

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

It knew a box where the smiles are kept,  
No matter how large the key,  
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,  
It would open, I know for me.  
Then over the land and sea broadcast,  
I'd scatter the smiles to play,  
That the children's faces might hold them fast,  
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough  
To hold all the frowns I meet,  
I should like to gather them every one,  
From the nursery, school and street,  
Then pulling and hauling I'd pack them in,  
And turning the monster key,  
I'd hire a giant to drop the box  
Into the depths of the sea.

"Nothing has given me more courage to face every day's duties and troubles than a few words spoken to me when I was a child by my aged father," said a woman lately, whose life, according to the Providence visitor, has been long and chequered with many reverses.

He was the village doctor. I came into his office, where he was compounding medicine. One day, looking cross and ready to cry.

"What is the matter, Mary?"  
"I'm tired! I've been making beds and washing dishes all day, and every day, and what good does it do? To-morrow the beds will be made and the dishes to wash over again."

"Look, child," he said, "do you see these little empty vials? They are insignificant, cheap things, of no value in themselves, but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine."

"Nobody cares for the vials, it is that which they carry that kills, or cures. Your daily work, the dishes washed or the floors swept, are homely things and count for nothing in themselves, but it is the anger or the sweet patience or zeal or high thoughts that you put in them, that shall last. These make your life."

No strain is harder on the young than to be forced to do the work which they feel is beneath their faculties, yet no discipline is more helpful.

"The wise builder watches, not the bricks, which his journeyman lays, but the manner in which he lays them."

"They also serve," said John Milton, "who only stand and wait."

As many of our boys, if not already apprenticed, will soon be thinking seriously of learning a trade, some advice on this subject will, I think, be very appropriate here. A trade is a very good thing to have and is no burden to anyone. It is better than gold and always brings a premium, but to bring a premium a trade must be perfect—not a silver-plated affair.

When you learn a trade do so with a determination to win. Make up your mind what you will be, and be it. Determine in your mind to be a good workman.

Have pluck and patience. Look out for the interest of your employer—thus you will learn to look out for your own. Do not want to be told everything. Remember and act as though you wished to learn. If you have an errand to do start off like a boy with some life. Look about you. See how the best workmen in the shop does and copy after him. Learn to do things well. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Never slight your work. Every job you do is a sign. If you have done it in ten minutes, see if you cannot do the next in nine. Too many boys spoil a lifetime by not having patience. They work at a trade until they see about one-half of its mysteries, and then strike for higher wages. And as for your own interest, and the interest of your employer were the same. Good mechanics are the people of society. They are those who stick to their trades until they learn them. People always speak well of a boy who minds his own business, who is willing to work and seems disposed to be somebody in time. Learn the whole of your trade.

The following little incident bears its own moral—  
It was on a Michigan Central train the other day, says the Chicago Tribune. A tall, fine-looking young man and a handsomely dressed woman sat just in front of a plainly dressed, sweet-faced lady of perhaps seventy years. Once in a while—pretty often—the man turned and made some remark to the elderly woman, whom he called mother, and whose eyes showed that she was proud and fond of her son. The younger woman, his wife, seemed somewhat less cordial, but she, too, once in a while, turned and dropped a word or two into the conversation.

By-and-by the porter announced that dinner was ready in the dining-car, and the young man said:  
"Well, mother, Emma and I will go now and get a dinner. You know she needs something warm. You have brought your luncheon, and I'll send you a cup of tea."

After the couple had gone, "mother" sat looking out of the window in deep thought, apparently and perhaps not altogether happy. Finally she reached under the seat, and brought out a little worn, black basket, and began fingering the ribbon with which it was tied.

Just then the train stopped at a station, the door was flung open, and a cheery-faced man stepped inside. He looked eagerly up and down the car, and his glance fell upon the old lady. "Mother!" he cried.

"John, my John!" answered the lady, and the two were clasped in a loving embrace.

"Where are Frank and Emma?" he demanded after a few moments.  
"They have gone into the dining-

car. Emma isn't strong, you know, and has to have a hot dinner."  
This last remark she repeated in answer to a curious look in John's eyes.

"And you didn't want any dinner, I suppose?" His eyes fell upon the basket. He mustn't hurt his mother's feelings, and he checked himself.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" he said. "Aren't you surprised? I found I could meet you here instead of waiting until you reached Chicago. And say, mother, isn't that the same basket that Frank and I used to carry to school? Yes, I thought so."

By this time there was a smile on the mother's face.

"Well, said John, 'I'm pretty hungry. Suppose we keep this for supper, and you come with me and get a hot dinner. No, no excuses.'"

As they left they met the other couple.  
"Hello, John! Where did you come from?"

"How do you do, Emma? Mother and I are just going to dinner."

At Chicago the people who had seen all this saw a handsome young man with a little basket on his arm, tenderly assisting a sweet-faced old lady through the crowd to a carriage. As for the other couple nobody had any eyes for them.

Under the caption, "Jack's Stratagem," the Young Catholic gives the following little sketch:

Bob Gleason was thinking hard. His hands were sunk deep in his pockets to facilitate the process, and so intent was he on the subject of his thoughts that he nearly ran into one of his schoolmates as he turned the corner.

"Hello, Frank!" he exclaimed. "You're just the fellow I'm looking for."

"I guess I must be," laughed his friend, as he jumped to one side. "What's up now? Any new plan for our Christmas eve scheme?"

"Well, not at present," said Bob; "but anyhow, it's about time that something was on foot. I've just been up to see Jack, just think of it, Frank! The best fellow in Evansville is cooped up in the house with a broken leg, and here's Christmas, one of the best times in the year, almost on us and he can't get out to have any fun. Now, what's to be done?"

Just then the school-bell began to ring and both boys ran for the school house.

Christmas eve, when it came, was what Christmas eve should be—clear, cold and chilling. By that time Bob and Frank, together with five other fellows, had arranged to dress up on the morning of Christmas eve and go around singing songs outside their friends' houses, with the intention of getting a present, and then in the afternoon to go to Jack's house. They had a glorious time in the morning, and received many presents. The procession to Jack's consisted of Bob being dressed up as a country squire with a powdered wig and long, coat-tails followed by a countryman with a large bunch of spinach on his chin, and hay protruding from holes in his hat, a "weary Willy," whose three-cornered hat had been rescued from attic oblivion, and whose pants bore evidence that they were "taken the last over the fence, then came a savage-looking Indian, an organ-grinder, his organ being a box of tin cans, whose discordant rattling furnished the music for the parade, and last of all, Frank, as Jack Frost, a long, white coat and a mask so frosty in appearance that it made you shiver to look at it.

In these fantastic costumes they visited Jack in the afternoon. It is needless to say that Jack and his friends had a "large time." When the boys departed in the evening, each left for their comrades some little token which would enable him to while away the remaining hours of his imprisonment.

Since this "bit of hard luck," as Jack called the broken leg, had happened, he occupied a small room opening into a passage between the parlor and the dining room. All the family were going to midnight mass except Jack, who was unable to go, and feeling fatigued after his jolly afternoon, he retired early and soon was fast asleep. He had a curious dream that night. He fancied he was skating on a frozen polar sea, with Jack Frost for a companion. They were gliding swiftly over the glassy surface, when suddenly it broke, and both found themselves in the water. They floundered about, vainly endeavoring to get upon the ice, which broke as soon as they put their weight on it. At last Jack Frost succeeded in getting out. He then helped Jack out, and immediately started off at a lively pace. Jack followed, shouting to him not to go so fast. But the more he shouted the faster Jack Frost skated, until he was a mere speck on the horizon. Hereupon Jack awoke. The silvery rays of the moon, streaming through the dining-room fell on a white object hung on the door. As soon as he opened his eyes, it met his blinking gaze. For a moment he was startled, then smiled to himself: "Oh what a sell! It's Frank's coat and false face! He must have forgotten them. What a scare they gave me!"

Jack was just about to compose himself to sleep again, when he heard a rattling of the silverware in the dining-room.

"What's that?" he muttered. "Oh, I suppose they have come back from mass! Well, I hope they've got some decent presents for me."

But the noise continued.  
"It can't be," thought Jack, "that mother would be fooling with the silverware this time of night, for she arranged everything this afternoon."

Suddenly he heard a stealthy footstep. He was now almost certain that some one was getting away with the silver, but feared to think that there was really a robber in the house. Trembling, he got out of bed, muffled his crutch, and hobbled noiselessly to the door. He peeped into the dining-room, and there saw a man on his knees, packing the silver into a large valise. The poor lad, almost dead with fright, got back to bed as best he could. What was to be done? Jack was the only "man" in the house, and its only defender. And what could he do—a boy of fifteen against a robber who, in all probability, was armed and desperate? Suddenly a thought flashed through his brain, and his gaze fixed upon the coat and the mask.

"Just the thing," he whispered. "It's risky business, though. But I must try something, and I'm going to try this, anyhow."

"Thereupon he limped to the door as quietly as he could, and got the mask easily enough, but the coat was caught on the nail and he couldn't pull it off. Forgetting that he had a crutch, he put up both hands to lift it off. Down fell the crutch with a bang. Fortunately, however, the wind slammed the shutters on the window through which the burglar had entered, and thinking that he was detected and that some one was trying to catch him in a trap, he darted to the window and drove the shutters back. Meanwhile Jack was in his room, trembling like a leaf, expecting every moment to see the fellow come in. But the noise of packing began again.

"What'll I do?" thought Jack. "Suppose the scoundrel should shoot me! Well, let him shoot! But I believe this thing will work—it frightened me, and it's going to frighten that fellow, anyhow. I can't sit here like a dummy and let him get away with the silver."

Jack's Irish blood began to assert itself and quivered every nerve of fear. The brave young lad donned his fanciful costume and went to the door. He looked out cautiously. The burglar was intent on his work, without any sound Jack stepped out and, with the aid of his substitute leg, stood erect in the doorway leading into the dining-room, at the same time making a little noise to attract the robber's attention.

As the robber turned around, and looked at him Jack saw a face in which cunning and wickedness were mingled. But what the robber saw was probably what he considered an apparition, the unearthly appearance of which led him to think that he was favored with a visit from one of the inhabitants of the nether world. The Jack Frost costume was imposing by day, but doubly so at night! The robber stared wildly at Jack, but as the "would-be" spectre moved slowly forward with uplifted hand the sight was too much for him. His instincts of robbery and villainy were overcome by ignorance and superstition; and rising to his feet, he rushed to the window and was out of sight in less time than it takes to tell, leaving tools and everything behind him.

"Well, that's luck!" exclaimed Jack, as he dropped on a chair and wiped the big drops of perspiration from his brow. I could hardly believe it could have worked so well."

—T. W.

## LOOKS LIKE IT.

We had an entirely new stock of fine furniture last November, and by the way our January Sale is going it looks as if we should have to lay in a pretty considerable new stock by the 1st of February. All our discounts are taken off our new goods (we haven't got anything else) which are all marked in plain figures—one price for all. Discounts are from 15 to 50 per cent, for cash only.

## RENAUD, KING &amp; PATTERSON,

652 Craig Street, near Bleury.

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On one occasion a prisoner pleaded guilty, and then withdrew the plea and declared himself to be innocent. The case was tried and the jury acquitted him. Then said Sir Henry Hawkins: "Prisoner, a few minutes ago you said you were a thief. Now the jury say you are a

thief. A person summoned as a jurymen applied to his Lordship to be excused attending, pleading deafness. "You may go," whispered Sir Henry. "Thank you, my lord," was the instant reply. At the express wish of the judge, he was retained on active service. Once in speaking about cross-examination he said, "If you take a stranger and want to get at certain facts, you must ask yourself what he is up to. A man can tell his best with a calm face. Of course, one feels when he is telling a lie. One can get at the bottom of things. I could get to the bottom if I took the trouble—if not intended with. Once when a flagrant criminal stood up for sentence and said, 'My lord, I have not received justice in this court,' Sir Henry replied, 'Well, you will get it on—' meaning the date fixed for the execution."

As a junior counsel, Mr. Justice Hawkins was once practising before Lord Campbell, who was somewhat pedantic. In addressing the jury Mr. Hawkins, in referring to a borough, pronounced the word with two syllables—borough. "Excuse me," said his lordship paucely, "but I think that if, instead of saying 'borough,' you were to say 'borough,' you would be more intelligible to the jury, and, moreover, you would save a syllable."

"I am much obliged to your lordship," quietly replied Mr. Hawkins, and proceeded to bring his address to a close. Presently the judge, in summing up, made use of the word "borough." Instantly up rose Mr. Hawkins, and exclaimed: "Pardon me, my lord, but I would take the liberty of suggesting that instead of saying 'borough,' your lordship would say 'borough,' and you would then be more intelligible to the jury, and besides you would save two syllables."—London Press.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT AT ST. PAUL.

In these days of municipal extravagance, of rising tax rates and swelling indebtedness, St. Paul furnishes a refreshing example of how economically the affairs of a city can be conducted when purely political control is forced to give way to business methods. The opportunity for reform came to St. Paul in 1892, when an amendment to its charter separated the city election from the general elections. Under these conditions the Mayor, not being beholden to the boss for his preferment, was free to choose of the best talent available for the needs of the city departments. He was given wide power in the appointment or dismissal of department chiefs, and this centering of responsibility led to wise selections and to a tenure of office out of which has come exceptional efficiency and economy. The results stated in figures are illuminating. Since 1892 the city's interest-bearing debt has been reduced by \$2,275,230, or somewhat more than 20 per cent, although the tax-rate has dropped meanwhile from \$20 per \$1,000 to \$15.62 per \$1,000 on the 1892 valuation. Even more striking is the reduction in the annual city expenditure from \$2,829,761 to \$1,728,669, or more than 20 per cent. It is a severe commentary on the wastefulness of the political management of other days that this saving was accomplished without any lessening of efficiency or any stinting of needed expenditure. On the contrary, according to the St. Paul Pioneer Press, the city departments were never more efficient or better equipped. One factor contributing to this betterment in the city's affairs, and a feature of its government meriting introduction in other cities, is a conference committee of the heads of the city departments and bureaus. This committee is a creation of another charter amendment, and in its operation is somewhat analogous to the board of directors of a private corporation. By its monthly meetings it has made possible that harmony and unity of action necessary to an efficient administration of the subdivided departments of a city government.—New York Post.

If you have catarrh, don't dally with local remedies, but purify and enrich your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

On payments of \$15.00 cash and \$8 monthly buys from us a genuine Heintzman & Co. Piano, handsomely cased in Fancy Walnut or Mahogany, 3 pedals, full swing hand carved front; best Wessel action. One of the latest pianos produced by the famous firm of Heintzman & Co. This special offer we are making to people who give us their order now. We will in addition present a handsome stool and silk draps with each piano. Also full stock Steinway Nordheimer, Howard, Williams and other standard pianos. Old pianos any make exchange-d.

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## The S. CARSLY CO., Limited.

Notre Dame Street.

Montreal's Greatest Store.

Jan. 14, 1899.

## Chiefly About Shopping by Mail and the Winter Catalogue.



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## ANOTHER SURPRISE IN

## HANDLOOM LINENS.

Special Shipment of 55 Bales of Hand Loom Linens, just received, and will go on sale to-day. Almost every housekeeper knows the great usefulness of these Linens, which come in 3-4 yard lengths, and are all pure Linen Yarn of great durability and usefulness. In the ordinary way these Linens would sell at 90 cents per piece. The big Store's Sale Price is 41 cents per piece. There's a choice in this lot. The best time to choose is in the forenoon.

## HORROCKSES LONG CLOTH.

## 175 CUSHIONS.

If there's an aristocracy in Cottons, Horrockses is surely the king, it bears a famous name.

Horrockses Long Cloth, made up in 12 yard lengths, specially manufactured for Ladies' and Children's Underwear. In the ordinary way, the price is \$1.55 per piece. Sale price \$1.19.

Horrockses Cotton, 11 bales of this famous cotton in all the glory of its snowy whiteness, 36 inches wide, regular 13-cent a yard kind. Sale price, 9¢ cents.

Fine English Cambric, six bales, Bolton Bleach, thoroughly shrunk, Regular 17½ cents. Sale price, 12½ cents.

Cushion attractions are numerous in The Big Store, at prices that's hardly worth mentioning.

175 dainty covered Cushions, well filled and covered with pretty patterns in silkadee, ordinarily these cushions would sell for 35 cents. Sale price, 21 cents.

## SEWING MACHINES.

Special prices during the January cheap sale for the Desideratum Sewing Machine. Equal to any high grade sewing machine in the market. It is easy running, has all the latest improvements and carries a guarantee for five years. Regular value \$25.00. Sale price, \$17.95.

## WHITE EMBROIDERIES.

New Stock just received from the famous Hand Looms of St. Gall, Switzerland.

About 10,000 yards dainty White Lawn Embroidery. Edging at Special Sale Prices, 1¢ 11½¢, 2¢, 3¢ a yard. White Edgings in all widths, 1, 1½, 2, 2½, inches. 2¢, 3¢, 4¢ a yard.

White Valenciennes Lace, for trimming underwear. Sale Prices, 1½¢, 2½¢, 3½¢, 4½¢ a yard.

White Edgings in all widths, 1, 1½, 2, 2½, inches. 2¢, 3¢, 4¢ a yard.

Write for the Winter Catalogue; Containing 176 large Quarto Pages, beautifully Illustrated.

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1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St.

184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal

## HENRY MORGAN &amp; CO.,

Colonial House, - Montreal.

## SOME QUESTIONS FOR 1899.

Was the boy who killed the Goose, that laid the golden eggs, any more foolish than our City Fathers, who seek to impose a killing tax on some of the greatest revenue producing establishments of the city?

## GREAT JANUARY SALE DISCOUNTS.

## CHINA DEPARTMENT.

The discounts cover the entire stock and range from 10 per cent to 50 per cent.

Also, special tables at different prices will be displayed.

## GLASSWARE DEPARTMENT.

Discounts ranging from 20 per cent to 50 per cent.

## SMALLWARE AND

## NOTION DEPARTMENT.

Buttons, Pearl, Horn, Jet and Fancy Metal, 20 per cent.

Rhine Stone and Enamelled, 50 per cent.

Staple Pearls, 10 per cent.

Staple Smallwares of all kinds, 10 per cent.

Spoons, Art Silks, Mending; and Knitting Silks, net

Art Fringes, Chamois, Feather Dusters and Combs, 20 per cent.

Nothings, such as Black Headed Pins, Tongs, Hair Nets, Needles, etc., 10 per cent.

Plush Balls and Tassels, 20 per cent.

## MILLINERY, Etc.

Trimmed Millinery. Felt Hats and Bonnets, fine Walking Hats, Ribbons (Millinery), Flowers, Feathers and Trimmings, all at half price; Widows' and Servants' Caps, 10 per cent; Dress, Tarleton and Lisse Caps, 20 per cent; Children's Silk and Muslin Headwear, 20 p.c.; Corsets and Corset Waists, 10 p.c.; Umbrellas, 10 p.c.; Fancy Woollens, 20 p.c.;

Go! Blouses, half price; Silk and Flannel Waists, half price; Maids' Aprons, 10 p.c.; White Cotton Underwear, 20 p.c.; Baby Goods, Coats, Robs. Birs, e.c., 20 p.c.; Furs, Jack Is, Capes, Muffs, etc.,