ore lucrative em-Within twentytastrophe a hun as coming, but ore only the unolf and a

R 29, 1904.

ras to have held ole was a cremal, of too sudden world's strange whose father had nis fortune and then between life sat alone with his head d arms, in the but that mornwith "Fletcher t was a mute, disappointment.

night was truly herself to sleep and silent her, and mis-ndifference, when rt was too would; and she voice her true . Fletcher on left London de out of Eliletters a plea to forurned unopened. dull months t-hearted gaiety wove about her eads of womant's wish that his

in society, as

hat she of to do. It was that she was a as centered on thought everyalso. He wanted ight and always or especially for t favorable, but nto his sugges r dance, when isiting them. appeared really for the night: one item cone had sent an Fletcher. Would he had vanish-le with his fashe also knew ness had called one to stag'sup or. But she ne to her dance, o without him? anything at hich he had not

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ept repeating uld come, and rivited on the r he would not had arrived and ointed, a little er heart. She when he knew ending on him. y to her elf more into t and her eyes augh was mer d her guests ment she did Ladies were l privileges till entlemen would ir lawful rights ter and pretty dies' parts as ro finding partade to them. and no doubt choice of partluty as hostes hether it was

ne most boring ent and smiled ear the door n his fear of when she saw ike a flash she st end of If resolve that he wish; but too overjoyed had made his he turned from beside her. for being so was impossible

me congratulinor brightenhe remember you, Bently,

is Leap Year, we this waltz?" rtsey, and they Page 3.)

and tried

BY AUNT BECKY,

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Dear Boys and Girls :

Dear Boys and Girls.

I know you are all feeling happy. Santa Claus has been to see you and has given you a proof of his love. He only visits, we are told, the good boys and girls, in which case no reader of this page, I am has been forgotten. It would be so nice to tell us all about the ovely gifts you received, and the jolly times you had during the Christolidays. But, remember, mail your letters so that they may reach ms homeas.

I know some have been disappointed at not me by Saturday the meek they wrote it. That is because we did not receive it until Monday or Tuesday, which is too late. Now, dear children, I wish you may all enjoy a year brimful of health, pleasure and every blessing your little hearts may desire.

Your loving friend. AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky : I am a little boy of ten and I like really began to look homelike. to read the letters on the children's We have a long piece to go. here are four of us going to school. My little brother James wrote a letter, and I thought I would write ne too. My papa is a blacksmith, and I am going to learn it when I get old enough. My papa worked our years in Montreal, where the paper comes from. We like the pafine. We would not part with it to come, and I expect he will bring me some nice presents. I guess he will be able to come, for the river is frozen and he can come with his sleigh if he don't get frightened coming at the little houses on the ice, in it! where they are fishing for smelts. It is quite a business down here in the winter time. So good-bye, Aunt Becky, I wish you a happy Xmas. From your little friend,

LEO M. P.E.I. .e. iki iki

Dear Aunt Becky :

I am eight years old. I thought was old enough to write this letter My brother wrote one last week Santa Claus is soon coming and I hope he will bring me lots of nice things. One of my brothers wrote a letter to Santa to tell him what we all wanted. I think I will tell you some of the things I asked for. A doll and carriage and other things. My little sister says she wants a blue dolly. I have only one sister. She is three years old. I have four brothers. The younges six. He wants lots of things. I will write after Christmas and tell you what we all got. I go to school every day. I like it well. We are to have a Christmas tree in our parlor. We have one every Christmas I am sleepy now, good-bye.

Your little friend.

MAMIE. * * *

Dear Aunt Becky :

I thought I would try and write a few lines as this is my first letter to the corner. I enjoy reading the letters very much. We have a great time skating and sliding on the hills these lovely nights. I am in the third book and like going to school very much, but I do not go to school Very steady, as we have a long way to go. I live on a farm and I like doing chores very much. I am anxious waiting for Christmas and I suppose there are a great many more boys and girls as anxious as I am when Santa dear will make his visits around. We are going have a Christmas tree in our school but I don't think I will be able to go. I think this is all for this time. Hoping to see my letter in print, I

Dewittville.

ADELINE'S NEW-OLD DOLL. Adeline's father was poor, so poor that he could not buy his little girl a doll. This was the grief of Adeline's days. Her friend Edna owned a pretty doll named Lillian Alice, and how Adeline did long for on Still, having Edna's doll sometimes to hold for a long five minutes was better than nothing, and when that pleasure was taken from her, Adeline shed many tears.

Adeline's father and mother moved away from the bare little city city home into the wide country, where the father was going to work on farm, and Edna and her beautiful doll would be seen no more. The house to which Mr. Royce took

his family was very old, and for I'm a precious! years nobody lived there except the squirrels, the mice and the birds. It the farmer hi

Royce scoured and scrubbed until it

Adeline could not do much age. I go to school every day that help, so wandered through the big, to fit, but the snow will soon stop empty rooms, and finally climbed the narrow garret stairs. She was half afraid of the dusty place, where cobwebs spread over the small window like curtains, and the dust lay thick upon everything. She peered around, however, to see if she could find any thing interesting, and was surprised at the many things piled about. There were old chairs, tables boxes, and a queer, big chest of drawfor anything. Xmas is coming handy ers. Then she came upon someand I am waiting for Santa Claus thing which made her cry out in de light-it was a small rocking chair that must have belonged to a child no larger than she. It seemed to be whole and strong. Oh, if only now she had a doll to rock to sleep

She dragged it across the dusty floor till she reached the great bureau. Those brass knobbed drawers invited her. She tugged at one till it opened. It was full of all sorts of things. She turned over rags, and books and papers and boxes, peering into the deep recesses to see if there was anything she wanted Then, suddenly, as her hand parted a pile of rags, she saw-oh, how could it be ?-yes, it truly was-a

Adeline clutched the treasure with fast-beating heart, and leaving the little chair she flew down stairs to find mother.

"A doll !" she gasped, holding it up before her mother's astonished face, "I found it in the garret."

It was not a very beautiful dolly; it was old-fashioned and worn; it had lost one of its kid fingers, and another was hanging by a thread; its dress was shabby. What did Adeline care for these things? At last she had a doll to pet, to cuddle, to dress and undress, to rock to sleep.

In a few minutes the little rocking chair had been brought down and made clean, Lillian Alice's china face had been washed-for of course it was named Lillian Alice—and Adeline was sitting out on the shady porch, with the new-old baby in her arms, the very happiest little girl in the whole town.

+ + +

A HAPPY BOY. About the best satisfied Sundayschool boy in the world at present is probably Master Rodolfo Funari, of Rome. He is the victor in a prize competition, the subject-matter of which was the recital, by heart, of Bellarmine's Catechism. Formerly the victor in the contest dined with the aCardinal Vicar of Rome, who afterward presented him to the Pope; and the Holy Father gave him present and his blessing. In Pius IX.'s time sovereign honors were accorded to the boy by the Swiss Guard, but Leo XIII. did away with that custom. Pius X., however, has revived it with all its former liancy. And so young Funari has had what his small American Catholic brother would be apt to call "the time of his life."

BABY'S CLOCK. Nobody finks I can tell the time of day, but I can. The first hour is five o'clock in the morning. That's the time the birds begin to peep. I lie still, and hear them sing-

'Tweet, tweet, tweet,

Chee, chee, chee.' But mamma is fast asleep. Nobody awake in all the world but just me

and the hirde Bimeby the sun gets up, and it's six o'clock in the morning. Then mamma opens one eye, and I can hear her say—"Where's my baby?" N'en all at once I go "Boo!" and she laughs and hugs me, and says

Mamma's nice, and I love her, 'cept when she washes my face too hard booked dark, dirty and desolate; but he farmer had offered it to them sent free, and them.

erflies, and squirrels, and swing, tigate the lot of the schoolboy by icture-book, and sometimes I cry—jus' a little bit.
Twelve o'clock! That's a bu'ful

hour. The clock strikes a lot of times, and the big whistle goes, and the bell rings, and papa comes home, and dinner's ready.

The one and two hours are lost. Mamma alwayscarries me off to take a nap. I don't like naps. They waste When we wake up the clock strikes three. N'en I have on my pink dress, and we go walking riding. And so the three and four and five hours are gone.

At six o'clock Bossy comes home, and I have my drink of warm milk, N'en I put on my white gown, and kiss everybody "Good-night," say "Now I lay me," and get into bed. Mamma says, "Now the sun and the butterflies, and my little baby are all gone to bed, and to So I shut my eyes tight, and next you know it's morning. An' that's all the time there

HOW PUSSY WAS SAVED A WHIP-PING.

Dear pussy, I love you, an' I's your true friend,

'Cause I saved a whippin' to-day When cook missed her custard, and everyone said

It was Puss that stealed it away. You know you are naughty sometimes, pussy dear,

So in course you get blamed, an' all that ! An' cook took a stick, and she 'clar-

ed she would beat The thief out of that mizzable cat But I didn't feel comfor'ble down in

my heart, So I saved you a whippin', you see, Cause the custard was stealed by a bad little girl,

Who felt dreffely sorry with shame! An' it wouldn't be fair to whip pussy, in course, When that bad little girl was to

blame ! 'Was it my little girlie?" my dear mamma said. I felt dreffely scared, but I nodded

my head. An' then mamma laughed, "Go find nurse, for I guess

There's some custard to wash off a little girl's dress." When, then, 'course they knew it

was I, an' not you, Who stealed the custard an' then ran away.

But it's best to be true in the things that we do, An'-that's how I saved you a spankin' to-day.

* * * A MAGNANIMOUS VICTOR.

A pretty little story of a spelling class in China is told by the Golden Rule.

The youngest of the children had. by hard study, contrived to keep his place so long that he seemed claim it by right of possession Growing too self-confident, however, he relaxed his efforts, and one day missed a word, which was immediate ly spelled by the boy standing next to him.

The face of the victor expressed the triumph he felt, yet he made no move toward taking the place, and when urged to do so firmly refused,

saying: "No, me not go; me not make Ah

Fun's heart solly.25 That was even better than the apology by Whittier's little friend, who was sorry she spelled the word, and hated to go above him-but

* * *

went.

DICKENS AND CHILDREN. With Dickens, the archcreator of dream children, it is again, as with Wordsworth, always the lonely child, heart go out to the little beings his for the fears and bewilderments and hardships of their dependent little lives, so at the mercy of grim elders, and the sport of all manner of heartless bullying forces! Poor David Copperfield and that dreadful new father-in-law of his with the black whiskers-how one's blood runs cold for him as Mr. Murdstone takes him into a room and sternly expounds to him, in ogreish words, the iron discipline to be expected for breaches of the law in that sepulchral house hold! Children are not beaten now adays, I am told. If not, the change is largely due to Dickens, who has certainly done much to mitigate the former severe lot of the child-in a regime where the father was little more to his children than the stern policeman and executioner of home, the dread Rhadamanthus in the best ment free, and they went to work to bell goes jingle, jingle, and we have make it as tidy and pleasant as breakfast.

Dossible. Mr. Royce patched up the All the eight, an' nine, an' ten, an' and certain doom.

How much has Dickens done to mi- to his wife and children." parlor, who must on no account be disturbed by childish laughter, and to offend whom was to invite swift

his savage satire of Dotheboy's Hall, and the lot of all poor boys whatso ever by the pleading of Oliver Twist! There are few strokes in literature so trenchant in their tragic laughter so irresistibly comic in their shattering criticism of human nature, that scene which has passed into the proverbs of the world-the scene, of course, where poor starved Oliver asks for more. The astonishment or the face of the cook is positively Olympian in its humor. A charity boy asks for more! Why, the very walls of the institution rocked, and the earth quaked at such a request, and the rumor of it passed thunder from room to room, till even the Board of Directors, then in session, must have heard it. Great heavens ! "Oliver Twist has asked

A GREAT CATHOLIC ARTIST.

for more."-Success.

Millet, the famous French painter, was born of peasant folk, from whom he had the habit of simple living and a powerful physique. From them, too, writes the author "Jean Francois Millet and the Barbizon School," he obtained his great tenderness toward the people whom he was destined to delineate so powerfully.

By working with his folk upon the farm he had not only the opportunity of incessantly watching the appearance of figures of different sorts of toil, but he obtained as well an actual knowledge of the farm laborer's crafts. He learned how to plow and how to sow: he learned an about the peculiar nature of all kinds of crops and every kind of domestic animal, and he became acquainted with the discomfort, with the agony that arises from continuous bodily exertion, with all that a farm laborer suffers from exposure to the scorching sun and biting wind or frost.

Millet was happy in his instruct ors. His great uncle, Charles Millet. a priest, divided his time between laboring upon the farm and giving instruction to his little nephews and nieces. At all times this priest impressed upon his grand-nephew the necessity of being industrious. upright and courageous and from him proceeded the impulse of that education that sent Millet more suitably equipped for the task that lay before him than many another artist whose name has been written large in his-

It is said that Virgil's words, "It is the hour when the great shadows descend upon the plain," first revealed to the boy the beauty of his own surroundings, and first lighted that fire which was to be productive of some of the finest paintings of evening scenes that the world is ever likely to possess.

As to his Bible and Virgil, he read and re-read them, and always in Latin. And Sensier says, "I have never heard a more eloquent translater of these two books." Instead of being an illiterate person, indeed, when he went to Paris, Millet, "The Wild Man of the Woods," as he was called by Delaroche's pupils, among whom he found himself, was already a cultivated man. His education had been far better than if he had been an ordinary member of a bourgeois or even of a noble family. Its great characteristics were its thoroughness, its simplicity and its refinement-the very characteristics that make his own works lovable

IRELAND'S CONVENT SCHOOLS.

and with what a love did his great ing of the foundation stone of a your house with such a distaste for new convent for the Marist Sisters imagination has made immortal! at Tubbercurry, County Sligo, Ire-What an almost divine pity he has land, recently, Bishop Clancy said that within the last twelve months critics had been imported from another country to visit the convent schools of Ireland, with the object of giving the Government an exact statement of their educational status. According to the report of those critics the convent schools were vast ly superior to any other schools in the country, and in some departments of their work, to even the best schools in England.

> "It is beneath the dignity of 's man," says the Prodidence Visitor, "to abuse any created thing; and to inflict pain needlessly upon dumb animals is not merely an abuse of created things, but makes also for the choking out of all the fine emo-tions by which man is essentially the noblest being in the visible uni-

************ The Leap Year Privilege. I

(Written for the True Witness.)

 (Continued from Page 2.)

ed as he read her previous partner's

"With pleasure. It is a long time since we danced together, is it not?" The little hint of regret in his tone and face was reflected in hers, as she replied.

"It need not have been so long, need it ?" He did not answer her, and presently they were gliding in and out among the dancers, all unconscious of the many glances surprise cast at Bently.

It was the last Leap Year dance, and as Bently seemed inclined to talk she led the way to a nttre room off the hall, and threw herself into a chair at a small table in the centre of the room. Bently drew one up and sat opposite her. They talked of the evening, the new books, some alterations in the house and a few more equally unimportant matters. Then conversation seemed suddenly forgotten for a few moments, till Bently raised a serious face to her and asked.

"Did you really think I would not to-night, Elinor ?" She hasitated, hardly knowing whether she

had or not. "I thought you ought to have com even at a little personal inconvenience," she answered slowly and passing whim. I have loads to frankly, and then impulsively added, "to tell you the real truth, I could not quite understand the way you have acted towards father and me, and I half expected that you would practically decline by not coming, despite the note you sent me." His gaze never faltered in its carnest

"I did inconvenience myself. I was working in the Bradfort office at seven, caught the seven-thirty with a run, was delayed on hour in Lindley, dressed, etc., arrived at Harcourt House at eleven. I must be at my desk for seven to-morrow, though it will be New Year, so 1 have to catch the two-thirty express to return. You misjudged me, Elinor, a little."

"I am sorry I told you," she said, already repentent of her impulsive admission. "But I kept a dance for you, which ought to show I was not altogether hopeless. It is like old times to be with you again. Do you know that we have had no dancing since the whist party we got up together. Somehow I could never attempt anything without you. Father so set his heart on to-night that I could not refuse and Aunt Margaret looked after everything for ne. I am not as fond of dancing as used to be," she said, tapping the floor with her slippered foot in time

with the music beyond. "I had my last dance with you a Blondel's." Two fine lines cut his forehead for a second, and just the breath of a sigh escaped him. little thought then of what I should face next day." Elinor looked up, and for an instant their eves me in mutual understanding.

"Why did you show so much indifference the night I came to tell you of our misfortune? I thought then that you had never cared."

"Oh ! Bently, I was not indifferent, How can you ask me! My heart was so full that I felt words were iseless " she answered

"I tried to impress on you that we had better forget each other, and you only asked me to come soon again or some such thing. The other Preaching on the occasion of the lay- troubles were nothing to that I left I did not know all you had to tell life, that I prayed to die."

Elinor dashed a hot lear from her

cheek. "How you misjudged me. I have often wondered since what you did say that day. I heard nothing you said. I could only watch your face and wish that I might trust myself to tell you how sorry I was, but that nothing could matter tween us anyhow. And you thought I did not care for you since you were no longer rich. Oh! Bently how could you? That was why you would not come to see me, and returned my letters."

"You really cared. Elinor, all the time what happened to me?" ed eagerly, "cared as you did that night, or only as you had before?" She bent her head for a moment in mute pain.

"I cared more than I could tell you and I cared for nothing since. What were all those years and years of friendship, what were all our confidences, what was that last night verse. If a man is cruel to his if you could not trust me more?" then?

horse he is likely to be cruel also Her tone was reproachful, but very Hungry Horace.—Nothin' but de



"It was my wish that we should forget, before I thought you had ceased to care for me. After that I had no desire for anything. I have lived a year with only one glimpse of your face, and oh ! Elinor, I miss ed you sorely. It is a horrid dream to me. Beside it the other trials are nothing." The very clasp of his hand was painful to her. The pent up misery of those months was written on his features.

Elinor did not reply, but gradually the color crept back to her cheeks and the strain seemed less.

"It has been an awful year you and to me," she said at last. Half consciously Bently drew out his

"It wants but seven minutes of its close," he remarked. "I am glad that we will see it die together. Elinor's face lit up with a sudden

resolve; and she caught his hand in "Bently, is it awful to be living on such a salary," she asked breathless-

"No," he laughed, with a quick rejolly, in fact, especially since father is earning and I have all mine to myself. It is much more interesting to be spending a limited amount than to simply fill a check for every spend according to my present economy."

"Could you keep a house on it, and, well, with just a little more?" With a little more I would live in luxury. Yes, I suppose it could be done." She was leaning across the table, her eyes filled with her

earnest purpose. "Could-oh! Bently, do you think could keep a house with that much money and-well, with just a little more ?"

"You, Elinor," he exclaimed in surprise.

"Oh, won't you understand me, Bently. I said once before that there was nothing you could tell me I did not already know. I knew then that you loved me, and I know you did not want to see me in these months because I was rich and you-you thought you were poor, and you vowed you would never ask me to marry you till you could give me what I was always used to. I never cared for your money, or your social position, you know that. Am I not telling you the truth ?"

He nodded his head for answer. "Well, I want to profit by the Leap Year privilege before it is too late. Won't you marry me, though I am rich, Bently ?" To the man who sat before her it was the sweetest, brightest, coyest, trustiest face in all this great round world. He caught it in his two trembling hands and printed a kiss on the rosebud Though the mistletoe had not lips. been over her, I think it would have happened just the same, for mistletoe blooms only once in the year, and love is a never dying, never fading light wherever men and maids are

"You brave little woman, if you want me, there is nothing else I ask in life." he cried, rising and drawing her to him in his arms. "Elinor. dear, dear girl, I had almost thought that this could never be. I not think you knew my heart so

"Perhaps," she said, her eyes misty with tears of joy, and a mischievous tone in her voice, "perhaps me that night, and I would like to be sure."

"I will tell you it all and win you again in the New Year," said, and proved what I have already expressed as my belief, for the mistletoe was several feet away, the rosebud lips were just as near. Cling, clang, ding, dong, clang, clang. A merry ringing of bells great and small, broke in on the quiet. How they tinkled and boomed and thrilled, the silvery bells Elinor had hung in every nook and cor-ner, and the great iron bells that rolled out on the air from each church and tower of London.

The old year had vanished, and the new was here.
"Tell me now, Bently, away," Elinor whispered. And

Hungry Horace-Kind lady, can ye gimme somepin ter eat? I ain't ate othin' sence day before yesterday. Kind Lady-And what did you eat

arket report in an old paper.