

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls: The letters are very few. Harold does not forget us, anyway. Monica must have had quite an exciting trip. I am sure I would have enjoyed the experience.

Dear Aunt Becky: We are having lovely weather this week, the snow is melting fast, and I am longing to see summer again. We are having a retreat this week, preached by Father Develin.

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.

Everywhere, in every age, in every land dolls have been favorite playthings with children. Curious wooden dolls made with great care and having flexible joints, have been found in the Catacombs of Rome, where the early Christians took refuge when the wicked Nero sought to destroy them.

Just about dolls. The children of the Comoro Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean, have dolls, but, strange to say, their dolls have no faces. The people of Camoros are Mohomehans, and the Mahomedan religion forbids the making of anything which resembles the human form.

There had been a dispute between the two small boys, who were usually the best of playmates. Both claimed the little boat they had made together, and the quarrel waxed so warm that the afternoon's fun ended in anger.

Alas, the human nature of it! If we look deeply enough into our hearts we all might find that very often that prayer means for us exactly Donny's rendering of it—God's will be done, but let somebody else be the one to do it.

Decided one day to establish a Zoo. Peg had a kitten and Polly a dog, Prue a tame pigeon and Phyllis a frog; And then, Cousin Bob had a pair of white mice.

And they bought a big eel, which served as a snake, The yard was all fixed for this famous display,

And they asked all their friends, for the "Opening Day." All went well till Miss Puss saw the mice in their cage, And she flew at the bars in a terrible rage; And Georgie Brown's drake ate up Phyllis' frog,

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

"Oh, but this is an awfully bad one. It was down Alston Hill—the like skidded, and it's his head. He has been carried into the Wilson's cottage—fortunately it was near there—and pater is with him."

"What?" "That it was a ticklish case—and pater never makes the worst of anything. He wouldn't speak like that."

erable. Isn't he to be brought home?" Jennie shook her head. "Not yet, anyway. I knew Bob would come to grief some day, he was so reckless and fearless. I had to come back, I was no use, and the boys are coming back—they have gone to Aniston to fetch Dr. Grayling. I am glad you are here, Cyril," said Jennie, "it's some one to speak to. I am so miserable about it. It seems years and centuries ago since we were all in the schoolroom this afternoon and he was full of 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 Jennie 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 own wicked wish rose to his mind.

"Really?" said Cyril, frowning. "Yes; why you might have known." "How could I guess?" asked Cyril, adding with dignity, "I am sorry I was so angry."

The days that followed were very dreadful ones to all the family of Holmewood. Cyril noted with not a little surprise that apparently careless as they were the faith was strong in them all, and that in the hour of trouble they turned to the help of the church could give them like trustful children to their forgiving mother.

While the cloud of this great anxiety hung over Holmewood Cyril discovered a good many things which were not a little astonishing him. He found out that Dr. Dering's name was a by-word among the poor, who owed much to the skill which he placed at their disposal for no payment in money.

All danger was over and Bob recovered before he went back to Italy, after a short time in London with friends of the Derings. For, in spite of all he had to do or think of, Dr. Dering, as he could not accompany Cyril himself, did not wish him to be disappointed.

A WORD TO THE BOYS. Be honest, boys. "Honesty is the best policy," the proverb says. Sure-ly it is. Look at it from any side you wish. The best policy, both for your spiritual, as well as temporal,

welfare. Learn from the experience of others that honesty is a most necessary virtue. Honesty is necessary, especially for boys. The boys are our future men. As such they will be the main factors 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 were boys?

Many of our boys are not honest. They steal, steal not exactly big things, but small ones. They are not honest. An honest boy will never steal, even the smallest article. Some boys think they are quite honest, but when temptation comes and they have a good chance to steal something they fall and act very dishonestly.

"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 brought 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 Bob.

A KIND-HEARTED PRICE. 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, distinguished looking gentleman who was the cynosure of all eyes.

"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 hungry," said the girl, bursting into tears.

The gentleman had taken out his purse, but he put it back again, and said: "Show me where your mother lives."

"Oh, sir, my little girl should not have brought you here, for I have no money to pay for your services!" "Have you no one at all to help you?" asked the supposed doctor.

"No one; the other people in the house 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 physicians in the city entered the humble dwelling.

"Sir," she said hesitatingly, "my little girl has made a mistake in calling you in; a doctor has already been here and prescribed wine for me."

Negotiations have been completed for the absorption of the Bank of Halifax by the Bank of Montreal.

AN INCIDENT AT LIAO YANG

I tell the story as it was told to me by an officer of General Kuroki's staff. On a bare hilltop, strewn with the debris of war, lay fourteen wounded soldiers. Through 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.

At last the muster was complete, and the little group of Japanese began to attend to one another's injuries. The Russians were less seriously hurt, and assembled more quickly. Sato had taken off his 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.

The signal was given, and the eight bearded men came without hesitation. Gravelly saluting, they seated themselves on the ground by the side of their friends—the enemy. Of once another's language they understood not a word. But speech is a habit, and it is not to be suppressed merely because it is useless.

The Economic Construction Co. of Toronto is endeavoring to get a franchise from Sydney, N.S., for the erection of a gas plant to cost about \$60,000.

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lips would ever frame. Yet they served, for presently Kimura and one of the Russians were busily turning over 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.

Kimura's ravings had lapsed into unconsciousness, and Sato moaned aloud. From the little group rose another figure, stalwart and bearded. Without a word or a sign, he departed. His comrades seemed unconscious of his movement, yet they felt that he had taken upon himself the agony of their thirst. He passed from the hill and vanished in the darkness, following the steps of his comrade. Again that terrible note—sharp and clear—the note of a Russian rifle. He, too, would never return. 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 watched no more, and night hid their sufferings and their sorrow.

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