

BOYS AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

MARJORIE JEAN'S DOLLS.

My dolls had a party—Susanna Ann was ever so old that day. Because she was mother's before she was mine, but mother is young, they say. We packed up a basket of goodies; some apples and peanuts and candies. We went to the meadow, out under the tree which grows pretty close to the lake. Rosella had dollies—I think she had four; Rosella's my best friend, you see. Her hair is so curly; her eyes I forgot. Our dolls were as good as could be. We made out of daisies a robe for Susanna. I wreathed a gold crown for her head. "O, now she is Queen of the May, Marjorie Jean," Rosy said. Susanna was flustered; she couldn't eat much. It must feel quite odd to be queen. Rosella cried out, "Take your dollies and run; here comes a great bear, Marjorie Jean." Of course it was Rover, who came with a bound. Away through the clover he flew. He ate up the cake we'd forgotten to take. And maybe an apple or two.

Twice the merriest party! I'm sure Susy Ann will remember it all of her years. Now that's all I'll say about dollies to-day. Except—they're the dearest of dears.

—Grace May North, in Christian Register.

YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY

For living a pure life.
For doing your level best.
For being kind to the poor.

For hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For standing by your principles.
For stopping your ears to gossip.
For heeding a slanderous tongue.
For being square in business dealings.
For giving an unfortunate person a lift.
For promptness in keeping your promises.
For putting the best construction on the acts of others.

SMALL DOGS.

There is a small dog in York, Pennsylvania, whose master used to have but a slight opinion of his worth. "If you want to keep a dog," he was wont to say, "why not have one that amounts to something?" But the children of the family were devoted to their pet, and insisted that he would not be improved if he were twice his size. And, as it turned out, their father came at last to their way of thinking.

The dog was shut up in the kitchen for the night, when a fire broke out and the little animal came near being suffocated by smoke. But in the choking atmosphere he clawed at the door till he succeeded in opening it. Then he fairly flew up the back stairs, barking frantically. His master, walking with a reproof on his lips, realized in an instant the state of affairs. By the time he could make investigation, the fire had eaten its way across the stairs, and this means of escape was cut off. In order to get the family out, it was necessary to lower them from the front window of the second story, and the small dog was lowered with the rest.

The house and its contents were a total loss, and had it not been for the timely warning of the four-footed friend of the family, all the household would have perished. It is needless to say that one man has changed his opinion about small dogs.

even me, though she says I'm so bad! Do you know about it?"

Then, in simple words, the priest told him the old, old story—the little Babe at Bethlehem in the arms of His dear mother; the gracious boy of Nazareth; the gentle, loving teacher and helper, who loved especially to heal those who suffered (here he felt the little hot hand clasp his more tightly); the patient sufferer; the willing victim in the greatest tragedy of the world; the bright Easter morn, the empty grave and the rejoicing angels. Then he spoke of the love that prompted all, and how those He loved and lived and died for treated and treat Him with such coldness, of the vision of the humble man, and from that the picture of the Sacred Heart.

The keen black eyes were dimmed with tears when the story was ended, and the voice quivered that spoke.

"I'm sure I heard all that before, but the pain makes me forget. Come and tell me often, for I never want to forget again."

Nearly every day found Father Logan by the bedside of the crippled boy, and he never came empty-handed—pictures, books and everything he could think of to lighten the long, weary hours. From one of his rich parishioners he obtained an invalid's table, that could be fastened across the bed and enable Loys to have his treasures and carvings in front of him. But of all the gifts, what Loys loved most was the rosary, sent to him by another little invalid to whom Father Logan had spoken of him. But how different were their conditions! The little girl, surrounded by every luxury and comfort love could devise and money procure, and the boy, bereft of all save what charity vouchsafed. Loys loved to hear of Gertrude, of her beautiful home or wonderful toys. Often he would sigh at the hearing, but always, if he did, he would say: "Never mind, I'll have a beautiful home, too, some day, and I shall be able to walk then."

He could not rest until he had learned to say the rosary, and then, as he would explain quaintly, he never had any more long hours, for pain and weariness were forgotten while the beads slipped through his frail fingers and his loving heart followed all the joys, sorrows and triumphs of Jesus and Mary. He was very happy now, for, by some wonderful means, his ears had been induced to leave him in peace, and so, with his books and carvings and beads, he slipped happily away. Father Logan had made due inquiries, and found that his full name was Aloisius; that her mother had alienated her family by marrying a Protestant; had died when Loys was about five years old, and had been compelled to leave him to the care of his father's sister, whom she had begged on her deathbed to bring up the boy in the faith. How that promise was kept was only too evident. The boy was eager to learn, however, and the heart that had longed so for some one to love poured out its love on the Sacred Heart, winning in return such treasures of grace that, ere long, he was allowed to prepare for his First Communion.

"Father," he said one evening in June, "I would like to make my communion on the Feast of the Sacred Heart."

"I don't think that is possible, Loys. I thought that the 15th of August would be a good day."

"The day Our Lady went to heaven! Yes, beautiful. But I think I've made up my mind for the other. I loved Him for such a long time, before I knew Him."

"But I don't think you'll be ready by then, and, besides, I'll have such a busy day. You will have to wait, Loys."

"Very well," he answered bravely, but the tears gathered in his dark eyes, and his lips quivered.

Father Logan, gazing earnestly at him, was struck by his look of extreme delicacy. The skin seemed transparent, the eyes darker than ever, by reason of the deep shadows of pain beneath them, and he noticed how much weaker he had grown. The books, the pictures, all were laid aside; only his rosary was his constant companion.

"Perhaps, after all, Loys, we'll say June," he said, as the thought crept into his heart that the boy might celebrate the Feast of the Assumption with the countless hosts who press round the throne of Mary Immaculate.

The boy's eyes shone with love and joy, and, drawing forth a tiny package from under his pillow, he handed it to the priest.

"I did it for you," he said. "I meant to give it to you on the feast, but I'll give it now, and perhaps the feast you'll bring Him to me."

The package being opened, revealed a small statue of the Sacred Heart, exquisitely carved.

"How clever you are, Loys! Many a great sculptor couldn't do better—perhaps not so well, for love has glorified your work. I'm afraid I can't arrange for the day you want, as I'll be so busy."

"We shall see," said Loys gravely.

Yes, it was, after all, the Feast of the Sacred Heart when the King of Love came to the little longing heart. The frail thread of life was worn, and now Loys, lingering in agony on the threshold of eternity, was awaiting the coming of the Lord he loved so dearly. Father Logan, summoned in haste, feared lest he should be too late, but the boy's trembling voice reassured him as he crossed the threshold.

"I'm waiting, father—oh, such terrible pain! But I know He will take me when He comes."

Then, folding his frail hands, he made his last confession and prepared to receive his Lord and love, and, having received, lay so still that he seemed lifeless. The moments passed. Father Logan feared that he noted the trembling of the hands that clasped the crucifix, and caught

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the whisper of the first aspiration he had taught him, "Heart of Jesus, burning with love." He drew back. Not by word or motion would he break in on that holy moment when the weary little soul was resting in the embrace of the Sacred Heart.

Alas! that such calm moments should pass so quickly. The little, feeble frame quivered, the eyes opened widely, dark with intense agony—the dewdrops gathered on the slumped face. Yet even in this suffering he managed to whisper:

"He comes, father, on the feast. He will take me. I'm not frightened now."

And, as his agony increased, not a cry or complaint broke from him, only the holy names of Jesus and Mary. Then the tremor ceased, the lids drooped over the shadowed eyes, and Father Logan, bending over him caught the last utterance: "Heart of Jesus, burning with love."

In the eastern sky the night gathered and spread in faintest hues of rose and amber; the morning star, quivering on the deep blue of the zenith, paled before the coming day. Another Feast of the Sacred Heart had dawned upon the waiting world, and in the darkened room the good priest knelt in prayer beside the lifeless form of the weak lamb now gathered into the bosom of the Good Shepherd.—C. M., in the Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Frank E. Donovan
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A STARVED LAMB.

"Is there not somebody I might get to come and sit with you a while?" said Father Logan, as he prepared to take his departure.

"Yes," replied the sick woman; "there's Mrs. Gillan, in the third room down the passage. She might come if you asked her."

"I certainly shall ask her," rejoined the priest. "Now, good by, and try and remember all we have talked over. I'll come around in the morning."

Carefully closing the door behind him, he turned down the narrow passage, whose walls were dark with age and the accumulated dirt of years. At the third door he stopped and knocked, but it was not opened. He knocked again, and hearing some shrill cry of "Come in!" opened the door, and standing on the threshold, looked into the dingy, squalid room. At first he thought it was empty, but afterwards saw in the furthest corner a rough bed, made of boxes, on which were spread some ragged clothing. Out of the rags peered a thin, sharp face, lit up by piercing black eyes. He started back, the resemblance to a rat was so striking. Then, recalling his errand, he asked for Mrs. Gillan.

"Other side. What is it you want her for? Thought you might be a doctor coming to see me."

"To see you?" said the priest, crossing the room to the speaker.

"Why, are you ill?"

"I should think so. Why, I've been in three hospitals, but they couldn't cure me!"

There was such an unselfish pride in this statement that the hearer shuddered.

"I think you ought to be in a hospital now. This is surely no place for you. Can you not walk at all?"

"Never have walked! Why, that's what's the matter. Something wrong with my back, and the legs are all twisted."

"And no bed but this? How could they let you out of the hospital?"

"Oh, I had a nice mattress, but—stop down and I'll whisper; she'd beat me if she heard me tell. She took it; it was worth pawning."

"Took it! Would you beat you! Why, who is she?"

"Aunt Fan. Oh, she's pretty smart, and she's real good to me, except when you know."

Father Logan was deeply moved. This helpless sufferer at the mercy of such a guardian! But perhaps the story wasn't true.

"Wait a while," he said. "I'm just going to Mrs. Gillan. I want her to look after a sick woman. Then I'll come back and we can have a long talk."

He was back in a few minutes, looking very grave. The child's story was evidently true, and the question was how could the grievous wrong be righted.

"Now, first of all," he said, "I want to be your friend, you know. Tell me all you like; what you want and what I can do for you. And how do you pass the days?"

"I'm busy, working! There was such importance in the voice and smile that the priest suppressed a faint atom of humanity working.

But when, from under some newspapers, the child produced a few articles of wood, exquisitely carved, he was astonished.

"Did you do this?"

"Yes, all by myself. When I was in the last hospital a sailor learned me, and it is real good to help pass the time. At first she wouldn't let

me do it, but now that she can sell them it's different. I can't do them fast enough for her."

"Well—oh, what name am I to call you?"

"Loys Cullen."

"Loys! That's a strange name for a boy."

"Oh, that's only a bit of it. It's much longer. I know because I saw it written in a book of mother's once. But she took the book. She put it on the fire and said something about rubbish. But it was not rubbish; it was quite new. Here comes Mrs. Gillan. What for?"

"You will see in a short time. She went to get a proper bed for you, and we'll make you comfortable very soon."

A look almost of distress, came into the child's pined face. He hesitated a moment, and then, stretching out a thin, painfully thin, hand, he grasped Father Logan's coat.

"Just a moment. Will they move me?"

"Yes, of course, on to a nice, fresh soft bed."

"And all my things, too? Oh, I'll have to tell you. I hid it from her the night she pulled away the mattress, but now it's day and you'll see. Promise I may keep it."

"If it's any treasure of yours, my poor boy, you may keep it and welcome. Don't you want Mrs. Gillan to see it?"

The boy shook his head.

"Give it to me, then, and I'll take care of it till you are settled in your new bed."

And, stooping, he received what seemed to be an old newspaper folded into a small square.

In a few minutes the exchange was made. A man from a neighboring shop had brought a small iron bedstead, together with necessary appointments, and in a short time Loys was revelling in the luxury of a soft mattress and clean bed-clothing. His joy was of short duration.

"What's the use of your spending the money?" he said, with a sob, "She'll only sell it."

"Not this time, I think," said Father Logan. "You see, now I've arranged with Mrs. Gillan to look after you, and see that you get sufficient food and are not ill-used. I'll have to go now, but if you like I'll come often."

"Oh, do come, every day! I get so tired, all alone. Give me my parcel now. I'll let you see it, you've been so good."

Lovingly he unfolded the paper, and disclosed a torn, soiled picture, the first glimpse of which brought a rush of emotions to the good priest's heart. It was a representation of the Sacred Heart.

"Do you know, my child, what it means?"

"No, 'twas in the book she burnt. It must have been my mother's. I don't remember her at all, and then the pain makes me forget. But I love the kind face, and I make up little stories about it."

"What do you make up?" asked Father Logan eagerly. He had forgotten all about his uneasiness and the work he must do before sunset. This little one, so wonderfully brought under his notice, must be a child of holy Church, a lamb strayed from the fold.

"When she's cross and I'm hungry and cold, or when the pain seems to twist my poor legs worse, I look at it, and think how kind he'd be. And then He points to His heart, and so I think that means He would love

Chats With Young Men.

A RICH MAN'S WORRY.

"Do you know what's bothering me now?" said a man who has made himself rich and is fast getting richer, addressing a reporter for the New York Sun. "It's wondering what is going to become of my boys."

"I have four sons, all young and all wholesome, natural youngsters, but if I keep on making money the way I'm doing now I don't know what's going to happen to them when they grow up. There's nothing like being born poor to give a man a real start in life, with his feet firmly planted on the ground, where they ought to be, and he learning to rely on himself."

"I was born that way, and I've always been grateful for it. If I had been born rich I think I should have been more or less of a no account. I had to go out and hustle and work to get along, and the habit of work has never left me since, as I hope it never will."

"But how is it going to be about my boys? They may come to think that they don't have to work, which would be the ruination of them, or would at least put them out of the running with self-reliant able men."

"I'm sending them to the public school, of course, and there they learn a heap of things besides what they get out of their books. They learn for one very valuable lesson that there are others in the world besides themselves, and that there may be plenty of people smarter than they are, and that they've got to work if they expect to keep their end up."

"Boys are democrats. You can't put on any lugs or airs if you expect to get along with the boys in a common school. If you want friends you've got to be friendly. A good all-around start in life is for boys to go to a common school, and I hope my boys will profit by it."

"But I suppose in time they'll go to a private school, and then if they want to they will go to college, and there, what with their money, unless they turn out to be very hard-headed young men, they will come to train with the other young men with money, and so get separated from the bulk of their fellow students and begin to live sort of by themselves, and I can't imagine anything happening to a young man worse than that, his getting away from the mass of his fellow men."

"My boys have never known what it is to be poor. They have always had what they wanted, and unless I should fail or bust up or something, which I don't expect to do, I don't see why they shouldn't always have things, because as long as I had anything I should be sure to keep them. That's human nature."

"And, you see, there's the trouble. They have got somebody to lean on, and a man that doesn't have to lean't apt to put out his own strength. The only way in which a man can ever amount to anything is by work, hard work."

"The man that doesn't work dwindles and comes to be of no account. And I do hope my boys will want to work. I don't care what they do if they'll only work at it, and work hard and faithfully. I think they are handicapped as it is. Honest Injun, I think it would have been better for them to have been born poor, but I hope they'll turn out to be men."

Chats With Young Men.

PEOPLE PLEASSED WITH NUNS

Splendid Outlook Seen by Sisters of Providence Along the Far Pacific Coast, if Nuns Can Be Procured.

"People throughout the Inland Empire of the Pacific Northwest are glad to have our Sisters working among them. The only difficulty seems to be that there are not enough

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The Value of a Vacation.

An annual vacation is absolutely necessary to every individual who would do good work.

No matter if the work you are engaged in is pleasant, routine is deadening, and unless you cultivate outside interests you are preparing for a peevish, ugly, tiresome old age. The object of a vacation should be a complete mental and physical relaxation.

An indoor worker should spend all of his time in the open. One whose work takes him about among people a great deal would do well to visit some quiet lake, shore or mountain resort.

One whose life is spent in the country should visit the city. In a couple of weeks he can see enough to color half his years with memories.

If no change is brought into one's life the activity of the mind slackens, the interests grow dull.

The man and woman in the office, or behind the counter who work indoors the greater part of the year owe it to themselves to spend their vacations hygienically.

A great deal can be done in a few weeks to renew vigor, and a keen interest in life.

A vacation to be a success should bring a change in the trend of thoughts, a path out of the groove of one's narrow experiences.

Sisters available so that we can establish schools, hospitals and missions in all the numerous places where we have been invited and offered support to enter with our work.

Mother Marie Antoinette of Montreal, head of the Sisters of Charity of Providence, who was in Spokane recently, made the foregoing statement on her return from a visit to the convent and hospital at Walla Walla and Colfax, Wash. She was accompanied by Mother Wilfrid of Montreal, assistant superior-general of the order.

They began their tour of the Pacific Northwest at Oakland, Cal., and have visited institutions in California, Washington, Idaho, Oregon, Wyoming, Montana and British Columbia. They found the work progressing everywhere and in this the Sisters are receiving the support of the general public. Mother Antoinette gave this statement before going home.

"I found everything satisfactory in the convents, hospitals, schools and missions of the Sisters of Charity of Providence that I have visited on the Pacific Coast. Splendid progress has been made everywhere. I appreciate very much the support the general public. Mother Antoinette is giving the Sisters in their work. They take an interest in our affairs and assist us generously in every way possible. It is gratifying to know that the work of the Sisters is highly appreciated by the people."