

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

I know you all joined in the joyous allusions of Easter; and though some of you are almost too young to understand the true import of the great feast, still the greater number of the readers of the corner have some idea of the meaning of the triumphant resurrection of our blessed Lord, He Who was always so tender to the little ones and who was never too occupied with greater things to take notice of the children who loved to cling about His knee. Perhaps you will write accounts of how Easter day was observed in your different churches and how you were impressed.

Your friend, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have seen all the letters in the True Witness, and I thought I would like to write too. I go to convent, but did not go this year because I was sick. I have one little sister. She is nine years old. She is going to make her first Communion next year. Hoping to see my letter in print, I remain

Your little friend, AGNES.

Montreal, April, 1905.

DO BABIES PAY?

"Do Babies Pay?" is the subject that is being discussed by some of the editorial writers of the day.)

Each night when I go home from work,

Tired with toil of day, A little tot is waiting me To drive the cares away.

"Here comes papa!" aloud she cries—

Her chubby hands raised high—"O doody, doody, papa's home!"

I hear as I draw nigh, And then she toddles down the walk And meets me at the gate.

And I forget I'm tired out When she begins to prate:

"O, papa, I'm so glad you come—I sink you're awful nice—

Say, papa, how much did I cost, And am I worth de price?"

She tells me what a "splendid time" She's had "wif dolls and toys"—

A perfect little chatterbox Chock full of life and joys.

And every evening, she and I, When supper time is o'gin,

Can hardly wait until we've had A romp upon the floor.

And when her mamma interrupts With baby's little gown,

She cries, "O, mamma, lookee here! I've dot my papa down!"

Then as we tuck her in her bed, She says, "Tome tise me twice—

And, papa, how much did I cost, And am I worf de price?"

—Denver News.

FOUND OUT.

(Louise J. Strong, in the Classroom.)

"I am sorry, Miss Dilsey, but the boy is too small. He could not do the work required to fill the place."

The doctor spoke kindly, but decidedly.

Miss Dilsey rose, her plucked little face pale and worn, and her voice trembling somewhat, as she replied:

"Harry is older than he looks, and is quite stout. But if he could not do the work there is no more to be said. I had hoped to get something for him to do, for now that school is out he is on the street so much, and that isn't good for him."

"No, that isn't good for him," the doctor echoed, "and I'm sorry that I cannot take him." His politely escorted Miss Dilsey to the door.

When he re-entered his office his nephew Lucian stood by the table with a red, indignant face.

"Well, so you've got back, have you?" the doctor remarked, cheerily.

"Uncle Spencer, I wouldn't have believed it of you!" the boy burst out.

The doctor stared in apparent astonishment, evidently awaiting an explanation.

"I was in the other room all the time—and I couldn't help hearing!"

"You're welcome to hear anything that's said in this office. But you look as if you'd heard something that has shocked you." His uncle ventured.

"I did—and that made me ashamed of you, too. Oh, I beg pardon, Un-

cle Spencer, I oughtn't to have said that; but that poor little woman's story was so pitiful, and she'll lose her home if she can't make the payment. I think you might have helped her a little, and tried the boy. But you were so cold and unfeeling, I wouldn't have believed it!" The boy's eyes flashed with indignant excitement.

The doctor smiled composedly, saying, "I suppose you think I should have advanced her the money, and been badgered by that harum-scarum boy, who would have bothered me far more than he could have possibly helped me."

"I thought you were good to the poor—"

"I dose 'em at half price," his uncle interjected; then, with a sarcastic smile, added: "I can't carry all of them; don't expect that of me, do you? And I'm not the only fellow in this town with an income—nor in this room, either! Come, now, how sorry are you for Miss Dilsey; how many dollars' worth of pity have you for her?"

"That's different," Lucian muttered, going over to the window. Uncle Spencer winked at the back turned to him, and began to enumerate from an account book: "Saddle horse; Span ponies; club expenses; camping expedition, and Lakes—father'll have to add a few hundred to a certain boy's allowance, or he'll have to retrench; and Miss Dilsey won't be better for it, either." The doctor spoke musingly to the book, but Lucian turned defiantly.

"I don't spend a bit more than I need to! Father tells me to use all I want; and I don't see what that has to do with Miss Dilsey, anyway."

"Oh, don't you!" the doctor ejaculated. "Well, I think you're as responsible for her as I am. You've got lots the most money, you know."

Then Uncle Spencer laughed aloud in seeming enjoyment, as Lucian flung himself out and banged the door. "Nothing so easy as spending other people's money, my boy," he commented, with a sigh.

An hour later, having made sure that the coast was clear, Dr. Spencer knocked at Miss Dilsey's door.

"I'm almost ashamed to look you in the face," he said the moment the door was closed behind him. "I don't know what you thought of my unfeeling treatment of you and your troubles, but I was making an experiment. You know I have my sister's son with me for the year, while his parents are abroad; his father is very wealthy and the boy is indulged in every way. He has altogether too much money to spend for his own good. He thinks of no one but himself, and gives little, and that grudgingly. He is kindhearted, and I think generous if he could be brought to see the good he might do with his means and consider the need of others. I thought an illustration of selfishness might help him to see—knew he was in the next room. This explains my conduct. Now, Miss Dilsey, I will try to find something for Harry, and you shall have all the help you need on your payment, only do not let Lucian know, and if he should come to you, as I hope, let him have his way."

He left her in grateful tears of relief, pledged to keep his secret.

"I think the boy will ring true; I think he's the right sort of stuff," the doctor reflected, watching Lucian wistfully.

Lucian did not "ring" anything for a few days. He sulked, and scarcely spoke to his uncle more than civility demanded.

Then for a week or so he was away most of the time, saying nothing of his doings or whereabouts; and his uncle grew anxious. It was evident that his experiment had failed, and he had gained the ill-will of the boy in vain. It was a great relief when Lucian suddenly recovered his spirits and went whistling about his old self.

One day when the doctor was at leisure Lucian came to him with a request. "Uncle Spencer," he said "I wish you would ride a few blocks with me if you have time. I've a notion to make an investment in real estate, and want you to see it and advise me."

"In real estate!" exclaimed the doctor, astonished.

Lucian smiled mysteriously, but would not explain until he drew up before a neat little house with an acre of ground attached at the edge of the town.

"There, that's for sale cheap, and Miss Dilsey can turn her little place

in town on it in payment, as far as she owns it; then my 'Saddle horse, span ponies, club expenses,' etc. will pay it all off and enough left to carry out my plan for them." He quoted mischievously, laughing gaily at his uncle's surprise.

"Oh, but I was mad, Uncle Spencer," he went on, "when you showed me what a selfish, stingy hulk I had got to be! I don't think I'll need that lesson again. Look here, uncle, this is my plan; Harry has an older brother who has to be away from them now to get work. If they come here they can all be together, and that will make them happy, especially Miss Dilsey, who wants the boys with her. The boys can garden and raise poultry. Harry is pretty near as much a chicken crank as I am. We'll build good houses, and get good stock—why I'd love to be in it as long as I am here with you, and Miss Dilsey won't have to sew; she'd have enough to keep her busy just managing. There'll be plenty out of my 'retrenchments' to do at all, I think, but father'll let me have more if we need it. Say you approve, uncle, for I've set my heart on doing it."

"Approve!" Uncle Spencer grasped his hand. "It's a fine plan, sensible and manly. It helps in the best way possible by making the boys self-supporting and self-respecting. My dear boy, I felt sure you were the right sort! I can't tell you how gratified I am, and proud of you, too!"

After a little he added, soberly: "Wealth such as yours will be a great responsibility, and if you will you can make of it a source of much blessing to others. I think you have found that out, my boy."

Lucian nodded, saying, "And I like it, too. I didn't know it was so much fun spending for others, but it is; lots more than when you just put it all on yourself—folks like Miss Dilsey and the boys, anyway."

After a bit he said, slyly: "Uncle Spencer, I found you out, too. I was in the bank when Miss Dilsey presented the cheque you gave her to make that payment. I knew what it was for, if she wouldn't tell me," and he shouted at the doctor's look of chagrin.

TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

An eminent English surgeon, whose brusqueness with grown-ups recalls that of the famous Abernethy, is quite another person when children are his patients. Then he is as amiable as an angel or a big St. Bernard dog.

A short time ago, according to St. James' Budget, this gentle giant got out of his warm bed at 3 o'clock of a bitter morning to attend a tiny boy in a piteous plight from diphtheria. He performed the operation of tracheotomy, and saved the child's life.

Time went on and his general condition improved, but there was disquieting symptoms. He refused to use his voice. When he was questioned he nodded or shook his head, but would not speak. Finally the surgeon found a way. One morning he talked at his stubborn little patient.

"I'm sorry he can't speak to me, nurse," the surgeon said, "because I'm going up to London to-morrow, and shan't know whether to bring him a horse or a gun."

There was a brief silence. The surgeon and nurse waited breathlessly. Then a tiny finger stole up to a wounded throat, and a ghost of a baby voice said:

"Please, doctor, bring me a little gun!"

"BE A MAN!"

When a great man was asked as to what one thing he most attributed his success, he answered: "To the simple admonition of my father to be 'a man.' When I started to the country school he said to me, 'Jim, be a man,' and when I left for college he said, 'Good-by, Jim; be a man,' and when I left home for my life work he said, 'Well, Jim, be a man,' and when dying he gave me his feeble hand and said, 'Farewell, Jim, be a man,' and in trying to follow that brief injunction of my good father, in all places and circumstances, I have attained to all the success that God has given me."

MISLAID.

He lay on the velvet sofa—the tired little lad! And the prettiest, too, that ever a loving mother had. He had fallen asleep at supper. The others had been gone, and his mother tried to wake him—to put his nightgown on. And he answered, in voice so sleepy, his sweet blue eyes shut fast, when she asked, "Where are my slippers?" "Where—did you put 'em—last?"

A STORY OF 1837.

Many years ago, when Montreal was but a small place in comparison to what it is to-day, the principal part of the city was from St. James street down to the river side. At present that quarter is known as "Old Montreal," and there several buildings may still be seen standing like so many relics of a by-gone age. Though they are sadly worn and disfigured by the merciless hand of time and make but a sorry show when compared with the magnificent edifices of later date, yet they possess a historic grandeur and interest which more modern structures cannot boast. They awaken the imagines of departed generations and are sanctified by legends and by tales.

It is with one of these old buildings, and I must remark that, though it may savor of fiction and imagination, it is nevertheless founded on fact.

The building in question is an old rambling wooden affair, with slanting roof and very small old-time windows. It was in the pioneer days of the Dominion used as a country inn. The proprietor, old Robert Foster, was a retired non-commissioned officer of the British army. He was a goodly person, forty-five years of age and upwards, moderate in his reckonings, prompt in his payments, having a cellar of good liquor, one son and a pretty daughter.

No one could excel Robert Foster in pleasing his guests of every description, and so great was his fame that to pass by his inn without wetting a cup, would be to avow oneself utterly indifferent to one's reputation as a traveller.

The old inn-keeper had amassed quite a large fortune during his life, and at the time of which I am writing he was supposed to have been very wealthy, and this was no mere supposition, but a fact. The men around were proud of their host, and their host in turn was proud of his hospitality, his cellar, his daughter and himself. He was not proud of his son, for a more mischievous and troublesome youth did not exist, and though it was the wish of his father that his child should join the army, young Charles' inclinations did not run in that way.

In order that the lad should make himself useful in some way, his father had him employed as tapster's boy for a quarter of a year, but with mistakes, misreckonings and misdemeanors of all kinds, he was a total failure in that capacity.

But the quiet and uneventful life of the inn-keeper was to be interrupted. Stirring times were coming on, for the settlers were exasperated by bad government, and the agitation against abuses which had been interrupted by the war of 1812-14 was renewed. During this troubled time Robert was in great perturbation of mind, for if the struggle were to terminate in open hostilities, as there was every reason to believe it would, his duty required of him that he should join his regiment, fight on the side of the government, and leave his accumulated fortune at the mercy of chance. If the Government succeeded in putting down the rising, all would be well. But on the other hand, if the "patriots" were successful, he might bid good-bye to his property and his riches.

Little time was left for him to decide, so having sent his daughter to his relatives in England, he persuaded his son to join the army. There, contrary to all expectations, the youth improved wonderfully, and at last attained the rank of Captain. Robert decided to take no chances. The cloud of civil war was gathering. He dismissed his servants, and having turned most of his possessions into cash, he proceeded to put it in a secure hiding-place.

One night as he was alone in the house, he made a thorough survey of the surroundings, and being satisfied there was no one to observe his actions, he descended into the cellar, bringing with him the greater part of his valuables, amounting to about £4000 in money and jewels, with the intention of hiding them there. He placed them in a small iron chest, and taking a few stones but of the wall, he carefully sunk the chest into the cavity and blocked up the mouth so as to defy the sharpest observation. While thus engaged he heard a slight noise overhead, and looked around to discover the cause, but soon concluded it was only his excited imagination which had alarmed him. He then resumed his work, and soon after completed it.

He now swept away the fragments of stone and mortar that were lying about, and which might possibly betray his secret. Having thus destroyed all traces of his visit, he

with a lightened heart and more peaceful mind, retraced his steps upstairs and gave himself up to strange reflections. His meditations were suddenly brought to an end, however, by a loud knocking at the door. After inquiring who was there, and receiving a satisfactory answer, he opened the door, and a man in the uniform of a sergeant of the Queen's army entered.

Then came the first news of the outbreak. The settlers, despairing of getting their rights by constitutional means, had at last rebelled, under Papineau, and were assembling in great numbers around Montreal. They were fully determined to fight to the last, and the Government was equally determined to put a speedy end to the rising, and was hastily calling out its soldiers. Though Robert Foster had retired a couple of years before, yet he immediately accompanied the sergeant to the barracks and rejoined his old regiment. His mind was now at ease, for even if the settlers would win he felt that his fortune was safe, and that he could easily get it when the trouble was over.

But one thing Robert had forgotten. He did not take into consideration that he might possibly fall in battle, die suddenly, or perhaps be otherwise hindered from personally regaining his treasure, and thus be prevented from transmitting it to his descendants.

His son he could not, on any account whatever, trust, for the odds, in his mind, were that the lad would appropriate it to himself at the first opportunity. So Robert in solitary possession of his secret, went off to his regiment, feeling confident that all would be well.

The insurrection broke out on the 7th of November. The government troops met with a stout resistance, and the popular army were not defeated without much difficulty. The regulars were beaten at Chambly and St. Denis. The Canadians in turn were defeated at St. Charles and St. Eustache; and in the latter battle, one of their leaders, Dr. Chenier, was numbered among the slain.

Neither had they any better success in Upper Canada, for Mackenzie received a crushing defeat at Toronto, and was compelled to take refuge in the United States. This was about the last engagement of the war, for the insurgents were either dispersed or forced to surrender. Those who were captured were tried by court martial. Some were banished, others executed, but the majority got off easily, and in later years, when amnesties were granted, many of these exiles, even the leaders, returned and spent the remainder of their lives in Canada.

Robert Foster's regiment had been in the thick of the trouble all through, and he had himself served in seven engagements, but had come off unharmed. Now that the rebellion was over, and things had quieted down, most of the militia were disbanded and many of the soldiers returned to their homes. Robert Foster was among the number, and after the stirring times through which he had passed was glad to be again in the quiet of his inn. After his return, for some inconceivable reason, he did not take the treasure from its hiding place, but had left it there, evidently intending to remove it at some future period.

Time passed on; still the money remained hidden. At last Robert was suddenly stricken with a mortal malady and his days were numbered. The paralysis with which he was afflicted deprived him almost entirely of the use of his tongue, and it was only at very distant intervals that he could articulate at all. Robert felt that his end was approaching, so he resolved that if it were possible he would, on the very first opportunity, make his secret known to his son. When the opportunity did come, however, he was only able to make him understand that he had buried a large amount of money in the cellar. The precise spot he could not recall, for his speech failed, and he took to his bed never to rise again. Some time after his father's death, Charles determined to make a thorough search of the cellar and try if he could discover the coveted gold. He was unsuccessful, however, for it was so cunningly hidden that it would be impossible to find it unless the building were thrown down, and a thorough inspection made of the foundation walls. After searching long and earnestly without success, Charles concluded that his father must not have been in his right senses when he had given him the information.

This, however, was unlikely; but as he could not find the money, and as more searching would prove useless, he did the best thing possible; that is, he left off looking for what he could not possess, and became contented with what he had. How-

ever, in spite of this inference, he would from time to time try again to discover the location of the money. But all his efforts were in vain, and as time passed on he gradually discontinued these attempts, and in his later years he had almost forgotten about it entirely.

Charles soon married, and to his family he told the story of his father's money. He had continued on the business of the inn, and as time passed he also was on the high road to wealth. Having heard of the enormous fortunes made by speculation, he resolved to speculate. The thought took possession of his mind, and do what he would, he could not drive it away; and the end of it was that he invested his money in stocks. All went well for some time, but after the market failed, and instead of gaining a fortune as Charles had fondly hoped, he lost all he had. The inn was sold, and he was forced to leave, but he did not mention anything about the buried money, thinking that perhaps, at some future period, if it should come to light, his children might be able to prove their ownership and recover it.

The mystery is still unsolved, and the money lies there to-day, a warning to the folly of secreting money in hiding places instead of putting it into banks. Charles is dead now, but his children are living, and are in hopes that some day they may hear something about the treasure.

As many of the streets of our city are to be widened, and old buildings are being thrown down to make room for new ones, the street upon which this building is situated may be among the number to be enlarged, and if so there is every chance of his descendants hearing something about Robert Foster's money.

LIEUT. E. ROACH, St. Patrick's Cadets.

THE SAGACIOUS MULE.

When it comes to finding his way, day or night, I believe the mule has more instinct, or whatever it is that enables him to do it, than most horses have; and if it is water that is wanted, and there is any in the country to be found, a mule will find it sooner than a horse will. I have had them lead me to water where I least expected to find it. The mule could find it, though how he did it, I don't know. I rode a small sorrel mare mule many hundreds of miles, at one time or another; she was a pack mule, but was never packed. We kept her for the saddle, and of the many animals I have ridden she was by all odds the easiest one to ride, and was fast enough to run buffalo with. I have shot many of them off her back.

That mule could not be lost, no matter how dark the night was, or how wet or stormy it was, or whether she had ever been in that country before or not. If I wanted to find camp, all I had to do was to let her reins slack, then tell her to go home. She would find her way and go straight there, whether the camp was one mile away or ten; and in going to it she went as the crow flies, straight ahead, over hills that I would take her around in day time, and across a creek or river if she had to swim it.

On the march she would never stay with the pack train; all the men in it could not hold her; she travelled close up in rear of the column, and if the last file happened to be a single one, she completed it.

We followed a party of Indians that we had found down the country, stealing cattle, all one night on foot in single file, leading our horses; it was too dark to follow the trail mounted, and just before daylight we mounted and formed into line to charge through a wet bottom; as I took my place on the left of the line the mule, which had just got away from the pack train, took her place on my left and kept it while we charged across the bottom, killing one Indian; then when we had halted, the captain rode down the line to see if any of us had been killed, and wanted to know what that mule was doing here. I had to tell him that she was also charging the Indians.

I do not think that the secret has anything to do with a horse or mule finding camp. I have had a horse carry me right into camp with a high wind blowing right over him from behind him. If there was any scent that wind would have carried it away from him. A horse can see objects in the dark that a man cannot see, but if he has not seen them before they cannot help him any—Forest and Stream.

The pressure of the lake or river lies behind every faucet of the city; no religion lies back of every duty, every obligation, every relation we maintain to God and man—Rev. H. H. Clark, D. D.