

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A BRAVE BOY.—Many of our little readers have, no doubt, read or heard about the great big flood of Johnstown, where, in a single day, a whole town was swept off the earth and hundreds of lives were lost, and sadness and misery were brought to many families. There have been many tales of heroism told of brave deeds done, but there is one that never before has been told, and yet it is worthy to be classed as one of the most heroic, especially when we consider that it was performed by a mere child, a boy of seven years, and though James Walsh perished, yet his deed of valor will live in history for many ages to come. James's home was up the Conemaugh valley, some two miles above Johnstown, in a little cabin alongside the creek. His father was a small farmer who, by dint of hard toil, was able to earn sufficient support to just keep his family from want. The family consisted of four children, three of them little girls, all younger than James. The night before the flood James's father was called to Johnstown and he fully intended returning that night, but meeting with an accident, he was forced to remain at a friend's house and thereby was one of the few who were saved. James and his sisters went to their beds at the usual hour, the boy attending to their wants. After seeing the little ones safely in bed, James sat down by the fire to wait for his father. After a time he became sleepy and though he struggled hard to keep awake, he finally fell asleep. Several times he awoke, but only to go asleep again. Once his baby sister cried for a drink, and the little fellow got up and gave it to her. The night passed and morning dawned. With the first sign of day, James arose. He was very much alarmed at his father's absence, but he swept up the floor and when his sisters awoke, he dressed them and began to get them their breakfast. "Where is papa?" asked little Rose. "Oh, he had to go down to Bally's," answered the boy, but all the time he was thinking some harm had befallen his father. "Oh, hear the wind," shouted little May as a roaring sound was heard sweeping through the valley. Then loud cries and strange noises broke on the still country air. James rushed to the window, and what a sight he beheld, a rushing torrent of water was coming down the valley, carrying all before it, snows, barns, trees. The brave boy uttered one cry; then as the onrushing flood broke into the cabin door, he picked up his baby sister, and telling May and Rose to follow him, he started for the little stairway that led to the attic. The children by this time were nearly frantic with fright, but the boy was as cool and collected as though nothing out of the ordinary was happening. Hardly had he reached the attic when the cabin, torn from its foundations, was swept into the raging torrent. Looking down the stairway, James beheld the water close to the ceiling of the cabin. On! on! called the frail house, sometimes on its side, then righting itself, reaching some obstruction, it threatened to turn completely over. The children were all crying, and little James was doing his best to quiet them, but his little heart was high unto breaking as Rose sobbed "if papa was only here." Then came an awful bumping and over went the house. Little Rose fell through the hatchway, followed by May; one piercing shriek and they had gone. James, with his little sister in his arms, climbed out upon the roof, and once again the cabin righted itself and sailed on through the flood. At last they stopped; the cabin had wedged itself in a tree top and by degrees settled firmly to one side; here for hours James, clasping the baby with his arms, sat and gazed on the awful wreckage as it swept along. Then night came, and though the brave boy was well nigh exhausted, he still clung to his little sister, who, by this time, had fallen asleep. At day break next morning some men in a boat found the boy, his little arms entwined around baby's neck, but sleeping peacefully as though he was in his little warm bed. Tenderly they took them both to the shore, and only once did the boy awake; then he cried out, "I want papa," but the strain had done its work. The boy never awoke to consciousness again. A week from that day, James's father had a little grave dug upon the mountain side, and there he placed a little white board on which was inscribed "To my brave faithful boy."

MAY'S THUNDER CAKE.—From the time she was big enough to remember anything, May "forgot." It was not wilful forgetfulness, for she was as good as gold, but she was absent-minded. Whatever she was doing at the moment absorbed her to the exclusion of everything else. Of course this was excellent for the thing she happened to be doing, but rather hard on the things she left undone. May had many ambitions, among them the desire to be a good cook; this was one of her earlier ambitions. Since then she has grown up and others have grown with her, but at the time her laudable desire was far from fulfilment. Her education began with a sponge cake. She was to receive instruction from a certain worthy lady who lived near by, and to whom May's absent-mindedness was well known. So when the girl came in armed with her materials and a big cooking apron, Miss Armisted at once forestalled the greatest difficulty, as she led the way to the kitchen. "You mustn't let your thoughts wander a moment from your cake until it is safe in the pan," she said, as she steered her through a minute measurement of her ingredients, for Miss Armisted was very precise. "You mustn't start beating until everything is ready," she said, "and remember the yolks and the sugar take quite half an hour, and an even, steady hand, without interruption; so don't fly off and think of something else," she ended, with a smile and a warning shake of her finger. May began, determined to make a success of her first effort, and her thoughts never strayed one moment from the cake. It grew light and fluffy; how dark and stormy it was growing outside. There was a rumble of thunder, but she paid no heed; when the lightning darted through the open window she never noticed, but kept on beating. Soon the rain came in torrents, driving everything before it, but it made no difference to May; her half hour's beating was not over. Peal after peal of thunder crashed and shook the house, but she kept on beating; she was not afraid of thunder and lightning and there was a certain exhilaration in working steadily through so much confusion. One loud crash, as of falling timber, made her jump, but there was no sound following, and so she went on beating. She did not notice that she was quite alone in the kitchen, and that the water was running in rivulets over the floor, but when she had gone stolidly through the half hour's beating she went on just as calmly with the rest of the recipe. People and all the world outside were forgotten; her every thought centred in the billowy looking cake, which she was now putting gently and carefully into the oven with a hushed, rapt look upon her face, as if she was feeling the pulse of a beloved patient. "May!" She started up, and before she turned round, she carefully shut the oven door. "I think it's a grand success," she said, and then she caught sight of Miss Armisted's face. "Why, what's the matter," she asked, "now thoroughly roused." "Matter! Didn't you hear the crash?" Miss Armisted's tone was a little sharp. "Yes—I—that is—you told me you know, not to stop beating—so I went on—I didn't think—" "I should think not," said Miss Armisted severely. "Come and see what has happened; your cake is safe for a while." May followed meekly to the library, and what a scene met her eyes! A great piece of ceiling had fallen in, and the storm had left its mark on everything in the room. "Such a time as we've had, and you never even heard!" May looked so crestfallen that Miss Armisted's wrath melted away. "I was so afraid of spoiling my cake," she explained, "that you know you said—" Miss Armisted broke into a laugh. "Poor little Casabianca! I should have put exceptions in my rule. Hereafter I will say: 'May, in case

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of a cyclone, stop beating and find out what is the matter." "Is everything ruined?" asked May "it looks awful." "There's more plastering than damage, but come, it is time to look at the cake. It's a monument, and we mustn't let it burn."

THE CHURCH. In his sermon on the occasion of the dedication of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Providence, R.I., Rev. Father Scrimmons said:

"It is too late, my brethren, to look forward to any revelation yet to come. Men are continually looking forward to some such revelation, but it never comes. Men clamor for an answer that will satisfy hope and ambition, but they cry in vain. God has come to be in the midst of us, and the Catholic Church is the answer to their question. She is His organ. She is His mouthpiece. There we find a progress that is eternal. All the accumulated treasures of the past are hers and the future is hers, and she goes forward to meet it. "There is in the Holy Catholic Church a divine energy of action, which, to my mind, is a most convincing proof of her divine origin and her divine mission. She is divine because God is her creator and God is in her. And in her history we find this principle of evolution illustrated. Throughout the ages we find her the same, steadfast and unchangeable. And yet we find in her an infinite variety, and that she is ever changed conditions. She is the true ready to meet new problems and face new Jerusalem."

THREE KINDS OF PEOPLE.

There are three kinds of people in the world. You may, or course, subdivide them as much as you like, but in one or other of these three great classes everybody must be. The same person also may be in different classes at different times, but at any given time he can be in only one of them. The first class is made up of those who think they are made for their own convenience. In all things it is their own ease and comfort or pleasure or worldly profit that they seek. These are the people who really never say "No" to a temptation, who always drift down the current of their natural inclinations. I do not say they commit every kind of evil, for many wrong things lead to personal discomfort and inconvenience; but I say that, when they do resist, their motive is their own self and that alone. The second class is that of those who know that they were made for duty, but who try to always make the path of duty as pleasant as possible for themselves. These are half-and-half Christians, the former being Christians only in name. For the greater part of their lives most Catholics belong to this second class; they will keep the commandments and so save their souls, but they want to have those commandments cushioned with softness and pleasure, and murmur if ever they come in contact with one of them in its native hardness. The third class is that of those who welcome duty under any shape, and instead of trying to smooth their own path try to smooth the path of duty for others. It is wonderful what a difference it makes, this unselfish view. We are so constructed by God that the attempt to procure pleasure for ourselves usually ends in defeating itself, while the attempt to procure pleasure for others is always crowned with success. More over, one who thus thinks of others will find that others are moved to think of him in return, so that without any effort on his own his path of duty becomes delightful, and so without striving for it he gains the end which both the other classes aim

at—happiness all around him wherever he goes. Let this then be our rule in life—to watch the paths of those around us, and, whenever difficulties arise in their way, try and remove them, and, instead of pleasure to ourselves, to take for our motto "Duty for ourselves, pleasure for others."—F. C. K. in Irish Monthly.

RIGHT SPIRIT. An example well worthy of emulation has been given by the City Council of Hamilton. By a recent by-law it levied a tax of one mill on taxable real estate in the city to aid the Mercy Hospital conducted by the nuns. The tax will net about \$10,000 per annum to the institution.

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend of eight dollars and a bonus of two dollars per share of the Capital Stock of this Institution, have been declared, and the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this city, on and after Saturday, the 2nd day of July next

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th June, both days inclusive. By order of the Board. A. P. LESPERANCE, Manager. Montreal, May 31st, 1904.

Business Cards. THE Smith Bros.' Granite Co. The following was clipped from the "Granite," Boston, Mass.: "Illustrated in the advertisement of E. L. Smith & Co., Barre, Vt., on another page, is practically their complete plant, with the exception of their derricks. This Company was the first of the quarry owners to use compressed air for operating rock drills, and also the first to take up the plug drill. We can say, without exaggeration, that this concern has the best equipped granite quarry in the country." THE SMITH BROS. GRANITE CO. 290 Bleury street, are the sole representatives of these famous quarries in Canada. The granite is principally used for the finest class of monumental work.

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Society Directory. ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1868, revised 1846. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green; Corresponding Secretary, J. Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tanney.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, W. P. Doyle; Recording Sec'y., Jno. P. Gunning, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec'y., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY, organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R.; President, P. Kenehan; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized 13th November, 1873)—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, P. J. Darcy; President, W. F. Wall; Recording Secretary, P. C. McDonagh, 139 Visitation street; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan, 325 St. Urban street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Medical Adviser, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connor and G. H. Merrill.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1904. CHAPTER XVI. Amongst the work of the cousins had taken upon was to accompany the group who assisted at Mass in chapel and sing during the service. To Cecilia it was pleasant occupation, though she could never leave the place a feeling of sadness and duty for those whom she brought there. Sometimes with her cousin, and the Sisters, or alone, linger for hours, going forward to another, cheerless and sad-hearted, who had never seen the light of life felt in her presence. World was not all as hard as she had pictured it. She could be known as an angel of her coming was eagerly looked for even among the most hard. Young as she was, Cecilia to this desolate place took many a deep lesson which never had been learned from when leaving school. She had been asked to assist in the prison, they had been taken it up as a novelty of too light a character what she saw produce upon her, and she simply the inmates of the prison of men and women who justly punished for crimes no right to commit, and little more thought of excepting to hope that she brought to repentance do better. Very much was it with Cecilia in the but she would not be content she had learned many of underlying those broken slowly but surely she was fact that many of the women were not so wholly of the evil of their own through bad influence brood upon them, some from effects of their early honours, alas, through the sample of those who put themselves up as models upon the refined superior culprit dared not be in one ward she found little older than herself, appearance more than ten years senior. Hers had once been face, but the light of youth had faded from the deep and the golden curls had tight to her prettily while her face wore a car wholly out of place in her Stealing money from her woman greatly respected of position and highly respected had been her offense, and saw her on the eve of her few days after her arrest when she addressed her, she suspiciously, taking it tail of her stylish street then turned her head away disgust. Laying her hand on her arm and speaking in tones, Cecilia said: "My poor woman, you are. Can I not do something for you?" "Nothing," was the cold expect nothing but to have a term of imprisonment if you cannot help me." She once more turned away disdain; but something attracted Cecilia, so she went to leave her until she facts in her case, and a was which she finally drew unfortunate's lips. The girl was the eldest of four. Her father had she was quite young, her widow penniless and obliged hard for the poor mother herself and little ones. It was time to leave school eldest daughter was sent home where she had been reared and put to work for two small children. She went to the city, wages were promised, and ed hard, denying herself fort and dressing poorly might have the more to do. After a time she fell ill of overwork and the whom she had been a servant heartlessly sent poorhouse and refused to her after her recovery, at not strong enough to do. She would not have care but they had faithfully p