

Secretary at a Social Function.

"Felicita," by Marie Walsh, in Donahoe's for the Cardinal came out, by his host and a Latham by a friendly letter stepped for his ring, an action of the Cardinal into a hearty hand-ordial greeting in Eng- as Latham's own, to resist responded. As ough respectfully. As ed the group she could ote how quietly dis- plain-faced Englishman among all this brilliant h how perfectly at ease

Struggling Mission

ese of Northampton, ham, Norfolk.

HELP! HELP! of the Sacred Heart of St. Anthony na, DO PLEASE send erection of a more for the Blessed Sacra- of the out-post at Faken- GARRET. But it is the SOLE SIGN of the Catholic Church of the County of ge donations are not h they are not object- is sought "is the OPERATION of all de- of the Sacred Heart ony in England, Ire- and Wales, and the ch Client is asked to offering to put a few new Church. May I come little measure of peration? is sadly needed, for at blished to SAY MASS ediction in a Garret, eckly collection is only ave no endowment

do alone? Very little. co-operation and that well-disposed readers of can do all that needs

when the faith of ing weak, when the as an extent of its and is about to treat d Himself as it treat- church, the Catholic ing fair to obtain the hearts of the En- gain. I have a very here on behalf of must succeed or else rict must be aban-

TS WITH YOU

I am to succeed or hopes of success are ration. Will you not co-operating hand? ill not refuse? You e to help much, indee p a little, and a mul- ties" means a great

Dear Ear to My Urgent Appeal

ness and preceper your establishing a Mission shop of Northampton.

ER H. W. GRAY, Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng.

gratefully and prompt- the smallest dona- with myacknowledg- ict picture of the Sa- St. Anthony.

SSION IS DEDICAT- ED TO THE MISSION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

ENT'S TLY SECURED

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Y BELL COMPANY 426 RIVER ST. 177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Manufacture Superior BELL'S BELL'S BELL'S

BOYS' AND GIRLS a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

MY DOLLY AND PUSSY AND ME. By the blazing fire, in a big arm- chair, We're as happy as happy can be: The three best friends in the whole Wide world, My Dolly and Pussy and me. My Dolly looks 'ceedingly good and wise, But not a word speaks she: And Pussy can only new and purr— So the talking's done by me. I read to them from my story books, And the pictures they like to see: I can't help thinking they under- stand— The way they look at me. My Dolly is only two years old; I'm seven and Puss is three, But still we're the very best of friends— My Dolly and Pussy and me.

HUNGRY TIME. When I was getting better, And they propped me up in bed, Oh, didn't I feel hungry! But I knew the doctor said, "He can't have much to eat yet"; So I thought of things instead. I thought of basket picnics, Of mince and apple pies; Of sandwiches and doughnuts, And the tarts I used to buy. I seemed to taste them almost, Such a hungry-boy was I.

My mother'd sit and read me Any story I'd pick out; I guess you know already What the stories were about, I'd listen and—imagine: And it helped me do without. But oh, I want to tell you That there's nothing you can take, In thinking or when awake, That ever tastes as splendid As the first real slice of cake! —Arthur H. Folwell.

Dear Aunt Becky: This is my first letter to you. I am eleven years old and I live about a quarter of a mile from the school where I go every day with my sister and brother. We go to the same school as Bridgie Barry. I learn the same lessons as she does. Our teacher reads us the letters in the True Witness. We were very glad to hear the letters that Mary Barry and Katie wrote, for they came to our school for a while, so we know them well. Well, Aunt Becky, this is all I can write this time. I will write more next time. Your little niece, LUCY RUEL, Cranbourne.

Dear Aunt Becky: Our teacher has read us the nice letters in the True Witness so I think I will write also. I am going to school and like my teacher very well. Mary Barry said her favorite studies were arithmetic and geography. Well, those are my favorites also, and I may say that French grammar is not my best friend, but I love to translate my English reader into French. Our teacher comes from Frampton, and it is there my grandpa and grand- ma live. I also have several cousins in Frampton. The school in- spector, Mr. Cote, came to visit our school the 29th of January, but we did not have an examination as our teacher was sick. He left four nice prizes which was very nice of him. Well, dear Aunt, I think I have written enough for this time. Good bye. From your niece, SPERIE RUEL, Cranbourne.

Dear Aunt Becky: As I saw my letter in print, and was well pleased, I take pleasure in writing to you again. I haven't much news to tell you, as it is very stormy here for the last week. I expect to go to Mass to-morrow if it is fine. Oh, how I do long to see spring once more, and to enjoy hearing the little birds sing. Our priest, Rev. J. Donaldson, is sick and he has gone to Quebec. I hope he will soon be well. We say the beads every day at noon for him. Well, dear Aunt, I can't think of any more. I was glad to see my little sister's letters. Hoping this letter won't see the waste basket. Your loving niece, BRIDGIE BARRY, Cranbourne.

Dear Aunt Becky: I was so glad to see my letter in print that I took courage to write again. I am still going to school. Our school inspector, Mr. A. Tan- guay, came last week. He was well pleased with us all, and reward- ed a great many for their applica- tion and good conduct. There are a great many scholars coming to our school, but only twelve of them are Irish. My little sister Frances is going to school also. My youngest sister is four years old. Her name is Theresa. My mamma is still living in Montreal. We expect she will come home in the month of April. I wish she would come soon, for we are all very lonesome for her. Last week a very sad thing hap- pened. A young man from our parish was brought home dead from the State of Maine. He was work- ing in the woods and was killed by a tree. There is one of our neighbors very sick. The priest and doctor were with him to-day. My little sister and I received many presents at Xmas and New Year. Good old Santa Claus did not forget us either. What is the matter with all the rest of the cousins? We don't see many letters in the paper now. I think they are forgetting you, al- though I don't write very often my- self. Dear Aunt, I will close with love to all. I remain, Your loving niece, LIZZIE COURTNEY, West Frampton, P.Q.

Dear Aunt Becky: It is a long time since I have written to you, so I thought I would write again. I am still go- ing to school, and like it very much. I am doing my best to study as well as I can. I expect to be confirmed next summer. I got a great many presents at Christmas and New Year. I got a bugle, a box of handkerchiefs, several lead pencils and pens and plenty of candy. Well, dear Aunt, the weather is very cold this week. The roads are pretty good now so we have great fun sliding. I have two brothers younger than myself. Their names are Thomas and Joseph. So good-bye, dear Aunt, my next letter will be longer. Your loving nephew, WILLIE ENRIGHT, West Frampton, P.Q.

Dear Aunt Becky: I thought I would write to you again as I was so pleased to see my last letter in print. I go to school every day and I like it very well. Our inspector came to visit our school last week. He gave me a nice prize as a reward for applica- tion. It is a lovely story, the name of it is "Making His Way." My papa is working away from home this winter, but he often comes to see us. My grandpa did not go to Boston this year. Santa Claus came to see us at Xmas and brought us all lots of presents. We are having very cold weather. Jack Frost is around to-day, for he pinched several of my little friends' ears on their way to school. Our priest, Rev. Father O'Farrell, is away this week. He has gone to Cranbourne to replace Rev. Father Donaldson, who is sick. We are going to have a mission in the month of March; it is to be preach- ed by a Dominican Father. My cousin, Rosana Duff, died last week at Ste. Anne de Beupre. She was a Franciscan nun. Her name in felig- ion was Sister Mary Theresia of Jesus. Dear Aunt, I haven't much news to tell you, so I will close. Love to all my cousins. I remain, Your loving niece, MARY ENRIGHT, West Frampton, P.Q.

WHEN PHYLLIS SANG. "She's so timid." "I like a girl to have some spirit." Comments came thick and fast from the group of schoolgirls who stood under the elm tree on the corner watching the new girl pass quick- ly down the street. "I wouldn't be surprised to learn that a good deal of spirit lies be- neath Phyllis Corrigan's retiring manner," chimed in a clear, firm voice. "You always do find something to like in everyone, Katie," spoke up another girl. "We'll all find something to like in Phyllis when we know her better, Janet," Katie replied. "There's one thing she can do. She can sing. Miss Sarah has asked Phyllis to sing at the musical."

"Hearing is believing; it doesn't

"Rally round the flag, boys, rally once again."

The audience turned, and seeing Phyllis standing on the platform smiling and singing as if there was nothing to be frightened about, was somewhat reassured, and the strug- gling at the door ceased. "Join the chorus," Phyllis waved an invitation. Without a tremor the sweet firm voice went on, and the spirit of the singer made itself so felt that many voices actually did join in the chor- us. When it was over, Miss Grant explained that the janitor had been burning rubbish in the furnace, add- ing: "At no time was there real dan- ger save that of a panic on the stairway; and this Phyllis, by her prompt action, averted," and she smiled appreciatively upon Phyllis. Then she added earnestly: "Had you not accustomed yourself to singing in public you could hard- ly have done what you did, dear. It always pays to study the art of self-control."



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seem possible that Miss Shyness can ever summon up enough courage to sing (alone before the school, Janet declared. "Are you coming, girls?"

Meanwhile, Phyllis, going on her way alone, was having a hard bat- tle to keep back tears. "They don't like me. They don't mean to count me in. I might be a strange animal, the way they look at me and hold themselves aloof," she was say- ing bitterly to herself. Katie came hurrying after her, smiling and breathless. "How do you walk! I don't wonder you al- ways have a beautiful color in your cheeks, taking such strenuous exer- cise. I wanted to tell you how glad I am you are going to sing at our musical."

"You don't know how glad I am to sing. I love to sing." And now all trace of bitterness had left Phyllis' voice and her eyes reflected the smile lighting Katie's face. "Could you—we are near my home—do you mind coming in? Mamma would love to meet one of my schoolmates, and I'll show you the song I've thought of singing."

Katie accompanied Phyllis indoors. Later, upon leaving, she was more convinced than ever that Phyllis' retiring manner covered a character of much strength and firmness. One thing that led Katie to believe this was Phyllis' answer, when asked if she did not feel diffident at singing in public. "Yes, always," Phyllis said quick- ly. "But I do not like to refuse an invitation to sing if I think the invitation sincere. My teacher has told me that if I persistently ignore my dislike to use my voice my nerv- ousness will in time doubtless dis- appear. And I feel that she is right for as soon as I have sung the first few notes I lose all distrust of my- self and have no fear."

The academy was all activity and excitement on a certain afternoon when the older pupils were to give a musical for the benefit of the fresh air fund. The assembly hall on the second floor decorated with flags and palms and draped with flags, was filled to its utmost capacity when Miss Sarah Grant opened the programme with a piano solo. After this, one performer followed an- other, and was applauded and en- core. Finally it came to Phyllis' turn.

Phyllis appeared on the platform, a slight, girlish figure, her eyes, dark and shining, scanning the audience half fearfully. Katie, in the fifth row, smiled up at her, and the accompanist struck the first notes of the song. At first, Phyllis' voice wavered uncertainly, then ral- lied, and soon filled the room with its sweetness. A burst of applause greeted the singer, and then a smell of smoke permeated the room, and many in the audience arose and looked anxiously around. The chil- dren occupying the front row—of chairs felt the uneasiness in the air, and some of them stood up. At this moment a puff of smoke came up from a register in one corner of the room, and instantly a terrified voice screamed: "Fire!"

Simultaneously, Miss Grant ap- peared on the platform, and calling for order, declared there was no fire. Another puff of smoke seemed to give the lie to her statement, and there was a mad rush for the door. A panic was imminent when sudden- ly there rang out above the uproar a clear, full voice, singing:

"Rally round the flag, boys, rally once again."

The audience turned, and seeing Phyllis standing on the platform smiling and singing as if there was nothing to be frightened about, was somewhat reassured, and the strug- gling at the door ceased.

The Irishman in the Lumber Camp.

The big lumber camp was situat- ed on the shore of a large lake, in the northern part of the Province of Quebec, and Karaghan, the "green- horn" Irishman, as he viewed the desolate scene, was sick at heart. It was all so strange and savage—so different from his own green coun- try in the Golden Vale of Tipperary. The vast expanse of lake was sheath- ed in thick ice, partly swept clear of snow by the wind. The chantymen had told him the ice was five foot in depth, but surely such a thing could not be! It was so clear in places that he imagined the water must be very close; and they laugh- ed at him when he had checked his steps. His work to-day was "cut- ting trails" through the bush, in order that the fallen timber might be drawn out and skidded close to the main track. As he was not an ex- pert hand at the axe, he liked the job not at all; and watching the deftness of the other "lumber jacks" he felt himself at a great disadvan- tage. At home in Ireland things had been so very different with him. There Denis Karaghan had been a very king among men. The big, handsome giant had been a champion athlete, with world's records to his credit in heavy-weight throwing. Lovingly the old neighbors had christ- ened him Karaghan Buidhe, on ac- count of his yellow locks, and a sad day indeed it was for the country side when the train left the little sta- tion of Bohernabreena, carrying away to America their idol and their pride. Karaghan Buidhe, in a bewildered way, watched the teamsters with their astonishing loads of ponderous logs—sixteen feet high every load, if a foot—go hurtling down the main trail at a dizzy speed. The road- way had been carefully built, with snow plentifully sprinkled with water on top, so as to make a perfect glare of ice, and down this devil's slide the shouting drivers whipped their maddened horses unmercifully. Once the heavy incline down to the lake level was struck there was no such thing as stopping and the least swerve towards a deep gulch meant death to man and beast! But the trained hands of the teamsters never failed, and fear never seemed to enter their calculations. —From "Mon-Camarade," by Rev. James B. Doherty in Donahoe's for January.

The Cost of Good Health

Will be Lessened by the Timely Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. How much money is wasted on useless medicines! How much time is lost; how much pain endured simply because you do not find the right medicine to start with. Take the earnest advice of thousands who speak from experience in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and you will save time, money, and above all, will find perfect health. Proof of this is found in the statement of Mr. J. A. Robarge, a well known resident of Lacine, Que., who says: "I am a boatman, and consequent- ly exposed to all conditions of weath- er. This exposure began to tell on my health. The cold lead to weakness, loss of appetite, pains in the limbs and side. I tried several medicines but they did not help me. My condition was growing worse and a general breakdown threatened. I slept poorly at night and lost much in weight, and began to fear that I was drifting into chronic in- validity. One day while reading a newspaper I was attracted by the statement of a fellow sufferer who had been cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had spent much money without getting relief, and I hated to spend more, but the cure was so convincing that I decided to give those pills a trial. I am now more than thankful that I did so. After the first couple of weeks they began to help me, and in seven weeks after I began the pills I was as well as ever I had been. I am now convinced that had I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the outset I would not only have been spared much suffering, but would have saved money as well."

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Protestant Tribute to Brebeuf.

Brebeuf, the Jesuit missionary to the Indians, was once making his way, starving, freezing, and in pain across a desolate field of ice in the wilderness. He had been refused shel- ter and food; he had slept in the snow; he had barely escaped a tortur- ing death. And now, just as the sun was setting, he looked up into the western sky and saw the figure of a cross. "How large was it?" asked his brother missionaries, when after months of privation and suffering, God brought him back to them. "Large enough—large enough to crucify us all," replied Brebeuf. That was his interpretation of the vision in the wilderness—the vision of sacrifice, the call to freedom and larger service, the cross of his

Master. In that interpretation shone out the heroic, the Christ-like spirit of the man. More toll, more sacri- fice, more suffering—that was the heavenly message to him. A weaker soul would have translated the wil- derness portent how differently! But to brave souls there is uplift, not discouragement. In the words of Christ: "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."—Zion's Herald (Protestant).

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