#Hunt Nora's Corner.*

Sication in this department should be addressed "Aust Nors." TRUE WITKESS Office, 253 St. James Street, and delivered not later than Thursday afternoon of each week.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Aunt Nora is gratified at the hearty way in which the announcement that she was about to establish a special department for the juvenile readers of the True Witness has been received.

The interest which has already been aroused in this new departure is shown by the letters published below. She feels confident that the popularity of her "Corner" will exceed her expectations.

The sentiments expressed in the letters are noble and inspiring, and reflect great credit upon their writers.

The composition referred to by Miss Lillie Cox will be published next week. The suggestion contained in the last

paragraph of Miss Agnes O'Hara's letter came too late. Aunt Nora wants to know what is the matter with the boys, as she has not

WORDS OF APPROVAL.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS:

received any letters from them.

DEAR EDITOR,—It is with very great pleasure I have learned of the intention of the True Witness to open a column in which will be voiced the ideas and sentiments of the junior readers of this valuable chronicle. This is what I consider a wise step of the directors and co workers, for attention to the smaller things of life brings about in time the accomplishment of great things, so a means that will afford pleasure and benefit to the young will, I think, be a means of a wider circulation of the True WITNESS. Parents will be anxious to read the literary productions of their children, and they will thereby purchase a paper, then lend it to their friends to read, and those friends (tired of borrowing) and also the parents, will become subscribers.

And reading the beautiful, elevatang and useful knowledge therein contained, will at length have the necessity of upholding and supporting in face of difficulties this valuable organ.

Parents do not always realize how important a duty it is to purchase good reading matter for the home circle and to infuse therein a love for such reading. If they see their children poring quietly oversome book, paper or magazine, they congratulate themselves on the fact that they are safe in the house, away from the contaminating influence of the street. They should not always feel so unquestionably safe. They should carefully examine those books, magazines or They may contain a poison a dangerous as any they could get on the lowest streets in the city. This is often true, even of many of our ordinary daily papers, which are-because of their details of crime, the police court records and the low, sensational news which they publish—unfit for the reading of respectable adults, and much more so for young innocent minds.

This is indeed a crying evil—an evil that parents cannot guard against too carefully. It is the parent's or guardian's duty, the duty of those who have their soul's good at heart, to give to the young all the knowledge of evil that may be considered a necessary safeguard for them; but they should not be allowed to pick it up rom books and papers in such a way that it will be a deadly poison rather than a wise preventive.

In carefully bringing home such pure precepts as are contained in many Catholic papers, among the number predominantly standing the TRUE WITNESS, we may confidently hope that tid surely have the little ones in His keeping; that they will rise up around as beacon lights for their parents' care; and that they will become an ornament and a credit to their race, their country and their religion.

Success, then, dear Editor, on your enterprise. With eagerness I shall ever greet the welcome day, Thursday, that brings the TRUE WITNESS to my home. Your sincere well-wisher.

KATIE CLARK. Montreal, December 14, 1896.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,-On hearing of your intention to open a "Coildren's Department" in your paper, I have decided to inform you of my desire to contribute to it, as it is the wish of our devoted Pastor, Rev. Father O'Donnell.

When you open a contest on a given subject, inform me, and I will certainly try to send you a contribution which I will do my best to make interesting.

To-day my composition is on Mary's Lily. I enclose it to you, and if you find it worth publishing you are at liberty to do so.

Wishing success to the "Children's Corner," I remain, yours respectfully, LILLIE COX,

Pupil of the Second Senior Class in the Academy of Our Lady of Good

Counsel. To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,-I heard you intend giving space and soliciting from the pupils of the different schools, compositions or essays to publish in the "Children's Corner" of your paper.

I am a subscriber to the TRUE WITNESS and always read it with pleasure, as it contains so much valuable information on Catholic subjects.

I suppose you would like to know something about your correspondent. I am a pupil of the 2nd senior class in the I toy stores of your neighborhood for these;

[All letters and other matter intended for pub- || academy of Our Lady of Good Coursel, or I should say "Daisy Class," as our kind pastor, Rev. Father O'Donnell, who is the principal director of our Academy, and our devoted teachers, the Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame, always eall the pupils in our room—because we publish in manuscript form a little paper called The Daisy. This name was given to our paper by our pastor, and although many find it rather cold for daisies to be out this season and have hinted that we should change our name, we are deaf to all suggestions on this subj ct and still cling to our first love.
You need not be afraid of a rival in The Daisy, for it is only a humble little

flower, "born to bloom unseen and shed its fragrance only within the Convent bowers.

My letter is already long, and as I am afraid of monopolizing too much of your valuable time I will, if you wish, tell you another time more about our much-loved academy. I will also try to write an essay for your contest when it opens; I want to give my kind pastor a oleasant surprise; he likes nothing better than to see us ambitious to advance in our studies.

If agree ble to you, I wish you would call the gentleman in charge of the Children's Corner "Uncle Francis," for if you do I know my companions will all try to send something nice to him, as that is the name of our devoted paster, and we have also chosen St. Francis as the patron of our division in class.

AGNES O'HARA. Montreal, December 15, 1896.

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS.

Let the children have all the pleasures the sesson brings; it is their festival. The lesson of the wonderful birth in Bethlehem is the most beautiful in Christian education, and the most lasting in its influence. Everything that tends to deepen the impression of joy and love and good will helps to mould the young hearts and childish souls into a truer model of the Christ-Child.

Therefore let the children have their ministure cribs, their Christmas stockings, and their Christmas trees. Do not plead poverty as an excuse. Love will provide the wherewithal. Give the little ones color, glitter, and light, and price will never trouble them. The darlings of the tenement will rejoice and be glad over their cheap treasures, as will the pets of wealth with their electric tree dazzling in fairy effects.

GUARDING THE TONGUE.

If each of us, as we pass through life, Would bridle and curb the tongue, And speak of only the pleasant things To be said of every one, What a wonderful difference there would

Between this world of ours And the paradise it would become With all pathways strewn with

How surely a little reflection Will show us as plain as the day, The mistakes we made when we hastily Allowed our tongue full sway. When the day is done and we think it

o'er, Ah me! that it should be true, There are few of us who can honestly 58 y There is nothing we would undo.

Too often the faults we clearly see In others are faults of our own, And those who dwell in houses of glass Should be wary in casting a stone. So, have charity, much charity, The loveliest virtue of all.

And look to the member unruly, For it's prone to slip and fall.

-Z. Y. X., in the Lapeer Monitor.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Electric trees call for lavish expenditure, and grow only for the rich. It is easy to spend \$100 on the electricity alone, if it has to be brought into the house for this single service, and even if the residence is already wire-strung the tree bulbs will cost a dollar each. As a big tree takes anywhere from thirty to fifty to be sufficiently dazzling, the least expensive arrangement is by no means

when it comes to the ornaments, the purse again is the only limitation. The shops are full of the most tempting Christmas tree fruit, strings of gold and silver balls, tinkling bells, separate balls of all sizes in brilliant colors, frosted with silver or plain, beautiful snow and crystal effects, showers of tinsel in stars and sprays, and much more. It is easy to spend \$25 and not overload a goodsized tree, and for those who can afford it the expenditure is not unwise, as such a gorgeous and elaborate blooming lasts till Twelfth night at least, and is a pleasure to more than the first company of

spectators. A tree, though, which will delight less exacting children—and the world is full, fortunately, of able little know-nothings, who still take color for price and little for much—can be produced for a very small sum. Thirty-five cents will buy a fair sized tree, 15 more will get ite standard, unless the tree is a yearly happen-ing, in which case it will pay to buy one of the strong iron clamps whose service is lasting. A few pounds of pop-corn shelled, papped, and strung, is a good decorative start; the children may be set stringing it to-morrow, to while away the long hours of waiting A quart of cranberries may be strung, too, their bright red with the white of the corn and the green of the tree being effective. Candles, of course, must be provided in abundance, a row on every bough, but as the smaller size comes at 10 cents a box of three dozen, a little money will do much lighting. A few of the pretty glass and tinsel orna-ments must be got, and it is a sug-gestion to patronize the small candy and

they will be found cheaper and tess liable to be broken in the transit to the house. Gay little paper lanterns, ball-shaped and the size of a toy balcon, cost only 8 cents each, and a half-dozen add much to the effect. Balls of cotton sprinkled with dismend dust add greatly and are quickly and cheaply made at home. A 5-cent coil of fine picture wire, a roll of cotton wadding-not the sheet kind-and a box of diamond powder, will make more snowballs than can be used.

If your children are kindergartners, they will prove valuable allies in the tree trimming. The little six-year-old, even, will know how to make, with wonderful swiftness and accuracy, chains of red, pink, yellow, and blue paper, at each end of which she will hang a lantern of silver or gold, also made of the paper. The pinwheel squares, sold at a rearry for twenty of them of the little. penny for twenty of them at the little neighborhood stores, are what is needed. If you have gathered any pine cones, these gilded with gold paint, and sprinkled with bronze or diamond powder, will be another decorative touch. Finally, cornucopias and candy canes, with a few of the lightest gifts, will acceptably finish the tree, and its enjoy ment by the juveniles is a foregone conclusion.

The best holiday greens for house decoration are holy and ground pine. These last well. Never use flat cedar, as it begins to fall immediately.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Indulges in a Little Reverte of Beffec tions on Christmantide.

Let him smoke in the corne; In peace if you can Though the fumes of tobacco may choke;

For there's no one can tell like a lonely

How much comfort there is in a smoke.

I don't know just exactly who wrote the lines quoted above, but I do know that whoever he was he was largely impregnated with what might be called the sixth or the seventh sense. He was full of human feeling. He evidently had trodden in the paths that go to make up life in a "devious way. Some people might have called him a student of human nature. That might be true, but I have always found those students somewhat vivisectionary and too scientific to have any heart "feeling." The author of the lines must have suffered in much the same way as I have. At all events he has put into a few words a something which has been the active principle of several of my meditations for years past.

Few people, thank God, are forced to realize just what "a lonely old man" means. No consoling face of wife or mother; no heart ties to make one feel better or do better; no children making a mark for themselves in a peculiar world and leaving behind them no "footprints in the sands of time;", no babbling grand children to clutch one's knee or fall over one's slippers. No anything but the knowledge that all

lonely for many years, an Ishmaelite without reason, although I have run, danced and sung in nearly all the things which society dubs fashionable. I have become used to the life, however, and only a couple of times during the year does my isolation have any ill effects on me. These times are my birthday and the Christmas season. My birth day is of no value to anybody else. Nobody lives who knows the date of it. Tears dropped formed the only tombstone over a saintly mother's grave, and a trench under the brow of a beetling crag, nameless but not forgotten, tells me where my father was laid; a shower of grape and shot had made me an orphan. And that was on my birth-day, and I am the last of the race.

Do you wonder I am lonely? And then, at Christmas time, I am subject to fits of melancholy when I am alone. In company I can be quite jolly, and I buy a few cheap Christmas presents for any little ones who may happen to cultivate my acquaintance.

The trifles please the little ones and in their own way they think I am a very nice man; if they were older and I did the same thing I would probably be called a philanthropist. I doubt much if they would be so well pleased with me if they knew I was merely actuated by the most selfish motive of giving pleasure to myself. In the long, long ago, I used to like Christmas; I used to count the days for weeks beforehand. I was selfish even then, for I knew presents were coming to me. It is many years since they have come to me now; and I am selfish yet because I love to see the little young ones delighted with what gee-gaws they have got; and their delight delights me for the pleasure and the pains of the old remembrances.

I am in a peculiar business, the duties of which frequently keep me out late at night, and last Christmas Eve I went home somewhat tired and considerably out of sorts, for everything had not gone just right. I had stopped at the last of my little friends' houses, and added some hing to the contribution that goes to fill Lilliputian stockings, and then I sat down in my own cheerless room, filled a pipe, and thought of

" What comfort there is in a smoke." There was a grate in the room, but no fire; no vule logs crackled a cheering chorus to me, no cricket chirped on the hearth; I had nothing but my pipe,

and it gave me solace.

JAMES R.

For Indigestion Horsford's Acid Phosphate Helps digest the food.

<u>Markakakakuttuttuttutlutkututkutkut</u>

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In no part of the globe is the festival of Christmas looked forward to with more eager expectation than in Ireland. For the weeks previous preparations are good will to relatives in all parts of the world and wherever it is possible the Christmas dinner is always the occasion

CHRISTMAS IN IRELAND.

of a family reunion. There is and there can be no day of a degree of importance worthy to be named with Christmas. It is a day not only honored with the joy of mortals, but with the song of angels, and the minstrelsy of celestial hosts. In Ireland people forget their worldly cares and make it a day of general rejoicing and thankegiving.

The ancient pagan festivals of Sammin and Baal were celebrated about this time by the Irish Druids, and we find that the decoration of houses with evergreens, holly, ivy and mistletoe is still continued in the Christian festival.

as is also the pagan custom of giving presents to friends and relatives. In the large cities the postmen, letter carriers and expressmen have a busy time in the delivery of presents or cards, while the shops and stores are bustling with business. But to understand the meaning of a genuine Irish Christmas, you must visit an Irish country house. dere a prosperous farmer will have all his humbler friends and neighbours spend the Christmas" with him, and a more cheerful sight than an Irish farm house on Christmas eve can hardly be imagined. The Yule log blazes on the great open hearth of the kitchen, while the younger folks make merry with the usual Christmas games.

At midnight all attend the midnight Mass which is celebrated in most of the churches of Ireland, and it is most edifying to see how anxious all are to take the earliest opportunity to pay homage to the infant Saviour.

must in the end be the same, with the consciousness burning into one's soul that the whole thing might have been different had one so wished, and now the penalty is being paid—and the price of nenalty is very dear.

All this individual are pretty sure to tentions to antiquity are pr pearance except for some benevolent purpose.

He is usually a bland, courteous old entleman and must not be confounded with the vicious holgoblin who c estes such terror at the German Christmis festivities.

The day is observed not only in a joyous manner, but also in a holy spirit. At the present period the Irish have beautiful churches which are tastefully decorated for the occasion. Comfortable and bright they look on a Christmas morning as the priest intones "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." But the same pure spirit of de-votion and gratitude, for their salvation existed when they had to worship the new-born king in the mountain caves, with the hard rock for an altar and the area of heaven for a canopy. On Christmas day the Irish peasant, no maiter how humble his lot, has always a sent at his table and a hearty welcome for the homeless wayfarer. He never forgets that the King of Kings was laid in an humble manger because there was no room for him in the inn at Bethlehem, and he is delighted to have an opportunity of showing his less fortunate neighbors that he fully understands the meaning of the words, "Peace on earth to men of good will." Christmas day brings him happiness, because it brings him salvation. God pity those to whom that feast means nothing but the reception of earthly gifts, and soften the human hearts who do not realize the love of Christmas day.

Powerful Speeches.

Speeches in political season are very powerful. The gold and silver question are the topics of the day. Bryan, with his thousands of speeches, has not done as much good to the sufferers of coughs and colds as Menthol Cough Syrup has. It is the most valuable remedy in the season of coughs and colds there is. It is known to the public as not having its equal. Try it; only 25c a bottle. It is sold everywhere by all druggists and general dealers.

"I say, do you think Wiggins is a man to be trusted?" "Trusted? Yes, rather. Why, I'd trust him with my life." "Yes; but with anything of value, I mean."

"Why, Charlie," said his friend in astonishment, "what has happened? Oh, I see, you have been using hair dye." "No such thing, my friend," replied Charley, "I have an honest head of black hair all my own, and I got it by using Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer."
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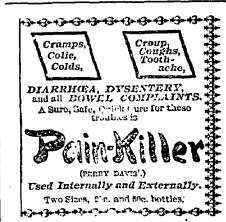
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