19, 1905. en one day n with a brown st how to make itty cloth this

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and girls :

The letters seem to be few from our little friends. Wake up, little ones. You have had your vacations and should surely have lots of ones. You have had your vacations of observation? You must news to tell us. Why not try your powers of observation? You must news to time see something interesting. Well, put it down on from time to time see som paper and see what a pretty little story you can get up. Many thanks kind wishes.

Your loving friend, AUNT BECKY.

Mear Aunt Becky : Now that the Christmas and New Years holidays have gone by I will begin to write you again. We had a lovely time Xmas. Cousin Joe down and made us a visit, but as he wanted to be at home to spend Xmas he didn't stay but a short Papa went to Montreal one day last week. If the weather had not been so cold I would have gone with him and called to see you. It is snowing very hard. I am afraid it will block the roads. This is all for this time. As ever,

Your loving niece,

ROSE.

Granby. Dear Aunt Becky

I am back at school after the holidays. I got a toboggan for a Christmas present and I take it to school We have a slide in the schoolyard and we have lots of fun during recess, but recess is too short. I hope to see this in print. Your friend, JERRY.

Oshawa, Ont. * * *

Dear Aunt Becky : I am a little girl twelve years old. My home is in Gananoque, but I have been visiting in Montreal and thought I would like to write you a little letter as my little friend is writing. I am having a lovely time and wish I could stay longer, these is not much fun at home as our town is very quiet. I have seen many of the places of interest and had lovely sleigh rides round the I think the mountain must be lovely in summer. I hope come then so that I can go to the

Your little friend,

GRETA. MY LITTLE BOY FOR SALE. A mother was busy with her work

one day, When her dear little boy with his

Ran in from his play, as bright as

With all his traps and noise. You make such a din," she said to

While he worked with his tools, his joys;

"I'll put you to bed, or I'll sell you," she said. "To the man who buys little boys. A little boy for sale; A little boy for sale:

A little boy for sale; He males so much noise with his hammer and toys, My little boy for sale."

The dear little boy was quiet one

He had laid his toys aside; The mother had ceased her work to pray;

"O Lord with me abide !" As she sits by the bed of her curly

A soft, sweet song she sings When out of the gloom of that quiet

Comes the rustle of the angel's wings. There's no little boy for sale;

There's no little boy for sale: He was bought by the love of the Father above,

ere's no little boy for sale; There's no little boy for sale; There's no little boy for sale;

He was bought by the love of the Father above, There's no little boy for sale; + +

COUNTRY GIRLS IN THE CITY Is there absolutely no encouragement for the country girl who would come to the city

the higher employments open to city women, for women fitted for such positions already know:

That for every teacher's position there is a "waiting list" of applicants.

That gifted women artists are eding their hearts out while wait for success in cheerless, badly li

That while women physicians are looked upon with moderate favor. the steps to success are many difficult, not to be lightly under taken

That women who successfully head business enterprises are born with talent not to be acquired by ambition or effort.

That while there is always "room at the top," genius and even talent are a law unto themselves, a not discoverable to the uninitiated, To the country woman with no particular gift, no particular training, and no particular purpose, the way is clear-to remaining at home, and in this age such home-staying may be made profitable, if she but awake to the home industries which, under the name of "arts and rafts," find a housekeeping. crafts," find a market in the world.

DEPENDED ON HIMSELF.

Among the French aristocrats who escaped the guillotine, in the days when it was a crime to have been born with a title, was the Marquise de Sourey, who fled to England and thence to this country with her son, a boy of fourteen. Her husband having been executed, this boy, Pierre, inherited the title; estates there were none. His mother landed penniless in Wilmington, Delaware, and found refuge in a small cabin on Sixth street. The influential people of the town called on Madame Sourey and offered her aid; many houses were opened to her, but Pierre refused all help.

"We are poor, but not beggars," he said promptly. "I have hands, I will support my mother."

He had no profession, trade capital. In the garden attached to their cottage grew a gourd vine. He cut the smaller gourds anh made of them boxes, which he stained and decorated with figures drawn in silhouette. These boxes sold rapidly at high prices. He then invented an ice-boat, which drew large crowds to the banks of Christiana creek when it was frozen over. There the young Marquis was awaiting with which he had for sale. toy boats, When spring came he had several bateaux ready to dispose of. In the garden he_raised poultry and vegetables enough to supply his mother's

Two years passed. Pierre wilder ambitions. He built, after many failures, a boat so large that in it he was able to cross the laware and to bring sand from New Jersey, which he sold for building purposes. He had from this a steady income, and began to look with contempt on his toy boxes and

boats But one day the poor little marquis, weighted with his cargo of sand, was overtaken by a storm on the Delaware, his boat capsized and he was drowned within sight His mother sank under her trouble and died the next day. They were buried together in the old Swedes' churchyard, and the grave is still shown to strangers of the little nobleman who played his part in the world, in the midst of cruel misery and pain, more bravely than any of his ancestors.

+ + +

GIRLS, BE COURTEOUS. There is nothing so pretty in the anner of a young girl as courtesy toward the aged. It may be ple santer to turn and listen to the gidly remarks of some girl of your own rly woman, but it does not put our disposition in anything like so seconing a light. Do not neglect the elderly guest in your home. If ou only knew how much the delicate tentions of youth particularly are ppreciated by age you would be no diggard in bestowing them. You dil, too, always be the gainer by uch thoughtfulness—the gainer in risdom, love and above all that reatest attraction in a girl's dis-cettion, unselfishness.

THE CHILD-GIVER.

intended for the collection plate, though willing to give with good grace to the Child in the Crib. The purpose of the former is too abstract for the undeveloped mind to grasp, but the Infant's need sinks deep into young hearts.

At the children's Mass in a certain hurch when a special collection was taken up hundreds of little ones gave their mite willingly, but now again a gaily-attired worldling would flutter past without making her offering, or a boy with a saving streak would hold back his penny till shamed into giving by the admonitory shaking of the box in the hand of the juvenile collector, he attempted to slip by. They furnished an intensely interesting study so closely did they reflect the spirit of their elders. The cheerful giver was in the majority, be it said the credit of humanity, and the training of Christian parents. and teachers who had taught the child-

But this is getting away the little spendthrifts, the lovable things whose small pockets would burn if a penny remained in them. I saw one the other day-certainly not more than three years old,-a red head at one extremity, a pair of stubbed shoes at the other, and cent in her little red fist. With the alertness of the city-born child she looked up and down the street, lest a car be coming, then boldly cross ed the track, and disappeared within a candy shop. It was a stolen trip, undertaken, despite its dangers to avoid the necessity of going shares with a large and importunate circle of relatives and friends

ren to give from their hearts.

equally tender years. CHILDREN'S WITTICISMS.

THE INDICATOR.

A very little girl and a yellow dog wandered into one of the big department stores recently. As they reached the notion counter, where the little girl asked for two spools of white cotton, a kick from one of yellow dog.

"If you ever bring that dog in here again I'll-" here the big man looked down at the very little girl and his voice softened-"I'll cut his tail off.

Tiny arms clasped the yellow tighter, a pair of blue eyes filled with tears, and baby lips trembled. "Oh, please, mister," said the little girl, "please don't cut off little dog's tail. 'Cause if you do I never, never could tell when he's happy."-New York Sun.

+ + + WHY JOHNNY ATE THEM. Mrs. Billus (after the company had gone)-Johnny, you shouldn't have eaten those preserved fruits. They were not intended to be eaten. They They were put on the table to fill up. Johnny Billus-Well, that's what I

used 'em for, mamma. + + + WOULD MAKE SURE ABOUT THE SOAP.

A little boy who had been blowing bubbles all the morning, tiring of play and suddenly growing serious, said, "Read me that thory about heaven: it ith the gloriouth '

"I will," said the mother, "but first tell me did you take the soap

out of the water ?' "Oh, yes; I'm pretty thure I did." The mother read the description of the beautiful city, the streets of gold, the gates of pearl. He listened with delight, but when she cam to the words, "No one can enter there who loveth or maketh a lie,' bounding up, he said:

"I gueth I'll go and thee about that thoap!"-New York Observer.

THE BUTTERED SIDE.

A woman who is a close obse of children was out walking in the country one day, she relates, when she saw a little girl with solemn big blue eyes sitting on a doorstep munching a huge slice of bread and outter. The only peculiarity about the operation was that she was oward the ground.

"Why do you hold your bread and butter that way?" asked the lady. "Tause," whispered the little mai-den confidentially, "mamma says ad always falls butter side down, so if you hold it putter side down to start wif, and then dwop it, why of course it falls butter side up."

POPE PIUS' IRISH CASSOCK.

The proprietors of a mill in/Doug-las, County Cork, Ireland, have re-ceived intimation that the Pope has accepted a cassock of fine white Irish

THE COST OF A MISSED LESSON.

One bright December afternoon recitations were faultless, although Gladys Arthur burst into the library where her mother was writing let ters. Mrs. Arthur looked up and a rival in this quiet unobtrusive smiled at the sight of her little girl. daughter's happy face.

"Well, dear ?" she said, as Gladys threw her arms around her neck with the kiss with which she never failed to greet her mother; and, quite out of breath and very 'much excited, Gladys told her story in a rather incoherent fashion.

It was several moments before Mrs. Arthur grasped the lact that Miss Palmer, whose school Gladys attended, had offered a prize to be given at the end of the year to the' girl who excelled in French. As Gladys was undoubtedly the best scholar, she had no fear as to her ability to win the prize.

Her father was informed of the onderful news when he came home to dinner; and, to add to the general excitement, he promised Gladys that if she won the prize she might accompany him to Europe the following autumn.

While Gladys was gifted with great intelligence, she had some serious faults, among them that of leaving another time things which should be done at once. This failing was a sort of great unhappiness to her parents. If she failed to prepare her lessons, she invariably trusted to lucle and to her own quick wit to carry her through a class. She usually succeeded in making a creditable recitation, although with care ful preparation she might have made a brilliant one.

Her father and mother were by no neans pleased with this halfway style of doing things, and Mr. Arthur had an object in view when he made Gladys so generous an offer for he was a busy man and had very little time to himself. He was go ing abroad partly on businesse and circumstances rendered it impossible the floor walkers just missed the for him to take his whole family to Europe at that season. "

Gladys was delighted with proposition and determined to win both the prize and the trip. Her mother had a very serious talk with her that night, showing her that she must conquer her fault, to be able to win either reward. Gladys pro mised faithfully to study hard and to overcome her habit of procrastination.

For several months she succeeded admirably; but as spring advanced with its many pleasures Gladys grew careless. The change was gradual, but it was none the less real. Her recitations were only passible some times; and, although the following days would bring her marks high above those of her companions, she was steadily losing ground. Still she was far in advance of most of her schoolmates, and not one of them thought that Gladys would fail to win the "French prize," as it came to be called.

There was, however, one exception to this rule,-a girl who was a great students, and who, although lacking much of the natural talent which Gladys possessed, was more persever ing and studious. While Gladys was engaged in tennis or boating, Ethel Morgan spent the long summer afternoons in hard study. She did not learn easily and quickly, as did most of the girls in her class; but what | wer the question. the time of reviews and examinations her retentive memory stood her in better stead than did the somewhat superficial knowledge of her brilliant classmate.

Ethel was not so great a favorite as Gladys, and as soon as the prize schoolmate's hand. was offered she spent even less time than usual with her companions. The girls took very little notice of her; and, in fact, and, in fact, she was sometimes openly slighted, as she had the appearance of being excessively cold and face, then faded away, leaving her proud.

Warm-hearted Gladys had more than once discovered that Ethel was hurt by the unconscious ill-treatment she received from the very girls who hould have been her friends; and her impulsive little companion keenly re-sented it as cruel and unjust. How Hadys discovered the warm heart beneath that cold exterior it would difficult to say; yet she, and she alone, pierced through the cloak of reserve with which the sensitive girl concealed her real feelings; and Ethel was undoubtedly grateful for the kind attentions of this lovable school-

mate.

Ethel was a boarding-pupil, but not one of the day scholars had ever invited her to dinner or to tee at their homes, although these permissions were sometimes accorded. Even Sladye had not gone so far as this; and Ethel was often sad and lonely—or would have been but for her here.

she had none of Glady's bright animation. Still Gladys did not fear

One morning in early May Gladys accepted an invitation to a picnic and, thinking it best not to inter fere, Mrs. Arthur left her daughter to her own decision. Although Glady knew very well what her mother's wishes were, she decided to school,-"just for one day." as she said lamely, in at attempt at selfdefense

Now it happened that on this very day Mademoiselle Monpert had discovered a serious error in the text book; and as she had explained it carefully to the pupils, the French lesson was especially important. The next day Gladys had a severe cold. and, in spite of tears and protestations her mother insisted upon her remaining at home. Gladys made up the missed lesson, but remained in complete ignorance of the error Mademoiselle had so carefully explained. It was but a few weeks be fore commencement, and no one in the graduating class remembered to

tell her. When the morning of the 22nd of July dawned, and Gladys, arrayed in her pretty white dress, with he essay, tied with white satin ribbon held tightly in one hand, walked down the broad avenue, she had no knowledge of the blow which was about to fall. Nor could her cou sin and most intimate friend, Louis Chalmers, enlighten her on the subiect.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur, with Gladys vounger brother Hal, were to drive to Miss Palmer's later, to meet Before that invited guests at two. time the ranks of the different classe were to be read, for much depended on the year's work. It was count 50 per cent, with regard to the "French prize." A short oral examination

then held in that all-important subject, the girls standing in line, each having a question asked her in turn. Gladys, who was particularly anxious to have perfect marks in this as Ethel had come out a little ahead of her in the year's standing, stood at the head of the class, and Ethel just below her. The former, in spite of her intense anxlety, maintained an air of studied indifference; a bright red spot in either cheek alone betrayed her repressed excitement Ethel made no attempt to conceal her feelings, as she nervously fingered a drawing pencil she had found at the blackboard; yet there was no outward sign of the inward tumult raging in the girl's heart. Her love for her friend, her natural desire to win the prize, struggled for supremacy; and the victory over self

not an easy one. Both girls answered every question which was put to them, but at last something was asked which related to the lesson Gladys had missed. The question was put to a girl halfway down the line; but she shook he head, and the question was passed. The girls had either been very attentive or they had forgotten Mademoiselle's explanation.

Gladys was thunderstruck. She did not know the first thing about the subject, and would be unable to ans-As she stood she did learn she remembered. At there half frightened and not a little puzzled, Ethel's struggle with self suddenly ended. She hastily scrib bled the answer to the question upon a piece of paper lying at her feet, which she picked up without attract ing attention, and slipped it into her

Visions of her trip flashed before Glady's eyes, and she thought of how much it meant to her. She looked down at the scrap of paper and read the words. The color rushed to her deathly pale. Poor Mademoisell was anxiety personified; and as she turned to Gladys for support, she was too relieved to notice the white, set face, or that the girl's voice was low and tremulous as she answered the question.

The examination was soon over and the girls walked back to their eats; but, although they were now free to do as they wished, Gladys' heart was too heavy to allow her to oin in the fun. Miss Palmer invited the day-scholars to luncheon but Gladys' food remained untouch and Gladys food remained untouched upon her plate. She carefully avoided Ethel's eyes, and was so genuinely uncomfortable that the elder girl wondered if she had made a mistake. She was too generous to regret what she had done, so far as



As the guests came in, Gladys, for the first time in her life, was ashamed to meet her father's eyes; and Hal's boyish "Wish you luck, sis!" hurt her more than he could ever know.

The exercises went on, and soon the distribution of prizes began. Gladys was not forgotten, but she barely glanced at the handsome books on her desk.

At last Mademoiselle Monpert came forward with a small velvet case in her hand. After a few complimentary remarks in her pretty broken English, she called out the name of the winner: "Mademoiselle Gladys Arthur !" And the name was heard all over the room.

Gladys hesitated a moment. Every eye was fixed upon her fair young face, now flushed with shame. Hal gave her a slight push. "Brace old girl ! Don't be a chump!" And the boy's slang aroused her.

Gladys recovered her self-posses walked quickly forward. sion and She barely glanced at Mademoiselle; but her voice, although very low, was heard by everyone.

"I do not deserve the prize, and the girl who does is Ethel Morgan, It does not belong to me, for I-I cheated. I was prompted, and I took advantage of it; for I was absent when Mademoiselle explained the points I failed on. I'm' sorry, and-oh, don't look at me like that, Mademoiselle! I know what I am saying. The prize belongs to Ethel

Morgan." Poor Gladys! Her voice faltered, but her father's arm was around her,

and he gently drew her to a seat. There was a buzz of excitement, and the little velvet box was given to its rightful owner-Ethel Morgan. But the sweet-faced little girl in white was the object of all eyes; every one admired her for so bravely and frankly confessing her fault.

Gladys saw her father start out on his European trip alone, but she never forgot the long talk in his study the night before his departure. As she waved her handkerchief when the carriage drove off, she remembered his words on the evening of that dreadful day: "My brave little girl, I'm proud of you !" ed to feel again the warm pressure of his hand.

* * *

Gladys and Ethel grew to be fast friends, and Ethel had no longer cause to complain of loneliness. Late one afternoon, several weeks after Commencement, when the two girls and Hal were sitting together in the twilight, Ethel asked suddenly:

"Are you never sorry you told Mademoiselle, Gladys, and so lost your

trip abroad ?" "No. Ethel dear, I am not sorry, because it would have been acting a lie if I-I had done anything else. I would not have enjoyed the tripor anything else, for that matterwith a lie on my conscience." Gladys!

voice was low and earnest. "She's a true Arthur!" whispered Hal, softly, with an admiring glance at his sister, and also a determination to imitate her in every possible wav.

Gladys Arthur hadmissed a lesson, but in its stead she had gained two of far greater importance than the French lesson; and, knowing this, her father and mother were content. -Marguerite G. Reynolds, in

M. JAURES.

Poor Jaures, the Socialist leader in the French Chamber of Deputies, has a terrible time between his colleagues in the government and his His wife is a go wife at home. Catholic woman and his children are being brought up in the faith. Several years ago, when the youngest was baptized, a howl went up from Socialists and Radicals, who discovered as an aggravating detail that water from the Jordan had been used in the ceremony. Since then, year afthe ceremony. Since then, year atter year, more aggravating details are discovered in the family life of Jaures. Both his older daughters made their First Communion with all the ceremony and rejoicings of old-fashioned French families. They are now in convent schools—the very schools that Jaures and his followers are exterminating. Poor Jaures defends himself on the score that he