

LAUGH IT OFF.

Are you worried in the fight? Laugh it off. Are you cheated of your right? Laugh it off. Don't make tragedy of trifles, Don't shoot butterflies with rifles— Laugh it off.

Does your work get into kinks? Laugh it off. Are you near all sorts of brinks? Laugh it off. If it's sanity you're after, There's no recipe like laughter— Laugh it off.

HOW TO GET ON.

A young man asked, "How can I get on in the world?"

1. Get at some work for which you are suited. Learn it from top to bottom. Excel in it. Know more about it than any other man, be more skillful in it than any of your competitors.

2. Save money. Begin to hoard the cents if you can't afford to lay by \$1 a week. Acquire the habit of thrift.

3. Get a good reputation for honesty, truthfulness, regularity and trustworthiness. It is business capital. Deserve it. Don't try to deceive the world. You are sure to be found out.

4. Treasure your health. Avoid excesses of all kinds. Keep from drunkenness. Arise early. Sleep enough.

With a business experience, frugality, a good reputation and health, opportunity for advancement in prosperity are sure to come.

THREE THINGS.

Three things to be—pure, just and wise.

Three things to like—courage, affection and gentleness.

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things for which to fight—honor, home and country.

Three things to cherish—the true, the beautiful and the good.

Three things about which to think—life, death and eternity.

Three things to commend—thrift, industry and promptness.

Three things to despise—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to love—the wise, the virtuous and the innocent.

Three things for which to wish—health, friends and contentment.

Three things to admire—dignity, gracefulness and intellectual power.

Three things to attain—goodness of heart, integrity of purpose and cheerfulness of disposition.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR TEMPERANCE?

What have you done, what are you doing in this great cause—a cause which belongs to God, which the Church has blessed and which brings untold graces and happiness wherever it is undertaken? If you are already a member, can't you do more? Can you not spend some of your time in preaching total abstinence to less fortunate brothers? If you are not a member, can you linger longer? Can you afford to let God's work go by and pay no attention to it? Can you afford to lose the blessings and graces attached to membership? Will you not enter the lists for your own sake and for the sake of your family? Will you not help to drive out from daily life the deadly drug, alcohol? Alcohol, which is the stumbling block of youth, the wreck of manhood, the despair of old age! Alcohol, which crowds prisons, populates asylums and poorhouses and fills the untimely grave. Alcohol, which whitens prematurely the heads of fathers and mothers, breaks the hearts of loving wives, cruelly outrages the innocence of childhood and banishes God and the angels from the soul.

Show me poverty, show me crime, show me anguish of soul and body, and I will show you that three-fourths of it comes either directly or indirectly from the whiskey-bottle.—Bishop O'Connor, Peterborough, Ont.

LITTLE ODDITY

By the Author of "Served Out."

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"Then it was not wicked of him to try and kill you, who are good and kind to everybody; therefore, Herr Papa, it could not be wicked for me to want to kill him, who is greedy and selfish," Bonny replied triumphantly.

"He did not think he would be harming me; he only wanted his own advantage," Herr Bruder re-

Our Boys and Girls BY AUNT BECKY

plied; "and all people who seek their own advantage without thought for others are guilty of many wickednesses. My little one, I would have you learn from this man how unfortunate are those who please only themselves and think not of others. Therefore, if I were to keep you from your parents who have mourned the loss of their child, I should be like Herr Hausmann, caring only for myself and not for others. And if my Johann wishes to make me love him more than I do already, it would be by showing that he thinks of others more than himself, even to doing cheerfully what seems hard at first, because it is right and good to do. Above all things, Johann I would have you be a good man."

"Dear Herr Papa, then you should keep me always near you."

"My child, it is harder to me to lose you than for you to go."

Both were silent for a few moments. Bonny was understanding for the first time that others might suffer in this matter more than he. The earnest love of his friend was teaching him greater lessons than any words could convey.

The child buried his face on the professor's knees.

"Herr Papa," he said, with sudden emphasis, "I will try to be good like you."

"The great God bless you, my little one!" Herr Bruder said solemnly, laying his hands on the bent head.

No other word of complaint or murmuring was heard from Bonny's lips, and Herr Bruder, noticing this act of self-control, wonderful in so young a child, felt that that small fragile-looking body contained a mind and spirit—a force of character which, properly guided, must make a great man.

CHAPTER XXI.—ALL ENDS HAPPILY.

It was the old familiar house in St. Mildred's Hill. As the carriage drew up at the door, Liese cried excitedly—

"Oh, I do so remember you looking out of that top window, Johann. How funny it is that you should be that same little boy, and we never knew it. It is a funny world!"

Bonny was silent. The house had no very pleasant associations for

him, and, as we know, his feelings of like or dislike were strong.

Mr. and Mrs. Cameron were waiting to receive their anxiously expected guests, and in the background was old Mary, with little Effie in her arms.

"Oh, what a sweet!" Liese cried eagerly, flying at the baby girl, and dragging her out of Mary's arms.

"Lor! Master Bonny, you be improved," Mary said approvingly; "and I've got all the bricks and the dolls upstairs put by safe and sound against you come back."

"Welcome home, my boy," Mr. Cameron said hurriedly, while his mother put her arms round him and kissed him without a word.

They had then to show their guests the arrangements made for their comfort. All the best rooms had been set apart for Herr and Madame Bruder, and many were the anxious deliberations that had been held touching the embellishment of these apartments, so that they might be made fit for their distinguished occupants.

Herr Bruder was much touched by this concern for their comfort, and protested against the trouble that Mrs. Cameron had taken.

"It has done her all the good in the world," Mr. Cameron replied. "The excitement of finding the little lad, and looking forward to his return, have done more for her than all the doctors ever accomplished. Everything is coming right now, I hope."

"Sunshine after cloud," Herr Bruder said very heartily. "And long may the sunshine last."

It was, after all, a very happy party that gathered that evening in the drawing-room—the poor old drawing-room that had scarcely ever been used in the old days.

Of course Bonny had to play to them, and it was very amusing to him to see the wonder shown on the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Cameron while they listened.

"But you should hear Herr Papa," he exclaimed; and then when he saw that they hardly liked to ask him, because it seemed such a condescension on his part, he was more than ever amused.

It seemed strange to Bonny to see his mother running about the house, tossing little Effie about, and playing with her in the old nursery till the little thing crowed with laughter. Liese was more than happy with this new tie, and even Bonny began shyly to adore the little golden-headed queen.

The old house rang with children's voices, and the nursery was filled with strange visitors. Herr Bruder himself being often found there making delightful little squeaks with his violin to Miss Effie, while some important person was waiting in the drawing-room below for a coveted interview with him.

In fact, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron hardly hoped that he would consent to stay with them much longer, and when they saw the invitations that poured in on him from people living in large mansions, with every luxury that wealth could purchase, they marvelled that he chose to remain with them at all in their modest home.

"Johann, dear," Mrs. Cameron said one day—for they had decided to call him by the name which was now most familiar to him—"Herr Bruder will not stay much longer, I am very much afraid."

"Oh, yes he will," Bonny replied confidently. "He said he would, and Herr Papa never breaks his word. Besides, you don't know what he is like. At Gernstein we used to go in the old women's cottages and have tea with them. Herr Papa doesn't mind at all if people are poor or rich."

"He is one of the best men I have ever seen," Mrs. Cameron said warmly.

That won Bonny over more than anything else. "He is the best," the little fellow declared. "You mustn't think there's anyone else as good or as kind or as clever, because there isn't. No one could be."

Mrs. Cameron sighed, but she was wise enough to rejoice that her child's nature was capable of such deep gratitude and affection, although she had not gained the first place which she now so ardently coveted.

The child, with his precocious mind, very soon saw that his own father and mother were jealous of the love that he gave to Herr Bruder, and he also saw that for his sake they had avoided the separation which would probably have been more to their own taste. He kept these things

in his young mind and pondered over them more than anyone had any idea; noting how his father in his grave quiet way was always thinking of him and his happiness; and how his mother's eyes often filled with tears when any allusion was made to the past. The more he watched Herr Bruder, the more earnestly he desired to fulfil the promise he had given of trying to be good like him. And he noticed how truly the professor always thought of others before himself.

Ah! let no one think that children cannot understand and reason. Bonny was going to be what Herr Bruder had made him. While they little dreamt it, the great struggle with self was being fought out in his heart, and that strong reflexible will was bending itself in the right direction.

They had been playing together one morning in the room set apart for Herr Bruder's own use, for he gave Bonny his lessons as regularly as in the old days. The child had been unusually grave and silent. When they had ended he said, "Mein Herr Papa, I have something to say to you."

"Yes, Johann, what is it?"

"When you go back to Gernstein—Herr Papa—when you go back—I am going to stay here."

The last words came out with a rush. Herr Bruder knew full well all they had cost him.

"It is a good and right thought of yours, my child," he said. "I knew you would say that, and I am going to do it. But, Herr Papa, when you all go away—"

He broke down and ended with a quickly suppressed sob.

"Johann, you have been thinking, and I have been thinking too. Your parents want you, and it is right you should remain with them. But I do not want you to be taught by anyone else. I have not done with you yet. They are willing for you to return for another winter to Gernstein."

For a moment Bonny's face was filled with joy; but the next moment he said, "I think I had better not go back with you. I will practise every day just the same, and remember everything you told me."

"Right, little one. Earnest in one thing, earnest in all. I said this to see if you were truly anxious to stay. It is what I would wish you to do. But, Johann, I have made up my mind to take a house in London, and live here until I have brought you out."

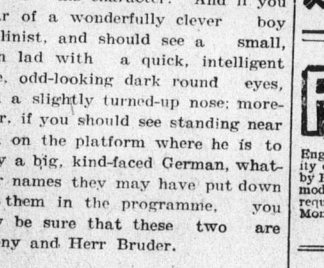
"And give up Gernstein, Herr Papa?"

"Well, yes, for a while at any rate."

"And this for me? You are good, Herr Papa, you are good, you ARE good."

Every story must have an end, and I think mine must end here. There are many more things I could tell you about Bonny and his beloved master, but I could not tell you anything nicer than how dearly his parents grew to love him, and how grateful they were to the friends who had worked such a transformation in his character. And if you hear of a wonderfully clever boy violinist, and should see a small, thin lad with a quick, intelligent face, odd-looking dark round eyes, and a slightly turned-up nose; moreover, if you should see standing near him on the platform where he is to play a big, kind-faced German, whatever names they may have put down for them in the programme, you may be sure that these two are Bonny and Herr Bruder.

THE END.



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