

For Boys and Girls.

CONDUCTED BY T. W.

LIFE'S VOYAGERS.

The little barks are tossing
Away on the restless deep;
And the dark, deep waves are dash-
ing,
And the winds around them sweep.

Some have their sails half tattered,
And torn by the fearful blast;
Some with their sides all battered,
Strike sail till the storm is past.

And some of these barks are an-
chored
Far o'er on the other side,
And now they ride safe and shelter-
ed,
From the stormy wind and tide.

And what are these tiny vessels?
And the tossing, stormy sea?
Dear children! Life is the ocean,
And the voyagers, you and me.

And God is the Heavenly Pilot,
O'er the stormy sea so wide,
Who shall make our shatter'd ves-
sels
The fiercest storms outride.

And Heaven is the haven yonder,
Where the vessels rest in peace;
God bring us safely thither,
When the storms of life shall cease.
—Sel.

TALE BEARING.

It is a well-known fact that every class room and school have their tale bearers just as well as every community and parish have their gossips and scandal mongers. Call them by any name you wish, one is but the product of the other; and I think if there were less tale-bearing permitted among our boys and girls by their teachers and parents, there would be fewer gossips, backbiters, and slanderers among them when they grow up. It is one of the most despicable traits in the character of a boy or girl and causes them to be despised and shunned by their companions. Of course there are occasions when our honor is at stake and it is compulsory for us to speak the truth—for truth and honor should never be sacrificed for anything. But when through envy, rivalry, pure love of gossip or to curry favor with the teacher, we tell of every little thing that happens in and out of the classroom, we to a certain degree rank ourselves among the spies and informers. Oftentimes, too, the teacher is to blame, and is lax in his duty by permitting his pupils to practice such a habit, instead of discouraging them from it by every means in his power. I remember hearing a little story which illustrates one manner of discouraging the gossip or tale-bearer, but I fear it would be seldom put into practice to-day.

At one time there lived in the famous cloister of Ottebeuren, a very dear old priest, who was the favorite of the whole monastery and of the parish as well. Father Magnus was utterly incapable of speaking severely of any human being. One day he visited a sick priest in the next village, and was returning home when he met a woman, whom he recognized as one of his own villagers. "Oh Father!" she broke out after a bit, "I cannot tell you what a wicked woman—you know her—my neighbor is!"

"Is that true? Then let us make haste to say the Rosary for her, that she may turn from the error of her ways. In the name of the Father"—and so on through the fifteen decades. Frua Anna Maria making the responses. This carried them about a third of the way home, then the woman again took up the grievance.

"Oh, dear Father! how can I ever have patience with that woman?"

"It is hard to be patient; let us say the Rosary for you. In the name of the Father"—and the three-fold Rosary was told again.

When the last Hail Mary had been said the poor woman felt that her chance had come and she exclaimed: "Really, your reverence, if you could see the way that woman makes her husband suffer!"

"Ah, the poor man! We will say the Rosary once more for him." By the time this was finished, they stood before Frau Anna's door and the baffled gossip made up her mind that it would be some time before she joined Father Magnus in another walk.

If teachers' parents and others would be half as diligent as Father Magnus was, and would take some effective means to stop the tongue of the tale-bearer, life would be a new era for many people.

CHILDHOOD.

The qualities which are the most attractive in childhood are not by any means the most valuable in maturity.

We look for determination, will, decision of character, firmness in the man, and refuse him our respect if he have them not. But when a child exhibits these qualities, even in their incipient stages, we are annoyed and perhaps repulsed. Instead of rejoicing in his strength of will and guiding it into right channels, we lament it as a grievous fault in him and a misfortune to us. It is the meek and yielding child who cares not to decide anything for himself, in whom we delight, and whose feeble will we make still feebler by denying it all exercise. Yet, when he grows up and enters the world of temptation and, perhaps, disgrace himself and family, we look at him in imbecile wonder, that so good a child should have turned out so bad a man, when, in truth, his course has been only the natural outcome of his past life and training.

A YOUNG TRADER.

A New England furrier has lately received, says an exchange, a new proof of the energy and thrift of the rising generation. He received a correctly worded and most businesslike letter, sent from a Massachusetts town by a person who asked several questions in regard to the variety of skins the furrier purchased, the sizes desired, and the price paid.

He promptly returned an answer, for which his new correspondent had enclosed a stamp, and after giving the information requested, he wrote: "I should like to know how long you have been in the business, and whether you are at present dealing with others firms?"

He did not receive an immediate reply, but in a day or two there arrived from his new correspondent a batch of most desirable skins.

He acknowledged their receipt in a manner satisfying financially and otherwise, and by return mail came a letter, through which gloved a boy's irrepressible pride.

"Dear Sir: I am glad the skins were satisfactory. Will send more later. I am twelve years old, and this is my first enterprise."

Yrs resp'tly.

HENRY

LITTLE JERRY'S PRISONER.

When the army of the Potomac was in camp on the left bank of the Rappahannock river, during the winter of the year 1862, the Irish Brigade received among its recruits from New York a plucky drummer-boy, who was the hero of this story, which was first told in the Catholic Home Journal.

If you had seen him, however, as he marched with the awkward squad from the railroad station to the tented field to be presented to the commander, you would have thought there was nothing heroic about him. He was about fifteen years old, but small for his age, and rather chunky, with a freckled face and pug nose and hands that were coarse and rough; and this was the first time that he had ever been so far away from home and as war did not look so captivating in the enemy's country as it did in the metropolis, he felt lonesome and timid as he approached that immense crowd of bearded, weather-beaten and battle-worn men.

"Hello, youngster!" called out one of the veterans of the Brigade as the boy passed by "where'd you come from?"

"From New York City," was the answer.

"Well, say, does your mother know you're out?"

There was no time to answer, for the squad was marching rapidly; and if there had been, the little fellow would not have had the heart to make reply—for his mother was dead. She had died only six months before, and his grief for her loss was still fresh. His father had been drowned off the Battery when the boy was a baby in arms, and now there was none of his kin known to him but his sister, Agnes, who was a sales girl in a dry goods store on Grand Street. This lad was tempted to cry as all this was recalled to him by the jibe of the soldier, but the laughter that greeted it on all sides held the tears back and made him grit his teeth to keep from betraying his feelings.

"Halt!"

The newly-enlisted men were before the general. After they were inspected they were allowed to break ranks and were assigned to quarters.

The drummer-boy was soon at home in camp. He had a happy disposition, was bright and friendly, could play the mouth-organ, was handy in splitting wood, bringing water, currying horses, taking messages, and cooking

pancakes over an open fire, and quickly made himself liked by every one in the regiment.

His name, Charles Francis Tiernan, no doubt appeared on the monthly roster, but what it was no one cared to know, for the veteran, who had greeted him with a rude jest on his arrival, insisted on calling him Jerry, and as Jerry he was known to the whole Brigade.

The remainder of the winter passed rapidly for the boys in blue. It was at Chancellorsville that Jerry saw his first battle. He was stationed near the head of the Irish Brigade, and the long roll of his drum gave the signal for the Irish-American regiments to take a front position and withstand the attack of the Confederates.

The spring campaign of 1864 opened on May 4. The army of the Potomac crossed the Rapidan, and on the next day met the Confederates in the Battle of the Wilderness. Horrible was the noise. Terrible the excitement. The cannons boomed, the muskets made the bullets fly like rain-drops, wounded men shrieked, stricken horses groaned with pain and fright, forward and back waved the lines of conflict, hand to hand combats took place here and there all over the field.

In that battle Jerry fell. Towards evening of the second day he was knocked down by a fragment of an exploded shell that broke his left arm and, as he was lying on the field in agony, the hoof of an orderly's horse struck him on the side of the head and made an ugly scalp wound. He was unconscious all night and when he came to in the morning he was weak from the shock, from the pain, loss of blood, and from exposure. He had hardly opened his eyes when he heard some one groaning.

"O God, for a drink of water!"

There were other cries all around him, but they were inarticulate means, so far as he could hear in his dazed condition. He looked around him on all sides, but he could see near him only corpses. The two armies had gone to Spottsylvania Court House. There was some life away out on the field and near the woods on the left there was a group, "Doctors and priests!" said Jerry to himself. Again, came the cry:—

"O God, for water!"

Holding his wounded arm with the other one and getting up on his knees Jerry crawled over to a pile of three bodies on which a broken canteen was resting, with its dead horses lying together not far away. As he drew near, the fevered and blood-shot eyes of the lowest form opened wearily and a faint voice said:—

"For Christ's sake, take these corpses off me and give me a drink."

Jerry put down the wounded arm gently at his side, and though it hurt so that he nearly screamed with pain, he used his one good arm and hand to pull off the ammunition box and the two dead bodies. Then he fainted and fell over by the side of the soldier. The latter, relieved from the pressure that had pinned him down, raised himself on his arm and peered at his deliverer.

"Poor little tacker, he's hurt, too. A Yank, too, by all that's good!"

Then seizing Jerry's canteen, he took a long drink of water and fell back himself, not unconscious but from feebleness.

There they lay, side by side, for a few moments, the man of forty-five and the boy of fifteen, with the hot sun beating down on them. Presently Jerry revived and tried to get up, but in making the effort struck his broken arm and gave a shout of pain.

"What's the matter, son?" said the Confederate.

"My arm's broken," was the answer.

"So's my leg."

"Can I do anything for you?"

The soldier did not seem to hear the question for a moment; then his sorrow and drawn countenance was lighted by a smile as he said:—

"I like you, sonny; you're made of good metal." Then he added: "Let's help each other. You go get me a couple of pieces of that canteen. Then you come back and stand where I can get at your white shirt, as I have no muslin, and I'll bandage your arm."

So said, so done.

"Now," said the soldier, "you look about and see if you can see an ambulance. If you can, call out or make a signal for it to come here for me. If it's Confederate, I'll take care of you; if it's Union, you stick to me." Jerry scanned the field. There was no wagon anywhere. The doctors and the chaplains, too, seemed to have gone away. No, there was one non-combatant away off to the extreme right, who was acting the part of Good Samaritan to a number of the stricken. Yes, and there towards the centre, an ambulance was coming out of the woods.

Jerry waved his hat and called, but

the driver neither saw nor heard him. Then he put his zouave cap on top of a musket and waved it in the air. Would the driver or his companion look that way? Ah, yes, they saw the signal at last, and pulled the horses in that direction.

When the two men got down of the wagon, Jerry, to his delight, found that they belonged to the hospital corps of the Irish Brigade.

"Hello, Jerry, is that you?" cried one of the men. "Where are you hurt? Let's lift him in."

"Wait, Jack, and take this man first."

"Not much, he's a Jimmy Reb., and we'll attend to our own first, there's enough of them on the field."

"O, Jack, do take that poor man. He maybe saved my life. Look, it was he made this splint for my arm. His leg's shattered. See, he's fainted again. He'll probably die. Give him a chance; because he was good to me."

"All right, for your sake, we'll take him."

Two more wounded victims of the battle were picked up further on, and then the ambulance was driven into the wood, where an improvised hospital had been set up.

There Jerry's arm was properly set and bandaged and the wound in his scalp was sewed. The Confederate soldiers leg was amputated at the knee. Then they were nursed for a few days, until it was seen that they could stand a journey, when they with thousands of others who had suffered in that bloody campaign—in which General Grant said, "I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer!" were transported by rail to Washington.

Fortunately Jerry and his Confederate friend, whose name was Randolph Bradley, were sent together to Providence Hospital. There they lay on cots side by side, and there the latter began to be known as "Little Jerry's Prisoner." Jerry's arm was soon well the fractured bones having knit together nicely, and his scalp wound left him with nothing worse than a scar. While he was convalescing, he did chores around the institution for the Sisters of Charity and looked out for the comfort of his poor legless acquaintance.

During Mr. Bradley's time of recovery he was so touched by the Sisters' devotion to duty that he one day said to Jerry:—

"It's enough to make one turn Catholic to see those angels, ain't it?"

"You bet," said Jerry. "They're just boss, but they couldn't make me a Catholic."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm one already."

"Are you?"

"You bet your life, see?"

And he made the sign of the cross on himself.

Again the sunny smile came on the worn face that Jerry had noticed on the battle field. It must have been the lad's intense tone of conviction and its incongruous expression—"you bet your life"—that appealed to the other's sense of humor.

"Say, Jerry," he whispered, "teach me to be a Catholic, will you?"

"Well, I ain't away up in religion no how, comrade, but I'll ask Sister Joseph or Father Walter to show you the road."

The result was that Jerry was installed with a catechism to teach Mr. Bradley the elements of the faith, and the usual prayers said by Catholics. Day after day, they were together, reading and praying, until the little book had all been gone through. Then Father Walter took a hand in the instruction. One day he said to the soldier:

"So Jerry's going to capture you again."

The Confederate did not understand at first, but as soon as he saw the priest's idea, he smiled and said: "Yes, he's going to take me into the church."

Shortly afterwards Mr. Bradley, then able to walk on crutches, was conditionally baptized, to his great joy, and for godfather he would have no one but Jerry.

He was soon either paroled or exchanged, in the disorder of times, was lost track of in Washington.

Jerry, after his recovery, paid a short visit to New York to see Agnes whose employer was a hard taskmaster, and then he re-enlisted "for the war." He was with the Irish Brigade at Five Forks, Amelia Court House, High Bridge, Farmville, Sailor Creek and Appomattox, where finally General Lee surrendered and the war was closed.

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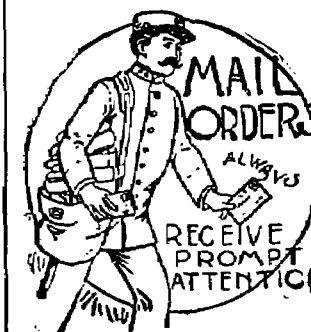
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old patriarch hobbling about in the sunshine, with his Rosary running through his fingers, or talking to his overseer and adopted son, a sturdy man of forty-five, whom he still affectionately calls Jerry. But if you were to go there on May 7, you'd get a double welcome, for the host always has a feast on the anniversary of the day when, as he says, "I became Jerry's prisoner."

Do you want to know what became of Agnes? She hides her identity under a white cornet at the House of the Guardian Angel in St. Louis, having vowed to devote her life to good works if her brother should return from the war unhurt.

GRAVEYARD POLITICS.

A lesson of what might be expected of Catholics attending a funeral may not be amiss. Don't be ashamed to bend your knee, or take Holy Water on entering the Church, because you have a Protestant with you. If you want to practice what you believe, see that you have a prayer-book, or rosary with you, to pray for the soul of the dead. It is ill becoming of a Catholic to look upon the Cemetery as anything else but a sacred place. It is blessed and set apart as a temple, for the departed. As it would be ill-behaving to misbehave in the church, even if the Blessed Sacrament was there, on account of it being a holy place. In like manner it is a fault for us to misbehave in the Cemetery. Too often has it occurred that Catholics use it, as a meeting place, at time of funerals, and there is the hand-shaking, and greeting, and very often laughter, which is not much less than a disgrace. Sometimes loud mouthed

people will intrude themselves, very near the grave, and disquiet their neighbors, with the description of the graveyard, telling who was buried there, and there, and all about the recent tomb stones.—The Augustinian.

News For Stamp Collectors.

A new postage stamp has just been issued by the Government of New Zealand, and it is one which is likely to prove of special interest to philatelists. The government decided some time ago to establish a pigeon messenger service between Auckland and Great Barrier Island, which is several miles from the mainland. This service was the more necessary as there was neither a cable nor any other regular connection between the island and Auckland.

The experiment was tried and proved so successful that it was decided to send letters regularly by pigeons, and it is for this purpose that the new stamp has been issued. Letters or despatches sent in this way will be known as "pigeongrams," and each must be written on a small thin sheet of paper. The address must be written at the top of this sheet, and the stamp will be affixed to the right hand corner.

On the stamp appears a picture of a pigeon on the wing and carrying an envelope in its beak. Above the picture are the words "Greater Barrier Island," and below are the words "Special Post," while at each side are the words "One Shilling."

Letters can be sent by these swift messengers twice each month. Even at this slow rate the first issue of stamps will soon be exhausted, as it consists of only 1,800.