

For Boys and Girls.

CONDUCTED BY T. W.

The Golden Rule.

I do not care how finely dressed  
A girl may chance to be;  
If with no kindly nature blest,  
She's not the girl for me.

I do not care how sweet her face,  
How bright her golden hair,  
Absent is childhood's greatest grace,  
If love be wanting there.

When ruby lips that should respond  
The kindly, sweet "I will,"  
Are mute to all persuasion fond  
And sealed in silence still.

O, bid the ugly frown good-bye!  
And sweetly smile instead;  
Be like a sunbeam from the sky,  
And radiance round you shed.

And if you would be really good  
Unselfish, pure and true,  
Do unto others as you would  
That they should do to you.

Children and Prayer.

Prayer is a very essential duty and it is absolutely necessary that we should know the importance of praying with attention. Many children are apt to perform this duty in a careless and superficial manner which is owing no doubt to the natural giddiness and inattention of most young folks to everything serious. There is nothing looks as bad as to see children and others while at prayer, especially in church, turning constantly around as if their heads were on a pivot, smiling or playing with their heads. It shows not only great disrespect towards God whom they are addressing, but also that something essential is lacking in their training. Prayers said without attention cannot be meritorious and instead of pleasing God, offend Him.

In order to become duly impressed with the importance of saying our prayers well, we should commence by placing ourselves in the presence of God and remember that it is to Him we are going to speak. If we were addressing or asking a favor of anybody, we would make sure to do so with the greatest of attention and politeness. How humble and fervent should we not then be when speaking to God the Sovereign Lord of Heaven and earth, upon whom we totally depend for the things both of this life and the next.

Therefore, when at prayers, take a respectful posture upon your knees, with downcast eyes and hands joined. Never huddle down over your prayers as is too often the case, nor look about here and there while saying them. Put from your mind all thoughts that will tend to distract you and raise your heart up to God. Adore Him, praise Him and beg His blessings. If you do so you will always be heard.

Children's Wit.

The eye sayings and real wit that we often meet with among children are well known and often prove to be interesting reading. They are appreciated all the more because they are original.

It is related that one day Benjamin Franklin, who, as a boy, was very fond of using big words, told his father that he had swallowed some cephalus molluscs, which so alarmed the parent that he shrieked for help. The mother came in with warm water, and forced half a gallon down Benjamin's throat with the garden pump, then held him upside down, the father saying, "If we don't get those things out of Benjamin he'll be poisoned sure." When Benjamin was allowed to get his breath he explained that the articles referred to were oysters. His father was so indignant that he whipped him for half an hour for frightening the family. Benjamin never afterwards used a word of two syllables when a word of one would do.

A Sunday school speaker tells a comical experience. He was invited to make an address at a Sunday-School festival, and having nothing prepared to say, he tried to picture to the children the dolefulness of his position and asked them this question:—What would you do if you were compelled to stand on a platform before so many bright boys and girls who expected a speech from you, and you had nothing to say? "I'd keep quiet," said one small boy; and his answer immediately brought down the house, and quickly brought down the speaker too.

It is one of the school laws in Boston, as in other cities, that no pupil may come from a family any member of which is ill from a contagious disease. One day recently Willie K. appeared before his teacher and said: "My sister's got the measles, sir." "Well, what are you doing here, then?" replied the teacher severely. "Don't you know any better than to come to school when your sister

has the measles? Now you go home, and stay there until she is well." The boy, who is a veritable little rogue, went to the door, where he turned with a twinkle in his eye and said: "If you please, sir, my sister lives in Philadelphia."

A little girl, aged three and a half, had been sent to a kindergarten for the first time. On her return her mother asked her how she liked it. "I didn't like it a bit," the mite replied. "The teacher put me on a chair, and told me to sit there for the present. I sat and sat, and she never gave me the present."

A mother was scolding her little son who had just returned from school looking pretty disorderly. "For shame, Willie," said she. "You've been fighting again. Your clothes are torn and your face is scratched. Dear me, what a trial you are! I wish you were a little girl—girls don't fight." Willie replied: "Yes, but ma, don't you think it's better to have a good, square fight and get all the mad out of you, than to carry it around, the way the girls do, for months?"

The Doctor's Doll.

The doctor took but one "five-cent chance" in the large doll to be raffled at the fireman's fair, and yet he won it. That a single man should win the doll seemed "ridiculous," and the village was in a laugh over the matter.

For a while the doctor had as many callers as he could possibly desire; all the children in the village came to see the doctor's doll. Now and then a diminutive mortal ran at great speed down the board walk, paused at the doctor's tide gate, pointed an eager finger toward the doctor's parlor window and cried out enthusiastically, "See gocker!" which meant that the diminutive mortal was visiting the doctor's doll.

"Well, I wonder whom he will give it to," exclaimed Mrs. White, discussing the prevailing subject. "Our Jennie was heart-broken that she didn't draw it, but she alighted upon when she heard the doctor'd got it. He won't have any use for a doll," she said. She's been to see it several times but he wasn't home. Yes, he makes a big fuss over our Jennie."

"Maggie most wore herself out getting chances on it," remarked the visitor, with a short laugh. "I reckon she calculates she's got some kind of right to it. The doctor'll be very likely to think more than once before he gives the doll away. He's been tending John for quite a spell."

Different people wondered in different ways about the doll. Mrs. Drew, the timid little tailor's wife, wondered whom the doctor intended to slyly; "I hear it said that he's going to give it to Jennie White," she said, her eyes flashing. "Well, I know I took a chance on it for each of the children, they plagued me so, and Maud has been good for nothing ever since he drew it. She says he promised her something pretty when he pulled her jaw tooth, and now she thinks for certain he's going to give her the doll."

"He can't give it to everybody," said the timid little tailor. "No," snapped Mrs. Drew; "but he might as well give it to Maud as to Jennie White, even if she hasn't got a mess of curls hanging down her back! He shouldn't have promised the child something pretty, if he didn't mean to give the doll to her."

Old Mrs. Kuron thought that Johnny should receive the doctor's doll. "He's been such a patient little fellow, and he wants it so bad!" she said. "The doctor, being a single man hasn't any use in the world for it, and he always seemed fond of Johnny. The child declares the doctor promised him something pretty if he swallowed his medicine like a little man, and he hasn't given him anything yet. Johnny's expecting the little doll every time he sees the doctor's buggy."

"When are you going to give me what you said you were going to?" The voice came from a pretty little girl who stopped the doctor in the middle of the village street. She was a bashful little girl, and her face was very red, but she had made up her mind to say this to the doctor.

The doctor looked at her and smiled. He dearly loved a pretty little bashful girl.

"What did I promise you, Lily?" he asked.

"Something pretty," whispered the child. "But I'm not Lily. I'm Mamie Smith, and you said you would give me something pretty if I took a dose of oil. I did it, ten months ago. You said you would give me something pretty when you got it."

"And I haven't given it to you

yet!" cried the doctor, in pretended consternation. "Come along, little girl." And he took the bashful little girl into the corner drug-store and bought her enough candy to make her sick again.

"I don't want it," said the bashful little girl, speaking to herself after the doctor had left her, and holding hard to the bag of candy. "I want the doll, and he'll go and give it to Lily!"

"Well, one thing is certain," remarked the doctor to his kind little old mother, "I daren't give away the doll. I've had a time building up a practice, and I'll lose it in a minute if I'm not wary. The giving away of the doll would bring down upon me the condemnation of every household except the one that got the doll."

Then the doctor raised Miss Jolly from the parlor sofa and regarded her critically. Beyond a doubt she was a remarkably fine doll for a single man to have drawn at the fireman's fair. She had great staring blue eyes that closed peacefully as the doctor tilted her back for an instant; she was dressed in pink silk, fashioned in the latest style; she wore a ribbon sash and the daintiest of slippers.

"I declare she's a stunner!" exclaimed the doctor. "No wonder all the children envy me my possession. If I were a little girl myself, I'd be angry if the doctor wouldn't give her to me!"

It's a great pity you won it, since the people are so foolish," said the doctor's mother. "I've heard the mothers talking about the matter until I'm tired. Of course one cannot blame the children. Little Lulu Brown told me to-day that she had twenty chances and you had only one. I felt very much like giving the child the doll and telling her to run off with it before the doctor came home, but up piped another little girl, 'Did you only have twenty chances, Lulu? Why Minnie Harris had twenty-two!'"

"I can't pat a little girl on the head that she doesn't look up expectantly, and I know she thinks I've chosen her to be the recipient of the doll," said the doctor, laughing and sighing at the same time. "Poor children, don't they understand that I can't make them all happy?"

"Dear little things, I don't believe they do," said the gentle old lady.

As they went by, the children in the village began to lose hopes of the doctor's generosity, and they lost their friendliness toward the doctor. They spoke disparagingly of him in low voices after he passed them on the street, and a diminutive mortal announced, pointing toward the doctor's parlor window, "Gocker is a bad, bad man!"

"If I give the doll to any one of them I shall only make matters worse," said the doctor, in a tone of exasperation, for he was very fond of the children.

"Suppose you send it off to a city hospital!" cried his little mother, brightening. "Give it outside the place?" cried the doctor, aghast. "They'd mob me! Do you know," he added, dejectedly, "that old Mrs. Kuron is actually doctoring her grandson, and he has one of his worst sore throats?"

"You don't mean to say she wanted the doll for her little boy!" exclaimed the old lady. "Well, well, well! I declare, I would send it somewhere, and be done with it! Why not give it to the child who had twenty-two chances?"

"And have it said that I was currying favor with the richest people in the village?"

"Then let them raffle it over again!" said the old lady, decidedly.

"Instead of presenting it to my pets, Mamie and Julie and Annie and Johnny and Tommy, and the rest of them?" demanded the doctor, with a nervous laugh. "I don't know what to do. The doll is hurting my practice—the Browns have sent off to Redlanes for Doctor Ramsfield; the little girl is very ill. If ever there's another fireman's fair I'm out of the raffles, that's certain!"

It was later in the evening when a man stepped into the doctor's office and settled himself in the visitor's chair besides the doctor's desk.

"What can I do for you?" asked the doctor, genially, holding out his hand to feel the stranger's pulse.

"There's nothing the matter with me," returned the man soberly. "I haven't come to bother you about medicine. My name is John Derwood; I hail from Vinegar Hill."

"What can I do for you, Mr. Derwood?" asked the doctor, pleasantly. The man cleared his throat and then said, slowly, "They're fussing over to Vinegar Hill about that doll."

"Oh!" exclaimed the doctor, stiffening visibly.

"They say," went on the man, "that this here chance business isn't as fair any way as it ought to be, and they don't understand it fully. They tell me, for instance, that you gave five cents towards the raffle and got the doll—got the doll for five cents. Is that so?"

"Yes, I gave five cents toward the raffle and got the doll; got it for that five cent piece and for nothing more,"

said the doctor, coolly. "Now there wasn't anybody in Vinegar Hill, worth counting, that didn't give fifteen cents at least towards the doll," explained Mr. Derwood. "My little girl was one of them that had the books, and people gave her chances; her name was down seventeen times on her book. The folks say there's something strange about these raffles."

"Some people say raffles are wrong," said the doctor. "I'm one of the people who say that raffles are wrong, Mr. Derwood, decidedly wrong."

"But you got the doll," returned the man, with a short laugh.

"Yes, I won the doll for a five cent chance," repeated the doctor.

Mr. Derwood put his hand into his pocket and drew it out full of nickels, seventeen of them.

"I'm willing to pay you that eighty-five cents my little girl had on her book toward the raffle," he said, in a business-like way, "if you'll just hand over the doll. The folks in Vinegar Hill are willing to let it go that way, for my little girl had the highest number of chances of any one in Vinegar Hill."

"Some one here in the town had as many as twenty-two chances, I believe," said the doctor, dryly. "No, Mr. Derwood, I'm very sorry, but I can't accommodate you."

"You say that some one here in the town had as high as twenty-two chances?" interrogated Mr. Derwood.

"Yes," answered the doctor.

"And you got the doll for five cents?"

"Exactly."

Then Mr. Derwood called the doctor a hard name, said the raffle was a swindle, rose and went out of the office, slamming the door behind him.

About a week later the doctor was sitting in his office again, this time feeling the pulse of a patient who had remained true to him, when he heard the sound of some one walking slowly across the parlor floor. He thought for an instant that it was his mother, and yet he wondered why his mother should step stealthily about her own house. Then he shook himself and gave his full attention to his patient, deciding that the doll business had upset his nerves.

A minute later, however, the doctor having seen his patient out the side door, stood on the front hall, listening. The parlor door opened while he stood there, and a little girl crept out. She wore a great woolen shawl, under which she carried a large bundle.

"Say, little girl, I shouldn't wonder if you'd picked up my doll by mistake," said the doctor. The little girl gave a great start and grew pale as a ghost.

Then the doctor unceremoniously turned back the great shawl, and there sure enough, was the pink-dressed doll! The little girl held it tightly.

"You must give it to me without any nonsense," said the doctor, for he was becoming irritable upon the subject of the doll. "Don't you know that when you take something that doesn't belong to you that you are stealing?"

The child's arms relaxed instantly from around the doll, and the beautiful and coveted creature would have fallen to the floor, had not the doctor rescued her. Then the little girl, in a state of pitiable shame and confusion, sank upon the doctor's hall steps and burst into stormy weeping.

After all, it was rather interesting. The doctor regarded the little girl not unkindly.

"Perhaps you didn't mean to take it," he said for he couldn't bear to see a little girl cry, and he did pity all the little girls who wanted his doll. "Perhaps you didn't think."

"I did mean to take it, and I did think!" sobbed the little girl.

"But that wasn't right," said the doctor, very softly. Somehow he felt a strong liking for this truthful little girl. "You should have come and asked me for it, you know."

"Yes," cried the child, scornfully.

"Great Haste is Not Always Good Speed."

Many people trust to luck to pull them through, and are often disappointed. Do not dilly-dally in matters of health. With it you can accomplish miracles. Without it you are "no good."

Keep the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood healthy by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, the faultless blood purifier.

Rheumatism—"I had acute rheumatism in my limb and foot. I commenced treatment with Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills and in a short time was cured." WILLIAM HASKETT, Brantford, Ont.

Scrofula—"I was troubled with scrofula and impure blood. A cut on my arm would not heal. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and after I had taken three bottles I was well." DANIEL ROBINSON, 32½ Treasley Street, Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

The S. CARSLLEY CO., Limited.

Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. APRIL 15, 1899.

Shopping by Mail and the New Spring Catalogue.



All Orders Received by Mail Receive Prompt and Careful Attention.

The mail order department of The Big Store is in a complete state of readiness for the biggest mail order business in Canada. The store's service to mail order customers have been improved and facilities increased to make it as nearly perfect as it is possible to do. Out-of-town customers should not hesitate to use our mail order system, it has been planned and perfected for their convenience and the frequent use of it means a great saving to you annually. If you have not received a copy of our New Spring and Summer Catalogue just published, drop us a post card with your name and address, we'll send you one by return of mail.

A Great Metropolitan Store.

There are good and substantial reasons why this business is as big as it is, and why it should keep on growing. Store-keeping, as it exists here is by no means an experiment, but a system resting on well-defined principles. The kind of store-keeping that is ever reaching out after higher possibilities, the past being never a high enough mark for the present. The management is all the time improving the stocks, bettering the facilities, enlarging the selling space and widening the store's sphere of usefulness. The immense purchasing power and the importance of this great business to the various manufacturers, gives it the most favorable consideration of price and quality. There are no consigned stocks here, and purchases are made at the period of the year when they can be produced at the lowest prices.

- SPRING COSTUMES.
  - The Fin-de-Seicle Garment for Spring is undoubtedly the Costume. The special novelties just received are marvels of beauty, taste and consummate skill. Moderately priced.
  - A Chic costume in Fawn and Drab Covert Cloth. The Jacket is double-breasted, reffer style, silk lined, skirt is cut very full, and lined linenette. Special price, \$12.75.
  - A dignified costume in Vigogne cloth, black and colors, handsomely braided throughout, and cut latest style. Special, \$14.00.
  - A model costume in Plain Box Cloth, handsomely trimmed, satin piping, jacket lined silk. Special \$17.50.
- PARIS CAPES.
  - These Cape Beauties have just arrived, and registered at The Big Store. Their stay will be short. Of course, the best are selected first.
  - A Smart Creation in Fine Box Cloth fawn and drab, trimmed with rows of cording and plain stitching. Special, \$5.00.
  - A perfect Beauty in new Box Cloth, lined throughout with silaline and handsomely embroidered tubular braid. Special, \$8.40.
  - A Paris Model Cape, in fawn, drab and black, stylish slashed collar, faced silk, and trimmed self applique. Special, \$10.75.

Write for the New Spring Catalogue just published. MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY FILLED.

The S. CARSLLEY CO. Limited.

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St. 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal

SPECIMENS OF Eastern Art Carpets and Rugs

VARIOUS SIZES AND ANTIQUE EFFECTS. Spring Carpets, Art Squares and Carpets.

Everything for Floor Covering and Window Garnishing.

THOMAS LIGGET, 1884 NOTRE DAME STREET. 2445 ST. CATHERINE STREET, MONTREAL. 175 to 179 SPARKS STREET, OTTAWA

"of course!" "You think I wouldn't have given it to you?" inquired the doctor, half-timidly. "But I might have. Where do you live?" "I live on Vinegar Hill," answered the child with a fresh burst of sobs. "Oh, you're Mr. Derwood's little girl—you thought the doll was yours!" said the doctor, cheerfully. "Well, that wasn't so bad. Only I wish you had come to me and explained."

The child sat upright upon the step and looked at him. She had great hopeless black eyes and a queer little quivering mouth. "I ain't Mr. Derwood's little girl," she said. "I'm only Liz Jones, and I didn't have but one chance on the doll, either."

"Well?" questioned the doctor. Liz shook the loose tresses away from her black eyes. "Jimmy's got spasms, and he wanted to see it, that's all. I was only going to borrow it. I was going to bring it back to-morrow morning, maybe. I was going to bring it back as soon as Jimmy's dead." She put her head on the steps again and hid her face.

Then the doctor sat down on the steps to put his arm about Liz Jones, and the doll sank unheeded beside him as he persuaded the child to tell him all about Jimmy.

Five minutes later the doctor was in his buggy, together with the doll and Liz Jones, speeding away rapidly toward Vinegar Hill. Jimmy Jones did not die; the doctor pulled him through. For five days the beautiful doll sat staring at him, and then she returned to the doctor's parlor. But Miss Dolly came home with a mission. She was destined to visit every little sick child, boy or girl, who wished to see her; she was to belong to them, and just be taken care of by the doctor. That is what the

doctor himself had said to Jimmy Jones.

The people in the village were charmed by the original idea. Mamie and Annie and Maud and Willie and everybody would henceforth have a personal interest in the doctor's doll. The doll won at the fireman's fair received kind and tender treatment all around; even the doctor's mother became suddenly proud of her company, and set at work making her new clothes.

There came a time in each case when the poor little peevish, sick mortal would cry out, "I don't want to see the doll! I'm tired of the doll!" Then the little sick mortal's mother would exclaim brightly, "But you haven't seen her new sunbonnet!" or "The doll has a new pair of stockings!" and the interest would revive.

And that is how the miracle occurred of the doctor's doll making everybody happy.—Youth's Companion.

Pimples, boils and humors show that the blood is impure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier that money can buy.

There are said to be ten Scottish dukes, five marquises, twenty earls, and five lords—forty in all—who have a direct financial interest in the continuation of the drink traffic. In England and Wales the names of no fewer than 172 members of the Upper House appear as owners of one or more licensed places.

Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum is sold by all druggists; 10 cts. a bottle.

Art—all real art—is truth made beautiful.

FOR ORNAMENTAL BOOKS, ST. ANTHONY'S MEDIA. Little's Complete of St. Anthony and Canceled Postage Stamps, write to Agency, Bethlehem Apostolic School, 153 Abasco Street, Montreal.

The love of heaven makes one heavenly.