

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

SOME MORE INTERESTING LETTERS.

[Last week our columns contained no letters, for the very good reason that the copy did not arrive in time. We would advise our young contributors not to wait till the last day in order to send us their letters, as the Youths' Department is one of the first that is set up. We trust that these contributions will regularly increase in numbers.—Ed. T.W.]

RETURNED BOOKS.

Montreal, Nov. 26, 1894.

DEAR FRIEND.—I return the books you were so kind as to lend me, with best thanks. I have read them through and find them a most interesting as well as instructive, especially the Fables, which are pictures of the world and its ways. Trusting that yourself and all at home are well, and expecting another supply of books for my Christmas holidays, I am your sincere friend,

C. E. L.

[There is a very good lesson taught in this little letter. If friends are kind enough to allow others to use their books, the merest gratitude would dictate that the books should be returned when used. The example given by C.E.L. is well worth consideration and imitation.]

CHOOSING A VOCATION.

DEAR ARTHUR.—When you asked me the other day what profession I would like to hold I was at a loss to answer. You then told me to think the matter over. I have almost thought out my brains and still I cannot decide. However, if you have a vacancy in your store I would be very glad to join you in partnership. It would be nice since we were comrades in school also to be comrades in business. Hoping your answer will favor my desire, I am, dear Arthur, your ever loving friend,

R. RATTER.

Montreal, Nov. 26, 1894.

[There is common sense and pluck in this. We trust the partnership will be formed and that success may attend its operations.]

THE BEST PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MR. EDITOR.—Having seen those letters in the Youths' department I thought I would make an attempt to write one also. My grandfather takes THE TRUE WITNESS and thinks it is the best paper in the world. If this should find its way into print I shall write a longer letter the next time.

GERALD RYAN.

St. Clotilda, Que., Nov. 26th.

[Gerald is welcome to our columns, and we hope to hear from him soon again.]

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

DEAR FRIEND.—Seeing in last week's TRUE WITNESS the "Song of the Mystic," by the late Rev. Father Ryan, the Poet Priest, it brought to my mind another sweet singer who, too, has gone to sing in a better world, the late lamented John Boyle O'Reilly. I have been reading his life and muse: tell you one of the many beautiful traits in his character. He could not bear malice to anyone. Having arrived at Bunbury, he was assigned to one of the road parties. He soon won the respect of the officer under whose immediate charge he was. A man named Woodman made him a "constable," whose duty is to carry despatches from station to station. At one of the stations to which he was often sent there was a warden who conceived a bitter dislike for O'Reilly. One day O'Reilly was a few minutes late. He found the warden waiting for him with a stick in hand. "You are late so many minutes," he said; "you are reported." Among the penalties of being "reported" was that the offender would not be allowed to receive or send a letter for six months. A few days after the overseer called O'Reilly into his office. He held in his hand a letter, deeply bordered in black, which he just read. O'Reilly knew that his mother had been ill for a long time. The letter probably bore the news of her death. It might contain tidings of a less bitter loss. Nobody in the place except the overseer knew its contents. He said, "O'Reilly, here is a you," the prisoner said,

"Thank you," and held out his hand for it. The overseer looked at him, then tossing the letter into the drawer said, "You will get this in six months." When at the end of the six months he received the letter he found it contained the sad news, the mother whom he loved was dead. To a request that I should hear the name of this overseer, he replied, "I do not know his name now; I have forgotten it as well as forgiven the man long ago."

"PATRICK."

Montreal, November, 1894.

[This is a new departure. "Patrick" does well to revive the interesting stories connected with the lives of great Irishmen. We trust his example will be closely followed by others.]

A TIMELY HINT.

DEAR FRANK.—It is but a few days since I wrote to you, telling you of a thrilling accident which occurred last week. This time I have not much to say. There is one thing that I would call your attention to, that is I want you to patronize and subscribe for THE TRUE WITNESS. It is a Catholic paper, and every Catholic should subscribe for it. It is not such a great amount, and it is probably the best Catholic paper in America. Well, Frank, I hope you will patronize and subscribe for it. I have no other important news to tell you, so I will close.

JOE.

Montreal, Nov. 26, 1894.

[We need not say that we approve of Joe's suggestion. It is good advice and we trust it will be taken.]

ADIEU TO MONTREAL.

MY DEAR WILLIE.—These will probably be the last lines I shall pen in Montreal for many years. In a few days I shall be on the train on my journey and shall take my last look of old Montreal. So you see, dear Willie, that you are the last in my thoughts, and I hope you will always think of me. You remember our agreement when I spoke of going, that I was to write every time the mail went out and you were to do the same to me; let me know all that is going on, even the most trifling circumstances, so long as it concerns our friends and acquaintances. So, farewell, and God bless you is my last prayer before parting you.

"CELT."

[This is a kindly letter and indicates a good heart. We trust that when "Celt" is abroad (as are many other Celts) he will not forget THE TRUE WITNESS.]

THE QUESTION OF DOGS.

DEAR PURCHASE.—I have always leisure to give a friend a hint if I think it possible to be useful, so I lose no time in replying to you about your pup and the distemper. I have tried vaccination and found it a perfect fallacy, and many of my friends, real judges of dogs, and one of whom is frequently appealed to on matters of dispute with regard to their treatment, decidedly says he has no faith in it and that the effects are null. One of my friends had some dogs that escaped distemper.

J. A. Q.

Montreal, Nov. 24, 1894.

[The dog is man's most faithful friend, and when a boy possesses a good dog he should know how to take care of the animal. It is well that J. A. Q. should give his experience to his friends, for it is very useful.]

WINTER SPORTS.

DEAR JIM.—As winter is fast approaching, I wish to tell you about the sports we have during this time. As Thursday is our weekly holiday we seldom miss Fletcher's field, where we have the finest sports of all.

We have much fun also on the river,

skating, playing shinny, which sometimes proves cold on feet and fingers. Playing these games there are sometimes many boys, who, when they get cold, sit on the snow, thinking this will warm them. But they soon find the difference between sitting and playing around. And it very often happens that they get too cold to start again, so they take off their skates and start home. Now, as my time is limited and I have a little more to tell you on our run across the river, I will close.

W. HEALY.

Montreal, Nov. 26, 1894.

[We must say, that while these winter sports are most admirably calculated to create no end of enjoyment, still we do not like the idea of boys going too much to the river, nor trying the unsecure ice, nor sitting around contracting colds. Fletcher's field is safer than the river.]

It takes both grace and grit to get along pleasantly with people who never make mistakes.

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to Your Honorable Wife"

—Merchant of Venice, and tell her that I am composed of clarified cottonseed oil and refined beef suet; that I am the purest of all cooking fats; that my name is

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WIT AND WISDOM.

Out and Dried—Hay.

The man who is scared at ghosts is afraid of nothing.

A low voice is an excellent thing in woman; also a low hat.

It is hard to please the man who never knows what he wants.

Garden hose should be appropriate wear for a lawn party.

The banks continue to gain currency as fast as an unfounded rumor.

When does a ship share the same fate as coal?—When she is scuttled.

Man does not need one tenth of the space he imagines that he needs.

Ask a man how to define injustice, and he will tell how others are treating him.

The fact that a woman is flighty by no means indicates that she is growing wings.

There is nothing like bad luck to set a man about making a mental inventory of his friends.

Judge—"What trade do you follow?" Vagrant—"I am a builder." "What do you build?" "Castles in the air."

One reason why it is often difficult to find a runaway team is that the horse usually takes the traces with him.

Student—"What is pessimism?" Philosopher—"The faith of cowards." "Then what is optimism?" "The faith of fools."

"Dah am nuffin," remarked Uncle Eben, "like er kin' word to er fellow bein' in distres—parvided you has er meal ticket to go 'long wid it."

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