

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

Well, I have been pretty well forgotten this week. Minnie F. writes me that she likes to read the stories in our paper. I am always glad to hear these things. Now, what I would like is for all my little friends to write and tell me what they would like best in the corner. It is so much nicer to have what everyone really likes than to just take chances. Just all speak out your minds and offer any suggestions, which will be carried out as far as possible.

Your loving,

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Just a few lines to tell you all the items of news. Our school opened January 18th. Laurence, Kathleen and I go to school every day. Our teacher's name is Miss Ronayne. There are five of us, Laurence, Kathleen, Susie, Pat and I. I am in the third Reader and study expository, grammar, geography and tables. I am nine years old, and live in the little village of Mobile. I like to read the stories in the True Witness and Catholic Chronicle. I have not much news worth speaking of. My letter is getting rather long, so I will close. Wishing you health and happiness is the sincerest wish of

Your loving niece,

MINNIE F.

Mobile, Feb. 5th.

ALWAY.

Little pink feet

That have trotted all day, We dimpled hands That are tired of play, And teeth white as pearls, And tousled gold curls, You're dad's queen of girls To-night and alway.

Now, and alway,

Just dad's queen of girls! Weary of play Your tousled gold curls Lie spread on my breast: And sweetly to rest As day reddens the west Drifts dad's best of girls.

Dear, for all time,

For all time and alway, When weary come climb As you climb, dear, to-day Up in your dad's lap When wanting a nap Or to ward off mishap, Or when weary of play.

Always to me,

All your life to your dad, Laughing with glee Or sorry and sad; Bring all to me, dear, Your bright days and dear, Your joys and your fear, And make your dad glad. -Houston (Texas) Daily Post.

THREE SNOW WOMEN.

You must not waste your dinner like that!" said Gretel Metz, a little German girl, to one of her school-mates, who was throwing her half-eaten cakes out of the window. It was noon and the school children were sitting about on the benches, eating luncheon.

"Well! Gretel-what's your name? -I guess these are my cakes, and I can throw them out of the window if I wish to!"

"Did you never hear what happens to people who are wasteful? Maybe it is because you are so far away," answered Gretel.

"Far away!" shouted the children in a chorus of laughter; and Johnnie Banks, putting on the air of Napoleon, thrust both hands into his pockets, marched over to Gretel and said:

"Far away! I would like to know what we are far away from. I guess you don't know what you are talking about, Dutchy!"

Gretel looked hopelessly about her, and wondered whether she could think of enough English words to answer the questions hurled at her. Her father had recently brought his family from Austria to America and settled in Binghampton. Gretel was sent to school, and many were the sorrows she encountered there.

When she entered the school room the first morning, her cheeks as red as roses, her big blue eyes open wide with amazement, and made a low courtesy to her teacher, half whispering, "Guten Morgen, meine Lehrerin!" All eyes were turned upon her. The children who had always

lived in this inland town looked upon her as a curiosity. The rude boys laughed at her because she spoke English badly and German well. The girls liked her sunny smile and pleasant ways, and when she offered an apple to poor little lame Betty Andrews with a "Willst du?" they all had sweet thoughts for Gretel and for once did not laugh at her German.

But to be told that they were "far away" was worse than to be spoken to in bad English. Gretel did not understand this. She knew that in this strange land she felt herself "far away" from all the places she loved. Perhaps she was right. Anywhere in the wide world apart from the home is "far away."

For a moment she stood quiet, thinking of the home they had left beyond the ocean. She saw the mountains, covered with dark forests, at the foot of which rested a lake as blue as the sky itself. Beyond the two woody mountains stood the beautiful Dachstein with its three rocky peaks always covered with snow. Sometimes in her little home by the lake she had heard a mysterious low rumbling, as though one of the mountains was groaning, and then her mother would tell her that it was "the three snow women" shaking the snow down the mountain; but when she looked the three white peaks had always their mantle of snow, summer and winter.

When Johnnie Banks said, with an attempt at wit, "Come, now, Dutchy, let's here how 'far away' we are from nowhere?" Gretel felt that she was called upon to defend her native land. Like a challenge she sent forth the question in broken English, "Don't you know about the Dachstein?"

By this time all the pupils became curious and gathered around Gretel. One little urchin called out in a high voice: "What is Dachstein? Is it something to eat?"

Gretel looked dismayed at such ignorance, but said, with a laugh, "Why, no! It's a big mountain."

Mary Jennings, the girl who had wasted what she did not want of her dinner, said: "Well, I don't see what that has to do with my throwing cakes out of the window?"

Then Gretel replied, as though there were no other explanation:

"I knew you were too far away from the Dachstein to have heard the story."

"What story," came in a chorus. "About the three women who were turned to stone because they were wasteful, and must always sit covered with snow on the top of the mountain," answered Gretel.

"What made them sit up there in the cold?" asked one little girl. "And they could never go home?" asked another little voice.

Gretel told them good naturedly that if they wouldn't laugh at her English she would tell them the whole story.

By this time even Johnnie Banks was getting curious and was edging his way to a seat behind his companions.

"Hurry and begin," said Betty, sitting close to Gretel, and looking up into her face.

Then Gretel told them of her home by the beautiful lake, of the dark mountains which came down to the water's edge, and of the marvellous rocks beyond, which were always covered with snow. Even Johnnie Banks became interested, and bringing his fist down on the desk shouted:

"Oh, Gretel, go on!" said Betty, impatient at the interruption.

"Well," said Gretel, "a long time ago there was no snow on the Dachstein, but beautiful green grass and trees. The peasant women kept their cows there, and had a great deal of milk to sell."

"Is it a true story?" asked Mary Jennings.

Gretel opened wide her blue eyes; the thought of doubting its truth had never occurred to her.

"Why, of course it's true," said she. "My grandmother told it to me, and what she says is so, whether it's true or not."

The wish to hear the rest of the story kept them from questioning this statement, so Gretel continued:

"Besides the milk the women made so much butter that when they went to market once a week they came back with their purses full of money. Three of the women forgot that there were droughts, when they could not make much butter. They forgot that down in the valley there were some people who never had butter or milk."

"One day, when they were high up on the mountain, and it was time to go to market, one woman said lazily, 'It is so far to market. I am not going to-day.'"

"Another woman who sat in the shade, putting fresh golden balls of butter into her basket, stopped in her work and said: 'Then I am not going.'"

"The third, untying her gay kerchief from her head, said with a laugh, 'Nor I!' and, tossing a yellow ball of butter into the air, she saw it disappear beyond a grassy slope. Then all began to laugh and to toss their balls of butter in the air. They ran around on the green grass, and played like children merrily throwing butter balls at one another, until the sun went down behind the mountain and every basket was empty."

"In the morning when the peasants in the valley came out of their cottages and looked to see the rosy colors of dawn resting on the grassy slopes and green trees of the Dachstein, they were astonished to see three stony peaks of rocks covered with snow. All the grass and trees were buried from their sight."

"To this day no blade of grass grows on the mountains, and the three women, turned to stone, sit forever on its top, under their mantle of snow."

Gretel's big blue eyes were looking out of the window, far away, as though she saw it all, and for a minute there was silence in the room. Johnnie Banks broke the silence by saying:

"Now, Mary Jennings, just see what will become of you if you throw your cakes out of the window!" Mary was a sensible girl, after all, as she proved by taking her rebuke pleasantly. She turned to Johnnie and said:

"Don't you worry! I'm not going to do it again, unless I see some hungry birds."

Then it was school time, and the children went to their desks.

THE FLOWER MAIDEN.

Ruth's papa was a doctor. One day she betook her to the hospital to see some little sick children. She had a very nice time playing with those who were well enough to play and giving a pink to each from the big bunch mamma had sent by her.

They were so delighted with the flowers that some of the children kissed them.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Ruth, as soon as she reached home; "I've had such a nice time. I just wish I could carry them some flowers every week. Can't I, mamma?"

"I am afraid we can't afford it, dear. You know how much it costs a great deal of money at this time of the year. But I'll tell you what you can do. It is just about time to plant gardens, and you may have the little bed by the back steps for your own, and plant some seeds and take care of them yourself. And when they come up the flowers will be your very own to take to the little children."

"Oh, that will be lovely! What can I plant?"

"I think nasturtiums are easily grown, and asters."

"Oh! and sweet peas, too. I love all of them," added Ruth.

So they decided on those three, and from June to October Ruth carried big bunches of bright blossoms, and the little people in the hospital grew to watch for the coming of the "flower maiden," as they called her, and papa said she did most as much good as the doctors.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

An infidel and his little girl, a child of some seven summers, were walking one day, and the child being of an observing and inquiring disposition, noticed a great many things, and asked her father about them. As she walked along she stopped to pick a pretty flower and, after examining it a moment, she said:

"Papa, who made this flower?"

He answered promptly, "Nature, child. Nature made the flower; nature makes everything."

Walking along a little farther, she

stooped again to pick up a piece of some kind of shell or pebble. She again asked the same question as before about the flower.

"Who made the shell?"

The father answered again as before: "Nature, child; nature made it."

After walking some distance further they stopped under a stately tree to enjoy its shade. Looking up into the tree the little girl asked:

"Papa, who made this tree?"

He answered: "Nature, child; nature made the tree, the flowers, the birds of the air, and everything we can see."

The little girl paused in thought for a moment, and then said:

"Papa, may I ask you another question, please?"

"Certainly, child."

"Papa, who made nature?"

The father, surprised at this unexpected question, said: "Oh, never mind, child; I'll tell you some other time."

"LAST WORDS."

How many times would you have given a great deal to have recalled a "last word" spoken in haste and anger? "Last words" are like destroying plagues and pestilence. They have wrought more evil than battle, murder and sudden death. They creep through the ears into the heart calling up all its bad passions. The "last word" is the most dangerous of infernal machines; and husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they would struggle for a lighted bomb-shell. They are the words which sever hearts more than swords, and many a word spoken in haste has stung through the whole course of a life. Don't say it. No matter how you are tempted, don't say it. It may give you a moment's satisfaction to see the flaming cheeks and changing color of the one at whom the last word was spoken. You may for a moment gloat over the wound you have inflicted, but a thousand times after you would give almost anything not to have said it. The strongest thing you can do is not to say the "last word."

SUFFERING WOMEN

Find Health and Strength in the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Every growing girl and every woman nearing middle life suffers from ailments peculiar to her sex. At these times the health and happiness of every girl and woman depends upon the richness and regularity of her blood. Look at the young girl whose blood is weak and watery. Her face is pale, her lips and gums bloodless. Her head aches and her back aches. She has no energy, no life, a poor appetite and no desire for exercise. She complains that even to walk upstairs leaves her breathless. And the woman in middle life—she is nervous, irritable and depressed—liable to sudden attacks of pain and distress that only a woman knows of. She turns from food; horrible dizziness, hot and cold flashes, make her life miserable. But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills banish all this misery, because they fill the veins with rich, strong, healthy blood which gives tone and strength to every delicate organ. The case of Mrs. Geo. Danby, of Tilbury, Ont., is one of the many that prove that no medicine can compare with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in curing the ills of woman-kind. Mrs. Danby says: "I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blessing to suffering women. For a long time I was a great sufferer from the ailments that affect so many of my sex. I was extremely nervous at all times, suffered a great deal with headaches and indigestion. In fact, I was in a thoroughly miserable condition when I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but after taking them a short time I began to improve, and, through their further use, I am now feeling like a new woman. I am sure if all sick women would take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they would be convinced of the great good they can do."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can make every ailing girl and suffering woman in the land strong and healthy if they are given a fair trial. But great care must be taken to see that you get the genuine pills with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

He is not sensible who fails to see that vice gives less satisfaction than virtue.—St. Bernard.

We are ever seeking, Lord, to prologue our lives, but we never think of breaking the fetters of our sins.—St. Gregory the Great, O.S.B.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

The liver is the largest gland in the body; its office is to take from the blood the properties which form bile. When the liver is torpid and inflamed it cannot furnish bile to the bowels, causing them to become bound and constive. The symptoms are a feeling of fulness or weight in the right side, and shooting pains in the same region, pain between the shoulders, yellowness of the skin and eyes, bowels irregular, coated tongue, bad taste in the morning, etc.

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World's Famous Bells.

History has accredited to Russia one of the world's most famous bells, famous for size and beauty of casting. The great bell of Moscow was cast in 1653, cracked before being removed from the mould and consequently was never rung. One may judge of the enormous size of this bell from the dimensions. It is twenty-two feet in diameter at the base, nineteen feet high, and the estimated weight 441,000 pounds. While there have been no such tremendous bells cast in this country, those cast at Baltimore by the McShane Bell Foundry Company are famous for their musical qualities. A very beautiful chime of eleven bells has been recently installed by the McShane Company for the University of Indiana, Bloomington, Ind., and are indicative of the wonderful products which this firm puts out. Every country in Europe contains a McShane Bell, and there is no State in the Union where they have not been heard. It may well be taken as a literal truth that the products of this company are heard from one end of the earth to the other. Since 1856 they have shipped more than 32,000 bells.

FIRST AND ONLY CHIPPEWA DICTIONARY THE WORK OF A CATHOLIC BISHOP.

It is not generally known that Rt. Rev. Frederick Baraga, first Bishop of Marquette, Mich., contributed to philological literature the first and only dictionary and grammar of the Chippewa language, and that the writings of this learned linguist are still in use among the Indian tribes of Wisconsin, Michigan and the provinces of the Dominion of Canada, or wherever Chippewa Indians are found. Bishop Baraga's first contributions to Indian literature were in the shape of prayer books at the time when he was a missionary among the Ottawas. His first prayer book was published in Detroit in 1832.

While subordinate to his religious work, Father Baraga's scientific contributions to the general development of the Chippewa language were none the less valuable. In 1850 he prepared and published a revised edition of "A Theoretical and Practical Grammar of the Ojibwe Language," a volume of 576 pages, bound in leather. In 1860, following it three years later with another dictionary of the Chippewa tongue, in which 662 pages were devoted to the derivation of words. The Chippewa are still a numerous tribe in the United States and parts of the Dominion of Canada, and his books are used by them at the present time.

It Retains Old and Makes New Friends—Time was when Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil had but a small field of distribution, but now its territory is widespread. Those who first recognized its curative qualities still value it as a specific, and while it retains its old friends it is ever making new. It is certain that whoever once uses it will not be without it.

A PARIS LANDMARK.

A landmark of Paris, dating from the city's most ancient days, is to disappear. This is the street du Petit-Pont, which commemorates the struggles of the city against the Norsemen. There is to-day affixed to one of the structures in the street a tablet commemorating one of these encounters at a period so remote as 886. At the head of the Petit-Pont there then stood a wooden tower, and twelve men, whose names are preserved by the tablet, successfully held this tower against the entire Norman horde, which they thus prevented from gaining access to the city by the bridge.

SOCIETY DIRECTOR.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1868; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

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