

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

A Nice Story—A Number of Very Interesting Letters—Encouragement for Our Column.

A NOBLE DOG.

Tray was one of those noble dogs who live about the docks and save people who fall into the water. Some of these dogs have received medals for bravery in saving life from the Humane Society. We do not know that Tracy ever got a medal. Probably not, but he certainly deserved one, and he got something much better than any medal, and that was a poem by Robert Browning, who made him celebrated.

One day a little beggar child was sitting on the edge of the quay, just as so many do in New York in hot weather. She was playing with her doll and singing to herself and having a nice time, so that she forgot how near she was to the edge, lost her balance and fell into the water.

The poor child screamed as she fell in, and the people on the dock all rushed to the edge and looked over, but the water was very deep—10 or 12 feet—and the current very strong, so that the men were afraid to jump in after the poor girl, who was drowning before their eyes. To be sure, they had to think of their own wives and children before risking their lives to save her. While they were all calling on each other for help, and none being willing to be the one to come forward, a dog ran up. He was not afraid, and he did not stop one minute to think about whether he would get drowned.

He saw the child struggling in the water, and he leaped over at once. He dived down to the bottom, then he rose near her, and in a minute he had her tight and swam with her to land. The people took her from him and he stood on the pier dripping with water. Then they turned to Tray to praise him, but he was gone. He had jumped over again.

They were surprised. They thought another child must have fallen in without their seeing it, but they were quite willing that Tray should have all the responsibility of saving it. This time Tray was a long time under the water. They began to wonder what had become of him, but no one thought of doing anything to help the brave dog. They did not even throw a rope out that he could have caught in his teeth, although the current ran very strong where he had gone down. However, he did come up to the surface in time, and then they saw he had something in his mouth.

He came slowly to the shore, for he was very tired. He had been down to the very bottom of the river and fished up the doll which the little girl had in her hand when she fell over, and now he came to her with it. It was just as good in Tray to save the doll as to save the child, but the people laughed at him, except the little girl. Tray trotted off home. He did not know what a hero he was or how much better than the people who thought themselves so much wiser than a dog and yet would not run a risk of hurting themselves to do what he had done without thinking of himself at all.

A HURRIED NOTE.

MY DEAR JERRY.—How are you, Jerry? I have no time to write to you. Our quarterly examination takes place on the 16th inst. I am working like a Trojan to be ready for it. I hope you will excuse me.

BARNEY O'TOOLE.

[Go on, Barney, and come out ahead in your examinations. You are a wise boy. "Duty before pleasure," and you are sure to succeed.]

A PECULIAR PROFESSOR.

MY DEAR WILLIE,—I have often written to you in thought, but as the saying is "my letter didn't get there." Well, here I am at last! How goes it at school? I suppose you are quite a pianist by this time. Well, I don't practise at present, but hope to take it up soon again. I'll tell you how it was. My sister Mary is my teacher, and, as I was not a very docile pupil, we dissolved partnership. However, her other pupils are perfectly satisfied and make good progress.

I saw a professor give a lesson the other night in singing. He was a French pro-

fessor and had all the appearance of a great master. He had an apt pupil who showed great proficiency in singing. She sang "Toodle, Toodle, Too," which he said was one of the finest compositions. He seemed to be somewhat deficient in the knowledge of English Music terms; for when he wished to tell her to sing with spirit and from the chest he said, "you must sing with *what you call that more brandy or alcohol, and take the song more up out of your trunk that is out of your valise or chest.* Of course his pupil soon put him right, and the lesson terminated to the entire satisfaction, not only of the pupil, but of the whole audience—for it was at a concert. I heard, the next day, that the professor's name was Edward Quinn, though no relation, I believe, to Fanny Quinn, who plays the big organ so beautifully every Sunday at the 9 o'clock Mass. Well, Willie, you see I have filled up my time and space about music. I had a whole bundle of other things to tell you but will reserve it till my next letter.

Tunefully yours,
M BURDEN.

[Not bad, indeed, let us hear from you again—you have real wit and a keen sense of humor.]

A NEW YORK LETTER.

MR. EDITOR.—Kindly allow me to step in also and help to fill up the Youth's Department. I live in N. Y. State, in that quiet but picturesque little town of Westville. I attend Mass at Trout River, a distance of six miles, and every Sunday morning I saddle "Mars" and away I go. I have to be there at half past eight, in time for Catechism. To-day is election day; great excitement in town, and now, sincerely hoping that the Democrats will carry the day, and that this may not find its way into the waste basket, I conclude.

"AN AMERICAN."
West Constate, N. Y., Nov. 6, 1894.

[Although Master Henry Niles requests to have his letter signed "An American," it is so welcome and we are so glad to hear from our New York boys that we must give him personal credit for sending the first letter across the lines to our Youth's Column. Unfortunately for Henry his political desires remain unfulfilled, but we hope to often hear from him.]

A BURSTED BALL.

DEAR CHUM.—In my last letter I gave you a glowing account of our new football. Well, it is no more. I am inconsolable; I have merely cried my eyes out. Last Thursday a thrilling accident occurred! Amid a storm of scrimmages and kicks our pigskin struck a pointed rock and collapsed. The wind went out with a puff and our great balloon was a pancake. There is a general wail in the class since the football accident. I am too full to say any more. Craving your deepest sympathy and condolence.

JOE.

[Never mind, Joe, there are hundreds more footballs in the city, and next season you will have as good fun as ever. Keep your own wind for the occasion.]

THE ANGELUS BELL.

DEAR GEORGE,—I have subscribed to a little paper called the Angelus Bell. I receive it every Saturday. I like to read the little stories and letters it contains. It is an interesting paper for boys and girls. There are many little stories written by young persons who receive this paper. This is a very practical way to learn composition writing. I am going to write some myself. I hope they will not be consigned to the waste basket, but put in print as the others are.

R. BROWN.

Montreal, November, 1894.
[We are glad to see that our young correspondents already commence to encourage truly Catholic literature. This is an example that should be followed.]

THE NEW SNOW.

MY DEAR MICKY,—I hope you are all right again. How did you like the new snow? Wasn't it white and fresh? Well, you know it was newly made, but it was just as cold as if it had been a year old. It made splendid snowballs. I am sorry you are so far from me, I would let you have one somewhere; but perhaps you are just as happy without it.

SNOW STORM.

[It is too bad for Snow Storm that the rain came. It looks as if we were to have a while yet to wait for the real snow.]

SIGNOR ED. RUBINI.

The concert given in the Victoria Armory, under the direction of Signor Rubini, on Wednesday last, was a distinct success. Signor Rubini was assisted by a number of his pupils and other first class vocalists and musicians, among whom were Mr. Charles Kelly, the celebrated guitarist and basso. The concert was opened with a piano solo, brilliantly rendered by Signor Rubini. Among the names on the programme were Messrs R. W. Smith, C. F. Routh, J. Rose, A. G. Cunningham, S. Blanford, S. Barber, Mesdames Etta Corneil and N. Garet.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Beloit Work" will be received at this office until Friday, the 7th day of December next, inclusively, for the construction of protection works above the Grand Trunk Railway Bridge over the River Richelieu at Beloit, County of Vercheres, Quebec, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the Post Office, Beloit Station, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers. An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
E. F. E. ROY,
Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 14th Nov., 1894.

Irish News.

County Judge Bird, of Cork, was presented with white gloves at Bandon on October 30.

Thomas J. Whelan was on October 23 re-elected chairman of the Athy Town Commissioners.

T. Joyner White, M.A., of Galway, has been elected a member of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland.

Patrick R. Kehoe, coroner for County Carlow for the past eighteen years, died recently. A large family mourns his loss.

James Browne, P.L.G., Nationalist, was unanimously elected chairman of the Birr Town Commissioners on the 25th ultimo.

Joseph Fitzgerald Lynch, Resident Magistrate of Dungarvan, has been appointed a Resident Magistrate for County Kerry.

The Rev. Michael O'Neill, curate at Merville, has been elected a member of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland.

Robert Seymour Campbell, third son of William Campbell, late of Trot Hill, will be called to the Bar at the forthcoming sittings.

John Blake Powell, eldest son of John Powell, late of Ballytivnan House, Sligo, will be called to the Bar at the forthcoming assizes.

On the Blackwater River, near Villiers-town, on October 20, two men named Shanahan and Taylor were drowned through the upsetting of a boat.

William R. Townsend, B.A., T.C.D., third son of Edward Townsend, Professor of Engineering at Queen's College, Galway, will be called to the Bar at the forthcoming sittings.

At the Convent of Mercy, New Ross, on the 24th ult., Bishop Browne received the vows of Miss Mary Coman (in religion Sister Mary Bernard), daughter of Geoffrey Coman, of Kilsale.

Frederick Joseph Robb, M.A., LL.B., Royal University, third son of John Robb, of Belfast, will be called to the bar at the forthcoming sittings. Mr. Robb has been recommended to receive the prize of £21 at the late Honor Examinations, and will take rank accordingly.

At the Mullingar Quarter Sessions County Court Judge Curran said County Westmeath was in such a state that the people ought to be sincerely congratulated. Two applications for new licences were made by Michael Brogan and Thos. Gibney, of Castlepollard, and granted.

At their meeting on October 25, the Minorhamilton Guardians proceeded to elect a veterinary inspector for the union. Applications were received from S. C. Hamilton, of Sligo, and P. D. Reevy, of Ballyshannon. The latter was elected by 19 votes to 7. Mr. Reevy is a thorough Nationalist.

Result of the municipal contest in Boyle was as follows: Laurence O'Hara, Redmondite, 62 votes; John Leyland, Nationalist, 53; Thomas Keaveny, Nationalist, 43. Those three were the outgoing commissioners, and were opposed by John Callaghan, Redmondite, who only received 36 votes.

At a meeting of the County Down legal profession, held at Newtownards, it was decided to entertain John Roche, Q.C., the new County Court Judge of Down, to a dinner in the Grand Hotel, Belfast. W. N. Watts, B.L., Daniel McCartan, and W. B. Galway were appointed secretaries, and D. Keightley treasurer to the dinner fund.

The result of the Town Commissioners' election in Dungarvan Ward was as follows: E. Keohan (N), 118 votes; Thomas Flynn (N), 102; Michael Barry (N), 98; John Mounsey (N), 93. John Curran (R), polled 88 and Thomas O'Connor, 85. M. Stuart (N) was elected for the Abbeyside Ward, his opponent, John Scanlan (R), having retired before the day of election.

On Tuesday night, October 23, Mary Bridget Murphy, aged about eighteen years, and residing at Caroline street, Cork, was walking on the Quay near the river with two young men, when she missed her footing and fell into the river. Michael Donovan, a fireman on the steamer Catherine Sulton, pluckily went to the girl's rescue. His efforts to save her, however, failed, as in the darkness he could not find her, and it is supposed that she must have been drowned immediately.

Continued on 16th page.