

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

HOW TOM GOT HIS BICYCLE.

"Well, mother, Dick Arnold got his bicycle today," said Tom Edwards, as he walked into the room where his mother and little sister Theresa were sitting.

"Dick makes the eighth boy out of our ball nine to get a bicycle, and on the first of April they are to start a club."

Tom had long been wishing for a "safety" and had spoken of it several times to his father, but Mr. Edwards, who was a young merchant just starting out in business, considered it as throwing so much money away, and had sternly forbidden Tom to mention the subject to him again.

"Why do you not say the prayer to St. Joseph which Sister gave us the other day," said Theresa. "Three days of March have already passed, but perhaps if you were to say the prayer twice a day for every day you have missed St. Joseph would not mind."

But Tom only shuffled out of the room. He was in a bad humor to-night and did not wish to be talked to. But the good seed had not been thrown away. Tom thought more than once what his little sister had said, and that night when prayer time came, he pulled from his pocket where it had been poked when first given him, the little prayer to St. Joseph to be said during March.

Night after night he said his prayer as day by day the month wore on. Losing confidence sometimes during the day, but always receiving it at night after he had said his prayers and gone to bed to dream all night long of his wheel and the races he would win.

Every day Tom would walk back and forth to school with some of the boys of his nine, and they would tell him of their new plans and the time they could already make. Very little interest was taken in base ball now, and poor Tom would go home with a heavy heart after their meetings. All their interest was centered in the new wheel club.

It was the afternoon of the thirty-first of March. Tom had walked to school with Dick and had learned how the other eight boys were to meet the next morning Saturday in Dick's gymnasium room in their large stable, and have a formal opening of the new club. Tom did little studying that afternoon, his mind would keep going back to that gymnasium room where he could see all the other boys with their new wheels holding their enthusiastic meeting, but he was not among them.

When school was dismissed Tom purposely started off home by himself. As he passed the church he slipped in to say for that, the last day of the month, his prayer to St. Joseph, the only hope he had left. In a few minutes he was out again in the street on his way home, but with renewed confidence.

The evening passed as usual. Mr. Edwards had been home to supper and was again back to his business. Tom read awhile as he had no lessons to learn, and when his pastime came, started up to bed. As he was reaching his room, he hit the gas, and turned around to prepare himself for bed, but what was that which shone so brightly from the corner? Tom did not have to guess twice.

"St. Joseph," he uttered as he turned to examine his gift.

His prayer had been answered. The long wished for bicycle was his, at last.

The thirty-first of March was Tom's birthday, but as very little notice had ever been taken of it in the Edwards family, Tom did not look forward to it with any interest, except to add one more year to the thirteen he had already counted. His father had given him the bicycle as a birthday present, but Tom knew in his heart that it was St. Joseph who had prompted him to do so, and felt all the more grateful for the way in which it had been sent.

The boys were very much surprised at their meeting next morning to see Tom come riding up on his bicycle, the nicest one of the nine.

Several years have passed since Tom got his bicycle, but ever since he has found in St. Joseph a guide, father and model, and like St. Theresa has never asked for anything which he has not received. *S. J. P. in Catholic Columbian.*

EVERYBODY LIKES HER.

There is a type of girl that everybody likes. Nobody can tell exactly why, but the reason you like her is a subtle one; without knowing all about her you know just the sort of a girl she is.

She is the girl that appreciates the fact

that she cannot always have the first choice of everything in the world.

She is the girl who is not aggressive and does not find joy in inciting aggressive people.

She is the girl who has tact enough not to say the very thing that will cause the skeleton in her friend's closet to rattle his bones.

She is the girl who, whether it is warm or cold, clear or stormy, finds no faults with the weather.

She is the girl who, when you invite her to any place, compliments you by looking her best.

She is the girl who makes this world a pleasant place because she is pleasant herself.

And, by and by, when you come to think of it, isn't she the girl that makes you feel she likes you and, therefore, you like her?

TABLE MANNERS FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Good Housekeeping gives the following code of table manners for children:

Drink from the cup—never from the saucer.

Teaspoons are left in the saucer, not in the cup.

Little children only have the napkin arranged as a bib.

Making a noise, either in eating or drinking, is vulgar.

Always cheerfully defer to older people and to guests.

Eat slowly, and do not fill the mouth with large quantities.

Eat the food served, or quietly leave it upon the plate without remark.

Never imitate a rude or uncouth act, even if committed by an older person.

Avoid drumming with the fingers or the feet: it is the height of impoliteness.

If in doubt at any time as to what is proper, follow the example of others of more experience.

Patiently await the coming of your turn: do not follow with the eyes the food served to others.

Never unnecessarily handle the dishes, or in any other manner exhibit nervousness or impatience.

Do not feel obliged to "clean up the plate," especially do not make a laborious display in doing so.

Do not ask for any particular part of a bowl, or similar dish, unless asked your preference: in that case always indicate something, and if there be really no choice, designate the portion with which the host can most conveniently render service.

If the handkerchief must be used, let it be very quietly; in case that is not possible, leave the table for a moment, which may be done in case of a sharp attack of coughing, sneezing, or the like, without asking permission, the cause being manifest.

Midnight doctors are the most unwelcome visitors—even the Doctor himself curses the luck that compelled him to leave his comfortable bed. Suppose you would try our method, and keep a Big 25c. Bottle of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer in the house, and let Doctor Spills stay in his bed and enjoy himself.

## The Celtic Leaven in English Literature.

The Dublin National Literary Society continue to flourish, and the example of its admirable work cannot fail to be beneficial upon the masses and students in the country districts, who must speedily see that their duty is to bestir themselves, and do likewise. At the last meeting of the society, before an audience of some of the most notable *literateurs* in Dublin, Mr. Richard Ashe King, author of the novel "The Wearing of the Green," delivered an address on "The Celtic Leaven in English Literature." Dr. Sigerson presided. Mr. King said it was utterly impossible to separate the Celtic and un-Celtic contributors to English literature into two distinct camps. The original wild rose-stalk in England was Celtic, and upon this Celtic wild rose-stalk had been grafted Saxon, Teuton, Norman, and Dane and in English literature they would find not only these roses of the garden cultivation, which drew their sap and sustenance from the old stalk, but sometimes they would find the pure Celtic blossom on the same stalk. As evidence of this fact he would not appear to any Irish authority, for it was often charged against his countrymen that they claimed every distinguished man as a native of Ireland. Both John Morley and Matthew Arnold acknowledged the Celtic influence in English literature. Arnold wrote: "If I were asked where English poetry got these three things, its turn for style, its turn for melancholy, and its turn for natural magic, for catching and rendering the charms of nature in a wonderfully near and vivid way, I should answer with some doubt that it got much of its turn for style from a Celtic source, with less doubt that it got much of its melancholy from a Celtic source, and with no doubt at all that from a Celtic source it got nearly all its magic." It was demonstratively proved that chivalry rose not only from a Celtic but from an Irish source, for the Book of Leinster contained rules of chivalry long before chivalry was introduced into England or the Continent, and it should be remembered that these rules were pre-Christian. The lecturer instanced Edmund Burke's famous reference to Marie Antoinette as the most chivalrous passage in English literature, Steele's compliment to Lady Elizabeth Hastings as the finest compliment in the language, and Oliver Goldsmith's writings as affording the most divine combinations of the guilelessness of childhood with the tenderness of womanhood, and with the spirit and wisdom of mankind. The natural tendency of a witty person was to be ill-natured, but Irish contributions to literature, even their contributions to wit, were exceedingly sweet natured. English poetry was the most imaginative poetry that the world had produced. Where did the English get their imagination? Was it from their Saxon forefathers, who, said Ruskin, had but one form of art, the making and ornamenting of drinking cups. They must have derived it from a people with an imaginative strain in their blood, and he suggested that English poets got their imagination

from a Celtic source. He had hopes that perhaps in the future the Irish might be to Europe as much missionaries of a better and brighter literature as they were in days far past of a better and brighter faith. He had a hope that when "the war drum throbbed no longer," and when "the battle flag" was "furled" a distinctively Celtic literature might spring up.—*N. Y. Catholic Review.*



Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon

of Piqua, O., says the Physicians are Astonished, and look at her like one

## Raised from the Dead

Long and Terrible Illness from Blood Poisoning

Completely Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible ulcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. She weighed but 78 lbs., and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says: "I became perfectly cured by

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 lbs., eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery, and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead."

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

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## On the Rhine.

Tourist.—"What is the name of that mountain?"

German Patriot.—"Dat vas der Hellenzoffenschwartzkenfelkimmellber."

Tourist.—"Excuse me; but I wish also to learn the name of the castle on its summit, and I'm afraid we haven't time for both before we reach our landing."

Edith's Ma.—"You naughty girl, you've eaten every patie there was on the plate. I told you you might have three."

Little Edith.—"Yes, but you didn't tell me which three. So I had to eat all to be sure to get the right ones."

## Experience has Proved It.

A triumph in medicine was attained when experience proved that Scott's Emulsion would not only stop the progress of Pulmonary Consumption, but by its continued use health and vigor could be fully restored. 412

Why is the fire-place like Westminster Abbey?

Because it contains the ashes of the grate.

## BEST EVER MADE.

DEAR SIRS,—I can highly recommend Haggard's Peppermint Balsam as the best remedy ever made for coughs and colds. I am never without it in my house. HARRY PALMER, Lorneville Ont.

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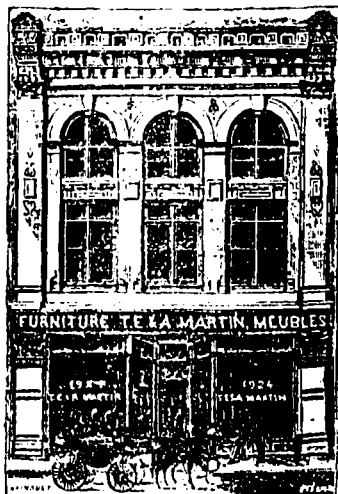
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