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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT SECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls: letters are very few. Harold does not forget us, anyway. Monica I am sure I would have enjoyed the as to get out with skipping ropes and tops. It will not be long now Where is Rose, Washinglittle ones. ton R., and all my other triends ?

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

. . .

Dear Aunt Becky: We are having lovely weather this week, the snow is melting fast, and to see summer again a retreat this week preached by Father Develin. Our arish priest is Rev. Father O'Farhas been here since 17 years. Rev. Father Kelly is a re-tired priest, and lives guite near us. He was parish priest here when my papa was a little boy like me. Mo St. Ann is well. Her home i the State of Illinois. I wish I was in Montreat the 17th March to join you in honoring the glorious St green ribbons that day, and most of the pupils did also. Good night Aunt Becky, I am glad you count me

an old friend, Your loving nephew,

HAROLD D. West Frampton, Que.

. .

Dear Aunt Becky: It is a long time since I wrote you a letter, so I am going to write you a little story about a nice trip we had to the harbor last summer. My papa builds breakwaters sometimes got a new boat last spring. We call it Shamrock. She had a large white sail. Aunt Aline, who was here then, and Tillie, a friend of mine, went with me. Mamma called mine, went with me. me very early and said there was a chance to go to the harbor, so guess I got up quick. It was about mile to the wharf, so Aunt Aline drove our wise old mare Polly and e came back alone. 'Uncle John was waiting for us at the boat, and soon had us seated and sails up to start. We had about five miles go, and were frightened at first the way the boat jumped over the bay there were long hills of sand and on the other large green fields with uses. There were lots of boats going to the fishing grounds, Uncle John said ours was best. When we got there papa blew the steam istle and the men cheered. went up to the top of the light-house and could see for miles around. Tillie went out in an old dory and go all wet. Aunt Aline lost her car of a fishing stage, and it went away I picked up shells and jack stones, then we were going to the big rock cape, and I wish all

> Your loving niece, MONICA.

your little boys and girls could come

and see the big waves rushing up to

ore. I remain

. . . JUST ABOUT DOLLS.

Everywhere, in every age, in every things with children. Curious wood a dolla made with great care an ing flexible joints, have been found combs of Rome, where the s took refuge the wicked Nero sought to destroy

out of solid ivory, some of them very old, have been some of them very old, have been found among the Bakimos of Alaska. The children of the Comoro Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean. lands, in the South Pacific Oct. colls have no faces. The people of colls have no faces. The people of compress are Mohomehans, and the dahomedan religion forbids the making of anything which resembles

the Japanese children have dollars. the Japanese children have dolls, to, and a variety of other toys. Their dolls can be bought in Japanese shops in this country now. They are movable joints and a head thick can be can be wagged and partly

and around.

The Lapland children, far in the tree horth, have dolls, carved to to the like their fathers and mothers.

one is a little wooden figure in furs and seated in a canoe. When a string is pulled he appears to be paddling vigorously.

DONNY'S PRAYER.

ere had been a dispute between the two small boys, who were usually the best of playmates. Both claimed the little boat they made together, and the quarrel waxed so warm that the afternoon's fun nded in anger. Gentle grandmother tried in vain to restore peace, and when it came time for Donny's evening prayer she reminded him that it would be wrong to ask for what he did not mean. The rosy face was still clouded and unpromising, when Donny came to a doubtful pe tition he hesitated a moment, and then amended it to suit his feelings.
"'Thy will be done'—make Jimmy

Alas, the human nature of it! If we look deeply enough into our kearts we all might find that very often that prayer means for us exactly Donny's rendering of if-God's will be done, but let somebody else be the one to do it. We know His will is love to our brother, and the potting away of all wrath and biterness, but we are sure Jimmy was the most to blame; let him be one to yield. There is work to be undertaken, wrongs to be righted, paths that call for sacrifice—all a part of God's good will for the world and we want them done, if only Jimmy will do them. What strange reading our prayers would make if we should see them written with all their unuttered and often nconscious interpolations ?

THE ZOO

Peggy and Polly and Phyllis an

Prue Decided one day to establish a Zoo Feg had a kitten and Polly a dog, Prue a tame pigeon and Phyllis frog;

And then, Cousin Bob had a pair white mice Which they knew he would loan,

they asked for them nice, They got Grandma's parrot,

eorgie Brown's drake And they bought a big eel, which served as a snake,

The yard was all fixed for this fa ous display, And they asked all their friends, for

the "Opening Day."
All went well till Miss Puss saw th mice in their cage, And she flew at the bars in a terri

ble rage; And Georgie Brown's drake ate up Phyllis' frog,

Who sat sleepily sunning himself of a log.

And Polly's dog, Tobey, set up great wail

the parrot had caught and biting his tail, And Prue's little pigeon got fright

ened when she Saw "Mr. Eel Snake" and flow in a tree,

And the "Zoo," that was planned with such trouble and care, By the quarrelsome pets was banded right there,

And Peggy and Polly, and Phylli and Prue Sat right down and cried, now else could they do?

. . .

CYRIL'S WISH. (By Louisa Emily Dobree, in Catholic Record.)

"Oh, but this is an awful one. It was down Alston Hill—the time skidded, and it's his head. He has been carried into the Wilson's cuttage fortunately it was

there—and pater is with him."
"Is he really very bad?" ask Cyril, who saw that Jennie was is great grief, and as he spoke in ought of the words he had "Curses, like young chicken home to roost." What we ome home to roost." What we also words in Italian that he h aid to himself in his fury at Bob' rick? He remembered well enough nen-just the wish that Bob might est with some accident, a form of appreciation common among the more

enorant classes in Italy, and the rish had been realized.

All the anger died out of his heart is Jennie went on:

"Pater says it is very, very bad—concussion of the brain, I think, he had, and I heard him tell mother—"

ever makes the worst of He wouldn't speak like

Jennie shook her head. 'Not yet, anyway. I ka would come to grief some day, was so reckless and fearless. I had to come back, I was no use, and the heys are coming back—they have gone to Aniston to fetch Dr. Gray-ling. I am glad you are here, Cyspeak to. I am so miserable about in important things, if they have it. It seems years and centuries ago since we were all in the schoolroom this afternoon and he was full his jokes."

"Yes, it does," said Cyril.

"We were all so jolly after you went away, laughing at the way you had been taken in !" said Jen sadly

"Taken in ?" exclaimed Cyril; "not much taking in about burning my letter, but—oh, don't talk about it!" he added, as the remembrance of his cwn wicked wish rose to his mind. Jennie smiled through her tears. "It wasn't a letter at all-you ar

such a duffer—you believe everything and can't take a joke." "I saw it," said Cyril firmly, "and I have not heard from Aunt Helen this week, so he must have taken it

from the post bag." "Oh, you are so green ?" said Jen-"Of course that's what makes you such good game. Poor old Bob is full of tricks, but he would never touch the post-bag or burn a letter. He found an envelope of one of your aunt's letters and he decided it would be capital to make you think it was a letter-that was all." "Really ?" said Cyril, frowning.

"Yes; why you might have know "How could I guess?" ril, adding with dignity, "I am sorry I was so angry.

"'Oh, don't bother," said Jennie. "I am sure Bob would not think of it again. Oh, dear, I do wonder how he is-here is Phil," and Jennie rushed to meet her brothers, who trought the news that Dr. Grayling had biked back with them, and was now at the Wilsons' house, where Dr. and Mrs. Dering were as well as

The days that followed were very dreadful ones to all the family of Holmewood. Cyril noted with not little surprise that apparently careless as they were the faith was strong in them all, and that in the hour trouble they turned to the help the church could give them like trustful children to their forgiving ther. There were masses said Bob, the boys and Jennie went communion for him, and Dr. and Mrs. Dering left their watch by the redside to come and pray for the life now trembling in the balance.
As Cyril knelt that morning at the altar the words domine non dignus came from a very penitent heart, which had been cleansed by the precious blood which had flo from the thorn-crowned Savior, had heem applied to him in the confess coal where he had made the mos thorough and careful confession had done for a long time.

While the cloud of this great anxety hung over Holmewood Cyril discovered a good many things which not a little astonished him. He found out that Dr. Dering's name was a by-word among the poor, who owed ruch to the skill which he placed at their disposal for no payment is money. He found that much of th reckless talk and apparent careless ness about religion had been don from a desire to shock him. This, by no means an admirable thing was still less bad than he imagine it was, and altogether in many ways he learned that "things are not al-

ways what they seem." All danger was over and Bob covered before he went back to Italy after a short time in London with friends of the Derings. For, in spite to do or think of, Dr. Dering, as he could not accompany Cyril himself, did not wish him to

be disappointed.

Mrs. Chilton died suddenly winter in Rome, just after Cyril had announced his wish of studying for the priesthood, and it turned out that he had a vocation.

When he received the tonsure which is worn in memory of the crown of thorns, he thought as he did many norms, he thought as he that special mystery of the rosary meant. Between this soul and God there was a secret that influenced his whole life—the speed realization of a sinful wish that ha realization of a sinful wish that had birth in evil thoughts of hatred and anger. For those hours and days when it was thought Bob would not recover had taught Cyril the mean-ing of those words that "Whose hateth his brother is a murderer."

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

Be honest, boys. "Honesty is the pest policy," the proverb says. Surely it is. Look at it from any side you wish. The best policy, both for

welfare. Learn from the experience ssary virtue.

Honesty is necessary, especially for The boys are our future m As such they will be the main fac tors of men to one another. It is extremely necessary that they be honest. Will they be it, if they have not learned to be honest when they Will they be honest were boys? not learned to be so in less important ones? Surely not. See, then, of boys, how you should strive to acquire a spirit of honesty, even now in the small dealings you have with your fellow men.

Many of our boys are not honest. They steal, steal not exactly big things, but small ones. They not honest. An honest boy will never stead, even the smallest article. Some boys think they are quite honest, but when temptation comes and they have a good chance to something they fall and act very dishonestly. Dishonesty can be detected already in the small boy. When his mamma sends him to the grocery to buy something he keeps the change. He is dishonest, thinks perhaps he is smart, but he is not. It doesn't take a smart head to plan such a dishonest act. Some boys take the pennies lying around on the tables or in the pantries their homes. They are dishonest, because they stead. They don't steal all the change they find, but only few pennies, but nevertheless, they are dishonest. Honesty excludes every act of stealing, though small the theft may be. Some boys cheat their comrades in the games they are dishonest. play; Som boys feel proud and boast if have passed off a counterfeit coin without being detected; they are dishonest.* An honest boy will never attempt such things. An honest boy will small the amount, how a Muring the ccasion, how secure the chance. If you were left alone for weeks with a stack of pennies ten feet high, which had not been counted and would not steal a single one, then you would be honest. And how many boys would be honest in such a temptation? Still, all boys should be honest. Hos about that, boys? Are you honest?

If not, be it. Learn to be honest. A KIND-HEARTED PRINCE. It was in July, 1865, at Carlsbad A large throng of elegantly dressed promenaders assembled in the court around the music pavilion, and among them was a tall, distinguish ed looking gentleman who was the cynosure of all eyes. Annoyed, evidently, by this open curiosity, the gentleman walked away and entered one of the avenues, where a faced little girl approached bolding out her hand.

"Who sent you out to beg, my child?" asked the gentleman. "My sick mother," was the reply

"What does your father do?" "He is dead, and we are so hun gry," said the girl, bursting into

The gentleman had taken out purse, but he put it back again,

"Show me where your mothe

lives." The girl led the way through the streets into an alley, and stopped be-

fore an old house. "She lives here, sir."

They entered the house and climb ed up the rickety stairs to an attic There in a corner, on a straw pallet, lay a young woman wasted to shadow by hunger and disease.

nan half rose from her bed and said "Oh, sir, my little girl should not have brought you here, for I have no

"No one; the other people in the

ouse are very poor themselves."
Upon hearing this, the visitor took out his purse and gave the child money to buy food and wine. He then took his leave, and soon afterward one of the principal physician in the city entered the humble dwelling. On seeing this second visitor, the woman was perplexed.
"Sir," she said hesitatingly.

little girl has made a mistake calling you in; a doctor has already been here and prescribed wine for

"But that gentleman was not physician, and it was he who sent me to you," was the kind rejoinder The gentleman who had accompanied the little girl to her povert stricken home was the Czarowitz Russia, who afterwards came the throne, and whose untimedeath at the hands of an assassi sused universal mourning.

AN INCIDENT AT LIAO YANG

me by an officer of General Kuroki's staff. On a bare hilltop, strewn with the debris of war, lay fourteen wounded soldiers. 'ihrough the long, hot day they had fought, and now the tide of battle had swept past, leaving them like wreckage cast up by an angry sea. Eight were bearded men, and six were smooth-faced Japanese. The golden mist that glowed among the giant millet was tinged with tinged with crimson. Night about to add her terrors to stricken field. As the shadows stole up the mountain a strange fear crept into the hearts of these men. Their eyes grew wide with dread at sights and sounds amid which they night sleep the sleep that knows no waking. Darkness could not hide the horrors that had burned into their brains. To each grim detail their brains. To each grim detar the waning light gave new and awful realism. A great fear fell upon the survivors and drew them gether. It was a slow and painful Shot through the legs, Sato crawled to Tanaka, whose foot had been shattered by a shell. With ne arm hanging limp, Yamada tore a sleeve from his shirt and presse it against a hole in his side. Naka mura had a bullet in his brain and ay on his back sobbing out his life through frothing lips. A shot had entered Matsumoto's right shoulder. passed through the muscles of back, came out at the waist, and odged in his cartridge pouch. foot slipped in a pool of blood, and he fell upon a Russian kneeling, with rifle clasped in his arms. The figure relled over. Kimura was mopping the blood from his brow, and had ripped up his trousers to dress ound in his thigh. At last the muster was complete,

and the little group of Japanese began to attend to one another's inju-The Russians were less seriries. orsly hurt, and assembled more quickly. Sato had taken off puttees and was binding them round his leg, when he saw the eight bearded men. Instinctively he looked round for a rifle, but Tanaka laid a hand on his arm. "Don't you see that they, too, are wounded?" Sato went on winding his puttees, and heed of the enemy. Having dressed their wounds, the en began to look about them, and presently the eyes of the two groups met. Long and earnestly they gazed, each striving to learn the other's inoughts. Many stories they had heard of atrocities-of murder and mutilation and horrors of which men speak in whispers. The Russians were eight and the Japanese only five, for Nakamura did not count, being as a cead man. Would they fight ? Would tley wait until the night and steal upon them unawares? Did they see low sorely stricken were their Would they avenge the slaughter of their brothers? To hese inward questions they sough an answer in the faces turned toward "They look very flerce with bem. their great beards, but their eyes ore gentle." It was Tanaka wh spoke-he who had checked the rulse of his comrade. "They brave men," added Kimura, who had bound his leg and was whisking the flies from the mouth of Nakan Yesterday, when we stormed hill, the Russians made a counter artack. They were led by a young officer, who fought like a lion with his whelps. He fell, pierced n any wounds, and was about hand his sword to Lieut. Katsura, but our officers motioned to him to put back the weapon, and said: "No, I cannot take from a samurai soul." The Russians understood. 'le was of the samurai. "Let 'is money to pay for your services!" 'le was of the samurai. "Let 'is "Have you no one at all to help teckon to them to come over," sigsected Tanaka. "They will then now that we have no evil design." The signal was given, and the eight pearded men came without healtstion. Gravely saluting, they seated themselves on the ground by the ride of their friends—the enemy. Of ote another's tanguage they under-stood not a word. But speech is a habit, and it is not to be suppressed merely because it is useless men talked, and their voices gree lcuder and louder, as voices are

to do when they produce impression. When your worfs simple and clear, it is hard to tinguish between ignorance and deaf-ress. After a time the visitors fell back upon signs, but to the Jan back upon signs, but to the Japanese signs are as unintelligible as Sanscrit. Then they began to examine one another's wounds, and shook their heads over the prostrate body of Nakamura, whose breath came in short gasps through bubbles of foam. Kimura put his hand into the pocket of his tunic, and drew forth a book. It was a manual



lips would ever frame. Yet served, for presently Kimura and one of the Russians were busily turning er the pages and putting their fingers on words. Before night came, these men were comrades, sharing their black bread and rice. Sympathy gave them understanding, and, though they spoke in unknown tongues, it was established beyond doubt how many had left wives and children to pray for them in distant homes. Tanaka, with much labor and many searches through the mannal, asked one of them if he was not glad to be wounded, seeing that he might return to his family and escape the perils of war. But Sato reproached him for suggesting that their Russlan comrade was wanting in patriotism and would shelter himself behind a wound.

Thus the hours wore on and night

spread her veil over the ghastly

forms that lay scattered over the hilltop and in the trenches. oon the wounds began to grow stiff and painful, and fever ran like fire through their veins. Kakamura's sobbing had ceased and his face was rigid in death. Kimura rambled in his talk and cried for water quench the fires within. Sato lay back and would have groaned in his agony but for the presence of his des-the Russians. They understuod, for one of them rose, and, taking three wooden bottles, pointed to the valley. He would fetch water for his comrades—the wounded Japanese. Now, every man in that little group knew the risk of such an enterprise, for he was aware that the hill was in dispute, and that Russians and Japanese were watching for any sign that might betray the his-presence of the enemy. The Rus-ound sian soldier walked to the brow of the hill and looked cautiously about him. Nothing was to be seen save the forms of dead men and the blackness of the valley. Though he step-ped warily, his feet often slipped in pools of blood, and stumbled into holes dug by high explosive shells. His comrades watched him disappear over the crest and waited. minutes passed with painful slowress. Not a sound broke the stillbess. He must have reached the foot of the hill. Even now he might be filling the water bottles from the s' allow stream below. Perhaps he was returning and this terrible thirst would end. They strained their ears to catch the first sound of a footfall. What was that? A shot rang cut and pierced the darkness like an arrow that quivers in their hearts. Then all was silence again. The wounded men held their breath and ilstened. No sound came from the hill or valley, and they feared greatly for the brave man who had risked his life. Long they watched vaited, none daring to give voice to his fears. He would never return, for in the valley he lay close to the stream with a bullet through his

Kimura's ravings had lapsed into unconsciousness, and Soto moaned aloud. From the little group rose another figure, stalwart and b Without a word or a sign, he depart-His comrades seemed unconscious of his movement, yet they that he had taken upon himself the their thirst. He passed agony of from the hill and vanished in darkness, following the steps of his comrade. Again that terrible note -sharp and clear-the note of a Ruscian rifle. He, too, would never re-The bullet of a comrade had dyed the stream with his blood, and the half-filled water-bottles floated by. The survivors on the hill watch ed no more, and night hid their sufferings and their sorrow. At dawn some Japanese scouts moved cautiously up the slope, and from the brow of the hill saw six Russian soldiers. Two shots whistled over their heads—three, four! The Japanese comrades. The firing ceased and the comrades. The Bring ceased and the story was told. Two nameless Ruscians reat in one grave, and on a wooden cross is written in Japaneses "Comrades at last!"—London Standard Liao Yang Correspondence.

heart.

There is a possibility of a hospital being built in Winnipeg by western railway employees for their exclusive

The Economic Construction Co. of Poronto is endeavoring to get a ranchise from Sydney, N.S., for the meetion of a gas plant to cost about