

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Placing the little hats all in a row,
Ready for church on the morrow,
you know;
Washing wee faces and little black
fists,
Getting them ready and fit to be
kissed;
Putting them into clean garments
and white
That is what mothers are doing to-
night.

Spying out holes in the little worn
hose;
Laying by shoes that are worn
through the toes;
Looking o'er garments so faded and
thin;
Who but a mother knows where to
begin?
Changing a button to make it look
right,
That is what mothers are doing to-
night.

Calling the little ones all round her
chair,
Hearing them lisp their evening
prayer,
Telling them stories of Jesus of old,
The Shepherd who gathers the lambs
to His fold;
Watching them listen with childish
delight—
That is what mothers are doing to-
night.

Creeping so softly to take a last
peep—
Silence the token of childhood's
sleep;
Anxious to know if the dear ones
are warm;
Tucking the blanket round each lit-
tle form;
Kissing each little face, rosy and
bright—
That is what mothers are doing to-
night.

From the San Francisco Monitor.

"PETER OF THE KEYS."

"Well, now, I don't know what you think about it, but I call that a beautiful account, I do!"

It was a master locksmith of Unterkreutzen who spoke. He and his men, having finished their week's work on Saturday afternoon, were chatting over the news of the day. Their parish church, which had for weeks been undergoing repairs, was to be reopened on the morrow, and the account referred to above was that given by the local "Weekly Gazette." It told of all that had been done—the strengthening of the ancient tower, the restoration of the fine oaken roof, the beautifying of the Lady Chapel, the gifts of pictured windows, and much besides.

The men agreed that it was a beautiful account, and that they were proud of their parish church; especially of the handsome scroll work in wrought iron—their own handiwork—adorning the new oak doors.

One youth alone, with his head propped on his hands, and his elbows on his knees, sat silent.

"What ails you, Peterkin?" said one of the men; "you, at any rate, don't seem proud of your parish church, to judge by your looks!"

"Not I," growled Peter. "It's not that I find fault with what's been done but what's left undone!"

"Here's a fellow that's hard to please! Now, has a single thing been forgotten, from the cross on the spire to the scraper by the porch?"

"Yes, there has."

"What?"

"St. Peter."

Under its carved stone canopy, on the outside of the Church, a life-sized statue of the Prince of the Apostles had stood for about six hundred years. It was weather-stained and moss-grown. The right hand, raised in blessing, had lost two fingers, and the thumb; and in the left, the keys were broken.

"I don't see," continued the boy, "why the patron saint of our parish, and my patron, is to be left in the lurch when all the rest of the church is smartened up. Besides, the keys are the emblem of my trade, and then, too, I like that statue, because it looks straight down on my father's grave."

"You are right, my lad," said the master; "our patron must not be forgotten. We will undertake to repair the statue ourselves."

"Give me the metal," said Peter, "and I will make the keys."

This being settled, Peter took great pains with the design, as well as the workmanship. One key he made of bright brass, gilt, fashioning the head like a trefoil, and the wards like a cross; the other of iron, without wards, and the head a thick circle of metal, a fetter without an end.

Peter was proud when the well-grubbed statue was once more bran-

dishing its keys. The parish priest, tapping him on the shoulder, said: "Your patron will not forget what you have done for him, my boy."

Shortly afterwards Peter, as is customary with apprentices in Germany and Austria, started on his travels as journeyman-apprentice, and gradually worked his way to Vienna. Here he fell in with a former comrade, who professed great pleasure at meeting him again, proposed to help him to employment, as he knew the city well, and altogether seemed likely to be of considerable use to the new-comer. The two shared the same lodging, and for the first evening all went well. Next morning, however, when Peter got up, he missed not only his comrade, but the purse containing his small savings and the old-fashioned silver watch he had inherited from his grandfather—the only things he possessed, except a few poor coppers.

Under these circumstances, Peter thought the best thing to be done was to find his way to the "Schlosserhof," of which his acquaintance had told him. This is the Locksmiths' Guildhouse, or inn: a sort of club, where those of his craft were in the habit of meeting, and where he would readily hear of employment.

On his way, passing a church, he entered. After a short but fervent prayer before the tabernacle, he begged his great patron to find him work that day; and as he did so, dropped into the box for the Peter's pence half of his few remaining kreutzers.

After wandering about a long time, he asked the way of a passer-by. The man, whose dialect was strange to Peter, pointed down one of the streets, and then made a sign with his hand to the right. Following these indications, Peter, after walking some distance, took a turn to the right, when, to his joy, he saw straight before him, a large building over the chief entrance of which were the cross keys, very large and almost as well made, he thought, as those of his own handiwork for the statue at home.

"The locksmiths here have a grand place for their guild!" he said to himself. "It's ten times as big as the little 'schlosserhof' in our village. They must get famous pay hereabouts!"

He mounted the steps; the great door was open. He entered the hall. On each side were doors, one of which he opened, expecting to find himself in a refreshment room. Nothing of the kind! Not even a buffet at the far end. On the contrary, the far end was almost taken up by a crimson canopy and curtains under which, on a dais, stood a throne with its front facing the wall and its back towards the room.

Puzzled by this arrangement he advanced to examine it more closely, noticing, as he walked along, portraits of venerable Church dignitaries hanging between all the tall windows.

"These," he thought, "are the guild chaplains, I suppose, who got to be bishops. But what grand folks the Vienna locksmiths seem to be. They ought to get work for me in no time!"

He reached the dais, mounted it, and sat down on the throne staring at the curtained back of the canopy and wondering if there was anything behind it. He was thus occupied when a side door opened and a servant in livery came in. For one moment the man was dumb with amazement; but the next he had collared the usurper and with a torrent of exclamations at his astounding impertinence, began to hurry him out of the room. At this moment, however, two ecclesiastics entered—one in the ordinary dress of a priest, but the elder of the two wore a scarlet skull-cap, and on his breast a small gold cross.

"Stop, Ruprecht," said the latter; "what has this boy been doing?"

"Doing, please Your Eminence? Why, I find the good-for-nothing fellow seated in the Holy Father's Chair just as if he were the Pope himself!"

"Not quite like the Pope," said the Nuncio, scanning the honest face before him. "The Pope would face the world, not the wall. But what is your name, my son, and how came you there?"

"O, my Lord Cardinal Archbishop," said the lad kneeling down in awe and stringing together all the titles he could think of, "what have I done? I am a stranger here, a 'prentice from Unterkreutzen. My name is Peter—there they call me Peter of the Keys, because I made such beauties for St. Peter's statue."

"And what do you want here, Peter?"

"I came, my lord, to look for work; and—"

"Well, and what?"

"Breakfast, please Your Eminence; but this 'schlosserhof' is not at all like ours at home. I don't know where to find the eating-room."

"But this is not the Locksmith's Inn, my boy. Who told you that it was?"

"No one, my lord; I knew it by the keys of Peter."

The Nuncio smiled. "Doubtless it is St. Peter who has brought you to the house of his representative. You shall not want a helping hand. Go with Ruprecht, and when you have breakfasted this reverend father will speak with you."

The result proved that the priest of Unterkreutzen had spoken truly. St. Peter had not forgotten his client; the good priest readily found work for him.

Peter was skillful as well as honest, and in due time became a master-locksmith himself. He has married a good wife, the daughter of a carpenter, and if ever you go to Vienna and visit the rather out-of-the-way street called the Zimmermann-Strasse, you may know their house by three small statues under a beautifully-wrought iron canopy over the door. There is St. Joseph, the Foster-Father of Him Who is the Key of David and patron of the young Hausfrau, Josephine; St. Peter, with the keys of heaven and hell; and between them, with her Jesus in her arms, that sweet Mother whose prayer is the golden key that can instantly unlock the treasures of His Sacred Heart.

A TRYING SEASON.

Little Ones Are Subject to Colds and Results Are Dangerous Unless Prompt Remedial Steps Are Taken.

The little ones are apt to take cold, no matter how carefully a mother may try to prevent it. While colds may affect children in different ways, the main symptoms usually are that the child grows cross, the skin hot, the appetite fickle and the child quite feverish. Unless something is done at once to relieve a simple cold, the result is often very serious—so serious that many a child's life has been lost. There is no remedy that can equal Baby's Own Tablets in cases of this kind. These tablets promptly break up colds and carry off the poisonous matter that has been retained in the system. By doing that they reduce the fever; the pulse becomes normal; the appetite is restored, and the child is again well and happy.

Mrs. O. E. Earle, Brockville, Ont., says:—"I always use Baby's Own Tablets for both my children, aged three and five years, when they are at all unwell. When my little girl was a few months old, she had a bad attack of whooping cough, and I found the tablets very beneficial. Since that time I always keep them in the house ready for use. When the children are troubled with biliousness, any derangement of the stomach, are peevish or fretful, or when they have a cold, I always use the tablets, and am always pleased with the results."

These tablets are a certain cure for such troubles as colic, sour stomach, indigestion, diarrhoea, constipation, simple fever and colds. They prevent croup and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. They are sold under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. May be had from druggists or will be sent post paid at 25 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Notes for Farmers.

The scarcity of apples due to the failure of the crop last year has impressed farmers with the value of a good orchard. It is possible for any farmer to have an orchard that will make a return of profit each year. These orchards may be maintained without much effort or loss of time. The quality of soil and its treatment, however, is important. The apple trees must have nourishment to fill the demand of the plant the same as any other vegetable. Many never manure the orchard either by cover crops or otherwise. The tree of course, soon becomes deteriorated and finally fruitless.

A large profit may be derived from apple culture and it is an industry that might easily be developed into an important branch of farming.

Mr. W. T. Macoun on the subject makes the following statement:—"The soil in the apple orchards at the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, is not an ideal one for growing fruit, being a light sandy loam with a subsoil of sand to a depth of three

feet or more in many places. The ground is naturally moist except the surface which becomes very hot in summer though well drained the subsoil is still cold and moist and when the roots strike it they die. How best to warm the soil and remove more of the moisture from it was the problem to be solved and it was decided to keep the ground covered with a green crop. The advantages of having the orchard permanently in grass sod were doubtful therefore common red clover (*Trifolium pratense*) was chosen as a cover crop. The method adopted was to sow the clover seed as soon as the ground could be prepared in the spring at the rate of twelve pound per acre and during that season to plow down any weeds which might appear and possibly some clover with it. By autumn a fine clover crop is obtained which is very necessary in this part of Canada to hold the snow and protect the roots of the trees, as many trees are often root-killed the soil is bare.

"The clover usually comes through the winter in good condition and as soon as it is from 18 to 20 inches high or just when the flower heads begin to show it is cut and left to rot in the round. The second crop grows up very quickly and when it is about the same condition as the first it is cut also. As many as five crops of clover have been cut in one season on the same land and all good except the last which was light. From the five cuttings it was estimated that about 25 tons of green clover were left to lie and rot on the ground in one season. It may easily be imagined that there will be a large quantity of vegetable matter left to lie on the ground. After the last cutting there is sufficient growth made to form a good cover crop for the winter. It is very important to cut the clover just as the flower heads begin to show, as if done later it has been found that only about two good crops can be cut. By the next spring or the beginning of the third season a large part of the clover is dead, it being a biennial; the ground is therefore plowed shallow, and the decayed vegetable matter which has accumulated for two years is turned under. Clover seed is again sown and the same process is continued. The trees apparently never suffered from lack of moisture during the past four seasons. An addition of phosphoric acid and potash from time to time in the shape of ground bone and muriate of potash or some other good fertilizer is necessary to keep up the fertility of the soil. The benefits of this system under our special conditions are: First, the clover during the growing season a very large quantity of moisture which would be conserved by cultivation. It has been found that there is much less moisture when clover is growing than when the soil is cultivated. Second, the roots of the clover go a great depth, four feet or more and help to aerate the soil. Third, when this clover is cut the plant food which has been brought up from that depth is deposited on the surface of the soil in a much more available condition, and where the feeding roots of the fruit tree can get at it. Fourth, the soil being a very light, sandy loam is easily blown by the wind if kept cultivated and the surface also becomes very warm during the summer. Clover keeps the soil in place, and the mulch of decaying leaves and stems keeps the surface cool. Fifth, as the clover plants do not form a tangled mass like the grass sod it is thought that less of the warm rain which falls during summer showers is evaporated before it gets into the ground than would be the case were the land in grass sod. As stated before the results from this system under our peculiar conditions have been very good. How long they will continue so is yet to be learned, but while good results have been obtained here we believe that as a general rule and where drought is occur the best system to adopt in orchard cultivation is to keep the soil cultivated thoroughly till about the middle of July and then, choosing a favorable time seed down with the plant that makes the best cover crop and plow this under in the spring as soon as the ground can be worked. In the Ottawa Valley we usually have an abundant rainfall, and seldom suffer from drought, hence conservation of moisture is not as important a question here as maintenance of fertility.

Victims of Duty.

Within the past few weeks we have had several cases of priests, in various parts of America, who have faced the dangers of disease and death, in the performance of their duties. In three different cases it was smallpox patients that were visited and that received the last sacraments from their pastors. While these are acts of real sacrifice and of heroism, yet, in the Catholic priesthood, and fewer still are aware of all that the young man takes upon himself, when once he decides to give up the world and to live for God and for religion.

And the priest knows, long before he is ordained, that he must expect to meet with the most difficult situations and be ready to face every danger in the fulfilment of his sacred mission. And not the least amongst these is the opposition of the world; the misrepresentation of the evil-minded; the slanders, the persecutions of every class, to which good men are subjected. He knows that the trials of Job, by the will of God, were but the figure of the trials that he must undergo.

Amongst those who took their lives in their hands and went to the bed-sides of the plague-stricken and the dying, was Rev. J. J. Murphy, of the Sacred Heart Church, Weymouth. The smallpox was raging, during the early part of this month in that locality, and, in the midst of the epidemic, the priest performed his duty of administering the last sacraments to those in danger of death. The result was that he now lies at death's door, in the Town Hall, of Weymouth, a building set apart as a pest house for the time being. Even this record of heroic work in God's service could not be allowed to pass uncriticized. In fact, it was stated that the Rev. Father had distributed ashes or Ash Wednesday, knowing that he was in a condition calculated to endanger all the congregation.

No matter what the facts may be, and we are certain that the priest did not then know that he was a victim of the disease, it is evident that every possible loop-hole is taken advantage of by those who cannot overcome their prejudices even in the presence of facts, to detract from the great merit of the noble self-sacrifice of the minister of God.

much the case that the original list of stock to be offered for sale had to be modified. The number of Ayrshires desired was not forthcoming and there was a superabundance of Durhams. The latter was supplied to make up the deficiency in the former.

A sale held in Ottawa should show no scarcity of Ayrshires if the stockmen tendered the patronage deserved. Eastern Ontario is rich in Ayrshires especially the district around Ottawa.

THE PRODUCTION OF MILK TO the acre is a very important question as it is essential in any business to know what is realized from the investment. The farmers are generally his capital. How to procure a large quantity of milk is to-day interesting the minds of dairymen and how to get a large quantity from a given acre as a problem hardly solved. When dairying is the leading industry on a farm it is well to note how much per acre is produced and if these acres were devoted to another industry would a greater return be made at a less cost.

Experimenters have made estimates along these lines but owing to the variable character of different soils their condition of fertility and adaptability to grass growing such data is not of much service unless we have all the conditions before our minds. Professor Brown of Guelph Farm, has reported that 7,000 pounds of milk have been produced from one acre of grass upon which two cows were pastured. Mr. D. M. McPherson, of Lancaster, has computed the area of ground that will yield a ton of cured hay if converted into pasture.

To obtain the best returns from the acres of a dairy farm it is necessary to have a good herd of cows and suitable food.

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THE
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OF THE
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YEAR

The brief despatches received as we go to the news that the centenary of the birth of the late Pope Pius IX. is being celebrated in the most imposing manner. In the morning at the plaza of St. Peter with a mass of 80,000, 50,000 of these were taken four hours for by four doors. The marble of the interior myriads of candles and electric lights set in the entire concourse building stood with a of a few of who occupied bunes.

The royal tribune, in the Grand Duchy of the Duchess of Transilvania, the Duke of Liechtenstein was of the Pope's family. of the diplomatic corps third. The general largely international, a hundreds of Americans. The sound of silver trumpets announced the approach of a solemn procession. First ed jeweled cross, ca white clad youth. gious orders of monks ies, archbishops, bishop lates of all grades. choir rendered soul-stirring during the entrance. Cardinals and His Holiness clad in gorgeous robes red and gold.

The crowd was silent Pope entered, and then voice it shouted, "Veni Long live the Pope!"

The election of Leo XIII. excited position of Savoy took place twenty-five days after the demise of Pius IX. 61 cardinals entered conclave. The cardinals following nationality: 8 Frenchmen, 4 Spaniards, 1 Pole, 4 Austrians, 1 Belgian and 2 others. The conclave was one of the most interesting in history. When the lot was taken on the Feb. 19, twenty-three cardinals were elected. Camerlingo of the Holy Church, while the next day, Cardinal Franchini was elected. At the second conclave the same day, the Cardinal Pecci amounted eight; the third ballot the election was consummated. Cardinal Pecci received four votes, more than the two-thirds. Cardinal Do Bois was elected. Cardinal Pecci, who was elected, said that when the cardinal chamberlain announced with startling the future pontiff shed tears, and his trembling refused to retain his grasp. The French cardinal picked up the conclave and handing it to his league, he whispered: "This is not a question of interest of the Church and of the world are concerned. When the moment arrives"