BOYS and GIRLS

THE TWO SIDES OF IT.

There was a girl who always said
Her fate was very hard;
From the one thing she wanted most
She always was debarred.

There always was a cloudy spot
Somewhere within her sky;
Nothing was ever quite just right,
She used to say and sigh.

And yet her sister, strange to say,
Whose lot was quite the same,
Found something pleasant for herself
In every day that came.

Of course things tangled up sometimes,
For just a little while;
But nothing ever stayed all wrong,
She used to say and smile.

So one girl sighed and one girl smiled
Through all their lives together;
It didn't come from luck or fate,
From clear or cloudy weather.

The reason lay within their hearts,
And colored all outside;
One chose to hope and one to mope,
And so they smiled and sighed.
—Selected.

GOOD ADVICE.

A boy was leaving home for the first term of college. "There are just two things I want you to remember," said the father, at parting.

"First of all, do not be afraid to be yourself, your best self, and to stand up for your sacred convictions, no matter what the standard of your fellows may be. Be a digit, and not a cipher.

"Then don't hold yourself too cheap. Be chary about every man that beckons to you.

"Do not give yourself to the first company that bids for your society. Reserve your friendship for those who are really worthy of it. You are in the serious business of making a life; do not lightly undertake experiments."

KNOCKING AWAY THE PROPS.

"See, father," said a boy who was walking with his father, "they are knocking away the props from under the bridge! What are they doing that for? Won't the bridge fall?"

"They are knocking them away," said the father, "that the timbers may rest more firmly upon the stone piers which are now finished."

God often takes away our earthly props that we may rest more firmly upon Him. He sometimes takes away a man's health that he may rest upon Him for his daily bread. Before his health failed, though he, perhaps, repeated daily the words, "Give us this day our daily bread," he looked to his own industry for that which he asked of God. That prop being taken away, he rested wholly upon God's bounty. When he receives it as the gift of God.

God takes away our friends that we may look to Him for sympathy. When our affections were exercised upon objects around us, when we rejoiced in their abundant sympathy, we did not feel the need of divine sympathy. But when they were taken away, we felt our need of God's sympathy and support. We were brought to realize that He alone can give support, and form an adequate portion for the soul. Thus are our earthly props removed, that we may rest firmly and wholly upon God.—Ave Maria.

NO TIME TO LOSE

Young friend, you're fond of sport and play—
In that there's nothing wrong;
But, as I love you, let me say,
Don't be a boy too long!
You have your name and fame to make,
Your path to serve or choose—
Believe you me, though young you be,
You have no time to lose.

An early start in honor's race—
O that's the way to win!
A late set out, a lazy pace
Is very like a sin.
If you but think the matter o'er,
You'll come to share my views,
And say to me, "Well, yes, I see,
I have no time to lose."

And don't forget, as on you go,
However high you rise,
The goal is set, not here below,
But far beyond the skies.
I got a hint myself to-day
From dear old Father Hughes—
"T. D.," said he, at seventy-three
"You have no time to lose!"
—T. D. Sullivan.

FOR THE GIRLS.

Some one has suggested fifteen things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play or sing, or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within everybody's reach:

Shut the door and shut it softly.
Keep an hour for rising, and rise.
Learn to make bread as well as cake.
Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.
Always know where your things are.
Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.
Never come to breakfast without a collar.
Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned.
Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand.
Never hum so as to disturb others.
Never fuss, or fret, or fidget.

TAKE IT WITH YOU.

"I hope you'll have a pleasant time, son," said a father, as his son was starting out to spend the evening.

"Thank you; I always do, for I take it with me," was the reply.

And that is a great big secret. Most people wish to have a good time. And that's right. But so many of them seem to fail. Why don't they take it with them? They can; they should.

Going on an outing with some friends, a young lady before starting put a spray of sweet eglantine in her bosom. She quite forgot its presence. But all day long she and her intimate companions kept getting the delicious odor of the sweet briar and wondered where it was.

So in all your life. That good time is in you. It is with you as to whether you have good neighbors and find pleasant people everywhere you go. The glory of the sunrise and the sunset, the sweetness of bird songs, the beauty of waving trees and blooming flowers, the very goodness of God itself—all are in you, all depend on what you are, and what you have brought with you.

ARMOR-PLATED BOYS.

Boys are always interested in ships. The warship is an object of awe-inspiring admiration to the young strength-worshipper. The magazines, the turrets, the armor plates, all the various parts of the huge fighting machine seem to say, "We are built for resistance."

There are many enemies of the mighty battleship. First there is the temporary foe with whom the nation is warring. Water, the element of the ship, is only waiting for a chance to penetrate the hull, to rust the armament, to overwhelm the crew. Fire is an ever-present danger. A spark in the powder magazine and the gallant ship is but a mass of charred wood and twisted steel, a shapeless tomb for its hundreds of men.

So the great ship must be built to resist fire from within and without; it must be water-proof and weather-proof; its armor must be absolutely protective. Indeed, the idea of the battleship might be summed up in two words—protective resistance. Now, that's precisely what a boy requires for himself. As a contemporary says, "It is important in these days that there should be armor-plated boys. A boy needs to be iron-clad on

"His lips—against the first taste of liquor.
"His ears—against impure words.
"His hands—against wrong-doing.
"His heart—against irreverence and doubt.
His feet—against going with bad company.
"His eyes—against dangerous books and pictures.
"His pocket—against dishonest money.
"His tongue—against evil speaking.

"The Christian armor on her citizens gives more security to the nation than all the armor-plate can her ships."

DAY DREAMS.

When the Sand Man comes by night
Stealing through the moon's pale light,
Grown folks he cannot surprise;
All he blinds are little eyes.
Silver is the sand he flings,
Modest are the dreams he brings—
Cake and candy, doll and kite,
When the Sand Man comes by night.

When the Sand Man comes by day
Stalking in the sun's bright ray,
Little folks he passes by,
Catches grownups on the sly.
In his haze of golden sand
Most majestic castles stand,
With them Love and Fame hold sway,
When the Sand Man comes by day.
—McLandburgh Wilson.

A DAY BEHIND THE COUNTER.

The bell attached to the door of the little shop tinkled cheerfully as Marie crossed the threshold. She had come to buy some embroidery silk. It was Saturday, and her Monday's lessons were ready, so she had resolved to start on the doily she planned to give Aunt Cora for her birthday.

The proprietress of the little shop was slower than usual in making her appearance. When she came, her head was muffled in a checked shawl. Marie almost forgot what she wanted in her surprise. "Why, Mrs. Duncan, are you sick?"

"It's neuralgia," sighed Mrs. Duncan. "I've been up all night with it. I think it would ease off now if I could only lie still and keep warm, but Saturday's my best day for customers. What would you like, dearie?"

Marie had been buying spools of thread and papers of pins from Mrs. Duncan ever since she could remember. And Mrs. Duncan treated her with as much fondness as if she had been an elderly aunt.

A little boy, holding a nickel tightly in his hand, pushed past Marie just as she left the shop, and the bell rang again. "Poor Mrs. Duncan," thought Marie. "She'll hardly get a minute to herself to-day, and her face hurts her so. It's a pity she hasn't a clerk." And then a thought occurred to her which made her stand still in the middle of the sidewalk. Why shouldn't she act as Mrs. Duncan's clerk this Saturday, when she had nothing particular to do?

It was only the work of a minute to get permission. "I don't know whether such a green clerk will be much help or not," her mother said with a laugh. "But I'm willing that you should try." And poor Mrs Duncan, who was suffering from a terible paroxym of pain just as Marie made her appearance, welcomed her with delight.

That Saturday behind the counter was the longest day Marie could remember. She had been in the little store so often that she knew where many of the things were kept, while others she had to hunt for. When she did not know the price of an article, she hurried into the little back room where Mrs. Duncan lay stretched on a couch beside the fire, and then rushed back with the information her customers wanted. On Saturday evening Mrs. Duncan kept open till nine o'clock, and Marie was a tired girl when it came time to lower the shades and lock the door.

Marie confided to her mother afterwards that she had learned a good deal besides the price of rouching and darning-cotton. "Some of the people acted real cross because Mrs. Duncan didn't have some things in stock," she said, "It wasn't my fault, you know, but they scolded me. And when I was so tired that I could hardly stand up, one woman made me show her almost everything in the store, and then she went away without buying anything. I shall always be sorry for the tired clerks after this, and won't make them any more trouble than I can help."

Marie's mother smiled. "I'm not sure," she said, "but what it would be a good thing for most people to have at least a day behind the counter."

A CASE OF HONOR.

Emily Wright, summoned to Mr. Davis' private office, had no presentiment of ill; indeed, walking up through the bright spring morning, she had been unusually happy and full of eager plans. She knew that she was doing good work, and her thoughts had run upon the possibility of a promotion, and what she could do then for her sister and little Donald. So she only waited, cheerful and alert, for Mr. Davis's orders.

Three minutes later she walked slowly down the corridor. Dismissed! She never had thought of the possibility of such a thing, not once. One week's more work, and then the old heart-sickening search again. She could have a good recommendation, —the best,—but even with that, to find another situation in July—

Ethel Carse, pretty and careless and meaning to be kind, looked up as Emily walked back to her desk.

"Have they fired you?" she asked. "It's a shame! They always do lay off the latest comers in July, but they missed it in giving you a walking-ticket. I'd like to tell Mr. Davis so."

"Oh, no!" Emily gasped.

"Oh, I shan't, you needn't fear. I'm afraid of my life with him, but I'd like to. If I were you, I wouldn't hurt myself with work this week, that's all."

It was Emily's own first impulse—not indeed in retaliation, but from sheer heart-sickness; but presently she pulled herself together.

"I am paid for the week's work. I must give honorable service," she said to herself, sternly. And so, because honorable service meant to her finishing her tasks regardless of time, she stayed beyond her hour several nights that week.

She was tempted to drop things at 5 o'clock, as Ethel did—Ethel, who was to be kept on. In the mood of discouragement that was upon her, the very dreariness of the office, emptied of all except one or two special workers, oppressed her. Yet she stayed, putting into exquisite order each day's work. It was Friday, while she was wearily typewriting some specifications, that she was startled by Mr. Davis' voice beside her:

"Miss Wright, what are you doing here?"

"Finishing this work—it came in the last mail," Emily replied.

"Are you not to leave Saturday?"

"Yes," the girl answered briefly. The question seemed needlessly cruel.

"Yet you are staying overtime."

Emily looked at him gravely. "My work is here until Saturday night," she said.

Mr. Davis' keen glance flashed from her face to her copy, perfect in each detail.

"Miss Wright," he said, "I am going to take the responsibility of asking you, for the company, to continue your services with us. We can better afford to lose a little in money than to lose one who so honors her trust—and herself."

Out in the summer evening Emily walked with shining eyes. It was good, oh, so good! to have the place, but underneath was something better. She had not failed herself.—The Companion.

Once a Methodist Minister

Who is Now a Zealous and Popular Priest of God's Holy Church.

Rev. Robert J. Pratt is pastor of St. Bernard's Church, Wabash, Ind., and both church and pastor have a strange history. Father Pratt was born in Johnstown, O., in 1864; of an Episcopalian father and a mother professing the creed of Alexander Campbell. On reaching his sixteenth year he joined the Methodist Church, and later entered the ministry. The other Sunday he announced that he would give his reasons for abandoning the Methodist pulpit to become a Catholic priest, and the day set for the explanation found the church packed with Catholics and non-Catholics, among the latter being many Methodists. Father Pratt related an incident which, apparently insignificant, changed the course of his life. His father, who was a physician, was summoned to attend a Catholic girl who was dying from diphtheria. On his return he told his family of the remarkable change that had come over his patient after the reception of the last sacraments. This was the first good word the young man had ever heard spoken of the Catholic Church and he never forgot it. He told of his long struggle, his deep study of the church to which he belonged, and the one the girl had died in. Convinced of the truth of the Catholic Church, and conscious of a desire to become a priest, he sought the advice of a Methodist minister, who bade him, in the name of God, to go where his conscience led him. He received instructions from Rev. Dennis A. Clark, pastor of the Holy Family Church, Columbus, O., who baptized him March 19, 1884.

In September, 1889, he entered Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnatti, and in June, 1894, was ordained by the late Archbishop Elder for the Diocese of Fort Wayne. He filled various pastorates until his appointment to St. Bernard, Wabash, in 1900.

At this time the Wabash congregation was worshipping in an old wooden structure, entirely too small. Father Pratt learned that a division of the Methodist Church would cause the sale of the old church property, and he succeeded in purchasing the building from the Methodists.

The blessing of the church was one of the biggest events in the church history of Wabash, when visitors attended from all northern Indiana. So in a church home which had formerly been that of his old belief, Father Pratt began his work in Wabash. The church was remodeled and almost rebuilt, and is now one of the prettiest in northern Indiana.

Another interesting fact connected with the story of Father Pratt is that after the death of his father, his mother took up her residence with her priest-son. She remained a devout Protestant, and worshipped in her own church, but the great difference in their religious belief never disturbed the beautiful relation existing between them, nor affected the happiness of their home. Father Pratt has recently affiliated with the Ohio Apostolate, and as a lecturer for non-Catholics he is becoming widely known.

MILBURN'S
LAXA-LIVER PILLS.

Many people make a mistake in thinking that the only office of a pill is to move the bowels, but a properly prepared pill should act beneficially upon the liver and the entire glandular and secretory system.

This is just what Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills do, and by their specific alterative action cure Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Flatulency, Heartburn, Headache, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Catarrh of the Stomach, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, and all diseases arising from impurities clogging the system.

They are small and easy to take, and do not gripe, weaken or sicken. They may be used as a mild laxative or a strong purgative according to the dose.

Price 25 cents a vial, or 5 vials for a $1, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by

The T. Milburn, Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

A Relic of '98.

There is preserved in the possession of Mr. Henry Traynor, sacristan of the Sacred Heart Church, Clones, Ireland, a very interesting memorial of the troubled times immediately preceding '98, the last will and testament, still quite legible, of one of the United Irishmen, who were executed before Enniskillen jail in 1797.

The testator is Patrick Smyth, Mr. Traynor's great-grandfather, and the will is dated 10th October, 1797—two days before his execution. He describes himself as Patk. Smyth, late of Mullabrady, but now a prisoner in the gaol (sic) of Enniskillen. He bequeathed his lands in Mullabrady and all his property to his beloved wife and his beloved daughter, Judith, and in certain eventualities to his brother Philip. He appoints as his executors James Smythe, of Derrylush, and Patrick Finnegan, of Bellanure. There are three witnesses, John M'Enally, P. P. of Rosslea; Charles Connolly and Hugh Montgomery. The conviction of Smythe and his two companions, Connolly of Potyeagh, and James M'Mahon, of Drumerheane, was secured by the foulest means. They were arrested on the charge of taking part in raids for arms on Spring Grove, then the residence of the Hon. Mrs. King. This raid had been planned and carried out by the local leader, Capt. Thompson, and his men from Derryvallen, while the prisoner appears to have been quite innocent. Evidence was given against them by an informer named Green, a local publican, in whose house they had expressed themselves rather imprudently on political events in general, and on the local raid in particular. It was felt by Capt. Hawkshaw, agent for Mrs. King, that the unsupported evidence of Green could not secure a conviction. He therefore set himself to tamper with the unfortunate prisoners, and vainly endeavored to induce them to turn King's evidence against one another or against the local leaders of the movement. Failing in this he finally induced the unhappy men to plead guilty, assuring them that this was the only chance for their lives, and promising them that if they agreed to do so they would at once be liberated. The poor fellows pleaded guilty and were sentenced to be hanged, which sentence was carried out on the 12th October, 1797. Large numbers of the martyrs' friends and neighbors from Rosslea were present at the execution, and succeeded in inducing the authorities to hand over the remains. Then the funeral procession started for Rosslea, a distance of twenty miles across the mountains, the people walking all the way and carrying the three coffins on their shoulders. They reached Oarnmore mountain by midnight, when the procession swelled to enormous proportions, the people carrying lighted candles in their hands, a sight never to be forgotten. The martyred patriots sleep in peace in the Catholic burying ground at Rosslea, where their graves is still pointed out with reverence.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

MAGIC BAKING POWDER (TRADE MARK)

THE FAVORITE IN CANADIAN HOMES FOR MANY YEARS.
TRY IT. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

Sold Everywhere in the Dominion by the Best Dealers.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.
MADE IN CANADA.

WE PRINT
Letterheads, Billheads and General Commercial Work at the Right Prices.
IF PRINTED BY US IT'S DONE RIGHT.

The True Witness Printing Co.
An office thoroughly equipped for the production of finely printed work.
Phone Main 5072
Printing
316 Lagauchetiere Street W., Montreal.

University of Ottawa, Canada.
Conducted by the Oblate Fathers
Founded in 1848. Degree-conferring powers from Church and State.
Theological, Philosophical, Arts, Collegiate and Business Departments.
Over Fifty Professors and Instructors.
Finest College Buildings and finest Athletic Grounds in Canada. Museum, Laboratories and Modern Equipments. Private Rooms.
For Calendar and particulars address
REV. WM. J. MURPHY, O.M.I.,
Rector.

Loyola College
MONTREAL
An English Classical College conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.
College re-opens Wed. Sept. 2, 908
For terms and other information apply to
The Rector,
68 Drummond St., Montreal

Mount St. Louis Institute.
144 Sherbrooke St, East,
MONTREAL.
A Residential and Day School for Boys
Collegiate Course; Preparation for Matriculation; Thorough Business Training; Sports, Drill and Physical Culture, Healthy and Convenint Situation; Extensive Playgrounds.
New pupils will be examined, and boarders should enter on September 1st. Classes re-open on September 2nd, at 8.30 a. m.