

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

Some More Interesting Letters.

[We are pleased to see that our young friends are anxious to fill up this column. It is for their special benefit and we hope they will take advantage of it.]

CHARITY.

DEAR EDDIE.—On Sunday, the 14th. at nine o'clock Mass in our church, we had a beautiful sermon on Charity. It was as follows: "Last Sunday, dear brethren, the sermon was on Hope, so I will speak now on Charity. We love our fathers and mothers, our sisters and brothers very much; but we should love God far greater than them. Now, what do we mean by our neighbor? We must not think that our neighbors are only the people that live on Farm, or on Colborne or Murray streets. Nor must we think that it is only the people that live in Montreal who are our neighbors. No, my dear children, we have neighbors all over the world. Dear children, you must not fight with your neighbors, as this offends God, whom we should love above all things."

HARTFORD.

[Such letters as this indicate that the writer, young as he may be, pays attention to all that is said in church, and we can assure the children that if they learn to practise attention in the church and to strive to remember what the priest says, they will be performing the real apostolate of children.]

A GOOD COMPARISON.

MY DEAR MICHAEL.—It seems to me I am in your debt a letter or two. I have long desired to pay your debt, but somehow I could not collect news enough to meet the account. I went out hunting the other day, I think it was on Thursday. On entering the woods I suddenly came on a porcupine. As I had never met this kind of animal before, I came very near being feathered by him, but not with the feathers I like to lie upon. He almost ruined my poor Carlow, who had the rashness to attack him. It took me two hours to draw out all the quills from the poor suffering brute's nose and head, and of course if I had not pulled them out they would have penetrated into his head and have killed my dog. Have you ever seen a porcupine? If not I will try to give you an idea of him by comparison. You have often seen a surly boy; well, there are many traits of resemblance between the surly boy and a porcupine. The porcupine lives a solitary life in the forest. The surly boy cannot endure company. All his body is covered with spikes. The surly boy's manners are repulsive. When anybody approaches the porcupine, he rolls himself in a ball and erects his spears. When you offer the surly boy any advice he becomes angry. We know not how to lay hold of the porcupine, and if we try to catch him we will surely be wounded. We know not how to deal with the surly boy, and we receive but insolent words if we reproach or punish him. Now, Michael, I think you have a pretty good idea of my hunting experience. I would advise you, Michael, if you ever come up with one of these quilled birds, be sure to pepper him with shot before he feathers you with quills.

JOE.

[Joe has hit on a good comparison; one that should be carefully read by all boys. Never play porcupine, dear children, it pays better to be pleasant and good. If you are surly people will feel a repugnance for you.]

AN INTERESTING STORY.

DEAR ARTHUR.—Since I saw you last, I have learned a nice little story, which I know you would be glad to hear about St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, so called because of the many miracles he had wrought while on earth. When his great piety was made known to His Holiness the Pope, he was consecrated bishop, and received a diocese in Asia Minor. One of his first actions as a bishop was to implore the assistance of God and help of the Blessed Virgin, who appeared to him accompanied by St. John. The Blessed Mother of God told St. John to give him whatever he asked. St. Gregory made known his request, and St. John dictated to him the Apostles' Creed. Then the saintly Bishop went and

taught the prayer he had received from St. John. On one occasion he invited some old men to his palace and made them recite the Apostles' Creed. During the recitation one old man remained silent; the Saint ask him why he did not say the prayer, he answered, "I never learned it, or never had any one to teach me." On hearing this St. Gregory exclaimed: "Is it possible, that during one hundred years there was no person to instruct this poor old Christian on the truths of his holy Religion?"

A SUPPORTER.

[Perhaps "Supporter," in this beautiful story, or rather account of a fact, does not perceive that he is making St. Gregory perpetrate a "bull"—and not a "papal" one. The event is well told and most interesting.]

A GOOD DIALOGUE.

TELEPHONE ERROR.

Coachman—"Is the Farrier at home?" Farrier—"Yes, sir; what is the matter?"

Coachman—"My gray mare has taken very bad again."

Farrier—"Wait a minute; I will give you a prescription." (Coachman goes away from telephone.)

Mr. Phelan—(In meantime to furnace maker)—"Sir, that furnace you put in my house yesterday leaks so much I had to empty her."

Furnace Maker—"Just wait a minute, I will tell you what to do."

Coachman returns to telephone to receive prescription.

Furnace Maker—"Are you there?"

Answer—"Yes, sir."

Furnace Maker—"Just close all the valves and laks, fill her with cold water, put on a good fire, and I will be down in the morning to take her apart and put in new pipes."

J. E. M.

[Not bad for J. E. M. Useful as the telephone is, it often is the innocent cause of trouble—so are many people in the world.]

A FIRST EFFORT.

This is the first letter I have written to THE TRUE WITNESS. I am eight years old, and go to school. I am in the baby class and learning the piano. If you wish, when I am a big girl, I will write again.

ANNA A. SLATTERY.

[Anna's letter is most heartily welcome, and as often as she desires to contribute, THE TRUE WITNESS will be rejoiced to publish what she writes.]

ANOTHER WELCOME LETTER.

Mr. Editor.—Would you please give space to a little girl ten years of age? I have not seen any letters from girls, and I feel shy about writing. I have been writing to the Pilot for two years. Our Dear Tender is very good and never notices my mistakes. I read THE TRUE WITNESS every week, and I like it very well. Hoping to be admitted, I will now bring my letter to a close.

MARY KATHLEEN SLATTERY.

[Mary is most welcome to our columns and she can rest assured that little girls, as well as boys, are heartily invited to contribute. Thanks, Mary, for your first letter. Come again.]

The surest way to reveal your weakness is to hide your motives.

THE JUDGE'S STORY.

HON. JOHN M. RICE TELLS HOW HE WAS CURED OF SCIATIC RHEUMATISM—CRIPPLED FOR SIX YEARS.

The Hon. John M. Rice, of Louisa, Lawrence county, Kentucky, has for many years served his native county and state in the legislature at Frankfort and Washington, and until his retirement was a noted figure in political and judicial circles. A few days ago a Kentucky Post reporter called upon Judge Rice, who in the following words related the history of the causes that led to his retirement: "It is just about six years since I had an attack of rheumatism, slight at first, but soon developing into sciatic rheumatism, which began first with acute shooting pains in the hips, gradually extending downward to my feet. My condition became so bad that I eventually lost all power of my legs, and then the liver, kidneys and bladder, and in fact my whole system, became deranged. I tried the treatment of many physicians, but receiving no lasting benefit from them, I went to Hot Springs, Ark. I was not much benefited by some months stay there, when I returned home. In 1891, I went to the Silurian Springs, Wakeshaw, Wis. I stayed there some time, but without improvement. Again I returned home, this time feeling no hopes of recovery. The muscles of my limbs were now reduced by atrophy to mere strings. Sciatic pains tortured me terribly, but it was the disordered condition of my liver that was I felt gradually wearing my life away. Doctors gave me up, all kinds of remedies had been tried without avail, and there was nothing more for me to do but resign myself to fate.

"I lingered on in this condition sustained almost entirely by stimulants until April, 1898. One day I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This was something new, and as one more drug after so many others could do no harm, I was prevailed upon to try the Pink Pills. The effect of the pills was marvelous, and I could soon eat heartily, a thing I had not done for years. The liver began to perform its functions, and has done so ever since. Without doubt the pills saved my life, and while I do not crave notoriety I cannot refuse to testify to their worth."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post-paid, on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50), by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

AN EXERCISE IN R/S.

Rough rolled the roaring river's stream,
And rapid ran the rain,
When Robin Rutter dreamt a dream
Which raked his heart with pain.
He dreamt there was a raging bear
Rushed from the rugged rocks,
And strutting round with horrid stare
Breathed terror to the brooks [badgers]

But Robbin Rutter drew his sword,
And rushing forward right,
The horrid creature's throat he gored,
And barred his rueful spite.
Then, stretching forth his brawny arm
To drag him to the stream,
He grappled grizzle, rough and warm,
Which roused him from his dream.
Anon—1791.

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S

ADVERTISEMENT.

LOOK HERE!
Is This For You?



1000 Yards Bleached Table Linen, Double Damask, new patterns, worth \$1.25 to \$2.25 per yard, to clear at 33 1/2 per cent. discount.

EXAMPLES-

\$1.25 Table Linen for 84c
\$1.85 Table Linen for 90c
\$1.50 Table Linen for \$1.00
\$1.65 Table Linen for \$1.10
\$1.75 Table Linen for \$1.17
\$2.00 Table Linen for \$1.34
\$2.25 Table Linen for \$1.50

HALF PRICE.

Extra Fine Hem-stitched Linens, comprising Table Cloths and Table Napkins, all sizes, to clear at half-price.

A DRIVE IN WHITE COTTON!

5 000 Yards Fine Bleached Cotton, free from dressing, regular price 15c a yard, to clear at only 10c a yard.

100 Eider Down Quilts

(the best Eider Down) in Silk, Satin, Sateen, Cotton Coverings, to clear at bargain prices.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,
2343 St. Catherine St.,
CORNER OF METCALFE STREET.

TELEPHONE No. 3888.

IF YOU WANT

Good Beef, Lamb, Mutton, Veal, Corned Beef and Salt Tongues, go to E. DAURAY, Bonsecours Market, Stalls Nos. 54 and 56, or Telephone No. 2978. G42

GIVE ENCOURAGEMENT.

Whenever you can conscientiously encourage anyone, do so. You would not leave those plants in your window-boxes without water, nor refuse to open the shutters, that the sunlight might fall upon them; but you leave some human flower to suffer from want of appreciation or the sunlight of encouragement. There are a few hardy souls that can struggle along on stony soil—shrubs that can wait for dew and sunbeams—vines that will climb without kindly training—but only a few. Utter the kind word when you can, give the helping praise when you see that it is deserved. The thought that "no one cares and no one knows" blights many a bud of promise. Whether it be the young artist at his mathematical problems, or your little girl at her piano, give what praise you can, for many a one has fallen by the way for the want of that word of encouragement which would have "established their feet."

The latest story about the weather comes from Pontypool, where an old farmer, exasperated by the falseness of his barometer, which was steadily rising while the rain as steadily fell, got up solemnly, took down the glass, and carrying it to the door, showed it the weather.

A light of duty shines on every day for all.—Wardsworth.

Wit inclines naturally towards satire, and humor towards pathos.

"Oh, mamma!" cried a little boy, on waking, "I've had a dream; I dreamt I was going to a picnic." "Did you have a good time, my boy?" "No (with disgust), I didn't get there."

IC AND CHOLERA MORBUS
ALWAYS PROMPTLY CURED BY
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.

HEATING STOVES,
STEEL RANGES,
GAS STOVES.

SPECIALTIES:

GURNEY'S STOVES AND RANGES,
MACEE AND GOOD NEWS RANGES.

STOVE REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS.

PLUMBING, TINSMITHING, GAS FITTING.

F. H. BARR

2373-75 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

Telephone 4241