rs flow down our sed past—is ever us flowers.

omes of the living

neys lit by irides of sunlight on the ow throne

asures by the anhe hours to jewels nds before us have

ey crowd the fields

mortal emanations sources of the unliving exhalations round the spheres

Time.

can, in trance or of ecstatic dreams, impse of that unpirit through the ain streams

kward turns with out her life-herself

the gate of death ARS FROM NOW.

fary A. Ford), in Journal. of human life for-oils. eternal shore its souls;

ails our bark to-h sits at the prow. ow we ever lived a from now.

brotherhood! why ad strive, world has ample thing alive? tured and unclaimr for the plow shall make them ed years from n

ry so earnestly in to climb so high ther man?
n earthly shrine in bow?

ourselves be dust, s from now. ch the world's ap-read so much its

its voice of censuarills the heart, the

orgotten dreams a that meekly bear that meenly bear ad of wrong! that bravely dare, grow more strong! ect peace is won; eam of how r life's thorny road rs from now.

Right and Truth ne universe, for you

th: est, with God you ful lands shall bow in rev'rent love a rise and fall, 0 akers on thy shore; he rocks of doom, are no more; ness of worlds that diant brow es for other eyes rs from now.

hose sleepless eyes those stephen tuture stand ke babes we cling ting hand; death are naught to safely bow ow of Thy throne a from now.

ot, were ordered to way of the Carrick of Kilkenny, under bol. Reynolds; whom a moon was to follow I myself was to gellow over the Black-county of Tipperary, re troops of horse of dragoons, and three hundred foot. The county of Tipperary, re troops of horse of dragoons, and three hundred foot. The upon Tuesday, a Youghal."

moan and are rest-leep, coupled, when see of appetite, pale ing the nose, etc., npon it that the pri-a trouble is worms worm Exterminator these pests, at a Hettle sufferers.

BOYS' AND GIRLS ____

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

you've got just the lovingest e. Oh, oh, I'm glad you're my mamma, I love

What was the praise of the world to

To the love of the little one throned Year's on my knee?
And this was my prayer as I kissed

the eyes
That were smiling up to me, papsywise,
"May the face of thy mother forever

The lovingest face in the world to

Dorothy's Resolution

"Oh, dear! That's the last of them—the very last." Dorothy flung her small self limply into the near-est rocker, her school books slipping from her knees to the floor one by

Aunt Lois looked up from her sew-Aunt Lois looked up from her sewing, just a little startled at the despairing tone. It was hard to tell what loss might have befallen Dorothy. Dorothy was so careless and irresponsible. She decided in favor of hairpins, as her quick eye noted the disorder of Dorothy's sunny haven heir.

"Yes, that's one of them," Do-thy exclaimed, reading the glance. resolved solemnly to brush my hair smooth every single moontide this year. Now look at it. It's so unruly it needs fussing with hour in the day, and the wind dreadful this afternoon." every

"But that wasn't the last—the verv last?" Aunt Lois smiled inquiringly into the perplexed face before her. The hair problem had lapsed into hopeless unkemptness three times at least within the week, and she had written "Lenverv".

hoperess unitary hoperess within the week, and she had written "January" at the head of a letter that very morning.
"No. The last was talking back—not talking back, rather. It isn't temper, exactly. It's getting rundled up and letting my tongue go at loose ends, when the girls tease me loose ends, when the week, and she girls fat," said the little billy gout with the small voice.

"Now I'm coming to gobble you up," said the troll.

"Oh, no! Don't take me. I am too little Graff. "Wait till my brother comes; he is much bigger." fled up and letting my tongue go at loose ends, when the girls tease me about something. I've been ashamed of it a hundred times, and I wrote down with the rest the night before New Year's day, 'I will hold on 'to my tongue,' and put two red lines under it. And I've smiled sweetly as a June morning—when I didn't feel a bit smilly—flattering myself all the while that my face would get used to the new lines. But Julia Douglass sprang something on me this afternoon—nothing worth while, but Julia can be sarcastic—well, that went, like the others."

"Reading something useful every day—I think you told me something.

went, like the others."
"Reading something useful every
day—I think you told me something
about that," Aunt Lois' gray eyes
were thoughtful behind her spec-

tacles.
"That fell through the second day—or was it the third?" Dorothy replied disconsolately. "We had the lessons seemed long and harder than they'd ever been before, and ""

Who is that tramping on my bridge?" roared the troll.

"I see," Aunt Lois was studying the situation sympathetically. It was one of Aunt Lois' strong points with Dorothy that she never scolded, much less laughed at one, which was a deal more. "You spoke of 'holding on a moment ago—your tongue. I think it was. I was wondering whether you had thought of applying the same treatment to your good resolutions."

You wonder how it can make the clothes so white and clean, with so little rubbing? It is just SOAP—perfectly pure with psculiar qualities for wash-ing clothes. Try it the next

SURPRISE

LOVINGESTFACE IN THE WORLD pretty threads afterwards. It's discouraging, I. know, and one feels dissatisfied every time one's eye falls upon that ugly cross-thread, but there's sure to be more or less of that sort, try as we may. The main thing is to keep on weaving, with a sharp eye out against making another as bad, or worse."

"And I think," said she, looking up in my eyes
With a glance that was tender and grave and wise, "Interview of the same of the sam

New Year's resolutions. You couldn't say—"

"You could say that you had done the best you could under the circumstances," Aunt Lois interrupted, "and even God doesn't require more than failure to pick ourselves up, and press forward, after we've stumbled once, that wrecks so many Nèw Year's resolutions. The first of January is a good time to blaze out a new path for ourselves, because the whole year is before us to follow it. And it's the following—the persistent following—that counts in the end, even if we get away from the beaten path now and then. There isn't any day in the whole year that's a good day to give up trying."

that's a good day to give up trying."

"I'll brush my hair this very
minute," Dorothy cried impulsively,
springing to her feet, with a fine
show of enthusiasm in her bright
young face. "It mustn't look frowsy
all the rest of the year, because it
has a few times. And I'll take up
reading that history to-night where
I left off when the Crawford's came
in. And I shall try to hold on to
my tongue—and my good resolutions,
too."

THE WHOLE GRUFF FAMILY.

Once upon a time there were three billy goats. Their names was Gruff, There was Little Gruff, and Big Gruff and Biggest Gruff.
One day they started up a mountain to eat the fine grass and grow fat. On their way they had to cross a bridge. A troll lived under this bridge. He had eyes as big as saucers and a nose as long as your arm. First of all Little Gruff came to cross the bridge, Trip-trap! trip-trap! went the bridge as he crossed it.

it.
"Who is that tripping over "Who is that tripping over my bridge?" roared the angry troll.

"It is only I, Little Gruff. I am going up the mountain to make myself fat," said the little billy goat with the small voice.

bigger."
"Well, be off with you!" said the troll. A little while after Big Gruff came

A little while after Big Gruff came to cross the bridge.

Trip-trap! Trip-trap! went the bridge as he stepped on it.

"Who is that stepping on my bridge?" roared the troll.

"Oh, it is Big Gruff, who is going up the mountain to make himself fat," said the big billy goat in his loud write.

fat, said the big biny goate in and loud voice.

"Now, I'm coming to gobble you up!" roared the troll.

"Oh, no, don't take me! Wait till Biggest Gruff comes along; he is much

more desirable than I."
"Very well; be off with you," said
the troll.

"It is I, Biggest Gruff, going the mountain to make myself fat," he said, with his greatest voice.
"Now I am coming to gobble you

of the youthful hero is worthy of their imitation and bound to inspire at least resolutions of Catholic man-

iness.

The occurrence took place in a sleeping car en route from Kansas City to St. Louis about a fortnight ago. It was a merry, noisy, goodnatured crowd of actors and actresses. Among the number were two boys, aged about twelve and fourteen years. For a time it appeared the merriment was going to run late into the night, a fact which seemed to nettle the younger of the two lads, who appeared impatient to retire.

But gradually the laughter ceased and soon quiet reigned. Presently the little fellow emerged from the smoking compartment, where he had gone for relief and not to gone for relief and not to smoke, and made his way to his berth. The curtains were pushed aside, and the lad disappeared from view. But not entirely. For out from ander the folds partially projected two little limbs, and two little feet revealing to any one who might pass the unusual fact that the little owner was on his knees in prayer.

on his knees in prayer.

And someone did pass, one who deeply appreciated the situation. It was the Pullman conductor, himself a most exemplary Catholic gentleman. He was both surprised and edified. It was the second time only during his period of service that he had witnessed such a scene.

Next morning he engaged the older.

he had witnessed such a scene.

Next morning he engaged the older
boy in conversation about his companion and his action the night previous. The second lad proved to be
a non-Catholic, but quickly volunteered the information that his little
friend "never went to bed anywhere
without praying every bead on his
Rosary." Rosary.

The conductor then found an portunity to talk to our little Ca-tholic hero, telling him that he had witnessed his conduct the night be-fore, and proffering words of comoliment and encouragement. In

pliment and encouragement. In re-turn for the confidence established came the simple, candid, childlike confession. Here's the story: When leaving his home in England for the present theatrical tour he had promised his father and mother that he would say his Rosary every night that the Blessed Virgin might protect him and send him beek. protect him and send him back to them safely. And then, quickly add-ing, "I haven't yet broke my pro-mise."

That's why he was on his knees in prayer in the sleeper. He was say-ing his Rosary, keeping his pro-Catholic new you think him a little his manliness? How beautiful, how touching! What an inspiring lesson the little fellow teaches to other boys, and, may it not be truthfully added, to many of his Catholic seniors?



History of the Church.

the situation sympathetically.

the stuntion sympathetically.

"Now I am coming to the stuntion of the

rearth.
Light, then, existed, and with it, heat: for light and heat appear to be the effects of one principle. By heat and attraction, the different elements, up to that time in confusion, acted on one another. Three sorts of bodies took birth; some solid, others liquid, others again of a more subtle mature. The solid bodies went to the center of the earth, the liquid covered the surface, and the most subtle formed , the envelope.

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"And God said: Let there be a firmament made amidst the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made a firmament, and divided the waters that were under the firmament from those that were above the firmament, and it was so."

And it is still so. This firmament which envelopes the earth on all sides is the atmosphere, the air we breathe. Every day we see floating above our heads a part of the water in the form of clouds. The space between is a vast ocean of "And God said: Let there be

space between is a vast ocean of air in which we live, and the birds swim like the fish in the more compact and heavier ocean.

Fish cannot live without water, we cannot live without air. For a long time it was thought that the air was a simple element; but it discovered in the last century it is composed of two elements of which keeps life in us by breathing, and the fire in our hearths by burning; the other element by itself would extinguish both life and fire.

The mixture of the two forms pure

Water, the fishes' atmosphere, is also composed of two elements. The one (which is also in the air as we have seen) is what we breathe and makes combustibles burn; and the other is the gas whose use is so widespread for cooking and lighting purposes. When this gas combines with the portion of the air that we breathe and that forms the other element of water, a bright flame is the result, accompanied by hert, and the coal or cinder left by this heat is pure water. For this reason the learned class water among the burnt bodies. When those two elements of water combine suddenly and in a considerable quantity, they produce a Water, the fishes' atmosphere. water combine suddenly and in a considerable quantity, they produce a flash of dazzling light, accompant of very often by a tremendous report. This is the way in which lightning and thunder is produced in the clouds. So we see how modern geignee explains the words of David in the hundred and thirty-fourth psales. The bringeth up the set of the earth, He hait made lightnings for the rain. Without air we could not speak nor live tregement with mankind. It is the air which carries sound, and, with sound, aspeech, thought. By this means two men may breathe each other's

men may breathe each thoughts and live as it were

same life.

Faithful messenger of so many different languages which communicate by 'words the thoughts of the mind, the air in the inexhaustible organ of a universal language which by harmony of sounds tells the sentiments of the soul,—joy, sorrow, admiration, love. Wonderful language that contains his words later and the contains his words. miration, love. Wonderful language that contains but seven letters or seven notes, but which, nevertheless, expresses all the human affections. Wonderful language that everyone hears but that very few can speak spotchilly. According to the wise it worthily. According to the wise the Church, especially St. Augustin, the music that God has given to man is an image, an echo which He executes Himself in His immense eternity. The entire universe is a magnificent harmony in which divine wisdom attenting from one externity. wisdom attaining from one extremity to the other, disposes all with sweetness, number, and measure. Music it is that produces in a musical number the army of the Heavens; such is the meaning given by St. Augustin to the words of Isajas. To place man in this heavenly barmony. place man in this heavenly harmony



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St. Ignatius of Antioch compares the Catholic Church, the mystic body of Christ, to a harp which sounds the praises of God by the means of His Christ. Every man is a harp composed of two parts, the body and the soul, which act on each other as the strings do on a harp and as the harp does on its strings. Oh! who will give us the delight of hearing on this earth a few sighs from the great harmony of heaven?

The air is attracted to the courts.

the great harmony of heaven?

The air is attracted to the centre of the earth; it has weight like other bodies, but it weighs eight hundred times less than water, because it is eight hundred times less compact. On the other hand, there are fluids still less compact than air and so rise above it like a piece of cork that will not stay below the surface of water. Thus we see watery vapors rising in the air and floating above us in the shape of clouds. There is nothing known for certain concerning the thickness of the airy envelope which surrounds us. Some give torty-five to forty-

Eternal Wisdom unites in His person the human nature and the divine. What it asks is that we work in the same unison.

St. Ignatius of Antioch compares the Catholic Church, the mystic body of Christ, to a harp which sounds the praises of God by the means of His Christ. Every man is a harp composed of two parts, the body and the soul, which act on each other as the strings do on a harp and as the strings do on its strings. Oh!

delevation would be like a fish brought to the surface which had been living in the bottom of the ocean.

We distinguish ordinarily three regions in the atmosphere: the lower region, where the clouds float; the high region, above that access, and it is in vulgar speech, these three regions are called the heavens. We say with equal facility the birds in the areas or the birds in the air. It is therefore natural to think there what the Latin text, as also the greek, calls firmament is mothers are regions. Again in the brooks written by Moses there is no choice word used to designate what we understand by air, atmosphere.

[To be continued]