright leaf a pair of wings and power to fly. Then he called them his "birds." From the red and brown leaves of the oak came the robins and the yellow birds from the yellow leaves, and from the bright maple leaves he made the red birds: the brown leaves became wrens, sparrows, and other brown birds. This is why the birds love the trees and always go to them to build their nests, and look for food and shade.

of gongs, the influx of visitors and bustle of attendants, prevented the absolute quiet that was so necessary. How they all longed for the lovely country home that seemed so far removed from them by all this illness and trouble. Some of them wondered if they would ever see it again.

Poor Liese was left quite alone now. Madame Bruder proposed to her to go home and remain there with only the maids—who were all kind and good—until they could all come; but Liese could not bear the thought, and begged to stay. Numerous inquiries were sent to the hotel every day as to the progress of the great violinist, and most of the visitors who were staying there came to the Bruders' private apartments every morning to hear the latest accounts. Among these were a lady and gentleman, who had often talked to the children, and when Bonny was taken ill noticed his absence.

"Where is your little brother?" the lady asked. She was fair and delicate-looking, and leaned heavily on her husband's arm.

"He is very ill, too," Liese said, with a half sob.

"That is sad for you," the lady said kindly. "Are you much alone?"

"Yes, very often. My uncle is too ill for anyone to be long with him except my aunt, and I am not allowed to see Johann yet."

"Dear me! that is very sad. Ask your aunt to allow you to come to our room so long as we remain here, which will be for a few more days. You don't mind, Robert, do you?" she asked of her husband, a grave, stern-looking man, of whom Liese felt more than half frightened.

"Not at all; I shall be pleased to see the child," he replied.

And Liese, who was very dull and lonely, gladly accepted the invitation, which her aunt was also pleased for her to have. So she went down with these friends to dinner, and afterwards to their room for the rest of the evening.

They talked a great deal about the invalids, and Liese told them how kind and good the Herr Papa was, and how everyone loved him, and how beautiful he played.

Then she went on to the concert, and they were deeply interested when she told how Johann wanted to play for the Herr, and how he stood up before all the people and failed.

"He seemed so sure he should be able that I couldn't understand it at all," Liese went on. "I was very frightened at first, but Johann was much worse when the time came. And then afterwards, you know, Herr Papa found that he was quite deaf, and that was the reason he played badly. Then Herr Papa was obliged to play, and he was taken ill again, after he had been getting better so nicely. Johann never seemed the same after that evening he tried to play, and I believe he has been fretting about it so that he has made himself ill. My aunt thinks so, too."

"He is very fond of his father?" the gentleman inquired.

"Oh, yes," Liese replied. "He will do anything for Herr Papa; but then you know, everyone is fond of him. Johann is not fond of many people, and he can be very disagreeable when he likes," and then Liese told them of the way he served the doctor a long time ago; "but if Herr Papa only looks at him Johann runs to him directly. That's how it is he played so well, because Herr Papa had taught him, and Johann would practise all the day to please him."

"He did play beautifully," Liese went on. "Everyone said it was wonderful, but now he never touches his violin."

"Poor little fellow, it is very sad for him," the lady said.

"I think it is dreadful!" Liese said warmly. "I don't know what he will do when he gets well, because he was always playing or listening, to Herr Papa, and he can't do either now."

"Perhaps he'll become a composer, and so find amusement," the lady replied. "Herr Bruder is your uncle, is he not?"

"Yes," Liese answered. "But we always call him Herr Papa, and my aunt we call 'mütterchen' (little mother)."

"Little Johann is your cousin, then?"

"Yes."

"But you both speak English as well as German, how is that?"

"My father was English, and I lived in England till after my parents both died. Then Herr Papa brought me here. Johann had lived in England too, I think, when he was a baby."

"If he had English nurses he might have learned both languages equally well," the gentleman remarked. "He evidently inherits his musical talent from his father."

"Yes."

"Do you know," the lady said suddenly to Liese, "when we first saw him he reminded us very strongly of a little boy we lost."

"Did he die?" Liese asked sympathetically.

"We do not know," the lady replied.

"Don't you think Liese would like to come out a little while and see the shops lighted up?" the gentleman said quickly. "It is a beautiful evening. You might get her to choose a doll."

"Just as she likes," the lady said languidly. "A little stroll would not hurt me, perhaps."

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE BREAKING OF THE CLOUDS.

One day Bonny, who had been asleep a long time, woke up and looked all round him. Madame Bruder was standing by his bed.

He looked at her a great many times very curiously. At last he said—

"Little mother, I have had a bad dream."

She stooped down and kissed him tenderly.

Again he lay still, with a curious absent expression on his face.

Suddenly he jumped up, and asked her quickly—

"Where is Herr Papa?"

Madame Bruder pointed to the room beyond, and smiled.

"I did dream it, then," he said.

"A man came and said he was to play, but Herr Papa was ill, and the doctor told me a secret: that if he played he would die. Then he said I could play for him, and when I tried to play I could not, and they drove me away, and called out that Herr Papa was to come. They sent him who took Herr Papa away, and when they brought him back he was dead."

"It is a dream, my child," Madame Bruder said, speaking slowly, and hoping that Bonny would understand.

He looked all round the room again and terror came into his eyes.

"This is not home; what is it?" he cried.

"We are going home when you are well."

Bonny seemed only partly to understand. She repeated the words. He moved his head. "Yes," he echoed, "going home."

Madame signed to him to talk no more.

One more question he would ask—"Where is Herr Papa?"

The little mother replied as before.

"Take me to see him."

"Not yet."

"You are sure they didn't kill him?"

"He will come and see you very soon."

The child turned over with a heavy sigh, and presently closed his eyes in sleep again. After that he slept a great deal, and was quiet and was quite and tractable when he awoke. When Madame Bruder spoke to him, he generally understood and answered, from which she gathered that his deafness was not so complete as they had supposed, and that with the aid of his eyes he would soon get to follow anything said to him.

One day, when he woke from his usual morning nap, his slowly opening eyes fell on a figure standing by his bed. The child uttered a little cry of joy—

"Herr Papa! Herr Papa!"

"My little Johann."

Bonny looked at him curiously. "Did you say 'My little Johann'?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Herr Papa, I heard you then."

"Thanks be to God, the child is getting better, and if he may get better he may get well, perhaps," the professor said devoutly.

Bonny reached out his hand to be taken by the Herr Papa's.

Then he feebly dragged him on to the bed.

"Herr Papa, did you play to the people that dreadful night?"

"Why, yes, Johann; you know that."

"Yes, I remember: Liese and I sat alone while you were gone. I knew you would never come back, and I would not go to bed."

"But I did come back, you see."

"But you were ill, and I knew you would die, and now you are not going to, are you? It is all right now, is it?"

"I am getting quite well."

"Oh, Herr Papa, why did the doctor say if you played it would kill you. I did think he knew, and I thought it must come like he said. Doctors don't know anything."

The professor laughed. "Poor little one," he said tenderly, "you did not want Herr Papa to leave you."

"I can't be without you," Bonny said. "I can't, Herr Papa, and I won't."

"Hush, my little one," the professor said; "you know not what you say. We will talk of this another time. But God has been good and restored us both."

"To play our new piece together," Bonny said eagerly. "Herr Papa, could you play me a dear little soft piece of music, like you used in the evenings at home?"

The professor looked doubtful. The child seemed so happy that he did not want just now to bring back the sadness of his inability to hear plainly.

But Bonny was hungry for music. Think how long he had been without it, and for the last four years music had been as much a part of his daily life as food is to all of us. Now that the misery of these last few days had given place to joy, he wanted only this one thing to complete his happiness. Alas, poor child! How unspeakably great the loss to him of even a part of his hearing!

Herr Bruder sent for his violin and began to play a soft, sweet melody. Bonny listened delightedly.

"Herr Papa," he said presently, "you are playing louder than you generally play that."

Herr Bruder stared at him incredulously. Then he took up Bonny's own violin and gave it to him.

"Play it yourself, Johann, and show me the way you can do so," he said with a smile.

Bonny raised himself up and took the violin in his thin white hands. With trembling fingers he drew the bow across the strings, but gradually the melody bewitched him, and he forgot everything, weakness and purpose, doubtless, of finally directing the Church in matters of doctrine, so that when Christ is run out of France the Sacrifice of the Mass will be succeeded by orgies of the flesh.

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#### A Southern Presbyterian Speaks of the Catholic Church

We have commented several times on the silence of the press of Boston on this French matter. We recommend to the attention of Boston editors an editorial which appeared in a recent issue of the News and Courier of Charleston, S.C., the editor of which, Mr. J. C. Hemphill, is one of the best known Presbyterians in the Palmetto State. We make the following extracts from this editorial:

"Appeal as we may to our religious prejudices, and rejoice as some of us are accustomed to do at the discomfiture of the priests in this case, because our fathers also passed through the fires of persecution for righteousness' sake, there is no mistaking the true tendency of the revolutionary conditions in France."

"If it were only the Roman Catholic Church, the outcome of the struggle would not greatly distress some of the separated brethren at least. It is not the Roman Catholic Church, however, but Christianity, that is at stake. . . . It does not make the least difference, therefore, whether we believe in the Pope or not, nor what our denominational views may be, . . . the fight in France is at the bottom of the fight of the Christian world, whatever the regiment or division or branch of the service to which we belong. The Protestants have as much at issue in this struggle, in principle, as the Roman Catholics. They will not lose so much in property, their churches, or meeting-houses, and schools and seminaries and asylums will not be seized and confiscated by the State—this time, they may even profit to a certain extent by the heavy hand which is laid on the Catholic temples and means of religion; but the State is setting a precedent which will in time affect all religious societies in the freedom of their worship and the security of their property."

It is urged by the Government that the present aggressive measures have been resorted to only to bring about separation between Church and State. That is a plea that would deceive the very elect, but it is absolutely without foundation. The fight in France is for no other purpose than the subjection of the Church to the absolute control of the State in all matters relating to the freedom of worship, for the present, with the purpose, doubtless, of finally directing the Church in matters of doctrine, so that when Christ is run out of France the Sacrifice of the Mass will be succeeded by orgies of the flesh.

"This is, we believe, a true representation of the religious side of the controversy that must appeal to the sympathy of all who confess the name of Christ, whatever their denomination; but there is another side that reflects indelible disgrace upon the national honor of France and the business integrity of her people. At the time of the French Revolution the Church passed through a great crisis. Its property, to which the title was as perfect as

the title to any other property in the country, was confiscated and turned to all sorts of profane uses. After the Revolution had passed, the French Assembly pledged the State to make some return to the Church for the property which had been taken from it by providing for the support of the clergy and the maintenance of worship, the sum appropriated for this purpose only equaling, however, about one per cent. on the value of the property confiscated by the State. The agreement thus voluntarily entered into by the representative body of the French people was the basis of the Concordat between the Church and the State in the time of the great Napoleon, and lasted for one hundred years through all the political changes which have come to France. During this period there were many threatened and actual departures from both the letter and spirit of the agreement, the State steadily all the while encroaching upon the prerogatives of the Church until finally the Concordat was broken flatly by the State. There was never in the history of the world, we believe, a more conspicuous example of national perfidy and dishonor.

"What will be the outcome of the present struggle in France nobody can tell, but the aggressions of the State are so outrageous that we, who are descendants of those who passed through the fires of persecution, must sympathize with the Roman Catholics in their resistance to the materialistic hosts which have apparently very nearly accomplished the overthrow of Catholic France. The issue is deeper and more far-reaching than the suppression of priestly influence: it touches the very life of the Christian religion. If it can be settled only by revolution, the Church should not shrink from the struggle in which event many a so-called heretic will be found near the colors, because, whatever we may say, Christianity by whomsoever taught, is better for the world than infidelity.—Sacred Heart Review.

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