

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

I hope none of my little friends are setting bird traps or having any pleasure at the expense of the weak. I saw quite a big boy the other day taking delight in throwing stones at a cat which he had cornered on a doorstep. Now this cowardly boy, if he were faced by a pretty large dog, would, in all probability, take to his heels. Always remember, little ones, that the mean, cruel, cowardly things you do in childhood will influence your later years, and that there is no fun in tormenting the smallest animal. To go further. Sometimes we see a boy of, say, ten or twelve years, teasing and even ill-treating one much younger. A boy like this is termed a bully, and a bully is always a coward. I cannot believe that any of the little folks who contribute to this corner have those failings; but this is just to set you thinking.

Your loving,

AUNT BECKY.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

I was very glad to see my letter in print, and I would like to tell you about sugaring off, but I have never seen one. I have never seen maple sugar made. We get lots of it to eat, but papa has to buy it at the store. I go to school every day. I have never missed a day this year, and last year I attended school one hundred and eighty-four days and a half, and my kind teacher, Miss Hennessy, gave me a nice book. Grandma has been very sick, but she is better now and we are all very glad, for she is very good to us and always tells us nice stories. She may go to Boston soon, to my aunt, who lives there.

I remain, your loving niece,

MARY E.

West Frampton, Que.

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A CONDESCENSION.

Gwendolen Jones was chubby and sweet, and her age was half-past three; and she lived in a house on Wellington street.

In the yard with a walnut tree. Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith was almost half-past four; and he said, when they gave him a baseball and bat,

That he'd "play with the girls no more."

Gwendolen Jones she gazed through the fence, at an end were all life's joys, as she saw the friend of her youth depart.

"To play with the great big boys." Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith up to the field marched he, but his eye was blacked, and his head was whacked,

And his ball no more did he see. And the boys called him "Baby" because he cried,

Did Teddy and Willie and Tim, and they chased him away when he threatened to tell,

And said they'd "no use for him." Gwendolen Jones came down to the fence, and her face wore a joyful smile.

When Harold Percival Marmaduke said, "He'd play with her 'once in a while.'"

—St. Nicholas.

ONE OLD-FASHIONED BOY.

"I can't figure out what's become of all the unsophisticated boys, or are there any of them left at all?" said a man who, though well under fifty, is a noted figure in the railroad world. He was speaking to a representative of the Sun. "The lads that we meet up with nowadays are so marvelous wise, finished, up-to-the-minute, that I never cease to wonder where and how they pick it all up."

"I've got a houseful of growing boys myself, and I declare that they are a deal more blase than I am. Things that still divert and entertain me have long since become a bore to them."

"And I am quite certain that any imposter could fool me, right now, a great deal easier than he could any of those boys. They appear to know all the kinks. Nowadays, in fact, boys know so blamed much that I gravely doubt if they have as much

fun during their youth, and especially during their early manhood, as the boys of my generation did."

"I fell to thinking of all this when I took on a few extra young men—most of them under twenty—in my office the other day. They were well groomed lads, held themselves well, looked alive and alert and seemed to be smarter than steel traps. The sight of them caused me to think of what a Rube of a boy I was when I took my first job—and it was with the same railroad that I am still connected with, by the way."

"I was fifteen, and small for my age. I was born and brought up in a little Indiana town."

"When I was a bit over thirteen I made up my mind to be a shorthand writer. I peddled newspapers, and did odd chores to get the money to attend a shorthand class twice a week in Terre Haute. I studied stenography for about six hours a day, and bamboozled all of the boys in my neighborhood to dictate to me when I got to the point where I could take dictation."

"In just one year I was an expert stenographer—not only an amanuensis stenographer, but able to take speeches. Yet I was about as uncouth a yap of a country boy as ever you heard tell of."

"My mother had a relative who was auditor for a railroad that had its headquarters in Omaha. She wrote to this relative that she had a boy who was an expert stenographer and typewriter and wanted a job."

"The auditor didn't remember how old I was, if he ever knew, and my mother didn't tell him in her letter. He wrote to her to send me along to Omaha, and he would put me to work in the railroad's Omaha offices. He enclosed a letter for me to present to the railroad's agent in Chicago to enable me to get transportation from Chicago to Omaha."

"Well, when I left the little Indiana town for Chicago I had exactly \$30.25 in a huge wallet that had belonged to my father. I kept it inside my shirt. The money was what remained of my own savings as news and chore boy. I had, besides, one of those big glazed bags, which contained all of my clothes and other possessions, and one of those extremely heavy typewriters of that period."

The train was late in making Chicago, and it was after office hours when I arrived there. My idea was to get that transportation from Chicago to Omaha and go right through.

"So I started to lug my big black glazed bag and the exceedingly heavy typewriter through the Chicago streets to the office of the railway agent to whom I had the letter calling for transportation. I was, as I say, only a small boy, and the things were so blamed heavy that I had to drop them about every half square and rest up."

"After about an hour, however, I reached the railroad office. It was then 7 o'clock at night, and the agent, of course, had gone home. The janitor of the building gave me his house address."

"I determined to start for his house immediately. But I had no idea of taking a street car to reach his house. The reason for this was that I was afraid to show my money, or to break a bill."

"I had spent my odd change for food on the way to Chicago, and I had six \$5 bills left. Nothing in the world would have induced me to expose the wallet containing them on a Chicago street car."

"So I walked to the agent's house, which was away over to the South Side of Chicago. It makes my arms ache now to think of that journey. It took me four hours to get to the house and four hours to get back. I had to drop the heavy bag and the typewriter three or four times in each block."

"It was 11 o'clock at night when I pulled the doorbell of the railroad agent's house, and the wooden paved street was as quiet as death. I thought it would be all right to pull the door-bell at that hour—didn't know any better."

"I rang for ten minutes before the agent poked his head out of a second story window and gruffly asked what was wanted. I told him."

"O'way, boy! If growled the agent. 'What the dickens do you mean by ringing me up in the middle of the night on such an excuse? Come to my office in the morning and I'll look at your letter.'

"And so there was nothing for me to do but to pick up those two

heavy burdens and walk down-town again. I didn't know where to go, but I wanted to get where the lights were."

"It was nearly 3 o'clock in the morning when I got down-town again. What with fatigue and sleepiness, I was just about able to stand up, and that was all."

"I was also pretty lonesome for home, I was decidedly sorry that I had ever learned to be a shorthand writer. I thought of my cosy bed at home, and then I dropped my black glazed bag and sat on it and blubbered."

"I was thus engaged when a huge figure of a uniformed man—I didn't know it then, but he was one of those watchmen who used to patrol the Chicago streets at night—swung by me, carrying a lantern. He saw me, and heard my suppressed blubbering."

"'Hey, what's the trouble, son?' he asked me, in a kindly sort of way."

"I told him, 'Oh, that's nothing to cry about, buddy,' said the big man with the lantern. 'All you've got to do is to go to a hotel—I can direct you to a cheap one—and get some sleep. You've got the price of a bed, haven't you?'"

"That's just what I'm afraid of," I replied. 'I've got so much money with me that I'm afraid to go to a hotel—'fraid I'll be robbed.'"

"Oh, small chance of that son," said the big watchman, good naturedly. 'The place I'll take you to is all right. Come along. I'll pack your gear—great Scott, this is heavy truck for a little chap like you to be carrying!' and the fine fellow picked up my black glazed bag and the typewriter and led the way around the corner to one of the few remaining places with lights still going."

"A decent looking young fellow was behind the hotel desk."

"'Jack,' said the watchman to the hotel clerk, 'here's a lad I've found who wants a night's lodging. He was afraid to go to a hotel, for the reason that he has a great deal of money on his person, and he doesn't want to be robbed, of course. Better have the boy hand you the money to put in the safe, if it's so much.'"

"Well, I don't care to be responsible for a large sum of money," said the hotel night clerk, looking at me in a wondering sort of way. How much is it, son?"

"It's \$30, sir," I replied, impressively."

"No, neither of them laughed. They were thoroughly decent fellows, and so they didn't laugh. I don't doubt, however, looking back that they both wanted to laugh. They merely exchanged amused glances."

"Oh, well, I wouldn't mind assuming that responsibility, son," said the hotel clerk. 'Let's have the money.'"

"I was a bit doubtful about it, even then, but the clerk's honest, kindly countenance reassured me, and I dug the wallet out of its hiding place and handed it over to him. He stuffed it into one of those old-fashioned key safes."

"The watchman shook hands with me and bade me a bluff good-night. I never saw him again, but he was a decent man."

"The hotel clerk gave me a nice, clean room. I slept like a top all the rest of the night and for a part of the day."

"The day clerk handed my money over to me, after taking 50 cents out for my night's lodging. I saw the railroad agent, who laughed over my waking him up, and I went on to Omaha, to amaze my auditor relative with my diminutiveness, my queer, country kid make-up, and, not least, my ability to write shorthand faster than he could talk."

"But I certainly was, at that age, a thousand years behind my own boys in sophistication, even if I was making my own living, which they aren't."

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A QUESTION OF PAY.

"Would you mind going round by Court street to-night?" asked Margery, as she and Vida Moore came out of school together."

"Not a bit. I'd just as lief go that way. Have you an errand?"

Margery nodded. "I promised Mrs. Plummer that I'd go to the hardware store and ask them to send a man to see about her stove. She's so lame, you know, that it's hard for her to get around to places."

"I never saw such a girl as you, Margery Ingis!" Vida exclaimed, with a laugh. "You're always doing errands for somebody. If you were paid for what you do, you'd have a pretty good salary, I guess."

A contented laugh rippled from Margery's lips. "They do pay me," she said; and then as Vida stared in surprise, she went on merrily. "Not in money, of course, or anything like

that. But all the people I know are so lovely to me; they always seem so glad to see me when I go to their homes, and they do the nicest things for me, and act as if they really and truly loved me. And that's the kind of pay I like best of all."

"Of course they love you!" Vida said, earnestly, with an affectionate look at her friend. "Nobody could help it. And if that is the kind of pay you like best, you'll always get it, and plenty of it, too."

Vida spoke truly, for the heart that expresses its love in kindly helpfulness to others is always repaid with love."

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WAIT FOR THE MUD TO DRY.

Father Graham was beloved by every one, and his influence in the little town was great, so good and active was he."

A young man of the village had been badly insulted and came to Father Graham full of angry indignation, declaring that he was going to demand an apology."

"My dear boy," Father Graham said, "take a word of advice from an old man who loves peace. An insult is like mud; it will brush off much better when it is dry. Wait a little till he and you are both cool and the thing is easily mended. If you go now it will only be a quarrel."

It is pleasant to be able to state that the young man took his advice, and before the next day was done, the insulting person came to beg forgiveness.—Exchange.

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ALL BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

To run, to swim, and to carve.

To be neat; to make a fire, and to be punctual.

To do any errand; to cut kindling, and to sing if they can.

To help their mothers; to hang up their hats, and to respect their teachers.

To hold their heads erect; to sew on their own buttons and to read aloud when requested.

To wipe their shoes on the mat; to cultivate a cheerful temper, and to speak pleasantly to an old person.

To attend strictly to their own business. A very important point. And finally to be as kind and as helpful to their sisters as to other boys' sisters.—Ex.

## Saved by Prayer and A Statue of St. Anthony.

(Concluded)

After remaining a few days as a guest of the pastor at Bell Island, we left for a famous island on the northern coast of Newfoundland called Baccalieu. We procured the Government steam launch for our trip. We left at early morning, the day being a beautiful one, the water being calm, and the sun shedding its rays over the vast expanse of water which glistened far and near. Hour after hour passed, and as we passed several villages, the large church and school buildings stood out prominently, being generally built on an elevation and keeping sentinel over the cluster of well-regulated cottages. As we proceeded, we passed several small fishing boats containing the horny-handed sons of toil, the well-known Newfoundland fisherman, with several assistants. They were away out on the mighty deep, laboring from daylight, trying to load their boats with the treasures of the sea. How anxious were these poor fisher folk to hear the news of the day. As our launch passed the boats, the occupants wanted "the latest from the capital." At four o'clock we neared Bay de Verde, a thriving settlement, and our landing place. As we steamed to the landing you would have imagined that it was the Governor of the Island that was coming, as the place was filled with people—all eager to catch a glimpse of the strangers or intruders. That evening we dined at the summer residence of the venerable parish priest of Bay de Verde, and left about nine o'clock for the Island of Baccalieu. It was a beautiful moonlight night. The water was smooth as glass. Two hardy fishermen rowed us across the Tickle from a place called Red Head Cove, a distance of three miles. When we reached the landing-place, a novel sight presented itself. A ladder nearly one hundred feet long, divided into three pieces, hangs perpendicularly from the stage head to the water's edge, and in order to effect a landing on the island, the person or persons must climb the famous ladder hand over hand. The parish priest of Bell Island ascended first. I was in the centre, and the parish priest of Bay de Verde last. We reached the top safely and then had to mount the

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hills and walk a quarter of a mile to reach the lighthouse, which stands hundreds of feet above the level of the sea, and by its revolving light tells the local and foreign mariners that they are on the northern coast of the island of Newfoundland, and that near this island a few dangerous reefs are scattered, where many a ship has foundered and many a strong and sturdy sailor has found a watery grave. The morning after our arrival the Stations were held at the lighthouse by the pastor of Bay de Verde. The Stations are peculiar to Newfoundland, and are held for the convenience of those who live too far away from the church. As there were several fishermen engaged at different parts of the Island, the summer season was opportune time to hold the Stations at Baccalieu. Confessions were heard, Mass celebrated, and all received Holy Communion. About ten o'clock that morning the two pastors returned homeward, and I was left to spend a month on the lonely Island. All went well until one Sunday morning, the lighthouse keeper with his assistants and myself were to cross the Tickle in order to get the weekly mail. It was customary to go over to Mass in the summer once every week to the little church in Red Head Cove. But word reached the lighthouse that the pastor could not be there on the Sunday in question, so, as is the custom, we said the beads in common. When we had finished, and as we were leaving the lighthouse to go to the landing, I remarked that no matter what would befall us, we had said our prayers. We descended the famous ladder, jumped into a neat little boat, hoisted sail and away we went. The water was a little choppy, but we reached the other side in safety. After getting the mail, we started for the island again, but by this time the wind had increased a little. When we had reached over half way across the wind died out considerably. As we were thinking of taking the sail down and using the oars, a sudden squall arose, struck the boat, which rapidly filled with water and we three were facing certain death. The lighthouse keeper grew excited, I shivered from fright, but the assistant keeper was perfectly cool. Fortunately the boat turned bottom up, and I was upheld by my two companions until help reached us from the island. Two things favored us in our mishap: First, that we were not far from the shore, and second, that as soon as the squall struck the boat, one of the fishermen was watching us from an elevation, and rushing down the bank, he jumped into a boat and rowed like sixty towards us, amidst the cries of the excited lighthouse keeper to hurry, before I would drown. The place where the accident occurred has a famous, but sad history of wrecks and loss of lives. Hundreds have lost their lives in Baccalieu Tickle. Steamers have foundered near the island, as well as sailing vessels and small craft. The SS Lion disaster of twenty-five years ago forms one of the saddest of the many wrecks which have occurred in these waters. The steamer left St. John's for Trinity, a place directly across from Baccalieu, and the distance was by no means long, but it was supposed that the boilers of the steamer burst, and all hands were lost, and the bodies were carried away with the swift current of Baccalieu Tickle, which runs from ten to twelve miles an hour. When we reached terra firma we had to mount the hill to reach the lighthouse. We were a little heavier than usual owing to the quantity of salt water we had taken. As the clock was striking three in the afternoon, we marched in single file into the kitchen, the lighthouse keeper leading, and he announced our mishap to his mother, who nearly dropped from fright. However, none of us suffered from our immersion and our struggle with the elements in the treacherous waters of that dreaded place. Searching my pockets after I was fixed up, and had put on dry clothes, I came across a little statue of St. Anthony enclosed in a brass case, and to this day it bears the marks of the salt water. I carry it with me all the time, for to it as well as to the saying of the beads that morning, I attribute my salvation from a watery grave. One thing bothered me now, and it was to cross the Tickle for the last time on my homeward trip. The thought of another adventure like the previous one often came back to me, but the day was fast approaching, and another hour of fear

and trembling had to be encountered. During the balance of my stay at the lighthouse, we had three concerts, followed by the old familiar Newfoundland dance. The first concert lasted one and a half hours, and had an audience of forty persons; the second lasted two hours and a half, and 102 persons were present, the affair being in honor of the birthday of the mother of the lighthouse keeper. The third and last was of four hours' and a half duration, and had 60 of an audience. After each the fishermen danced until four o'clock in the morning, and then left the lighthouse and went to their fishing boats and went out and spent the day fishing. When the day of my departure had arrived a surprise awaited me. All the fishermen came in early from the fishing grounds, and we sang together a few stanzas of a farewell song as follows:

"This is one song more, and then we part."

But not with sigh nor tear;  
We leave these scenes of childhood dear,  
For home and friendly cheer.

Farewell, with a cheerful strain we part,  
No tear shall dim our eyes,  
We'll join our hands, for our hearts are joined,  
Farewell, we'll meet above the skies."

After singing the above, the fishermen got their guns and a salvo was fired as a send-off. The neighboring hills reverberated with the sound, and continued until we were half way across the Tickle. When I entered Bay de Verde that evening, a concert had to be given, to which the whole village assisted; those not finding admission into the hall remained in the yard and heard the whole proceedings. The performance was repeated with several additions the next evening, and was followed by the dance which they all love so well. Many of them would walk ten or twelve miles to participate in such enjoyment. As I was the means of obtaining the hall that evening for the dance, I was heartily cheered as I was leaving the hall after the entertainment. I spent the next three days in the village awaiting the arrival of the mail steamer for St. John's. But here another experience presented itself. The steamer was a day late, being delayed by a severe storm. When the mail boat steamed into the harbor, it was a wild day on the deep. There being no wharf in the place, the steamer remained in the stream, while the seamen were sent in the lifeboat to convey passengers and the mails to a landing called a "stage," which is the next best thing for a wharf. Several passengers, including the parish priest, and myself, boarded the boat to be rowed to the steamer. The whole village turned out to bid me farewell, the ladies on one side and the gentlemen on the other. The ladies' choir was to have sung a farewell greeting, but when the time came the singers lost courage. The men were to have given the usual parting salute of musketry, but a powder famine had struck the place, and this part of the programme could not be carried out. Being rowed to the steamer, the boat at times went up almost perpendicular with the huge waves, but still I had the thought of my former experience before me, and now going through the worst of the lot, I had lost that timidity, being seated in the boat near the priest. When we reached the steamer, we had to watch our chance as the boat was lifted up with the waves, to step on the ladder and get aboard. The storm continued nearly all night, and the ship rolled badly, and to add to our discomfort, the weather was cold, wet and foggy. When I landed at St. John's I resolved never to go through such an experience again. I still carry about me my treasure, the little statue of St. Anthony, and each time I gaze upon it it reminds me of the dangers and perils of the deep from which I had been saved.

FELIX.

Lady Teacher—Children, you should always respect your teacher. Now, Willie, tell me why you should always respect me.

Willie—On account of your age, Miss.

The two essential instincts of humanity are the love of order and the love of kindness. By the love of order the moral energy is to deal with the earth, and dress it, and keep it, and to deal with all rebellious or dissolute forces in lower creatures, and in ourselves. By the love of kindness the moral energy is to deal rightly with all surrounding life. So shall every passion have full strength, and yet be absolutely under control.—Huskin.