

HELEN'S EXPERIENCE.

(Written For The True Witness.)

Prominent among the cities of the South stands Savannah, more like a wealthy suburb than a city itself.

One of the most picturesque spots in Savannah is Forsyth Park, which forms the centre of a populous district abounding in fine residences.

On the east side of the park in a stately mansion, lived Mr. Charles Brooks, a wealthy lawyer of distinction.

One morning, early in September, 1885, Mr. Brooks and his eldest son, Donald, his partner in business, stood on the piazza engaged in earnest conversation.

"Donald, why do you persist in your course of conduct. You know you are grieving me. I wish you would sever your connections with Miss Lincoln. I understand she is not your equal."

"Father," answered Donald respectfully, "I do not see why you object to Helen. If Fortune did not choose to smile on her, that is scarcely a reason why you should disapprove of my choice. Besides, you have never met her, and are therefore not in a position to judge of her inequality."

"Very well," replied his father coldly, "please yourself." Turning abruptly, he entered the house.

About four miles from the city, in a bend of the Warsaw river, is situated the famous Bonaventure Cemetery. A hundred years ago this was the property of a wealthy English gentleman, who, upon the marriage of his daughter, presented her with the estate as a wedding gift.

It was here that Donald alighted a few short hours after his interview with his father. For the distance of half a mile, he walked briskly along a sunlit road, dotted with shadow of tree and shrub.

Coming to a bend in the road, he stood before an old house over whose stained walls crept the wild rose and clematis. Around the discolored pillars of the porch, twined the honeysuckle scenting the air with its sweet fragrance.

"I was afraid you were not coming, Donald," she said, as they seated themselves on the steps of the old homestead.

"Surely," he answered, "you did not think I would allow you to go away for two years without seeing you once more?"

education. As Donald sat with her for the last time before she took her departure for the French capital, his soft, grey eyes beamed with a kindly lustre, and a touch of sadness in their great depths.

The sun had kissed in parting glory the gray walls of the old house before Donald started for home.

As he retraced his steps to meet the car at Bonaventure, a picture was graven on his mind that flooded his soul with joy—a picture of an intelligent, interesting face, lit up by prominent dark eyes surmounted by arched eyebrows, while rich chestnut hair was loosely and artistically arranged on the shapely head.

Helen did not fail to do as requested. Her letters, however, did not reach their destination. She could not understand Donald's silence. He in turn often wondered at her apparent indifference; and more than once questioned her sincerity.

The "Notes from Paris" published in the Savannah papers contained at intervals glowing reports of the musical scales given by the pupils of the Conservatory. Helen's name figured prominently, and Donald read with pardonable pride of the progress she was making in the musical world.

Helen's term had almost expired when one morning her father came into Donald's private office almost breathless.

"Donald," he said, "Helen lies very ill of fever in Paris. Less than two hours ago I received a cable to that effect. Her mother and I start on the next steamer. I do wish you would accompany us, as Helen expressed a wish to see you particularly."

The first rays of light on a warm June day penetrated the muslin curtained windows of a private ward in a Parisian hospital, and revealed the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, Donald Brooks, as well as the attending nurse and physician, seated by the bedside of Helen Lincoln.

"She will live," answered the doctor, in reply to the anxious inquiries of her friends. "She must, however, have absolute rest."

Under the gentle care of her mother, Helen soon became convalescent. The first time she found herself alone with Donald, she said to him:

"Donald, it seems so strange that you have never assigned any reason for your silence. Why did you not answer my letters?"

"Your letters, Helen," he replied, "why I was awaiting your return to health and strength before asking you an explanation of your neglect. I did not receive as much as a line from you since you left home."

Helen looked at him dismayed. "There is some mistake," she said. "I do not understand it. I wrote four letters to your private office, to none of which I received a reply."

As soon as Helen's strength permitted, she started for home, accompanied by her mother, father and Donald. To his utter amazement, Donald's father condescended to receive Helen when he presented her as his future wife.

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cerity had been entirely groundless. Mr. Brooks' wedding gift to Helen and Donald consisted of a handsomely furnished cottage, where he was always and ever sure of a royal welcome from her whom he had so recently despised.

KATIE A. HANLEY, Montreal, 14th September, 1904.

YOUNG MEN AND THE HOME.

Happy is the young man who appreciates his obligations in the home circle, and who is mindful, by word and deed, to voice his appreciation of a father's watchful care and a mother's devoted love.

What more beautiful than to behold a young man, strong and vigorous and successful, yet tenderly and lovingly caring for the father and mother who watched over the years of his weakness, whose sheltering arms protected his youth!

But what is our life without sentiment? What are the wayside flowers without a little occasional sprinkling of the dew? Home will be a much happier home—I don't care whether it is a palatial residence on a fashionable street, or a mere cot in some humbler quarter—if there be in it a little sentiment, a little tenderness and gracious feeling.

Bear in mind, young men, that a true mother is one of the most sacred secrets of home happiness. What would home be to you without her? Care for her, then. Make her feel your love and appreciation, and you will add to the days of her life, as well as to your own.

"God thought to give the sweetest thing In His almighty power To earth; and deeply pondering What it should be, one hour In fondest joy and love of heart Outweighing every other, He moved the gates of heaven apart and gave to earth a mother."

No young man can have a better friend and confidante than a true mother; and no recommendation is so conclusive as the fact that he has been loyal and faithful to her. The fond love of mother and of home is not incompatible with a brave and manly character.

One thing that often mars the home life is the spirit of dictation and criticism. Faults are seen. They are openly and oftentimes not gently pointed out and reproved. What one does others are apt to do; and thus the habit grows, until only sharp words and unseemly wrangling are heard in the home in which domestic intercourse might have in it so much of sweetness and profit.

Try so to discipline yourselves, young men, that the tones of your voice in the home be always kindly and gentle. There is no power of love so hard to acquire and to keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, and yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch.

Another power for happiness in the home is a cheerful face. Next to the sunlight of heaven there is nothing brighter or more health-giving. There is no mistaking it. The bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile all tell of that which dwells within. Who that has ever met it on entering a home hand has not felt its electric

RAILROADS. GRAND TRUNK WESTERN EXCURSIONS. DETROIT, CHICAGO, And Points West. SEPT. 22, 23, 24, 1904. Valued to return until October 10, 1904.

EXHIBITION. OTTAWA AND RETURN. Rates from Montreal. Detroit, Mich. \$15.00. Cleveland, Ohio \$17.50. Saginaw, Mich. 17.25. Columbus, Ohio 20.00. Grand Rapids, Mich. 19.10. Chicago, Ill. \$18.00. Cincinnati, Ohio 22.50. St. Paul or Minneapolis, Minn. 41.00. Dayton, Ohio 20.40. Indianapolis, Ind. 24.20.

CANADIAN PACIFIC WESTERN EXCURSIONS. Sept. 22, 23, 24, 1904. Valid to return until October 10, '04. Rates from Montreal.

OTTAWA EXHIBITION. Montreal to Ottawa and Return. Sept. 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31, 1904. Ticket Office, 129 St. James Street (Next Post Office.)

NOTICE. The Annual General Meeting of the members of the Equitable Mutual Fire Insurance Co. will be held at No. 939 St. Denis Street, Montreal, at 10 a.m., on Wednesday, the fifth October, 1904, for the election of directors and transaction of general business.

Catholic Sailors' Club ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert Every Wednesday Evening. All Local Talent Invited: the finest in the City, pay us a visit. MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday Evening.

THE S. GARSLEY CO. LIMITED. A Brilliant Showing of NEW AUTUMN COATS and COSTUMES. From the vantage points of our offices in Paris, Berlin, London and New York we keep in close touch with the styles as evolved. This exquisite exhibit of Costumes and Suits was gathered by our expert in these centres of fashion.

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THE PRESS. The European correspondent of the "Living Church" (Protestant Episcopal) says that the Spanish Bishops are making a good move. It is no more or less than instituting a kind of Index with regard to the press, especially those periodicals which, socialistic and anti-religious in sentiment, are causing disturbances to quiet consciences.

THE TRUE WITNESS. Vol. LIV., No. 12. A NEW PROPRIETOR. Issue reaches our subscribers comments transferring the "True Witness" from the management, which has been uninterrupted for a ten years, to other hands, been signed. In retiring from the position to offer the readers old organ who have so staunchly supported us in our endeavor to do the good work for a decade the sincere expression of gratitude.