

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

[We have received such a number of interesting and beautiful letters for this column that we are obliged to keep over some of them for our next issue. We give as many as space will permit this week. Many thanks to the young contributors; this is exactly what we have been desirous of attaining, and now that the work is commenced we hope that it will be kept up.—Ed. T.W.]

TO THE EDITOR.—Having seen in last week's TRUE WITNESS a cordial invitation to all boys and girls to write to the Children's Column of your valuable paper, I ask to be permitted to join the ranks as one of your correspondents. I already have the honor of writing to the Pilot, one of the best American papers published.

Our school has been rapidly coming to the front. During the past year many new things have been introduced, such as drills, marches, running, jumping, throwing the weight, playing football and handball, for which a large alley has been built.

We have also started a reading circle which promotes many things in regard to training the mind.

I will now bring my letter to a close, asking to be admitted to the columns of our best Canadian paper.

"SNOWBALL."

["Snowball" is welcome to our columns. He says, rightly, that the Pilot is one of the best American papers, and we are grateful for his appreciation of our own organ.]

A GOOD STORY.

DEAR JOSEPH.—I now take the pleasure of writing to you, knowing that you are fond of stories. I have a nice little story which I heard from a friend the other day. A dog was bereaved of its master, and afterwards became old and blind, passing the dark evening of his existence sadly in the same corner, which he hardly ever quitted. One day came a step like that of his lost master, and he suddenly left his place. The man who had just entered, wore ribbed stockings: The old dog had lost his scent, and referred at once to the stockings that he remembered rubbing his face against. Believing that his master had returned after those weary years of absence, he gave way to the most extravagant delight. The man spoke, the momentary illusion was dispelled; the dog went sadly back to his place, lay wearily down and died.

PETER.

[It is often so in life, Peter; many a heart has been broken by a sudden disappointment, after expectations had been raised to the highest. Remember the moral of this story, and it may serve many a good purpose in life.]

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

DEAR WILLIE.—I have read a very interesting story since I last wrote you. It happened in the early period of Christianity when the Christians were only known by the Apostles' Creed. The king, who was a pagan, tried to do away with the Catholic faith, by way of teaching the young children the faith of himself. On one occasion he brought a little child before him; he tried to turn the little child's faith, but it was of no use, he began reciting the Apostles' Creed; the king sent for his mother; when she came he ordered him to be lashed, thinking that his mother would make him turn, but she did not. While the child was getting lashed the boy said to his mother, I am thirsty. She said, Have patience, my boy, you will soon be at the fountain of life. The boy still kept reciting the Creed; the king, who did not want to be overcome by a child, ordered him to be killed. So he expired.

CELT.

[This story, which "Celt" tells so nicely, is the account of a real fact that can be found recorded in the Lives of the Saints. It is a good sign to see our youth reading such inspiring stories and repeating them for each other.]

A DIALOGUE.

[TROL LEE AND JOW LEE.]

Tommy—Can you tell me the difference between a Trol Lee and a Jow Lee?

Mickey—Well, the only difference I can see, Tommy, is that when you pull

a Trol Lee's tail he stops, but when you pull Jow Lee's tail he runs.

Tommy—Very good, Mickey; can you give me another difference?

Mickey—Oh, yes, Tommy, Jow Lee takes in washing and Trol Lee takes in hair.

Tommy—Is that all the difference you remark?

Mickey—Oh, yes, Tommy, there is another slight difference, Trol Lee runs the irons over the ties, while Jow Lee runs the irons over the shirt. T. J. D.

[By keeping Tommy and Mickey before the public T.J.D. will afford considerable amusement to our young readers. These lads seem to be smart boys. At all events, they can find distinctions and differences where older people would fail to discover any.]

ST. ANN'S BAZAAR.

DEAR CHARLIE:—I have very interesting news to tell you. The Bazaar, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the orphans and the poor, will start on Wednesday and I hope it may be well attended. Every night there will be a little entertainment for which is charged the small fee of 10 cents.

JACOB.

[That is right, Jacob. Let all your young friends know about the Bazaar and the entertainments, because the proceeds are for a noble purpose, and all should try to attend.]

GOOD NEWS.

DEAR ROBERT:—I have joyful news to tell you. The editor of THE TRUE WITNESS has opened a column in his paper for boys and girls. Every one should take the resolution to fill up this column with good work, such as letters, dialogues, poems, stories, etc. I wrote a letter last week, but it was not printed; I suppose it was not good enough, but I'll try again, like Bruce's spider, and at last I will succeed.

A. O' L.

["A. O' L." is greatly mistaken—his letter certainly was not printed, but for the very good reason that the editor did not receive it. If it had come it would have gone in. Perhaps it slipped out of the bundle. Certainly a letter written as well as the above one would never be neglected. If it turns up, it will be inserted at once.]

AN ABSENT CLASS-MATE.

MY DEAR CHARLIE:—How goes it at Quebec? Do you feel lonely yet? I am sure you must feel quite at home in your old home. We were all so sorry that you left your school. Your place is still vacant in the choir, in the Arnold reading Circle, and in the officers' staff of Cadet Co. No. 1. Indeed, Charlie, it is no wonder our teacher felt so sorry to lose a pupil whose good qualities and bright talents fitted him for so many offices. I am sure your former teacher and classmates are overjoyed at your return in their midst. We are all studying very hard as usual. Willie Healy has taken your role in the drama and I think he will be a fair success. We entertain the Patrons of St. Ann's Bazaar on the 19th inst. I will send you a copy of our program, it is quite interesting, most of the items being original and adapted to the occasion.

Now, Charlie, although you are again amid the scenes and friends of your childhood, you must not forget those you left in Montreal. We are all anxious to hear from you. In the meantime, I wish you all the enjoyment and happiness that this world can afford a parent-loving, good dutiful boy. GEORGE.

[This is indeed a noble letter, both in composition, sentiment and principle. We are sure that Charlie cannot fail to ever preserve happy recollections of such a school as that of St. Ann's and such companions as George.]

CATHOLIC DISCOVERERS.

The first who made known the existence of petroleum was the Franciscan Father Joseph de la Roche d'Allion, who was at Niagara in 1629.

The first who discovered the salt-springs of Salina, N. Y., was the Jesuit Father le Moine, in 1654.

The first who worked the copper of Lake Superior was the Jesuit lay Brother Giles Mizer, about 1675.

The Jesuits were the first who raised a crop of wheat in Illinois, and the first who introduced sugar-cane into Louisiana.

House and Household.

THE WHOLESOME APPLE.

MANY GOOD THINGS CAN BE MADE FROM IT BESIDES PIE.

The sight of the baskets and barrels of apples which now grace the market-stalls is pleasantly suggestive to the housewife of a valuable addition to her list of agreeable and wholesome edibles. For a standby fruit there is none to equal the apple; one can appreciate the feelings which prompted a pious New-England woman to "thank the Lord" she had got back "to the apple latitudes," after a long stay South. To her, apples undoubtedly meant pie material, of which she had long been deprived; but there are better things to be made of apples than pie. The wise provider will be a little chary in the use of the fruit while peaches, grapes, pears, and the rest of the autumn list are in their choice profusion. The evil days will come when apples will be almost the only resource she will have, and it is then she will study over her apple recipes for appetizing variety.

APPLE CUSTARD.

Pare and core half a dozen very tart apples; cook them in half a teacupful of water till they begin to soften; put them in a pudding-dish; beat five eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar; add one quart of milk, and pour over the apples; bake half an hour.

APPLE SNOW.

Peel, core, and quarter six or eight apples; set them to boil with a very little water and the thin rind of a lemon, sweetening slightly as they are taken from the stove. When they are done tender, take out the rind and pass the apples through a fine wire sieve. Have the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth, beat into them the apple puree, a spoonful at a time, until the mixture is of the consistency of whipped cream and quite stiff. Serve heaped upon a dish garnished with lady-fingers.

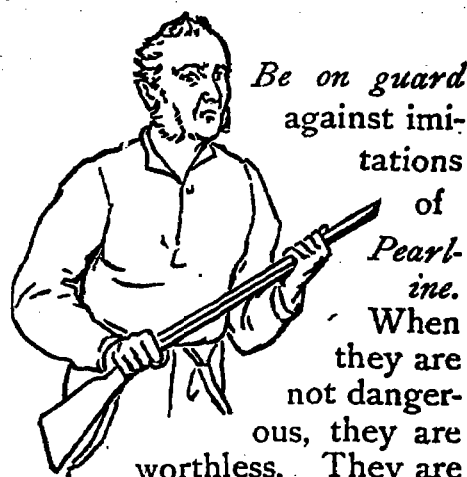
APPLE SALAD.

Take six apples, four teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful of cinnamon, and one gill of sherry. Pare, core, and cut the apple into very thin slices. Put a layer of these slices in the bottom of a salad dish, sprinkle them with sugar and a little cinnamon, then another layer of apples, and so continue until all is used. Pour the wine over and stand away in a cool place, and it is ready for use.

FRIED APPLES.

Make a batter of one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of sugar, two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder mixed with flour; chop some good tart apples; them in the batter, and fry in hot lard. Served with powdered sugar, and if the sherry decanter is sent around with the dish, a few drops of the wine will be found a pleasant addition.

English children often get a simple apple pudding made as follows: Butter a deep dish and line the bottom with a layer of sliced or chopped apples sprinkled



usually both. Pearl-line does what nothing else can. It saves labor in washing, and insures safety to what is washed. It is cheap, thorough, and reliable. Nothing else will "do as well;" it is just as well to have nothing else.

Never peddled. 284 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

ed with sugar and a little nutmeg; on this put a layer of small slices of buttered bread, with another layer of apples. Fill the dish in this fashion, having apples on top. Pour a little water over all, cover with a plate, and bake three-quarters of an hour. Eat with sugar and milk or cream.

Which is like and yet not like the toothsome Brown Betty, than which, when properly made, it is hard to produce a better apple dish for young or old. The most approved recipe, and one warranted to produce the caramel top that is the best part of the pudding, reads thus:

Pare, core and slice six tart, juicy apples; put in a layer of stale bread crumbs in the bottom of a baking-dish, then a layer of apples, then more crumbs, till all is used, having the last layer crumbs. Add a half cup of water to a half cup of molasses and stir in two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar; pour this over and bake in a moderate oven one hour. Serve with cream.

OLD NURSERY RHYMES.

Many of our old nursery rhymes had in their day a political significance. Some of them owe their origin to distinguished writers. "Sing a song of sixpence" is as old as the sixteenth century. "Three blind mice" is found in a music book dated 1609. "The frog and the mouse" was licensed in 1580. "London Bridge is broken down" is of unfathomable antiquity. "Boys and girls come out to play" is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II.; as is also "Lucy Locket lost her pocket," to the tune of which the American song of "Yankee Doodle" was written. "Pussy cat, where have you been?" is one of the age of Queen Bess. "Little Jack Horner" is older than the seventeenth century. "The old woman tossed in a blanket" is of the reign of James II., to which monarch it is supposed to refer.

THE MAN AND THE TOMATO CAN.

A certain man's wife heard him in the adjoining pantry making explosive remarks. "What are you doing, my dear?" she asked.

"Opening a can of tomatoes," he answered.

"What are you opening it with?" she asked sweetly.

"With a knife," he replied savagely. "Did you suppose I was opening it with my teeth?"

"No. From the language which you used I thought you were opening it by prayer."

EXPERIENCED.

"I am thinking," said Mr. Essy, "of writing a chapter on the decline of the American young man."

"Good idea," said Cholly. "I'll help you. I've proposed lots of times, you know."

"I hadn't occurred to me that you would be willing to be a study."

"Oh, ya-a-s. I can give you lots of points. I don't believe there is any American young man who has been declined oftener than I have.—Washington Star.

Mothers

suffering with weakness and emaciation, who give little nourishment to babies, should take

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