

## YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

## CURIOUS BETTY.

Once there was a poor servant girl who, no matter how hard she worked, was never able to please her mistress. In the morning she would rise long before day-break and toil until late at night, never for a moment stopping her mop or brush, or taking any rest whatever. But still her mistress was not satisfied and would reproach her, calling her an idle, lazy, good for nothing creature, and threatened her with dismissal.

One day the mistress had a great party at her house, and Betty was so busy preparing for the feast that she had not slept for several previous nights. When the company had all gone home and Betty had helped the last lady on with her wrap, she returned to the kitchen. There were stacks and stacks of dishes to be cleaned, the clothes to be put to soak for to-morrow's washing, besides the yeast to set for the baking, and the dining-room to be swept, the kitchen scrubbed and everything put in order before she went to bed.

It was already late at night, and Betty looked around at the work and sighed, bemoaning her hard lot. She was about to begin washing the dishes when she became so sleepy that she had difficulty in keeping open her eyes.

"I will lie down and take a short nap," she thought, "and be all the more refreshed and able to perform my work."

So Betty lay down and slept what she supposed was a few minutes. When she awoke the sun was streaming in the window, and springing from her couch, she ran into the kitchen. But imagine her surprise when she looked around and saw that all her work had been done. The washing she had left standing about in baskets and tubs was nowhere to be seen.

She ran to the linen drawers and peeped in. Not only was every piece washed, but ironed as well, and neatly folded away. The dishes were clean and shining, and arranged in order in the cupboard. The bread box was full of fresh made bread, and pies and cakes stood in the pantry. The kitchen floor was scrubbed, the windows washed and the stove shone until one could almost see one's self in it.

What did it all mean? At first Betty thought she was dreaming, or maybe she had lost her reason. But she went about as usual, preparing the breakfast, and when her mistress entered it was steaming on the table. After the morning meal her mistress came into the kitchen and said:

"Why, Betty, how smart you are. I never saw you have things so nice."

Betty made no explanation, and that night her mistress came into the kitchen, saying:—

"As the winter evenings are long, and you seem to have so much time on your hands, you can amuse yourself darning these stockings," and she laid a huge pile on the table. "Remember, they are all to be done to-night," said her mistress, sharply.

Betty examined the stockings and observed that the heels and toes were out of most of them, and no matter how rapidly she darned she could not finish them in less than a week. However, she sat down and worked bravely at her task, but at last, overcome with fatigue, she again fell asleep.

When she awoke once more it was daylight, and she began to tremble, thinking how her mistress would reproach her. However, when she looked at the stockings, she observed they were all neatly darned, far better than she could have done them had she labored a year.

"Surely," she thought, "the fairy folk are helping me" but she said nothing to her mistress, and as usual went about her work.

The mistress, seeing her work so willingly, gave her the next evening all her tablecloths, towels and napkins to hem, saying:—

"You can do this after you get your dishes washed."

Betty did not attempt the sewing, but left it lie on the table, and went off to bed. Nor was she disappointed, for when she awoke in the morning she found them beautifully hemmed, and neatly folded and placed in the linen closet.

Betty quit complaining after this, and, having so little work to do, became rosy and happy. Whenever she had hard work to do she left it in the kitchen, and in the morning it was all done. This

happy state of affairs continued for months, and no doubt would have lasted the poor girl's lifetime were it not for her foolish curiosity.

She became more and more inquisitive the easier her work grew; to know who her friends were. At last she made up her mind to watch, although she was warned by old Tommy O'Leary, the gardener, "never to pry into the affairs of fairy folk."

"No gude iver comes of it, now moind yer," he said.

But Betty's mind was made up, and so one night she went to her mistress and inquired if she had any sewing to do, saying she did not care to sit idle. The mistress ransacked drawers and chests and managed to hunt up some aprons, handkerchiefs and nightcaps, as well as a few old stockings and mittens that needed hemming and darning.

Betty left the unwashed dishes stacked high, the washing standing in the tubs, and on the table the flour, sugar and fruit for the bread, pie and cakes. Then she crept into the kitchen closet and hid among the kettles and pans. Her position was anything but comfortable, and the time seemed very long. At last she fell asleep.

The clock on the mantelpiece struck 12, and awakened Betty from her slumbers. She peeped out of the knot-hole in the door, but all was dark. Just then the moon came out from under a cloud, and the kitchen was flooded with light. And such a sight as Betty saw never was seen before by mortal eyes.

On the moonbeams rode thousands of the tiniest little fairies, each one loaded down with correspondingly small buckets, brushes and scrubbing cloths. The captain drew them all up in line, and assigned to each company a particular work. Some were to wash the dishes, others to do the washing, a third company the ironing, a fourth the baking, a fifth the sewing, and so on.

A few hundred got out their washing and drying cloths and went to work on the dishes. Sometimes as many as a dozen would get into a single cup or glass and almost instantaneously give it such a shining that it glistened.

After they had the dishes washed the laundry work was attempted by Company B, as the captain called these fairies. They carried with them fairy bars of soap, and after stretching the unwashed piece as many as a hundred would scour it thoroughly. They did not use water, but removed the dirt with the magic soap. After the washing was done the ironers came forward, and jumping astride little sled-like irons they flew about over the washed piece until it glistened and shone as smooth and white as any piece of work from a Chinese laundry.

After this the bakers with white aprons and caps and sleeves rolled up stepped to the table and began their work. Some made bread, putting in fairy yeast; then they kneaded the dough and made tiny loaves no larger than bullets. Betty laughed outright when she saw the small roll of dough put in the pan and placed in the oven, but strange to say, when it came out it had filled the pan and was the usual size.

FOR  
TUMORS  
OLD SORES.  
SCROFULA  
RHEUMATISM  
NERVOUS DEBILITY  
AND ALL  
DISORDERS OF THE  
BLOOD.

**BRISTOL'S  
SUGAR-COATED  
PILLS.**

LOSS OF APPETITE -  
CONSTIPATION  
DYSPEPSIA  
HEAD-ACHE  
JAUNDICE  
AND ALL  
LIVER  
TROUBLES.

**BRISTOL'S  
SARSAPARILLA-**

The cakes and pies were no larger than small sized buttons when they went in the oven, but when they came out, like the bread, they filled the large pans.

The sewing next occupied the attention of the fairy seamstresses, and soon the towels, napkins, tablecloths and aprons were all hemmed, not by hand, but on tiny fairy sewing machines. Next the stockings were darned, windows washed, stove polished and the kitchen scrubbed.

"We're done," shouted the fairies, forming in a ring and dancing around the kitchen.

"No, you're not," said the head fairy. "You haven't cleaned the pot closet."

Betty trembled when she heard this, and tried to creep into a large brass kettle. But the door was thrown open and a crowd of little people with soap, scrub buckets and brushes, tumbled and fell into the closet. The Captain held a fairy candle up. Its flash revealed Betty.

The light was extinguished in a second, the fairies instantaneously disappearing, and Betty was left in darkness.

Nor did they ever come back, and ever afterwards Betty had to work hard, never again being helped by the fairies.

## FOURTEEN MAJORITY.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S AMENDMENT WAS DEFEATED.

LONDON, Feb. 18.—The House of Commons this evening rejected, by a vote of 297 to 288, Joseph Chamberlain's amendment declaring it to be against the public interest that the time of the House be wasted upon bills which the ministers admitted would not pass when measures involving grave constitutional changes, which should be considered without delay, had been announced.

Sir Wm. Harcourt, chancellor of the exchequer, looked after the Government's interest in the debate preceding the division on Mr. Chamberlain's motion. He referred to the Conservative demand last voiced by Lord Salisbury on Saturday, that the Government appeal to the country on the Home Rule issue alone. There never had been, he declared, and there never would be a general election with a single issue. The ministers regarded themselves as absolutely bound, until condemned by the House of Commons, to prosecute the policy which they had been delegated to carry out.

After the division Sir William moved the closure of the debate on the address. The motion was carried by a vote of 279 to 271, and the address was agreed.

## CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE

PARIS, February 18.—The Chamber of Deputies, has by a vote of 305 to 205, rejected a motion for the separation of Church and State, and also, by a vote of 379 to 111, refused to suppress the budget for the Ministry of Public Worship.

## WM. GAMBLE,

Fine Custom Boot and Shoe Maker  
Hand-Sewn \$4, \$4 50, \$5, to Order.  
Repairing Neatly and Cheaply Done  
748 Dorchester Street

## Business Cards

**WILLIAM J. DELANY,**  
Importer of Choice Groceries, Wines and  
Provisions and all kinds of  
Choice Fruits.  
2567 St. Catherine street, cor. Mackay street,  
Montreal. Bell Telephone No. 4690

**J. J. KEATING & SON,**  
TEMPERANCE GROCERS,  
237 BLEURY STREET.  
Lowest Prices for Best Goods.

**GALLERY BROTHERS,**  
MERCHANT TAILORS,  
34 - Chaboulliez - Square,  
(Next Door to Dow's Brewery.)  
Shirts and Underwear a specialty.

**GALLERY BROTHERS,**  
BAKERS : and : CONFECTIONERS,  
Bread delivered to all parts of the city.  
Cor. YOUNG & WILLIAM STREETS  
TELEPHONE 2895.

**E. HALLEY,**  
General Contractor and Plasterer,  
126 PARK AVENUE,  
MONTREAL.

Jobbing a specialty.

**T. C. O'BRIEN,**  
FANCY BOOTS and SHOES,  
231 ST. LAWRENCE STREET,  
MONTREAL.

**JOHN MARKUM,**  
PLUMBER, GAS & STEAMFITTER,  
TIN AND SHEET IRON WORKER;  
31 ANTOINE STREET, MONTREAL.  
Telephone No 9224.

**G. H. PEARSON & CO.,**  
FINE TAILORING.  
22 CHABOLLEZ SQUARE,  
G. H. PEARSON. | J. P. CLARKE.

**DANIEL FURLONG,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
CHOICE BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON and PORK  
Special rates for Charitable Institutions.  
Cor. Prince Arthur and St. Dominique Streets  
Telephone 6474.

**C. A. McDONNELL,**  
ACCOUNTANT AND TRUSTEE.  
186 ST. JAMES STREET,  
Telephone 1182. MONTREAL.  
Personal supervision given to all business  
Rents Collected, Estates administered and  
Books audited.

**DOYLE & ANDERSON,**  
WHOLESALE  
TEA & MERCHANTS.  
DIRECT IMPORTERS.  
564 ST PAUL STREET, Montreal.  
F. S. DOYLE. | R. J. ANDERSON.

**DUFRESNE BROS.,**  
SCULPTORS on WOOD or STONE.  
Office: No. 1273 NOTRE DAME STREET  
Orders promptly attended to.

**LOUGE & CO.,**  
Hatter and Furrier;  
21 ST. LAWRENCE STREET,  
MONTREAL.