

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

[In our last issue we stated that this column would be open for young boys and girls desirous of trying their pens. We are pleased to find that already we have had a few communications from our youthful readers. We give them below, and hope that next week the whole of the Youth's Department will be filled with original matter.—ED. TRUE WITNESS]

A DIALOGUE.

TOMMY—Well, Mickey, how much are you going to spend at St. Ann's bazaar?

MICKEY—Well, Tommy, I really don't know; but whatever one spends at a bazaar is well spent.

TOMMY—Why do you say it is well spent, Mickey?

MICKEY—Well, Tommy, it is so well spent that you never see it any more.

TOMMY—Well, Mickey, I think your views on this point are somewhat erroneous, because what is spent at a charitable bazaar is given to the poor; what is given to the poor is lent to God; and what is lent to God will be repaid one hundredfold in this life and in the next.

MICKEY—You are right, Tommy; I thank you for your kind correction and clear explanation; this is the true idea of a Catholic bazaar.

[We trust that the older parishioners will come to the same conclusion as have Tommy and Mickey.]

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

MONTREAL, October 8, 1894.

MY DEAR WILLIE,—Wonderful things have taken place here since I last wrote you. One of the most important is the enrollment of all the boys as members of the League of the Sacred Heart. This I consider a most important event, as it involves the dearest of our interests. It is the greatest devotion in the Catholic Church, and especially the devotion of the nineteenth century. Rev. Father Nolan gave us a most interesting instruction on the subject of this devotion last Friday. This was very kind of the Rev. Father, and it shows what a great desire he has to promote this devotion, and if we are faithful with its practices it will be a great source of benediction to our school.

JAMES PHELAN.

[James does well to draw the attention of his young friends to such an important subject. It is thus that really beneficial practices are encouraged and made successful.]

A SAD ACCIDENT.

MONTREAL, Oct. 8, 1894.

MY DEAR CHARLIE—I have sad news to give you. Eddy Mahar was accidentally killed on Saturday. He was preparing to become a conductor on the street cars, and was to assume the position to-day. But "man proposes and God disposes." While he was stepping from one car to another, he slipped and fell between the cars and was run over and horribly mangled. Poor fellow, I am so sorry; he was a former pupil of our school and always conducted himself as a true Christian young man. Though his end was sudden, I hope he was found prepared. It is our duty to pray for the repose of his soul. It is also a great warning to us to practise the gospel precept: "Be ye always ready."

J. MANNING.

[This is a loving and Catholic tribute, and young master Manning deserves high praise for his thoughtfulness and the pious sentiments that he expresses.]

OUR LANGUAGE.

MONTREAL, Oct. 8, 1894.

DEAR JOSEPH,—If I may take the liberty to give you a word of advice, I would recommend you the study of our language. It is a precious study, but this labor thus spent will be amply rewarded. It is while we are young that we should endeavor to speak and write; simple and beautiful language as it can never be acquired in after life. Ours is a noble language, spoken to-day in every quarter of the globe. It is destined to exercise a great influence in the future

of the world's history and literature. I would recommend you "Lessons in English Literature," by John O'Kane Murray. It is a small work, but very interesting and instructive for elementary schools.

J. M. SCOTT.

[This is good sound advice and we would be glad to find Master Scott's remarks reproduced for the benefit of every school in Canada. He is a wise boy and good student.]

FATHER'S VACATION.

Nobody had thought of the possibility of father having a vacation. As soon as the hot weather began, father made arrangements for mother and the children to go into the country. It had been his custom for years, and he was happy in the thought that he was able to have them take this outing, which the children looked forward to with pleasant anticipations the whole year round.

But what of father in the meantime? He slept in the deserted house in the city, and took his meals at restaurants. Of course, he was lonely and weary with the depressing state of the weather, and his food did not relish as it did when it was cooked at home. But he did not mind that, as long as his family were having a good time in the country. He could not spend over two Sundays with them during the whole season, as it was necessary for him to look closely after his business, for there was much competition in his line of work.

Of course, father would enjoy a stay in the country, too. He likes to fish and walk in the woods, or drive over the pleasant roads, and when he was a boy, boating was his especial delight. He enters into the children's good time with his whole heart when he reads their letters, or hears them give an account of the fun when the summer was over. But, poor man, he must feel in his heart, like Glory McQuirk, "so many good times, but I can't be in 'em."

Now, girls and boys, do you realize all your father sacrifices that you may have a good and happy vacation? Do you appreciate his goodness enough to put your wits to work to devise ways and means to have him get an outing, if only a short one? Could not you, older brothers, who are having the advantages of college and travel at his expense, give up part of your vacation to help him in the store or office, so he can get off for a change and rest? It seems as if there might be some such arrangement made. Perhaps he will say that he cannot afford it; then let the girls give up some extra expenses, that he may have the surplus for his car fare and board bill.

All honor to the self-sacrificing, hard-working father, who sees that his family has so many pleasures and comforts, notwithstanding he suffers discomforts in consequence.

I never saw a crowd of school children going along the street, well clothed and shod, that I do not think what a persevering and patient class of hard-working fathers they represent. Many of the fathers have small incomes, too, and

even the one item of buying shoes for the little ones is considerable. Don't you all wish that every dear father could get a vacation this year?—*Young Catholic.*

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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES DEAD

THE GREAT AUTHOR PASSES AWAY AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY FIVE.

By the death of Oliver Wendell Holmes another great man has passed for ever from the stage of life. Dr. Holmes, famous poet and author and most genial of philosophers, died in Boston, at noon, on Sunday last. He was born at Cambridge, Mass., August 29 1809, graduated at Harvard College, in 1829, and began the study of law but later abandoned it for medicine. In 1838, Dr. Holmes was elected Professor of anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth College; and in 1847 was appointed to a similar professorship in the medical school of Harvard University, from which he retired in 1882. As early as 1831 his contributions in verse appeared in various periodicals and his reputation as a poet was established by the delivery of a metrical essay entitled *Poetry* which was followed by others in rapid succession. As a writer of songs, lyrics and poems for festive occasions he occupied first place. He was for many years a popular lecturer. In 1857 he began in the *Atlantic Monthly* a series of articles under the title of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which were followed in 1860 by "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," in 1882 by "The Poet at the Breakfast Table." It is by these three works that the public know him best brimming with geniality as they are, there is, in every line, full evidence of the perspicacity of the strong intellect that conceived them. Quip and epigram nestle quietly for a time among the gravest thoughts on their pages and then sparkle suddenly forth enhanced to double brightness by the gravity of the context. Holmes was not only a writer of genial philosophical prose, like the Poet at the Breakfast Table, the Professor at the Breakfast Table, and the Autocrat at the Breakfast Table, but was also a writer of the most charming verse, a poet fully American in sympathies, yet a poet who was read with equal pleasure in all the English speaking world. Holmes may not be counted one of the greatest verse writing poets of the century, but his pathetically humorous story of the "One Hoss Shay" would alone have kept his memory green for generations in the minds of thousands and his prose works will always stand unique and inimitable. In the beginning of the century there came into the world some half dozen men who were to see life in every decade of the century, and who, as they lived, were to gather increasing honors with every year that passed them by, Oliver Wendell Holmes was in America the last of this grand sextette of eminent men, whose names for generations will stand brightest in the history of our century. In Europe, there are still living, Gladstone, Bismarck, and His Holiness the Pope. But now that Dr. Wendell Holmes is dead, America has lost one of the founders of her literature and the world has lost its most genial and most lovable poet.

THE MONTH'S MIND.

The "Month's Mind" for the late Hon. C. F. Fraser was celebrated on Wednesday last, in St. Francis Xavier's Church, Brockville. The Very Rev. Vicar-General Gauthier presided in the sanctuary; and the Rev. Father Collins, curate St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, sung the solemn High Mass. The ceremonies throughout were most impressive; and the several members of the choir rendered their parts with much taste and feeling. A large number of the faithful came to offer their prayers during the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of the soul of the departed statesman.

A biography of the Holy Father, Leo XIII., has been published in two large volumes at Paris. It is written by Mgr. De T'Serclaes, President of the Belgian College in Rome, Domestic Prelate of His Holiness. The preface is written by Mgr. Bannard, Doctor of the Catholic Faculty of Lille.

T. FITZPATRICK, L.D.S.,

DENTIST.

Teeth without Plates a Specialty.

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