

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



Say, how to you hoe your row, young chap?
Say how do you hoe your row?
Do you hoe it fair,
Do you hoe it square,
Do you hoe it the best you know?
Do you cut the weeds as you ought to do;
And leave what's worth while there?
The harvest you garner depends on you,
Are you working it on the square?

Are you killing the noxious weeds, young chap?
Are you making it straight and clean?
Are you going straight,
At a hustling gait?
Are you scattering all that's mean?
Do you laugh and sing and whistle shrill,
And dance a step or two,
As the row you hoe leads up the hill?
The harvest is up to you.

THE BOYS

Will observe the following rules:
They will raise their hats in passing a church where Jesus is and on meeting a priest, sister or superior. They will salute their friends.
They will never wear their hats in the house.

Out of doors they will always raise their hats at the beginning of a conversation with a priest, sister or lady and remove them at the end of the conversation.

Never tease.
Take pride in being a little gentleman.

Be kind to your own sister.
Treat your mother as politely as if she were a strange lady, who did not spend her life in your service.

Make your mother and sister your best friends.
Give your confidence to your mother and your teachers.

When the play is over, wash your face and hands and brush your hair.
Never lie.

Never take the easiest chair when there are others in the room.
Little gentlemen will never grumble or refuse to render a service when requested.

Express your gratitude in leaving the house where you have been entertained. Seek the hostess to thank her for her kindness.

Have great regard for holy things.
Never ridicule the religion of any one.

Be cheerful, look on the bright side.

A polite man has no time to talk of himself.
Behave yourselves in such a way that the world may be satisfied with us, and that we may be a credit to God, country and Alma Mater.

See that both living and sleeping rooms are well ventilated.
Don't read or work before breakfast if you can possibly help it.

The harder the toothbrush the more effectually it cleans the teeth.

ADVICE TO A SON.

From a letter once written to his son by a famous preacher, we take the following wise hints, which are good for all young men, and young women, too:

"You must not get into debt. Avoid debts as you would the devil. Make it a fundamental rule—cash or nothing."

"Make but few promises. Religiously observe the smallest promise. A man who means to keep his promise can't afford to make many."

"Be scrupulously careful in all statements. Aim at accuracy and perfect frankness—no guesswork—either nothing or the exact truth."

"When working for others, sink yourself out of sight; seek their interest. Make yourself necessary to those who employ you by industry, fidelity, and scrupulous integrity. Selfishness is fatal."

"Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Keep your own standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Never pity yourself, but be lenient to everybody else."

"Concentrate your own force on your own business; do not turn off. Be constant, steadfast, persevering. Do not speculate or gamble. Steady patient industry is both the surest and safest way."

NEW CANDY GAME.

What candy is a spice and a money making establishment? Peppermint.
What sweets are wild flowers of the spring fields? Buttercups.
What goodies result when a sour fruit rolls of the table? Lemon drops.

What candy is a lively goat and a near neighbor of the English? Butterscotch.
What candy is rubber and "to fall"? Gumdrop.

And which consists of a famous river in the east and variety of nuts? Jordan almonds.

What candy good for the throat is gray with age and a hunting dog? Hourround.

What American dainty is "to explode" and an important food product? Popcorn.

What species of caramels are an exclamation? Fudge.

What popular flavor is like holly and mistletoe? Wintergreen.

A COSTLY COMMA.

"Have you your examples all right, Tom?" asked Mr. Walker, as his son closed the arithmetic, and came to say good-night.

"Near enough," was the reply, "and I'm thankful, for they were a tough lot."

"But I don't understand," said his father, "what do you mean by 'near enough'?" Do you mean that they are almost right?"

"Why, I mean they are as good as right. There's a point wrong in one and two figures wrong in another, but there's no use fussing over such trifles. I'm sure the method's right, and that's the main thing."

"Yes," returned his father, "I admit that the method is important, but it is not the only thing. Let me see how much difference the point makes in this example."

Tom brought his paper, and, after looking it over, Mr. Walker said: "That makes a difference of five thousand dollars. Suppose it represented money that some one was going to pay you; then, you'd be pretty anxious to have the point right, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, of course, in that case I would have to look it over again," said Tom, carelessly. "But this is only an example in school, and it would never make any difference to anybody whether the point was right or not."

"To any one but you," returned Mr. Walker. "Some years ago there were enumerated in a tariff bill certain articles that might be admitted free of duty. Among them were foreign fruit plants. What would that mean?"

"Why, I suppose," said Tom, "plants that bear fruit."

"Yes," said Mr. Walker, "but the clerk who copied the bill never had been taught accuracy, and instead of copying the hyphen, he changed it to a comma, making it read 'fruit, plants, etc.' It was a trifling error—not worth noticing you would say—but before it could be remedied the government lost two million dollars, as all foreign 'fruits' had to be admitted free of duty. Now, whenever you are inclined to be careless, I hope you will remember that two-million-dollar comma."

Tom did not say much, but he went upstairs thinking that if a little comma could make the difference it might be worth while to make a fuss over trifles after all.

THE STORY OF THE SHIRT.

"O mother, please don't put that heavy flannel shirt in," groaned Fred, as he watched his mother packing his valise for a camping trip with three other boys.

"You'll find it useful in more ways than one," replied his mother. "So you'd better take it."

Jolly the four boys voted it, when in the light of the mountain sunset, they peered into the little log house where they were to camp. The sides of the ravine, buried in laurel, rose a little above them and fell sheer away below to the wildest of trout streams, the ragged pines made music overhead, and the steady chirp of the crickets enhanced the loneliness of the spot. When the creaking farm wagon that had brought them over disappeared, the boys looked a little solemn, but only for an instant.

Then they made haste to get their belongings in order, to cook their supper, and to prepare for bed.

"Where are the pillows?" asked Henry.

Not one could be found. They had been left behind.

In this emergency, Fred got out his old red shirt, stuffed it with ferns, fastened the openings with safety pins and produced a pillow that made him envious.

The following days were filled with the delights of trout-fishing in dark pools, and cooking the silvery beauties over a pine-knot fire on the red-shale rocks; of gathering quarts of wild raspberries, ripe to falling; of swimming in the crystal mountain lake, and of telling yarns in the cool evenings by blazing stumps in the huge, stone fireplace.

On the evening of the fourth day, Fred, who had worked himself into a perspiration rowing, fell into the lake from the boat, with all his clothes on. The sudden plunge in his heated condition brought on a chill, and when he was helped to the camp he was glad to put on the warm flannel shirt and to drink hot tea before being tucked into bed.

The very next night Will O'Brien had cramps in the stomach. Jim had brought some Jamaica ginger and administered a heavy dose. But

the pain did not stop until Fred made up a hot fire, got some water boiling, and used his red flannel shirt as a poultice.

"Fellows, there are frogs in that marsh on the south side of the lake," announced Charlie one evening.

"Let's catch some to-morrow and have frogs' legs for a change," and "Don't know how to catch them and don't know how to cook them," quoth Jim.

"I do," said Will. "but it takes strips of red flannel for bait, and there isn't a scrap in camp."

"Oh, yes, there is," said Fred, calmly. "I have a flannel shirt. You may have part of that."

The next few days the sport ragged, and a French cook's eyes would have opened at the consumption of frogs' legs by four medium-sized boys.

The last adventure of the red shirt happened the day before camp broke up.

Fred and Will went out on the lake in a canoe. Charlie stayed to hunt for blackberries. Jim wanted to finish a story about life in Spain.

An hour glided away. Presently Jim gave his book a slap. "My! I'd like to know just once how it feels to be a matadore!" he sighed, when a deep, ominous mutter caused him to look up hastily and find himself uncommonly near the gratification of his wish. A monstrous and shaggy bull stood pawing the earth but a few yards away.

The "Spanish Arena" fell with a crash, while the gallant matadore, with an unearthly yell, made for the branches of the nearest scrub pine. It was none too soon, for the bull charged furiously, with a bellow that woke the echoes.

At this instant Charlie, startled by Jim's scream, unwarily showed himself on the edge of the bushes. He saw the situation and the bull saw him. Charlie enjoyed a reputation as a sprinter, but he broke his record in the race to the lake. He won by a length, and managed to gain a rock, where he stood up to his neck in water while the bull patrolled the bank and divided his attention between the two prisoners.

Thus half an hour passed—it seemed ages to the boys—when Fred and Will appeared, paddling down the lake. The sight of the immense bull and the shouts of the captives presently apprised them of the state of affairs.

"It's one of them wild cattle," cried Will. "Old Krause said they run out all summer. Paddle in, Fred."

"Let's yell," said Fred. Yell they did and flourished their arms. The bull bore up the dirt but did not quit his vantage ground. Suddenly Fred noticed the box of frog lines. "The red shirt!" he exclaimed. "Now we'll get him."

The flaunted flag on a fishing pole attracted the attention of the bull, and he made for the canoe forthwith, but the boys were too clever for him. They paddled back, keeping in deep water, but leading the angry bull along, until at a safe distance, they had the pleasure of seeing Jim and Charlie escape towards home. Then they turned and paddled swiftly across the lake.

Arrived at home again, Fred said to his mother:

"That old flannel shirt that you insisted on me taking was the most useful bit of property that we had in the camp."

Marion Crawford and Confession.

An able non-Catholic writer who contributes articles on literary matters to the Otago Daily Times, Dunedin, Australia, makes in a recent issue the following references to the lately deceased novelist, convert, Marion Crawford:

"I have extreme pleasure in testifying to the illumination which I personally obtained while reading one of Mr. Marion Crawford's novels in regard to the Catholic faith and its Church system. I had inherited the Protestant prejudice against the confessional, but it was not until I had read Marion Crawford's 'Lady of Rome' that I looked at it—clear of prejudice—from the true Catholic point of view. And the result was a revelation in thought and idea. Thanks to the sympathetic treatment of the novelist, I could conceive the comfort and consolation afforded by the confessional to sorrowing and guilt-burdened souls. And I shall always thank Marion Crawford for the finished portraits in that book of Magr. Ippolito Saracinesca and Padre Bonaventura. It is the realization that Rome holds men of this stamp which encourages a lively hope of the ultimate reunion of Christendom. When Canon Sheehan calls upon Catholics individually to consider whether they are really doing all in their power to make their position intelligible to the world, and their happiness communicable, it seems to me that he did Marion Crawford was able truthfully to say: 'I have done what I could.'"

FOLLOWS PRIESTLY VOCATION.

BUT A NETWORK OF ILLUSIONS

The Hollowness of Material Things Leads an Idealist to God.

"I have just made a retreat and Father Abbott has decided that my vocation is genuine." So Adolph Rette walks in the footsteps of Joris Karl Huysmans, and joins the ranks of the "disillusioned," who have realized that "the world is too much with us late and soon."

Coppee, Brunetiere, Bourget, Huysmans and now Rette have one after another in a short time sought peace for their souls in the bosom of the Church. It is little more than a year since the conversion of Rette, the symbolist poet, startled literary France, and now America announces that he is to become a monk. His love of nature and all the "sylvarum" has led him to the feet of nature's God.

On July 25, 1863, in the Rue Victor-Masse, Paris, Adolphe Rette was born. His father had been tutor to the children of the Grand Duke Constantine, and his mother added to high natural musical gifts a literary taste inherited from her father, Adolphe Bonnier, author of many valuable historical sketches, tutor to King Leopold II, King of the Belgians, and finally rector of the University of Liege. The atmosphere of the domestic circle was a mixture of atheism and Protestantism; and the future poet's young mind, as far as religion was concerned, was a jumble of the Confession of Augsburg, a hate of Catholicity, and a leaning towards Scepticism. Moreover, there were endless domestic quarrels which doubtless left their mark on his character.

His college days were spent at the Protestant College of Montbéliard, where his unruly disposition and reckless behavior kept him in perpetual disgrace. At the age of eighteen he joined the army, and in his book, "Du diable à Dieu," he tells us frankly of the wild, unbridled life he led there. But he was enamored of nature and the chasses de Pan. "If I were to know another life," he wrote, "I would wish to be born as a birch tree. Among the trees it is my favorite. The slender shape of its trunk, and the acolian whispers that tremble about its leaves, surpass the grace of all human form and the charm of all human eloquence. Life I think is but a network of illusions; and the sweetest of mine come to me from my father's trees."

In 1889 we find him founding *La Vogue*, a periodical for the preaching of symbolism and in that same year he published his "Cloches de Nuit," a series of dreamy nocturnes shot through with flashes of wild and pantheistic emotion, set in a background of fog along the coast of Ultima Thule. In 1892 he was editing *L'Ermitage* and upholding idealism. But the woods were calling him, and in 1894 he left Paris for life among the gnarled old trees around Fontainebleau. In 1896 he published the "Forêt bruisseante," which sings of the leaves and the branches, and the flora of the woods.

Sous le dome onduleux des chenes pacifiques, J'ai bati la maison que je veux vous ouvrir; Le viorne et le houblon s'enroulent au portique, Tout autour, les genets ne cessent de fleurir.

He had passed through all the stages of disillusioning—his ideals had been shattered one after another. He had leaned on science, and then taken refuge in scepticism. He has courted pantheism, and sought solace in the teachings of Buddha. He had fled from thought and thrown himself into the Socialist propaganda, and one day at Fontainebleau, as he tells us, he discovered that Socialism was like the turtle in the Hindu story of the foundation of the world; and he was minded to seek the answer to his questionings in self-destruction. And then as he walked in the woods in the evening air, troubled in his soul, there chanced to pass by a humble priest reciting the Angelus

and bowing over the words "Et Verbum caro factum est." "I went up to him," he writes, "but when I approached the words would not come. My tongue was glued to my palate. I was frightened. Seeing that I remained silent he said to me, 'what is it you wish?' But the words began to trickle down my cheeks, and I could only make answer, 'I beg of you, sir, to pray for me.' Then raising his hand he gave me his blessing, and waited for me to say something further. But I, poor wretch, kept silent, and bowed my head, not daring to say more than I had done. 'Certainly, my dear sir' I shall pray for you," he said, bowing graciously, as he went on his way." It is a moving story he tells us of the slow steps of his conversion, of his struggles against the charm of the Church and of his repugnance for her ordinances. He ends his book with these words: "I have here set down the tale of my struggles, my miseries, and of my victory over the evil powers that obsessed me." In many ways he resembles Huysmans, and as suffering brought Coppee back to the faith, and Huysmans the appeal of the artistic, so Rette has understood from the things that are made "the invisible things of God from the creation of the world."—J. C. G., in America.

A Many-Sided Prelate.

Bishop Dumme, who was consecrated Bishop of Peoria on Wednesday, September 1, and who was installed September 8, speaks, besides English, Latin, French, German, Modern Greek, Italian, Polish and Bohemian. In addition to all these he plays the violin with exquisite taste, and is a writer of splendid ability, excelling in philosophic analysis couched in trenchant English. One would scarcely expect such a savant to be a business man. Yet this he is distinctly. It is doubtful if such a many-sided Bishop has ever before graced the American hierarchy.

The Cook at the Vatican.

Stefano Inchiostro is the name of the Pope's cook, says the London Globe. He has recently been relating his experiences in the Veneto, from which it is seen that his post is a veritable sinecure.

For twenty-seven years he was the cook in the seminary of the Patriarch of Venice, the dignity held by the Pope before his call to the chair of St. Peter, and consequently was well known to His Holiness. On June 22, 1903, Stefano received a summons from his old master to repair to the Vatican.

He went, and was conducted to the presence of the Pope, and it was only the geniality of the Pontiff that placed the cook at his ease, for he was greatly moved.

The cook enables us to have a glimpse of the daily life of his venerable master, who is an example of Horace's "obiter" that change of places does not alter the man. After celebrating Mass the Pontiff takes a little coffee. Precisely at noon he lunches, in company of Mgr. Pechini and Mgr. Bresson. They are always served by a particular valet de chambre.

The repast is modest in the extreme. Some soup, a little meat from the soup, and rarely is there a roasted joint. At 9 at night the Pope takes his supper, more frugal, if possible, than the midday meal. Vegetables and a little meat is the night repast.

In winter the Pope takes more soup than in summer, made from dried vegetables. His Holiness is very fond of the "poletina" (soupe de pois), made as it was in the days past in Venice, and it is generally accompanied by some fish sent from Civita Vecchia or Venice.

Faultless in Preparation.—Unlike any other stomach regulator, Farmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of long study of vegetable compounds calculated to stimulate the stomachic functions and maintain them at the normal condition. Years of use have proved their faultless character and established their excellent reputation. And this reputation they have maintained for years and will continue to maintain for these pills must always stand at the head of the list of standard preparations.

Priest Inventor of Flying Machine.

It is worth noting that the distinction of being the inventor of flying machines belongs to a Catholic priest. Father Bartholomew Gusmao is the true founder of aerial navigation. He occupied for fifteen years the chair of philosophy at Rio Janeiro, and was recognized as a high authority on the physical sciences. He constructed a machine, in the form of a bird, with tubes and bellows to supply the wings with air. After one or two successful attempts the gigantic bird rose majestically in the air. "For several minutes," says a recent issue of the New York Tribune, referring to Father Gusmao's invention, "the machine moved about on the same level, under perfect control, and then for several minutes was held almost motionless, a feat that none of the modern machines has attempted." This was in 1709. The Journal des Savants, No. 17, 1874, recognizes that Father Gusmao is truly the inventor of aerial navigation, the balloon discovery of the Montgolfier brothers (also Catholics) being more than half a century later than Father Gusmao's demonstration. According to the New York Tribune, both at Lisbon and in the National Library at Paris are to be found descriptions and drawings of the machine invented by Father Gusmao.

ROSY-CHEEKED BABIES.

Nothing in the world is such a comfort and joy as a healthy, rosy-cheeked, happy baby. But the price of Baby's health is constant vigilance on the part of the mother. The ills of babyhood come suddenly and the wise mother will always be in a position to treat them at once. No other medicine can take the place of Baby's Own Tablets in relieving and curing the ills of babyhood and childhood, and there is no other medicine as safe. Mrs. Wm. Viggers, Jerretton, Ont., says: "My baby was troubled with his stomach and was very cross while getting his teeth, and did not sleep well at night. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets with the best of results. He is now one of the best natured babies one could wish." Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, Superior Court. No. 564—Métairie, Boucher, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of alias Ernest David, contractor painter, and duly authorized to enter on justice, Plaintiff, vs. The said Wenceslas alias Ernest David, of the same place, Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been instituted by the Plaintiff on the 24th of August, 1909.

ROY & RAYMOND, Attorneys for Plaintiff.



Pimples are invariably due to bad or impoverished blood and while not attended with fatal results, are nevertheless peculiarly distressing to the average person.

Miss E. L. Lang, Esterhazy, Sask., writes:—"My face and neck were covered with pimples. I tried all kinds of remedies, but they did me no good. I went to many doctors but they could not cure me. I then tried Burdock Blood Bitters, and I must say it is a wonderful remedy for the cure of pimples."

For sale at all dealers. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

What of the Children.

What is to become of the children in the homes into which a Catholic paper never enters? How can they keep in touch with Catholic life and Catholic thought? How shall they be able to distinguish truth from error in the teachings of the secular press? Is all this talk about printers' ink empty twaddle and meaningless verbiage? Are all these admonitions of Sovereign Pontiffs so many platitudes to tickle the ears of a non-sympathetic generation? These are weighty matters which should, here and now, be a cause of concern to those who watch the trend of Catholic thought and Catholic action. It can be laid down as an unassailable proposition that the Church in any country is never weaker or stronger than its press.—Father Roche.

NOT UNDERSTOOD.

Not understood. We move along asunder;
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years; we marvel and we wonder
Why life is life, and then we fall asleep—
Not understood.
Not understood. We gather false impressions
And hug them closer as the years go by,
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;
And thus men rise and fall and live and die—
Not understood.
Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision
Oft measure giants by the narrow gauge,
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mold the age—
Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action
Which lie beneath the surface and the show
Are disregarded. With self-satisfaction
We judge our neighbors, and they often co—
Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us.
The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight
Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight—
Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching
For lack of sympathy. Ah, day by day,
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking!
How many noble spirits pass away—
Not understood.

O God! that men would see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly when they cannot see!
O God! that men would draw a little nearer
To one another!—they'd be nearer
Thee,
And understand.

Impurities of the Blood Counteracted.—Impurities in the blood come from defects in the action of the liver. They are revealed by pimples and unsightly blotches on the skin. They must be treated inwardly, and for this purpose there is no more effective compound to be used than Farmelee's Vegetable Pills. They act directly on the liver and by setting up healthy processes have a beneficial effect upon the blood, so that impurities are eliminated.