

# Our Boys and Girls.

## COUNTRY HAY CART DRIVE.

As the golden rays of a summer sun, illumined hill and dell,  
And quaint Dame Nature richly shone  
where'er the lustre fell,  
In a hay-cart loudly babbling, a  
crowd of girls and boys  
Were about to have a hay-cart drive—  
the best of rural joys.

There were Kate and Nellie Cunnings-  
ham, with Ciss and Mary-Ann;  
Myself and Tommy Allan, Dick and  
Harry, Jim and Dan.  
Old Bill Macpherson held the reins—  
Oh, how his mare could trot!  
And Billy ne'er would care a snap, if  
you'd tumble out or not.

At length we're off and jogging along  
the village street;  
We loudly sing or crack stale jokes on  
everyone we meet;  
The neighbors hasten out-of-doors, to  
see us passing by,  
And farmers stop their mowing and  
stare as we draw nigh.

The roadway lies by flowing streams,  
thro' wood and over plain;  
While rumbling gayly o'er it, the dust  
attends our train.  
And ev'ry time the cart would jolt,  
you'd think Bill had a fit,  
For he enjoyed our antics so, he  
laughed till his sides near split.

If toiling up the steep hillside, or  
moving thro' the kale,  
The road is rough and rocky, and  
causes many a wail,  
As thumping o'er some boulder, we're  
bumped and tossed about;  
Midst laughter and mid frolic, some  
are almost tumbled out.

But look! The sky is dark'ning, the  
sun is hid from sight;  
And clouds are thickly gather'ing  
where but now it's been so  
bright.  
As fast as changed the heavens, so  
turns our laughter clear;  
For far from home or shelter, we've  
no protection near.

No other choice is left us, but retrace  
our way again;  
So the road is travel'd homeward,  
midst cold and pelting rain,  
Our mirth is now forgotten, our joy  
is quickly hushed  
As ensconced 'neath sundry wrappings  
along the road we're rushed.

Away thro' bush and marshland, we  
splash and rattle on,  
Fast farmers' cosy cabins as day-  
light's almost gone.  
On faster and still faster as nearer  
home we get,  
Ne'er minding mud-smeared clothing,  
nor whether we'll be wet.

At last our welcome homestead  
looms up before our gaze,  
All rain and mud-bespattered, we  
look like "reg'lar jays."  
Oh! changed is our appearance and  
we're all quite different folks.  
To what we were when leaving, mid  
laughter, songs and jokes.

All to their homes now hurry, dry  
garments there to find;  
And round each blazing fire-place, we  
seek for peace of mind.  
But tho, the glowing embers helped  
our energies revive,  
We'll ne'er forget the jolting of that  
Country Hay-Cart Drive.

A Pupil of St.

Patrick's Boys' School.

July, 1899.

## UTILIZE SPARE MOMENTS.

If boys and girls and grown-up  
people too, would only be more  
prompt to seize and improve even the  
shortest intervals of possible action  
and effort, it would astonish them  
to see how much more they could  
accomplish. With perseverance, the  
very odds and ends of time may be  
worked up into results of the greatest  
value. Watt taught himself chemistry  
and mechanics while working at his  
trade making mathematical instru-  
ments; and he availed himself of every  
opportunity to extend his knowledge  
of language, literature and the prin-  
ciples of science. Stephenson, the in-  
ventor of the passenger locomotive,  
taught himself arithmetic and mensu-  
ration while working as an engineer  
during the night shifts and he studied  
mechanics during his spare moments  
at home, thus preparing him for the  
great work of his life.

An hour every day withdrawn from  
frivolous pursuits would, if properly  
employed enable any boy or man of  
ordinary capacity, very shortly to  
master a complete science or art. It  
would make an ignorant person a  
well-informed man in ten years. As all  
our boys and girls are now enjoying  
their long summer vacations, I  
would impress upon them the import-  
ance of utilizing a few moments every  
day to review what they have studied  
during the year. To others who do

not intend to return to school and  
who are about to begin the battle of  
life either as message boys, junior  
clerks, apprentices, etc.; I would ad-  
vise them one and all not to allow  
their spare moments to pass by with-  
out yielding any fruits in the form  
of learning something worthy of be-  
ing known, of cultivating some prin-  
ciple or strengthening some good ha-  
bit. An eminent doctor translated  
Lucretus while riding in his carriage,  
going his rounds among his patients.  
Another famous musician learned  
French and Italian while travelling  
on horseback from one pupil to an-  
other in the course of his profession.  
Let not any one then sit with fold-  
ed arms, day dreaming. Let each one  
exalt his adopted calling or profes-  
sion. Look on labor as being honor-  
able, and dignify your task whether it  
be in the class-room, the office, the  
counting-room, the work-shop or the  
furrowed field. There is a certain equal-  
ity in all, and the resolute will and  
pure heart will enable either.

## CONCEIT DARING.

"A wild scene of terror and con-  
sternation" in one of the quiet streets  
of Evanston, Illinois, is described by  
the Chicago Post. It came about  
through the inquisitive spirit of Eg-  
bert Spencer, a six-year old boy. With  
two or three playmates he discovered  
a section of sewer-pipe lying beside  
the street, and dared any one of them  
to crawl into it. None of them ac-  
cepted the challenge, and the lad, prob-  
ably after calling them all cowards,  
got down on all fours and proceeded  
to show them what he thought true  
courage was.

"All went pretty well, though with  
some squeezing, till it came to get-  
ting his hips in. Then he stuck fast,  
and could go neither in nor out. His  
little fingers clutched the farther end  
of the pipe, but though he tugged and  
tugged, he could not get an inch farther.

"Then his courage began to fail,  
and he set up a howl of pain and ter-  
ror, which presently brought upon  
the scene a Mrs. Wynnan who lived in  
the nearest house. Meanwhile the  
boy's mates had run away in their  
fright, and it was sometime before  
Mrs. Wynnan discovered whence the  
cries proceeded.

"That discovery made, she seized  
the boy by his ankles and tried to  
pull him out. She could not move him  
and he screamed the louder. Then she  
went to the other end and tried to  
pull him through by the shoulders.

"That attempt also was useless,  
and the boy more and more hurt, as  
well as more and more frightened, re-  
peated his outcries.

"At that moment, opportunely Mrs.  
Wynnan's cook came out to see what  
was the matter. She took in the situ-  
ation at a glance, ran back to the  
kitchen and got the cleaver. With  
that she administered a few blows to  
the sewer pipe. It broke, and Egbert  
got up from among the fragments,  
with his skin chafed and in some  
pain, but with the conceit and dare-  
fully taken out of him."

## THINGS TO REMEMBER.

To those of our young readers who  
are at present in the country, as well  
as to others, the following few les-  
sons on kindness to animals will be  
very good things to remember:—

1. Never to stick pins in butterflies  
and other insects, unless you would  
like to have somebody stick pins in  
you.

2. Never to carry poultry with  
their heads hanging down, unless you  
would like to be carried in the same  
way.

3. Never to throw stones at those  
harmless creatures, the frogs, unless  
you would like to have stones thrown  
at you in the same way.

4. That nearly all snakes are harm-  
less and useful.

5. That earth worms are harmless  
and useful, and that when you use  
them in fishing they ought to be killed  
instantly, before you start, plunging  
them into a dish of boiling water.

6. That it is very cruel to keep  
fish in glass globes slowly dying.

7. That it is kind to feed the birds  
in winter.

8. That bits should never be put  
in horses' mouths in cold weather  
without being first warmed.

9. That it is cruel to keep twitch-  
ing the reins while driving.

10. That when your horse is put in  
a strange stable you should always be  
sure that he is properly fed and wat-  
ered, and in cold weather that his  
blanket is properly put on.

11. That you should never ride after  
a poor-looking horse when you can  
help it. Always look at the horse and  
refuse to ride after a poor-looking  
one, or a horse whose head is tied up  
by a tight check-rein.

12. That you should always talk  
kindly to every dumb creature.

13. That you should always treat

dumb creatures as you would like to  
be treated yourself if you were in the  
creature's place.

## MINNIE'S TRUST.

Into the quiet station of N—  
rushed and shrieked the express with  
a bang and an angry puff. Soon the  
restive iron steed was brought to a  
standstill, although it continued to  
plunge, as if resenting the restraint,  
it did seem a pity to interrupt so  
magnificent a race, just to deposit a  
decrepid, but kind-faced old lady on  
the rustic platform, and to admit a  
little golden-haired maiden of some  
five summers. The admission to the  
coach was rather difficult for said  
lady, although not quite as heav-  
ily laden as Mrs. Jones with her bag-  
gage, who had brought along for her  
outing rather more than she could  
carry. Snugly tucked under her arm  
was a small spaniel, making frantic  
efforts to escape the neighborhood of  
the dreaded train, while the child's  
other small hand clasped lovingly a  
large and beautiful bouquet of June  
roses. The conductor, stalwart, good  
natured fellow, looked critically at  
his new passenger, and catching her  
up, dog, and flowers, and all, de-  
posited her safely in one of the lux-  
urious seats of the parlor car.

Minnie smiled her thanks, then Spot, still  
squirming, on the nice, soft cushions;  
thereupon her bouquet tenderly near  
the window, and then finally clambered  
into a seat.

"Spot, Spottie, you're a naughty  
dog, now be good and stand still, and  
be quiet, or you shall never go along  
again!"

Spot felt bound to answer this  
threat by an emphatic wag of his dis-  
minutive tail and a low whine of re-  
pentance, which so touched his kind-  
hearted little mistress, that he was  
soon rewarded by a dainty bit of  
cake.

The conductor now stepped up to  
collect tickets or fare.

"Well, my little lady, your ticket,  
and this chap's too," pulling Spot's  
ear, at which familiarity the spaniel  
growled to the limit of his vocal  
powers.

"Please, sir," answered Minnie in  
a voice of flute-like sweetness, "I  
haven't got no ticket, but I have my  
new silver dollar right out of my  
bank. Will it be enough for Spot, and  
me, and the bouquet?"

"That depends on where our little  
woman is going," answered the official,  
smiling down on her. "Where are  
you bound for, eh?"

"Please, sir I'm going to Chicago to  
see my Papa."

"To see your Papa! and where's  
your mamma, pray, and why are you  
all alone?"

"You see, mister, it's this way, my  
Mamma's an awful sweet Mamma."  
"No doubt; mamma's usually have  
that reputation, but still she  
oughtn't to let you travel alone."

"You see, mister, she don't know  
I'm gone. I'm going to be back before  
she does," said Minnie earnestly, as  
she raised her innocent blue eyes to  
the listener's face. He was a sympathetic  
listener, the little one felt, although  
he interposed curly:

"Why! why! little lady, cliping at  
this early day—ran away from home  
did you?"

"No, not that, either, but you see—  
well! I s'pect I'll just tell you all  
about it," she said with great ener-  
gy.

"That's it; but now get your story  
in shape, while I see to my train a  
bit," and the great rough man went  
out and patted the little cheek as  
softly as a woman. Big Pete Brown,  
jolly old soul, as the boys called him,  
had a very soft spot in his heart for  
little children.

As he moved on our young traveller  
bent over Spot, whispering: "Yes,  
Spottie darling, we'll just tell him all  
about it, and he'll help us find Papa,  
for he's a good man, I'm sure."

Spot seemed to incline to the same  
opinion, for again he pounded vigor-  
ously with his feathery tail. There-  
upon he moved over to the bouquet,  
and began sniffing at the fragrant  
buds for a change of scene.

"Not for you, not for Spot. Nose  
off. That's for the sweet Sacred Heart,  
in the big church you know, so that  
Mamma may get well and strong  
again." Spot seemed to understand  
the situation and moved off to his  
corner, in which he cuddled up, and  
soon was asleep, dreaming, no doubt,  
of spray bouquets which dogs also  
might enjoy.

"Now for the story, little woman,"  
broke in Brown's cheery voice, as he  
seated himself with great ease and el-  
egance on the back of the seat in  
which Minnie and her belongings had  
their quarters. "Get her off, my little  
girl, before the next station looms  
up."

"Well, sir," and she cleared her lit-  
tle throat previous to her first effort  
at oratory. "You see my Papa is a  
great big, big, darling Papa, but—  
but—sometimes you know he don't  
come home often, cause—"

"What's the 'big Papa's' name,"  
inquired the conductor quite interest-  
ed.

"His name's Mr. Andrew Morris,  
but folks say Andy."

"Andy Morris, the Roadmaster?"  
asked Brown hurriedly.

"I think he's some kind o'master,  
mister."

"Whew! Andy Morris, and he stays  
away from home a good deal. I be-  
lieve that, God help the poor child,"  
he said, turning aside.

"So it makes my Mamma sick and  
sad, and Mrs. Delaney said this  
morning. It's her very heart she's  
fretting out," and I got scared, and  
I asked our Nancy if people could live  
without hearts, and she said, 'Sure  
they couldnt,' and I just slipped off  
to find Papa and tell him, and then I  
brought this bouquet to take to the  
pretty statue at the big church and  
ask Jesus to make Papa love to come  
home."

"But how can you find your Papa?"  
"Why isn't he always at the big  
house where the cars stop?" asked the  
little one anxiously.

"Well, yes, he's supposed to be. But  
what will he say when he finds his  
little girl coming all alone," inquired  
her new friend.

"He'll say, 'Hello Minnie, you're a  
captain!' and then, first I'll pray,  
real hard, and then I'll tell him about  
Mamma, and then he'll say: 'Lord  
bless my soul! is that so girly?'  
and he'll get his hat and coat and  
come right along to make Mamma  
stop fretting her heart out; and, Oh,  
won't that be nice!' and she clapped  
her hands gleefully, and gave Spot  
two vigorous hugs, that all his aes-  
thetic dreams of shops and steaks  
quite vanished.

"Poor little one," murmured Brown  
sympathetically under his moustache,  
"she doesn't know what a hard case  
her Papa is. How he ever came to  
this angel of a child, I can't see. Ex-  
tremes often meet, though, they say."

"But," aloud, "supposing Papa  
wouldn't go, what then?"

"O, but he must go; he can't help  
it. Don't you think, mister, when a  
little girl just prays her nicest, best,  
and gives all her flowers, every last  
one, to the Sacred Heart, the Sacred  
Heart will send Papa right on? You  
should see poor Mamma, she's so  
white and got big tears in her eyes  
hasn't she Spot?" the inevitable tail  
gave two distinct thumps in the af-  
firmative. "And it hurts so to see  
your Mamma sad. Don't it hurt you,  
mister?"

There was some detail to be attend-  
ed to just then, and Pete Brown was  
glad of the opportunity to turn aside  
for a dark, red flush surged over his  
bronzed face, and conscience clamored  
very uncomfortably. Before the vis-  
ion of the big, burly railroader a frail  
old lady with a sweet, pathetic smile  
arose, looking, and waiting, and  
weeping for the boy she loved so  
fondly, and who, since he had gone  
abroad into the world, had become  
so cold and indifferent to her and the  
treasured love of a lifetime she so  
jealously guarded for him.

"I know it does," continued the  
sweet child, as the guileless eyes, blue  
as Italia's skies, searched his face.  
"You are too good to let your Mamma  
cry. If you got a Mamma—may-  
be you haven't?"

"Oh, yes, child, a dear old Mamma.  
You must see her one of these days."

"Oh, so nice; do you hear that  
Spot?" He heard and gave a short  
growl of dissent. He did not seem to  
take kindly to the railroad potentate,  
who had made so free with his ears.

"Now, you'll go with me, won't  
you?" and she slipped her small hand  
confidingly into his, "right to the  
big house and help me find Papa, then  
we'll go straight to the church and  
home right after that, to make Mamma  
glad again. It's so jolly to make  
Mamma glad, isn't it? You always do  
I know. You make your Mamma hap-  
py."

That was a home thrust, for that is  
precisely what Pete always did not do.  
While he was enjoying himself with  
rollicking companions, his poor, lone  
mother was watching and weeping  
for him, but far, far too often. Min-  
nie's faith in him touched him, how-  
ever, more deeply than the most elo-  
quent sermon could have done.

In passing his little friend he told her to  
be ready, they would soon reach the  
big house now. Accordingly, Spot, to  
his great disgust, was again tucked  
under arm, and the bouquet clasped  
firmly in both hands, and the eager  
little face bent forward in expecta-  
tion. With clangor, and puff, and  
bang, the great snorting locomotive  
dashed into the depot. What a babel  
of sights and sounds! They were all  
unheeded by Minnie, who watched for  
her protector. His duties over, after  
what appeared an age to the anxious  
child, he entered the car and was ab-  
out to relieve her of the charge of  
Spot and the bouquet. Spot resisted  
the transfer savagely, and Minnie  
could not think of other hands than  
her own touching Jesus's bouquet. To  
simplify matters Brown took up  
the little tourist and her property  
and strode off with her. From her el-  
evated position, she had a safe view  
of her tumultuous surroundings, but  
one object alone could interest her,  
the "big house."

# The S. CARSLY CO., Limited.

Notre Dame Street.

Montreal's Greatest Store.

JULY 22, 1899.

## SHOPPING BY MAIL AND THE NEW SUMMER CATALOGUE.



All orders received by mail receive prompt and careful at-  
tention. The Mail Order Department of The Big Store is  
in a complete state of readiness for the biggest mail order  
business in Canada. The store's service to mail-order cus-  
tomers has been improved and facilities increased to make  
it as nearly perfect as it is possible to do. Out-of-town cus-  
tomers should not hesitate to use our mail order system; it  
has been planned and perfected for their convenience, and  
the frequent use of it means a great saving to you annually.  
If you have not received a copy of our new summer catalogue, just published,  
drop us a post-card with your name and address; we'll send you one by return  
mail.

## Greatest July Cheap Sale on Record - Splendid Inducements.

The Midsummer Cheap Sale is causing considerable excitement among  
ladies residing in the city and those sojourning at the seaside or in the moun-  
tains. There is no resisting the real attractions of the reduced prices at the  
Grand July Cheap Sale, for surely money never went so far in buying such  
seasonable things as

**Dress Goods, Wash Fabrics, Rich Silks, Silk Waists, Home  
Linens, Outing Skirts, Outing Costume, Shirt Waists,  
Bathing Suits, Summer Hats, New Carpets, Oil  
Cloths, China Matting, Oriental Rugs,  
Fly Screens, etc.**

If you are at the seaside, leave your cares behind you for the day; take a  
run into the city, call at the Big Store. The management will make it interest-  
ing and profitable for you. The new Dining Rooms and their best service are  
at your commands.

## EVERY LADY IS INTERESTED IN THE Remarkable Dress Goods Sale!

IT WILL PAY YOU TO EXAMINE THE DRESS GOODS BARGAINS.

The Dress Goods Salon is full of brilliant bargains in Dress Fabrics,  
Colored Goods, Black Goods—each have their quota of famous values, and  
the powerful price-reducing influence is felt in every yard of goods. If you  
want two dresses for the price of one, now is your opportunity.

### NO. 1 LOT.

This lot consists of Fancy Dress  
Material suitable for Summer Dress  
Skirts, etc.; the prices of which  
ranged from 12½¢ to 25¢ yard. Your  
choice to-morrow 7¢ yard.

### NO. 2 LOT.

This Lot contains many fancy Dress  
Materials that sold from 20¢ to 40¢  
a yard. This lot will be cleared  
Monday at 12½¢ yard.

### NO. 3 LOT.

About 75 pieces Plain and Fancy  
Dress Goods, in newest designs, as-  
sorted weaves, any one of them worth  
30¢ to 50¢ a yard, July Sale Price,  
20¢.

### NO. 4 LOT.

This elegant Lot of Plain and Fan-  
cy Dress Goods are all new and fresh,  
many of them sold at 35¢ and some  
of them up to 75¢ a yard, you may  
revel among the lot on Monday for  
25¢.

### NO. 5 LOT.

55 Pieces Novelty Dress Fabrics,  
suitable for summer wear, splendid  
collections of colors and patterns, the  
cheapest of them sold at 40¢, most of  
them up to 80¢ a yard, July Sale  
Price, 33¢.

### NO. 6 LOT.

38 Pieces Parisian Novelties in  
Plain and Fancy Dress Goods, that  
sold from 55¢ to 90¢ a yard, July  
sale price, 45¢.

Write for the New Summer Catalogue just published.

# The S. CARSLY CO. Limited.

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St.

184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal.

"Papa! Papa!" cried a glad voice,  
and she almost sprang from Brown's  
arm "Papa, here's Spot and me. Pa-  
pa!"

"The deuce it is! What does this  
mean Minnie, where do you hail from,  
eh?" asked a tall, muscular man rather  
gruffly.

"Here, little miss, straighten out a  
bit and then enlighten your dad,"  
said Brown, slipping the dollar into  
her pocket. He set her on the ground,  
and stepping up hastily to Morris,  
said in a hoarse whisper: "Morris, for  
God's sake be a man, Andy, be tender  
of the little one and that wife of  
yours, for if I'm right, you're killing  
her by inches with your wild ways."

"Confound it, Pete, have you turn-  
ed preacher? Did you forget that peo-  
ple that live in glass houses musn't  
throw stones?"

"That child of yours, Andy, has open-  
ed my eyes, and I hope she'll open  
yours. Goodbye little lassie, I'll see  
you soon again," and he hurried off  
with something tagging at his heart  
which made him feel very uncomfort-  
able, indeed.

"Well, little woman, how did you  
get here?" asked Papa, rather mood-  
ily.

"On the big cars," replied Minnie,  
promptly, and diving right into her  
subject. "Papa you must come right  
away to see Mamma, for Mrs. Delaney  
says she's fretting her heart out,  
and that if the dear Lord don't bring  
you home we'll not have any Mamma  
at all soon."

"Fudge, Minnie, she's an old blunder-  
buss, and always meddling."

"She didn't know that Spot and me  
was listening," and Spot again felt

called on to testify, and he did so by  
a series of thumps. "And now dear  
sweet Papa, please get your coat and  
hat and come with me to the pretty  
big church, I'm going to give the Sac-  
red Heart my flowers, and ask him to  
let you like to come home so that me  
and Bobby may always have a darling  
Papa and Mamma, to love us," and  
the blue eyes, dashed with the pearly  
dew of tears, looked lovingly, con-  
fidingly, into his face. The man's  
heart was conquered, the little child  
led him whenever she would. That  
night there was joy in two house-  
holds. In one a delicate young woman  
sat in the gloaming, her hand locked  
in the clasp of the fondly loved hus-  
band, who, for some time past, had  
been drifting away from her, borne  
headlong to a downward career by  
evil associations. Her golden head pil-  
lowed on Papa's breast, sat happy  
little Minnie, now safely anchored in  
dreamland. The Sacred Heart at the  
pleading of innocence, had brought  
together again hearts that  
were drifting out into the cold  
shadows of passion and in-  
fidelity. In a little white cottage  
o'er which the roses clambered luxu-  
riantly, sat an aged mother, the snows  
of many winters on her furrowed  
brow, but the love-light in her eyes,  
once dim with anxious weeping, her  
darling son's strong arm about her,  
"Now be easy, Mother, darling," he  
said softly, "no more lonely days and  
nights for you. That wee little lass  
has shown me the error of my ways, and  
God helping me, you'll have a dutiful  
son to cheer your old age."

Thus there was a glad surprise, a  
most blissful family feast of joy in  
both households; all because of Min-  
nie's trust and the unfailing merciful  
love of the sweet Heart of Jesus.—  
St. Anthony's Messenger.

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We have a large line of elegant Fancy Chairs and Rockers in a  
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