

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I am sure you are all delighting in this fine weather. You can romp, and run and jump and not get overheated as you would in summer. I have not heard anything about the nutting experiences. It must be delightful out in the woods these days. How I wish I could be there.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I have not written you for some time, I thought I would write you a few words. I am seven years old. I go to school every day. I am in the first reader. When I am old enough I am going to try to be a teacher. I am learning a drawing book, arithmetic, geography. I live with my grandma. We are done harvesting, and we have our potatoes dug. We have fifty barrels. We expect the threshing here on Monday. I had a nice drive last Sunday to Richibucto. The trees look nice. They are all beginning to turn red and yellow. I have a new teacher this term. Our last teacher, Miss Barry, teaches at her own home this year. The mail driver has his dinner with us every day. It is beginning to feel like winter. I think I will bring my letter to a close for this time, saying good-bye from

Your loving niece, CHRISTINA C. J. R. Kouchibouguac, Kent Co., N.B.

A HALF-DONE GIRL.

"I don't know what Aunt Emily could have meant," reflected Edith absent, as she partly closed the open book she was reading. "Perhaps 'twas nothing after all, but it makes me feel uncomfortable. I wish I hadn't heard it; but it wasn't my fault; I wasn't eavesdropping!"

"Something you heard at Aunt Emily's troubles you, dear?"

"I had almost forgotten you were in the room, mother," and Edith turned quickly in her chair, a slight flush indicating her embarrassment. "Yes; it was when I called there this morning for her pattern. I heard something she said to Florence, and it's made me feel uncomfortable ever since. The worst of it is, mother, I can't understand what it was she meant."

"Do you mind telling me? Perhaps I can explain. I'm sure your Aunt never would have said anything intentionally to cause her niece the slightest pain."

"I know she wouldn't purposely," said Edith, looking soberly into the grate. "Florence wanted to make some slippers like those I have started for father's birthday." Edith hesitated, the flush on her face taking on a deeper tinge.

"Well, dear?"

"Aunt Emily told her when she had finished the breakfast shawl for grandmother, she might, but she didn't want her to become like her cousin Edith—a half-done girl!"

Mrs. Ferguson was silent a minute; her expression, however, clearly indicated that her sister's remark was understood.

"What was it, mother, she meant?" asked Edith, anxiously, breaking the silence.

"To-morrow morning I will tell you, dear," replied Mrs. Ferguson, slowly. "Come to my room after the work is done, and I'll explain."

"It's just the opportunity I've waited for to make Edith realize her unfortunate habit, a habit that's growing upon her constantly," thought Mrs. Ferguson, late that evening, as she gathered from room to room an armful of partly completed articles. "I trust my exhibition, after her aunt's remark, may accomplish what my suggestions and advice for months have failed to do," and, with a sigh, Mrs. Ferguson laid on the table her collection of Edith's half-finished articles.

The next day, after the morning's work was over, Mrs. Ferguson called Edith into her room.

"Is what Aunt Emily referred to very bad?" asked Edith, anxiously. "Is it something I'll dread to have you tell?"

"I think I shall not have to, dear. My exhibition will explain it all."

"Exhibition!" exclaimed Edith, curiously, looking around.

"Come over to the table, Edith," said Mrs. Ferguson, kindly. "Doesn't this explain it?"

"I don't see how! Here's—where did you get all these things? The set of dollies I started for you last Christmas! I'd forgotten all about them."

I remember I gave you a book instead. And there's the cape I began for grandmother, and the fruitpiece Aunt Emily wanted me to paint for her dining-room. I remember I was going to finish it after the oranges came into the market, for one needs the very best—when painting from still life. Where did you find that little book of pressed mosses I was beginning to arrange for the sociable? Oh, I remember so well the day Margaret Leslie and I tramped through Townsend's woods after those. We were so very particular to get the very softest and greenest mosses, for that book was a wonder. And!"

Mrs. Ferguson looked into her daughter's face. "But I don't see what these things have to do with what Aunt Emily said to Florence." Edith picked up part of a doll's dress she had begun weeks before for little Mary, the sick child of her mother's landress. "Don't they explain?" asked Mrs. Ferguson, gently. "In what condition are all the things you find on the table?"

"I see now," faltered Edith, slowly, the look of inquiry on her face giving place to one of pain. "They are all half-done! That's what Aunt Emily meant when she called me a half-done girl!"

"And that's the kind of girl my daughter doesn't wish to be," said Mrs. Ferguson. "And now how can she best show that she doesn't intend longer to be what her aunt not unjustly called her?"

"By giving another exhibition—my exhibition this time—in which every article, mother shall be finished. And I'll not begin another thing, either, till my exhibition is ready for its opening!"

A BRIGHT MESSENGER.

A few mornings ago I was on an elevated train in New York City. Facing me, as I sat down, was a uniformed messenger boy. He had just finished reading a newspaper and was going to tuck it away under the seat. Not having a paper, I held out my hand. The little fellow looked up, smiled, rose, put the paper in my extended hand, bowed, touched his cap and reseated himself.

Messenger boys here have the reputation of being bumptious and impudent. You may imagine, then, how this nice civility astonished and pleased me. I smiled and said:

"You nice little laddie, I'm very much obliged to you." The boy flushed, smiled and fidgeted awkwardly.

We began to talk, and I gently drew out of him his story. His mother was a widow, refined though poor. Knowing no business, she took any work she could find. This brought little money, so the laddie had to help out. And he was succeeding.

"It is all mother, sir. She told me always to get up when she comes into a room, get her a chair and wait on her. I always put mother's shoes on for her, and take them off when I'm home. I keep them cleaned and in order anyway. Mother says you have to wear old clothes, but there is no excuse for having them dirty"—and he looked down, as if to make sure, at his own fixings—clean as a new pin.

"Before I began here" (touching the buttons of his uniform) "mother told me everything to do. I shut doors quietly, keep my hat off in a room, clean my feet well before I go in, move around softly, and when I am told to do something, if at first I do not understand clearly, I excuse myself and ask what to do, all over again; but I never start on my errand till sure I know all about it."

He said he had quite a number of customers, who required almost all of his time; that he rarely took home less than \$15 for a week's work, and that his banner week was \$23.50. The lad was not 14 years old. He gave his mother all the credit. His employers liked his manners; his manners were his mother's.

You know that when grown people part in the street, if they just know each other, they bow or nod. If, however, you are saying "Good-bye" to a real friend, you warmly shake hands.

When the time came for us to part I held out my hand and said: "Good-bye, little man. I'm very glad to have met you."

I wish you could have seen him. He flushed, breathed hard, looked up timidly into my face, then gently and nervously, put his hand in mine. I



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GIRLS, DO YOUR SHARE.

School was just out, and a group of school girls came down the walk gaily. "Don't you want me to go home with you to supper, Josie?" called a frothy young voice. "Mother's cleaning house, and I hate to go home. Besides, I think it would be a real relief to have me out of the way."

The speaker was buxom and rosy. She walked with an easy swing, which told of plenty of strength in her little young body. And yet it did not occur to her that there was anything out of the way in her slipping off to a friend's and avoiding the hard work to be done at home. Nor did she seem mortified over the realization that her absence would be a relief rather than otherwise.

House-cleaning is not altogether pleasant. The sweeping and dusting and scouring and scrubbing, the smell of soap, the damp floors, the heaps of collected rubbish, all have their disagreeable features. But at the same time, the womanly girl is not going to slip away and refuse to do her share, whether agreeable or otherwise. She will come home from school, don her working clothes, roll up her sleeves and help wherever there is the most need. And her reward comes when all is clean and shining and sweet when the grime of the winter has disappeared, and she realizes that she has had a little share in working this miracle of order and beauty.

THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD

Bishop Spalding says: "We must cease to tell boys and girls that education will enable them to get hold of the good things, of which they believe the world to be so full. We must make them realize rather that the best thing in the world is a noble man or woman, and to be that is the only certain way to a worthy and contented life."

ROTHSCHILD'S GUIDE TO SUCCESS.

Baron Rothschild, the great financier, attributed his success to an observance of the following rules of conduct:

- Shun liquor. Dare to go forward. Never be discouraged. Be polite to everybody. Employ your time well. Never tell business lies. Pay your debts promptly. Be prompt in everything. Bear all troubles patiently. Do not reckon upon chances. Make no useless acquaintances. Be brave in the struggle of life. Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing. Take time to consider; then decide positively. Never appear to be something more than you are. Carefully examine into every detail of your business.

MAKING A CAMP FIRE.

Nobody should boast of being able to build a campfire unless he can do it in a rain when all the forest is wet and succeed in lighting the fire with the first match.

Even in a driving rain that has lasted for days the clever woodsman can find bits of twig and other inflammable material that may be damp, but not sodden. He can

always find perfectly dry stuff in hollow trees and under roots. He will spend perhaps half an hour, perhaps even an hour, looking for the stuff of this kind and will not dream of starting his fire until he has collected at least a handful of tinders and an armful of small twigs and branches as dry as any that can be found.

Having deposited all this stuff under the best shelter possible, he drags a log to the place where the fire is to be and turns it over, when of course it exposes a dry side, in which the tinder may be placed without getting wet. Then other logs are piled to form a wall against the wind.

Now the tinder is piled up and then with a sharp knife the driest sticks are whittled so that a pile of thin shavings is accumulated. The more shavings there are the better.

Then the driest sticks are laid over these and the shavings set afire. Carefully add wood as the fire burns up, but never put enough on to smother the flame. One wet twig will blaze when two may choke the fire.

THE PANSY FAMILY.

A pretty fable about the pansy is current among French and German children. The flower has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal, two of the gay petals have a sepal each, and the third, which is the largest of all, has two sepals.

The fable is that the pansy represents a family consisting of husband and wife and four daughters, two of the latter being stepchildren of the wife. The plain petals are the stepchildren, with only one chair, the two small, gay petals are the daughters, with a chair each, and the large gay petal is the wife, with two chairs.

To find the father, one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man, with a flannel wrap about his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bath-tub. The story is probably of French origin, because the French call the pansy the stepmother.

HOW A BUTTERFLY SLEEPS.

The butterfly invariably goes to sleep head downward. It folds and contracts its wings to the utmost. The effect is to reduce its size and shape to a narrow ridge, hardly distinguishable in shape and color from the seed heads on thousands of other stems around. The butterfly also sleeps at the top of the stem. In the morning, when the sunbeams warm them, all these gray pig sleepers on the grass tops open their wings and begin their daily rounds.

BABY'S SLEEP.

One of the first signs that something is wrong with an infant is disturbed sleep. Usually the trouble is with the stomach or bowels. If your little one is cross and restless do not give it an opiate or "soothing" medicine of any kind. All these things are deadly poison, and the sleep they give is unhealthy, unnatural and injurious. Your baby will sleep and let you sleep if you treat it properly. In Baby's Own Tablets there is not an atom of poisonous "sleepy stuff," and yet by their beneficent, healthy action they give refreshing sleep. They remove the cause, and the result is healthy, refreshing, life-giving sleep from which the little one awakens bright and well. Mrs. S. T. Douglas, Petalocine, N.B., says: "My baby was troubled with constipation, was restless and uneasy and did not sleep well at nights. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets and the change they made was wonderful. They regulated the bowels and he now sleeps well at night." If your dealer does not keep the Tablets, send 25 cents to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and a box will be sent you by mail, post-paid.

HOW CHILDREN ARE WORRIED.

Children are often worried because their mothers are too attentive and continually reprove the small ones without reason. A child should be left alone and be allowed to play or amuse itself in its own way without the constant direction of a nervous mother.

We may not have riches; but we may be rich. Character is riches. To be, to get, should be our aim, for he who possesses the greatest measure of noble character extracts more true enjoyment from life than all others; and besides his capacities for enjoying the next world are enlarged.

Fruit-a-tives OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS" made from ripe fruit with the finest tonics added. Recommended by physicians all over the world for constipation, biliousness, headaches, &c. "Fruit-a-tives have done me more good than any other Liver and Kidney Medicine I ever used." Mrs. W. E. CARSON, Port William, Ont. At druggists—50c a box. Manufactured by FRUIT-A-TIVES Limited, Ottawa.

JESUIT NOVELISTS.

America has now three famous Jesuit novelists, and one of them lived until very recently in Chicago. Everybody knows Father Finn, and many know Father Henry S. Spalding, but Father J. E. Copus, S.J., is the coming great Catholic novelist of the country. His first book ever made such a hit as did "Harry Russell." It was something new, full of incident, full of purpose, full of deft characterization. His boys were not mere automatons. They had blood in their veins—warm, rich, buoyant blood. The look came as a surprise, followed the next year by "St. Cuthberts." This, too, was judged phenomenally graphic. You seem to hear the people talking—you heard them laughing, just as in the pages of Thestylis singing in the dewy morning meads of Sicily. And there is something besides a photographic reproduction of human beings in Father Copus' novels. Deftly, unpretentiously, he takes us out loitering amid green fields and woods and along picturesque water courses, and shows us that he knows nature and her secret haunts. In his sequel to "Saint Cuthberts," "Shadows Lifted," just published, he is singularly happy in this respect. The book is a distinct advance, compared with its predecessors. Young people will read it because of the story and character-drawing, but older folks will find in its pages much of their lost youth and many heart touches that are irresistible.

IN TIME OF DANGER.

(From the Catholic News.) At the dreadful accident on the elevated road at New York last week, when one car of a crowded train toppled into the street, killing a dozen men and women and badly injuring fifty others, the Catholic priest, as usual, was quickly on the spot. We read in one newspaper report:

"A few blocks away is the Church of the Paulist Fathers. Several of them rushed to the scene and were active in their ministrations to the dying. Wherever a poor huddled-up form stretched on the sidewalk or on the floor of a store could be seen, these men were, giving the last rites of the Church. Sometimes they were in time to give the comforting words, other times they were too late."

Another paper tells the story thus: "Two priests worked over the dead and dying, administering the last rites of the Church where it was necessary, and offering spiritual aid and consolation. They were Fathers Casserly and McMillan, who are connected with the Paulist Fathers' Church, at Fifty-ninth street and Ninth avenue. Some one had telephoned to the rectory that there had been an accident, and the priest immediately went to the place. When all of the injured had been removed to the Hospitals they went to Roosevelt Hospital, where they continued their ministrations. Then they went down to the West Forty-seventh street station, where they did what they might for those who were seeking to identify the bodies."

So prompt are our clergy in hurrying to places where lives are in peril that every one is more or less accustomed nowadays to see the priest brave all sorts of danger in order to render spiritual or material aid to any poor victim within reach.

MARQUIS ITO.

Marquis Ito is of comparatively humble birth. His father, Juzo Ito, was a rustic gardener. It is said that the marquis is the poorest prime minister, actual or retired, in the world. He first went to Europe by working his passage, having stowed himself away on board a ship bound for Liverpool in a bale of silk, in which he lay concealed for 36 hours, in order to escape the vengeance of the conservative party, which resented his advanced views and attempts to westernize Japan. He is now, perhaps, the most western in his tastes of all the Japanese and it is his custom to spend five hours a day in reading the European newspapers and magazines.

A PEN PICTURE OF CHRIST.

The following is the only reliable pen picture of Christ as seen in actual life, and is an exquisite piece of word painting. It is taken from a MS. now in the possession of Lord Kelly, and in his library. It was copied from an original letter of Publius Lentulus, at Rome, it being the usual custom of Roman governors to advise the Senate and the people of such material things as happened in their provinces in the days of Tiberius Caesar. Publius Lentulus, procurator of Judea, wrote the letter to the Senate:

"There appeared in these, our days, a man of great virtue named Jesus Christ, who is yet living amongst us, and of the Gentiles is accepted as the prophet of truth. He raises the dead and cures all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, such as the beholder may both love and fear. His hair is the color of a chestnut full ripe, plaid to his ears, whence downward it is more orient and curling, and waving about his shoulders. In the midst of his head is a soam, a partition in the hair, after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead very plain and delicate; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a lovely red. His nose and mouth so formed and nothing can be reprehended. His beard in color like his hair, not very long, but forked. His look innocent and mature. His eyes grey, clear and quick and luminous. In re-proving he is terrible, his eyes piercing—as with a two-edged sword—the greedy, the selfish and the oppressor, but look with tenderest pity on the weak, the erring and the sinful. Courteous and fair-spoken. Pleasant in

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Sister Engelberta, who in private life was Miss Anna Ekel, succumbed to yellow fever at the Convent of the Perpetual Association, New Orleans. She was 33 years old. She sacrificed her life on the altar of duty, as she contracted the disease while ministering to the afflicted.