

AUNT NORA'S CORNER.

ST. JOSEPH.

We lift our hearts to thee; Hear thou our prayer. Shield us thro' life's dark way From Satan's snare.

Be thou our model, true; Show us the way. With meek and contrite hearts, Teach us to pray.

Guide of the Child Divine, Keep our souls pure; In thy sweet charity Our hearts immature.

Oh, let thy justice shine In all we do! Ever in Mary's sight Loyal and true.

Help us to live like thee, From sin apart; Grant us to die like thee, On Jesus' Heart.

We are now in the beautiful month of March, dedicated, as you all know, to dear, gentle St. Joseph, Foster Father of the Child Jesus.

Now, Aunt Nora wonders how many of her young friends ever pause to meditate on the dignity of the office St. Joseph held while on earth. True, he was but a poor mechanic, so poor indeed that when the Boy Jesus was old enough He too had to labor to help support the humble home where He chose to dwell.

Amongst the many lessons to be drawn from the life of St. Joseph is that of unselfishness. The selfish boy or girl is blind, for selfishness is a form of blindness.

Now, Aunt Nora's chat must not take up too much of the Corner this week. A good and clever friend of Aunt Nora's boys and girls, and one who appreciates the efforts of the dear old TRUE WITNESS to encourage and help its young readers, sends a little fairy tale which he wrote specially for "the Corner."

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

In 1819 there were not more than thirty Irish Catholics in this large city, and they worshipped at Bonsecours Church. Not long after, however, their number increased to such an extent that the Fabrique decided upon building a church for them which should bear the title of their patron, St. Patrick.

The land was bought on the 20th May, 1843, at a cost of \$20,000. On the 26th September the corner stones, seven in number, were laid by the Bishop and other prominent gentlemen. On the 17th March, 1847, the church was dedicated to St. Patrick. The sermon was preached by Reverend Father Connolly, from the text, "Build the house and it shall be acceptable to Me. I shall be glorified."

Father Connolly remained in charge of St. Patrick's until 1860, when he was succeeded by the Rev. P. Dowd, who, during the forty years that he labored in St. Patrick's, endeared himself to the hearts of all.

St. Patrick's Church is of the Gothic style. It is 233 feet long, 105 feet wide and 85 feet high. The steeple is 228 feet high, and contains two bells, taken from the set of four that used to hang in Notre Dame. The large one, called "La Vieille Charlotte," is of French make, and is said to have silver in its composition, which accounts for its fine tone.

Great improvements have taken place since 1893. The flooring and pews have been renewed and the number of the latter increased; extra seats have been placed at the sides of the church and on the first gallery. The organ is located in the second gallery, and is considered to be one of the finest in the country.

The walls and ceilings have all been renovated and improved by newer designs. Two very handsome stained glass windows, St. Patrick and St. Bridget, smile upon their children, as also a beautiful set of Stations of the Cross. A marble side-altar is now being erected. Altogether, the interior of the church is of a character that all may be proud of it.

The 17th of next March, the 50th anniversary of the founding of the church, will be celebrated by a Jubilee.

ANNIE LANNING. St. Patrick's School, Feb. 14, 1897. [You have done well in your efforts to tell all you know of St. Patrick's, Annie. Aunt Nora congratulates you and hopes to hear from you soon again.]

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

On the 17th of March, 1847, St. Patrick's Church was dedicated and the first Mass celebrated within its sacred precincts. It was a grand and beautiful church then, but, after standing for nearly half a century, it needed improvements and repairs. The Reverend Pastor, Father Quinlan, saw this, and so successfully did he choose the best artists, and so well did they work, that it is now (or soon will be) one of the finest churches in Canada.

MAUDE MCKENNA. St. Patrick's School, Feb. 15, 1897. [You have prepared a very interesting sketch, Maude, of the history of St. Patrick's Church, which will be read with interest by all the young people.]

AGADIA MINES. London Terry, N.S., Feb. 27, '97.

DEAR AUNT NORA,—As I am living in Nova Scotia I thought I would ask you to give me a place in your Corner, as I would like to say a few words on the difference I find in schools. I was once a pupil of St. Ann's Christian Brothers school, Montreal, and oh, how I felt when I entered the public schools here. I go to school in the morning and enter my class, where boys and girls all sit together. We have no prayers and no religious instruction. We take the TRUE WITNESS; it comes every Friday. I could not understand before why there was so much said about the Manitoba School Question, but now I can understand and pity them for not having their separate schools, knowing, from my own experience, how much they have lost in regard to their religious teachings.

WILLIAM MARTIN NORRIS. [Master Norris sends a very thoughtful and sensible letter, and all the little nephews and nieces of the Corner will sympathize with him in his ungenial school surroundings. Aunt Nora thinks you are fortunate, William, in having the happy memories of old St. Ann's to reflect upon, and some of your old schoolmates and companions will write you nice letters telling of their classes and studies, and will drop them in the Corner post-office for you.]

St. George, Feb., 1897.

DEAR AUNT NORA,—I thought a letter from a new niece would be quite welcome. I therefore write to describe to you the village of St. George, Beauce Co., where I live.

St. George, I suppose, is entirely unknown to your nieces, for we have no railway yet, although I must say it is a prospering little village, distant about sixty miles from Quebec. The Chaudiere river runs through it from one extremity to the other.

Our house is quite near the river, a very agreeable place of residence, especially in summer. In front of the house we have a great many trees; the spruce, pine, elm and others furnish an excellent shade from the burning mid-day sun.

Last spring we had an inundation, which spoiled the surrounding fields and trees, and completely ruined our gravel walk and fence. We were not the only ones, however; the whole village was in ruins. A sad sight it was the next morning, to see our once prosperous little village nothing but wretched houses,—homeless men, women and children roaming over the hills or contemplating the ruins of their homes.

Our principal enjoyments during the summer season are berrying, driving, fishing and picnicing. Perhaps Aunt

Nora would like to hear about one of our picnics. Well, it was to the Poirer Falls, about a mile from our place. We drove up there in hay carts all decorated for the occasion. On our arrival we had lunch and afterwards prepared for fishing. We caught nothing but minnows all the time—still it was fishing for us young folks. While we were all quietly occupied, suddenly we heard in the distance the rolling of the thunder and the clouds overhead were turning their blue hue into a black, leady color. I can tell you we did not take long to gather up our rods and baskets and run to the nearest barn for shelter. We were no sooner there than down came the rain in torrents. This was soon over, and we returned home, wet, and our picnic was spoiled, but we had had fun nevertheless.

Our kind teacher often reads to us out of the children's very interesting corner in the TRUE WITNESS, and we enjoy it exceedingly, and only wish it might be all reading and no lessons, but she is not of the same opinion, so the lessons get their place.

Hoping my letter will be found satisfactory enough for a place in your Corner, I am, your new niece, EVELINE VON POZER.

[Aunt Nora welcomes her new niece to the Corner circle, and would like Eveline to write another interesting descriptive letter of her pretty town and surroundings. It is pleasant to hear your tale of summer pleasures and to think that the bright sunny season is approaching again.]

DEAR AUNT NORA,—A pretty story is told of the cleverness of women, in the following:— "After the battle between the first Hohenstaufen Emperor, Conrad III., and Welf of Bavaria, the long besieged city of Weinsberg was obliged to yield. The Emperor, irritated by its long resistance, had resolved to destroy it with fire and sword. He, however, permitted the females of the city previously to retire and to carry with them their dearest jewels. And behold, when the day dawned and the gates were opened, the women advanced in long rows, and the married bore each upon her back her husband, and the others their dearest relatives. This affecting scene so moved the Emperor, that he not only spared the women but also the whole city."

THOMAS NORTON. St. Mary's Parish, March 2, 1897.

[Well, Thomas, you are the kind of a boy that we like to see coming to our Corner. One who has a deep respect for women and is quick to admire their nobility of character and heroic strategy, as displayed in your little story. Aunt Nora feels certain that Master Thomas is respectful, courteous and kindly to his mother and sisters, and when he takes his place in the big world of men it will be as a true Christian gentleman.]

AN IRISH FAIRY TALE.

BY B. F. D. DUNK

"Whisht! childer," cried the grand-dame old, As she crooned before the fire, The lambs and sheep are in the fold, The cow is in the byre. 'Tis time ye childer were a bed, The birds are all asleep: Come Nora, Terence, and wee Ted, The good folks sing and peep.

"There's but one pane in this poor cot, One bed for all ye three— Ah sorry are yer lives and lot, In times of poverty. But, whist ye! do you hear thim now? They're singing at the door; The good folks from the mead and mow, Our love they do implore.

"Wee jackets of a colour blue They wear wid caps o' green, An' feathers like the peacock's too, Stick from their locks between." Three little bairns of tender years Skipped o'er the mud-paved floor, To tell the grand dame of their fears, And her fond care implore.

They nestled in her lap and gown, With eyes enlarged by dread; They feared to breathe, to speak or frown,

And longed to be a-bed. "Whisht! childer," said the Dame again, "I hear thim singing low; They're scratching on the winder pane; They're runnin' to and fro."

"They live within the hill beyant, Good people we know well— The fairy folk who dance and taunt, When moonlight fills the dell." Then baby Terence closed his eyes, And Nora nestled down, Whisht Teddy scorned to own surprise, Yet clutched the good dame's gown,

"Whisht! childer, sure! I hear thim now, They're in the thatch above; They're all a wonderin' 'whin or how They'll take each little love."

"Come, Teddy, let me howld you, dear: Wee Nora is asleep, An' Terence he has no more fear, He doesn't look or peep. Whisht! Teddy, sure they're tapping now Upon the cabin door? Come close your lids me t'chul—wow! They'll soon be on the floor."

"Good people, get you gone to-night, The childer are asleep, An' only me and this rush light A holy watchin' keep. Their father, he's in Bantry town, To tend the fair and make The price o' meal er winter's frown Must bring us pain and ache.

Their mother died a year ago (God rest her soul to-night!) She left me keening to and fro, Here in the peat fire's light." Thus spake an Irish woman old, Before the hearth fire's blaze, In accents of romance as told In Erin's ancient days.

Oh, land of faith and virtue tried! Sweet Isle of sainted ground! Where mirth and innocence allied, Like thy trefoil leaves are found.

You cannot fasten a two-thousand-dollar education on a fifty-cent boy.

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THE EGG IN LENT.

Dainty, Novel and Appetizing Dishes for the Fasting Season.

In counting the cost and preparing for the coming Lenten menus one of the first places is given by the provident housekeeper to the economical and convenient egg, and certainly no food has a greater amount of nutriment according to its size. A fresh egg weighing two ounces, contains about the same amount of nourishment as an ounce of meat and an ounce of bread. It is well supplied with phosphorus as well as sulphur, thus making the egg one of our best natural medicines.

From the earliest records we have in cookery eggs have always been a favorite food. The shepherds of Egypt cooked their eggs without the aid of fire by placing them in a sling and turning it so rapidly that the friction of the air heated them to the exact point required for use.

A boiled egg should be either soft boiled or hard enough for the yolk to crumble to be easily digested. An authority upon egg cooking says that boiled eggs to be at their best should not be boiled at all. If desired hard they should be kept in water just below the boiling point for twenty minutes; for soft eggs, put them in cold water, and when the water reaches the boiling point the egg should be taken out, and it will be found creamy and delicate.

When poaching eggs, to make them into a ball shape, but one egg should be cooked at a time. After the water begins to boil rapidly stir it around until a small circle is formed in the water, drop the egg into the middle, and the motion of the boiling water will form a circular covering of white around the unbroken yolk.

Many light, easily prepared, and appetizing dishes may be made with boiled, baked and poached eggs by the addition of cheese, mushrooms, parsley tomatoes, fish, herbs, sauces, and catups as flavorings, thus transforming them so that one is always receiving an agreeable surprise.

A few hints may be helpful to the housewife for the coming fasting season. Consommé or any clear soup is frequently served with a nicely poached egg for each plate, dropped into the soup after it is in the tureen.

FOR EGGS A LA PEGGY THURSTON. Place a frying pan over the fire and partly fill it with vinegar. When the vinegar is boiling crack the eggs open and drop their contents into the pan, taking care not to break the yolks. With a fork lightly toss the boiling vinegar over the egg to cook the top; as soon as the white is set take out the eggs with a skimmer and place them upon a dish that can be put in a hot oven. Sprinkle them with salt and paper and cover with a little grated cheese. Place the dish in a hot oven for a few moments, or long enough for the cheese to melt, and serve as soon as they are taken from the oven.

FOR COLUMBUS SALAD. Roll one dozen eggs until hard; when cold remove the shells and cut them into halves crosswise and cut a little piece from the large end to enable them to stand alone. Carefully take out the yolks and with a fork mash them fine; add two or three tablespoonfuls of finely minced sardines, tongue, or ham; add a little melted butter and season liberally with salt, mustard, and pepper, and moisten with a very little vinegar, or if one has mayonnaise dressing at hand it may be used in place of these seasonings. Fill the empty whites with this mixture.

Put a generous teaspoonful of butter in an earthen pie plate and place it over a moderate fire; add to the butter a teaspoonful of chopped onions, the same amount of chopped parsley, a tablespoonful of chopped green pepper, and salt and pepper. When stirred well together break in four eggs, one at a time, keeping the yolks whole. When they are cooked upon one side turn them over carefully, so as not to break the yolks, and by the time the last one is turned they should be done. Serve as soon as possible in the dish they are cooked in. Eggs cooked in this way will be found delicious.

Relief for Lung Troubles. The D. & L. EMULSION. In CONSUMPTION and all LUNG DISEASES, SPITTING OF BLOOD, COUGH, LOSS OF APPETITE, DEBILITY, the benefits of this article are most manifest. By the aid of the "D. & L." Emulsion, I have got rid of a hacking cough, which had troubled me for over a year, and have gained considerably in weight. I liked this Emulsion so well I was glad when the time came around to take it. T. H. WINGHAM, C.E., Montreal. 50c. and \$1 per Bottle. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

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pressing it in carefully so as not to break the case; put the two halves to gether and stand them upon a platter to look like whole eggs; circle them with a thick wreath of watercresses and serve. Hard boiled eggs make a nice salad by cutting them into small pieces, adding half as many cold boiled potatoes as there are eggs; cover them with a mayonnaise dressing and scatter capers and chopped parsley over the top. Frozen egg-nogg makes an excellent dessert. To make it, beat the yolks of four eggs with one tablespoonful of brandy until they are very light, then add powdered sugar to make it quite sweet, and half a cup of Jamaica rum, beating these thoroughly together before adding three cups of milk and the beaten whites of the eggs. Whip one cup of cream very light and add the last thing. Turn into a freezer and freeze like ice cream.—N. Y. Sun.

TO MAKE CONVENT EGGS. Boil half a dozen eggs for ten minutes; then drop them into water to cool. Chop one onion fine and put it in a frying pan with two ounces of butter. Place the pan over the fire and stir until the onion is cooked, but not colored; then add two teaspoonfuls of flour and mix well before adding gradually one pint of milk. Season with a saltspoonful of salt and one-quarter as much cayenne pepper. Meanwhile remove the shells from the eggs and cut them in half a dozen slices crosswise; put the eggs into the sauce and as soon as they are heated through turn the mixture upon a hot platter on which have been placed squares of buttered toast.

A very dainty and palatable way of serving eggs for a Lenten luncheon is thus: Butter the inside of pretty individual baking dishes, put in the bottom of them a layer of Bechamel sauce and sprinkle over the sauce a little grated cheese, drop upon this an egg, taking care to have the yolk unbroken; cover the egg with a layer of the sauce and more grated cheese over the sauce; put a tiny bit of butter on the top and place the dishes in a baking pan in a hot oven for a few minutes or long enough for the white of the egg to become set. Serve at once.

Another delicious luncheon dish to be served as a course of egg chops. To make them boil five eggs hard, remove the shells, rub the yolks through a sieve and chop the whites, not making them too fine. Put in a double boiler over the fire one cup of milk. Rub together one tablespoonful of butter with two of flour, add a beaten egg and mix a little of the warm milk with this mixture before stirring it into the boiling milk, season with salt and pepper and stir it until it is a thick, smooth mixture. Take from the fire, and when the mixture is almost cool stir in the prepared yolks and whites, and a very little onion juice if the flavor is liked. When cold enough to handle mould in the shape of chops, using a tin mould, or they may be formed with the hands. Roll the chops in a beaten egg and then in bread crumbs, and fry them a delicate brown. Stick a sprig of parsley in the small end of the chop, and arrange them in a row down the centre of a platter and turn the Bechamel sauce around, but not over them; or French peas may be arranged upon the platter with the chops and the sauce served with them from a separate dish.

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Paid in His Own Coin. The worm has turned, and the Wisconsin lawyer, who is noted for his sharp practice, has been paid in his own coin. He feels the more because the man who "did" him was an ignorant foreign farmer whom he had attempted to fleece. The farmer, in a fit of passion, had murdered his wife, and while in jail awaiting his trial, the lawyer offered to defend him, promising him that if the granger would retain him as his counsel he would guarantee him escape from punishment. In return the farmer was to deed his farm to the disciple of Blackstone.

The papers were signed, and the deed consummated, and the lawyer proceeded to make good his promise. Upon a plea of insanity, he succeeded in getting his client committed to the insane asylum. Here the latter remained for a year, during which year the lawyer spent quite a sum of money repairing fences and barns, and otherwise improving and cultivating his newly-acquired property.

A few weeks ago the tiller of the soil was released as cured. No sooner had he regained his liberty than he instituted legal proceedings to: cover his property. The plea was that he was insane when he signed the deed transferring his farm, and the lawyer, unable to dispute this, by virtue of the part he took in securing a verdict of insanity, was forced to relinquish the land.

The farmer is now putting to good use the improvements the lawyer made on his place.—Chicago News. "I have seen some pretty hard knocks in my time," began the avvil, in ringing tones, when the bellows interrupted him, "But think of the trouble I have. There isn't a day that I'm not hard pressed to raise the wind."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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