

to save her mother from actual

Mrs. Blandford, than that. You see, and by rent- take care of James is old

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for an elegant Ethel, he- insisted upon her shall. "But tell this house for in suspense a

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used before Ethel motions. is for the best, I'll marry this, you must tell er love him."

I would not the world unless I think it would accept his offer, willing I'll write tell him his offer an honorable man Catholic. You ck to the Church as well as our-

arm around her between her soba

of God, I will give him be given. Write to tell him that I ly never shall trusting in be- come his wife

s. Blandford trow her financial em- he did not realize daughter to make ct, she thought it's happiness as fort of her other and permitted Mr. be even consider- money lender been accepted, old name the day which must take

hours before the laying her sor- Our Lord, and ion of the Bless-

or called at Mrs. ed for Ethel, en- eaching heart, er, fearing her be sufficient to re the fearful or-

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ous that she to the old gentle- m to give her a He was so infatu- that he was almost anything n took his depart-

a heroine, for she fice not for a few y for life. She was rone enough to he had taken up-

suffer to spare ters and brothers, n, in spite of her eeks faded, her d she became ill, alarmed, but still secret buried in de- on which filled de- load heavy enough months passed, and named the day Finally, when Mr. ait no longer, she mother.

Page 6.)

THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1905.

# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

I know you are all enjoying your Christmas holidays to your hearts' content. I am anxiously awaiting letters telling about the good things Santa Claus brought and how you have spent your vacation. Remember to mail your letters so that they will reach this office every Saturday. A very happy New Year to you all.

Your loving friend,

AUNT BECKY.

The following was written by a little girl who enjoys the utmost confidence in Santa Claus, as her letter will testify:

Dear Santa Claus:

I want a doll and carriage, Santa, and tea table and stove and a sleigh and a blackboard and a box of candy and a picture book and a new dress and that is all. My name is

GEORGIE M.

Dear Aunt Becky:

We had a Christmas tree at our house. Uncle Jack dressed up as Santa Claus. The little ones really believed it was Santa and were awfully afraid. I got two books, a pair of skates, a tuque and sash, besides some nice things from my little friends. I hope you are well, and wish you a happy New Year.

HATTIE M.

Aultsville.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am having a lovely time. I got for Christmas a sleigh, a pair of moccasins, a book, a pair of snow-shoes, and lots of candy. We have a large yard and papa made a slide, so I tell you I will be sorry when school opens again. I wish you a happy New Year.

Your little friend,

CHARLIE.

Ottawa.

Dear Aunt Becky:

We spent Christmas at grandpa's. We had to drive four miles from the station. Uncle Ned came to meet us with a lovely big waggon and pair of horses. There was a big crowd of us, fourteen in all. You see we like to all be together that day, for we do enjoy ourselves so. Grandpa's house is a great big place. The rooms are so large we have lots of room to play. There is a big open fireplace in the dining room, where a whole log can be put in, and it was jolly to sit around and listen to stories. We had a lovely Christmas tree, and grandma must have had a lot of work to fix it up as she did. I guess this is long enough for this time.

Your friend,

FLORENCE.

Vanklees Hill.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I suppose you would like to know how I spent Christmas. We had a family gathering at our house. My grandma and aunts and uncles came in from the country, and we were so glad to see them. My brother got a toboggan and a book, the baby got a lovely dress, a doll and a rubber ball, and I got skates, a ticket for the rink, a bracelet and two boxes of candy. I would like to know what the other boys and girls got.

BEATRICE.

St. Urban street, city.

A HEROIC BOY.

You boys don't want to be braves; you want to be true heroes, like Sir Samuel Baker and General Gordon. Let us then try to find out what true bravery is, and how a boy may be brave.

Dr. Thomas Arnold was sent to a boarding school when twelve years old. His mother had taught him to kneel by his bedside every night and pray. He was put into a dormitory with forty or fifty other boys. Some of them were bad boys, and the rest were cowards. But Thomas was no coward. In the midst of the noise and confusion he quietly knelt down by his cot to say his prayers.

"See that young Pharisee!" cried a big bully, and threw his pillow at him. The rest followed suit, for they were afraid of the bully. Forty pillows were hurled at the brave young Christian. But he finished his prayer, and without a word of rebuke or remonstrance went to bed.

This was repeated night after night. At length the boys who had been taught to pray at home mustered courage, one by one, to imitate Arnold's example, and in less than a month that dormitory was as quiet at bedtime as a church. The boys who did not pray themselves

were compelled to respect the rights of those who did. Here we see the test and triumph of true courage.

That boy dared to do right. And by his patient continuance in well doing he conquered. He was a hundredfold more a hero on his knees amid the shower of pillows than a soldier on a battle-field amid a shower of bullets. The soldier is excited by the novelty of the scene. He thinks, too, that he may escape, since only a certain percentage of an army falls in battle. But young Arnold had nothing to excite or sustain him but his faith in God. He knew that every scoff and every pillow was aimed at him. He was naturally sensitive, and felt keenly the injustice and cruelty of his school fellows; and yet he never flinched. No wonder that he grew up a grand man and one of the noblest teachers of the young the world has ever seen.

WHEN PUSS WAS TOO LATE.

A very beautiful cat, carried in infancy from some remote village in the Apennines, was given to the Italian captain of an oil-tank steamer which ran between Savona and Point Breeze, Philadelphia. In the course of time she presented the ship with a family of kittens, who were less than a month old when the Philadelphia docks were reached. Like the other sailors, Pussy went ashore, and when the Bayonne was loaded and ready to depart, could not be found. Search was made in vain about the wharves: captain Huga was compelled not only to sail without her, but to take charge of her abandoned infants.

Two days later the prodigal came back. Another and a larger boat filled the Bayonne's place. Repentant and dismayed she visited every steamer in the docks. Then, convinced that her indiscretions had made her both homeless and kittenless, she took up her quarters in a watch-box and patiently awaited Captain Huga's return. Week followed week, scores of barks arrived, and were each in turn anxiously inspected; and still undiscouraged by repeated disappointments, she bravely kept her post.

At last the Bayonne was sighted and there was no need this time to hunt for the cat. There she stood, quivering with agitation, on the extreme edge of the wharf, as the little craft plied its way along the river.

The captain's black dog, Pussy's old friend and companion, barked his furious welcome from the deck. The sound increased her excitement, and when the steamer was still twelve feet from the docks, she cleared, with flying leap, the intervening space and, mid the cheers of the crew, ran straight to the captain's cabin, where she had left her kittens two months before.—Agnes Repplier, in the Weekly Welcome.

THE LITTLE SISTER OF ROARING TOPHET

The puppy, meanwhile, was busily engaged in gnawing the huge bone she had brought him from the bear's den; but, however, unmindful of "les convenances," for ever and anon he looked up from his breakfast to glance at both his friends in turn, wagging his tail.

"Now, little one," said Morgan, with that charming manner which won him friends in every class of life. "Is Towzer your dog? What were you doing in the bear's den, and what is your name?"

"Well," she answered sedately, flushing a little and answering his last question first. "My name is Honor Jackson and I live with my uncle down by the Trinity. Sometimes when the river's up it gets pretty wet down by our house, I can tell you, sub."

"I never saw the Trinity yet when it had water enough in it to do an honest day's washing," said Morgan.

"Oh, sometimes it's high when it rains, an' rains, an' rains," she answered. "Then they say in this country 'That's 'ceptual weather'!" It's always been like that since I

came from Alabama, so I don't see as its very 'ceptual, 'less its 'ceptually bad!' with a fine scorn for the Texas climate fully reciprocated by her auditor.

"Well," she went on, "found the puppy one day, or I reckon he found me. Yo' see, I sell soap to people in the Park. Aunt makes it, an' I'm such a dreadful 'spense to her I try and sell it. My mother was Aunt's husband's sister, and we lived in Alabama. When mother died Uncle came and fetched me out hyah. He an' Aunt are awful good to me, an' it must be hard for Aunt to have a girl to look after. She got six boys of her own, but there only has to be clothes for one—the biggest, 'cause they can just go down the line like stair steps. Yo' see, one pa' trowsers is just like the sins in the Bible, unto the third and fourth generations. I can't weah trowsers and have to have a dress every now and then, and there's no little girl to descend it to. I heard Mrs. Carter next door say 'twas a pity Aunt had me for she had all she could 'ten to before I came. But Aunt is sweet, she said, 'Oh, you've no idea how Honor helps me! We wouldn't do without her. You've no idea what a blessing a little girl is in a house full of boys!' Wasn't that nice?—Of cose she said it because she thought my feelings would be hurt. Aunt is such a dear lady! Well, I was ovah hyah tryin' to sell soap one day an' I saw the puppy. He was littleah than he is now, an' thinah and very peaked lookin', and I couldn't help saying 'poah doggie!' Then he 'dopted me. I always wanted to be 'dopted myself, an' often wished I could follow somebody home—somebody with kind twinkling eyes like yoah's sub, who had a little girl oldah than me, so I could weah her clothes an' not be an expense."

"When Mistah Puppy 'dopted me, waggin' his tail and lookin' so pleased with himself, I didn't know what to do. I couldn't bear to disappoint him, but I knew Aunt couldn't have him at home. There wouldn't be anything like enough to feed a dog, for the boys eat up every bit, like that story my father used to tell, 'bout the 'Savage on the plains of Timbuctoo. Ate a missionary skin, bone an' hymn book too.'"

Morgan, who had been spellbound at so much youthful eloquence, laughed at Macauley's famous couplet, given in a soft Southern accent, and Honor smiled as she went on:

"It was right hyah that the puppy 'dopted me an' the old beah was snarlin' in his cage. His bones didn't seem to suit him, an' at last he grabbed one an' threw it out of the cage, far enough so that doggy picked it up and ran off with it. Then I watched my chance an' slipped away. I thought 'bout him pretty neah all night, and when I came by heh next day, hyah he was again. He looked hungrier than before, an' I thought he'd eat me up, he was so glad to see me. That day there was a bone stickin' out of the beah's cage and I took it for Mr. Puppykins. It seemed mean to steal from a beah, didn't it? But he's such a mean old beah, and he had lots of meat every day—more than he wanted—and my puppy never had any. I gave Mistah Beah a lot of acorns to make up to it, an' ran away from my doggie again while he was eating."

"After that I came every day to get him a bone, and he is always hyah waiting for me. If I can manage to save him any bread, co'se I do, an' he's always mighty glad to see me. Sometimes it's rather scary when I have to crawl way under the bars to reach a bone, but the beah's mos' generally asleep an' I manage to do it somehow. I say my prayehs an' slip in jus' as quiet an' I've nevah failed my puppy yet. He's such a dear little doggie," she concluded, and the puppy looked up from his bone and wagged a frantic tail with grateful zeal.

"I think you're a very dear little girl," said Morgan. "I haven't any little girl or anybody to take care of me. I wish you'd adopt me; won't you?"

"I wish I could," said Honor. "Yo' couldn't come an' live at Aunt's, could yo', sub? If you could only live on bones, I'd get yo' one of the big beah's every day, just like I do my puppy. But I'm afraid you wouldn't like them, they're so messy. It makes me feel queeah to touch them sometimes," and she gave a shiver of disgust. "But I'd do it for yo' if yo' liked."

"You blessed kid!" Morgan's voice choked. "Would you really go into that horrible den for me? I wish I had you and the pup and all yours for your sweet sake up at Tophet ranch, where there's plenty to eat and drink and God's sunshiny to see and pure air to breathe. Would you come, little one?"

"Don't I wish I could!" she sighed. "Is it country, really country, with grass an' trees an' birds? I'd love to go but I couldn't leave Uncle. Yo' see he's too sick to work much an' I have to wait on him an' help Aunt darn an' mend an' sell the soap. I'm afraid 'twould hardly be polite to leave her 'way down hyah in Texas, when she's done so much fo' me. Maybe Uncle would get well up thah. Aunt couldn't go too, could she? She could keep yo' alls house. You've no idea what a fine housekeeper she is; she keeps the pantry so nice and clean," this last with such a commendatory air, as if it was the grande finale, that Morgan laughed. Then as there rose before him a vision of the ranch kitchen with its untold areas of grime, horror to his fastidious eyes:

"By jove!" he exclaimed, "that's the very thing! If you'll adopt me and Roaring Tophet, we'll take the whole family there, Uncle, Aunt, the boys and Towzer."

"Oh, will yo' really?" Her eyes were dark with excitement. "Really an' truly! How perfectly beautiful! Come an' see Uncle right away an' see if he'll go. It'll be the loveliest Christmas present any little girl ever had. 'Co'se I'll 'dopt yo' if yo' want me to, but what'll I 'dopt you, as, sub? I'm rather young to be a motheh, amn't I?"

Morgan laughed again. "Well, I'm afraid that role would be a bit incongruous, little one, though you're far more motherly than many society mothers. Suppose you 'dopt me as a brother. Be a sister to me, Honey. How would that do? Roaring Tophet's little sister, eh?"

"If Aunt'll only let me," she sighed eagerly. "Come and let's ask her."

Colorado's bracing breezes are bringing health to "Uncle's" pale cheeks; "Aunt" reigns supreme as queen of the ranch, whose pantry shines with cleanliness and order; the boys are hearty and happy, and Towzer, the most jubilant of dogs, sleek and well fed, but happiest of all are John Morgan and his almost constant companion, dearer every day, the little sister of Roaring Tophet.—Mary F. Nixon-Roulet, in the New World.

New Official Vatican Edition of Plain Chant Will Soon be Published.

It is not quite certain, but it is very probable, that some time in January the first sheets of the new typical edition of Plain Chant will issue from the Vatican printing press. This will not only contain the official version of the music of the church, but it will constitute the most perfect scientific work on Gregorian Chant ever produced.

The Benedictines appointed by the Holy Father to edit it have worked to such good purpose since the publication of the last pontifical decree on the subject, that there is hardly a known manuscript of authority which has not been photographed, and carefully studied by them, and their latest researches have only served to confirm the accuracy of their previous studies and publications.

It may be well to repeat that any responsible publisher may obtain permission from the Holy See to bring out editions of the new and authorized version. Thanks to the generosity of the Benedictines, the Holy Father has been enabled to put an end to the monopoly of publishing rights, and he is very desirous that copies of the official chant of the Church may be placed within the reach of the faithful at the least possible cost.

MECCA AND LASSA.

Mecca is the only remaining parallel to Lassa. The former city still shrouds itself in a veil of mystery. Burckhardt, and later Sir Richard Burton, carrying their lives in their hands, lived in this city, the latter mingling unobserved with its inhabitants and taking part in religious rites with its pilgrims. Both Mecca and Lassa have many points of interest in common. Each respectively is a point of pilgrimage for converts to the two great religions of the East—Mohammedanism and Buddhism, the one as the birthplace of Mohammed receiving 100,000 pilgrims annually. Both contain wonderful temples, and both, behind their closed gates, have also been centres of indescribable filth, squalor and vice.

The final test of a state or a city or community is not its outward appearance, prosperity or numbers, but the quality and character of its men and women; the virtue and intelligence, the ethical and spiritual perfection of its people.—Rev. F. L. Phalen.

## The Madonna of the Streets.

Outside all was cold and dreary. A heavy fall of snow had enveloped the country in a mantle of virgin whiteness, and night was already drawing her curtains over a tired and drowsy world. It was Christmas eve, and faithful old Santa Claus was doubtless then busy on his rounds, his great big heart overflowing with joy at the thought of the happiness which his visit would bring into many hitherto sad homes.

In a window recess at his bachelor quarters on Emerald avenue, stood Signor Mascanti, the famous artist, over whom New York society was wild with enthusiasm. His pictures had taken prize after prize, both at home and abroad, his name was now in everybody's mouth and his work demanded by connoisseurs of Europe.

To-night, as he looked listlessly out at the snowy country, he realized that it was again the feast of Christmas—the world's glad, happy day, and yet he was lonely. On no day of the whole year did his loneliness come home more strongly to him than at this time when all the rest of the world was rejoicing.

This evening he was thinking of his past, of his struggles, failures, but final achievements, of the great sensation his last picture produced at the Galerie des Beaux Arts, Paris, and of many incidents connected with its painting.

Then an inspiration came to him and he gazed fixedly at the star-dotted skies, as though expecting some heavenly messenger to come and help him in his thoughts.

Suddenly a voice broke the stillness. It was outside, and was that of a woman singing. It did not disturb him, however, for as yet it was too far away. But gradually the sounds approached, soft, flute-like notes, borne upon the frosty air.

Signor Mascanti lowered his eyes. He threw open the window. The crisp December air was bitterly cold, and yet, out in the forsaken streets of that big city a poor woman was singing. Surely she was more lonely than he, and poor and unhappy, for, else she would not throw herself upon the mercy of a cruel and selfish world.

She had stopped singing for a while and the artist fancied he heard a child's faint cry. But now she was opposite his window and the light from the door-lamp fell full upon her.

The great painter was almost stunned. He clutched the side of the window with one hand, and with the other brushed an imaginary haze from before his eyes.

The woman, in a soft mezzo-soprano voice, was singing the "Adeste Fideles." She was dressed from head to foot in black, and carried in her arms a little child. That she was beautiful there could be no mistake, but it was not an ordinary beauty. Her face had a sad, soulful expression, Madonna-like in its purity.

As the Signor looked earnestly at her, his own soul awakened, and his inspiration of a moment previous came back to him, and he prayed God to help him give the world such a Madonna on canvas.

"Venite Adoremus, Venite Adoremus, Venite Adoremus Dominum," she sang.

The hymn was finished and the vision was about to depart when Signor Mascanti sprang to the door. It took him but a second to reach the lonely wanderer, and in the most respectful tone addressed her.

"Madame, I have been listening to your singing. Your voice has brought strange joy to my heart. Tell me how I can assist you and spare you further unhappiness?"

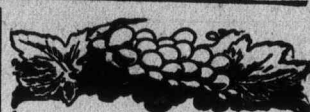
"Unhappiness," she said, in the gentlest of tones. "Ah, yes, good sir! I am unhappy—very unhappy. My husband is dying. He may be now dead," she whispered quickly, drawing her shawl closer about her sleeping baby, and making a step to go on.

"But," continued the Signor, "you are cold and shivering, and need food at this moment. I beg you will accept the hospitality of my housekeeper while I go in search of a doctor. By the time I get back you will be refreshed and you can accompany the physician to your home."

A look of gratitude out of two tired but beautiful eyes was answer sufficient for him, and gently he led her up the steps into the cosy, warm parlor.

Calling the housekeeper, he left the trio and hastened for the doctor.

The next day was Christmas, but unlike other years Signor Mascanti was not lonely. This good act of the night before rewarded him by a



## Fruit is Nature's Laxative.

Fruit contains certain principles which act like a charm on the liver—and keep the whole system well and strong. But these principles in the fruit juices are too weak to have any marked effect on the internal organs. The value of

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lies in the secret process by which they are made. The fruit juices are so combined that they have an entirely different effect from fresh fruit. Their action is the action of fruit greatly intensified. They have a marked effect on the liver—toning it up—making it active. "Fruit-a-lives" are, without doubt, the only complete cure for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles. 50c. a box. At all druggists. FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.

new feeling of contentment. He went to High Mass and heard again the Adeste Fideles. The choir was a trained one and the music skillfully rendered; but somehow the soprano had not the angelic sweetness of his Madonna of the Streets.

To the poverty-stricken little home he went after Mass and found happy faces and a Christmas greeting.

The young husband, saved from death by the unusual bravery of his wife and the timely visit of the doctor, was amusing his 4-year-old boy who had climbed up beside him on the bed.

The mother, all anxiety now banished from her pure countenance, was preparing the Christmas dinner, "sent," she said to her husband, "by this good gentleman."

The artist looked at them and envied them in their humble home. Pictures of that other home in Nazareth came up before him, and the desire to paint something sacred again seized him, and he gave heed to the inspiration.

He told the little family who he was; asked and received their consent to pose as his models, and thus, the world is richer of two immortal paintings of the great Mascanti, "The Home at Nazareth," and "The Madonna of the Streets."—Mary Josephine Lupton, in New World.

THE SPY SYSTEM RAMPANT.

The epidemic of talebearing during the last ten years is now proved to have spread with cancerous growth to every department of French public life. Subordinate officers in the army and navy and petty employees all over the country have been in the habit of furnishing confidential slips concerning the private affairs and domestic habits of their superiors.

The evil has so honeycombed officialdom and bureaucracy that national indignation is thoroughly aroused, the crowning clap of all coming this week in the shape of secret reports about President Loubet himself and his excellent wife, alleged to be furnished by a major of artillery, in which the President was described as being too tolerant and Mme. Loubet denounced as being "very clerical."

General Florentin, in his capacity as Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, has decided to bring before a court-martial all the officers under his jurisdiction implicated in the shop-backstairs business of talebearing.

INVENTOR'S WORK.

The following Canadian and American patents have been recently secured through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

Information relating to any of these will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

CANADA.

Nos. 90,678—Paul Wagret, Escapant, France. Bottle transporters for glass works.

90,789—Omeril Tardif, Plessisville, Que. Planing Mill.

90,740—James Walsh, Huntingdon, Que. Gate.

90,741—Messrs. H. Slater and J. Carpenter, Lachute, Que. Block turning lathes.

UNITED STATES.

777,917—Eben Perkins, St. John, N. B. Nail making machine.

778,042—Frederick Kaltenbach, Vancouver, B.C. Car coupling.

778,058—James Millar, Lyn, Ont. Land marker.

778,668—Messrs. T. Hudson and J. A. Duncan, Sherbrooke, Que. Friction Let-off mechanism for looms.

The Inventor's Adviser is just published. Any one interested in patents or inventions should order a copy.