

AUNT NORA'S CORNER.

There are a great many earnest young people with the best possible intentions who are stumbling blocks to themselves and others, because of their habit of grumbling and looking on the gloomy side of things; nothing is ever just right for them. If the day is bright they see a cloud in the sky which promises rainy weather. In fact they borrow trouble. "Oh dear me!" Aunt Nora heard one of her young friends exclaim, "I'll never have my lessons for to-morrow; there's history, geography, grammar—I am just afraid to begin—and that one sentence 'just afraid to begin' was the keynote of all her trouble. She forgot that she had but one lesson at a time; she saw only the hard work before her, and ignored the fact that if the time she spent in grumbling had been applied to one lesson she would have made a start towards conquering the tasks she so much dreaded.

A well-known writer says: "Do to-day's duties; fight to-day's temptations; and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them."

It would make life broader and grander for each of us, if we could rise above the anxious thought about what we will do to-morrow, or next week. We would double our usefulness if we were to give up the useless attempt to carry to-morrow's burdens, and be content to "lend a hand" to what lies nearest to-day, leaving to-morrow and its possibilities with a wise, merciful and all loving Creator.

In this life of ours we often fail to take the time necessary to become acquainted with ourselves. Some day an unexpected trial or temptation coming upon us, makes a revelation, and we stand aghast. We have been harboring motives we could not have guessed. We have weaknesses of which we never dreamed. Our self-respect reels under the blow. And all the sorrow and shame might have been averted if earlier we had taken the time necessary to understand our own natures, and so have guarded against coming dangers.

Of course all Aunt Nora's young friends meant to make each succeeding week better than the last; the best way to accomplish this is to review the work of the past few days. Notice just where you made your mistakes, that you may avoid a repetition of the same. Encourage yourself by seeing where you really succeeded. That is one of the ways by which God means you to grow.

AUNT NORA.

DISCONTENT.

Sometimes we find little girls and boys—and big ones, too, very often—who are discontented with their home surroundings.

Their parlors "isn't a bit nice, it's just a poky, old-fashioned room," after they have visited somebody else's drawing-room. Their table has not half the appointments of somebody else's board. Their little sisters are not half so pretty, or so nicely dressed, as other little girls they know; and their brothers—well, they are just big, rough, good-natured lads without a bit of the polish or manners that other youths display.

Even father and mother receive their share of adverse criticism from these young censors who have just opened their eyes to the little refinements of life, but never enquired how they came to have even so much as already surrounds them.

Many lives, perhaps, were worn out in daily toil through generations of ancestors in the task of building, piece by piece, even the humblest of little homes. Life's trials and vicissitudes may have overtaken the builders, and scattered their work to the winds even before it reached completion, and then the labor and struggle had to be begun bravely again, perhaps from its very foundations, and in time your father and mother joined hearts and hands and took up the shattered and crumbling remnants of fortune they found, and, binding them strong together with their own love and trust, built a warm little nest for you to grumble at when you first stepped from your mother's knee into the great big world, so full of sham and parade, that dazzles your unaccustomed eyes.

Other homes may, indeed, be prettier and better fashioned, but other parents may have found materials in plenty in the spot where God appointed them to labor, and other hands may have undertaken the toil for them that spoiled the beauty of your father and mother's fingers.

It is your duty now to turn your energies to the task of embellishing the home and make it more inviting. You may think that the best way to do this is to expend money that you cannot obtain in wonderful tidies and dainties that occupy many precious moments in construction, and turn out very often to be very untidy and troublesome affairs. I am talking now to the girls. A boy will consider himself an injured being if he cannot be supplied with a bicycle, a sweater, an outing cap, running shoes, perhaps a big dog to go prowling over the house his mother and sisters endeavor to keep clean and neat—and these are a boy's minor deficiencies—he generally wants a great deal more.

The best way to add to the beauty of home is not by filling it with a lot of ornate goods and hardware, but with the brightness of your heart's sunshine and the willing help of your young hands.

Never mind the flaws you see; they are trifles after all, and you should re-

member that it is time for father and mother to give up a little of the burden of home-building and keeping, and it is for you to step in with your tribute of gratitude and pick up a few of the little tasks they may leave undone and quietly accomplish them. If you do this, children, you will have no time for fault-finding, and no room in your hearts for the ugly spirit of discontent that mars so many lives.

SUSIE.

DEAR AUNT NORA.—Seeing in the last issue of THE TRUE WITNESS your earnest appeal to the boys and girls of good 'old St. Ann's,' I immediately resolved to do my best to keep up the good old name of this dear old parish, and this is my apology for penning you those few lines. Well, dear Aunt Nora, wasn't the annual procession in honor of Ireland's great Apostle one to be long remembered, the national festival commemorating at the same time the glorious jubilee of dear old St. Patrick's Church? How proudly I wore "the chosen leaf of bard and chief, old Erin's native Shamrock!" Yes, the day was celebrated here in a most enthusiastic and withal in a very becoming manner. My dear mother purchased two copies of the Golden Jubilee Souvenir Number of THE TRUE WITNESS, one of which we are keeping at home and the other we have sent to my dear aunt and cousins in Quebec. In the letter which they sent us, gratefully acknowledging receipt of the Souvenir Number, they proclaim it most beautiful, and think it deserves unstinted praise, and is well worth keeping. Sol emni High Mass was celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, on the morning of the glorious festival so dear to the hearts of Erin's sons and daughters. The Mass was rendered by a choir of sixty voices, and the church, which was most artistically decorated, was thronged to the doors. My cousin, Miss Johanna Sullivan, sang the solo at the "Sanctus," and was highly complimented on the way she so admirably acquitted herself. Well, dear Aunt Nora, I am a pupil of St. Ann's Academy, on McCord street, and I am progressing favorably in my studies, thanks to my kind, devoted and self-sacrificing teacher. The Academy is under the direction of the Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame, who are everywhere looked upon as very competent and efficient teachers. Well, as this is my first appearance and as I have now broken the ice, I hope those able to wield a mightier and more elegant pen than mine will now muster up courage and favor us with some interesting news.

ROSE BAILEY.

[Your letter is very neatly written and carefully punctuated, Rosie, and Aunt Nora is of opinion that her new niece is painstaking, who is always anxious to do her best with everything she undertakes. There should be no ice between Aunt Nora and her young friends; the atmosphere of the Corner is too genial and sympathetic to permit it. Write another letter soon again, Rosie, and tell us something about the parish of St. Ann's. That should be a fruitful subject for you.]

THE ANNUNCIATION.

"Hail! full of grace." Oh, words sublime!  
Falling from Gabriel's tongue that precious day,  
Wherein the message was revealed to sway  
Poor human hearts until the end of Time.  
Outpelling now from tower and belfry chime  
Are joyful calls to hold us on our way;  
Sweet contemplation that, in mercy, may  
Awaken dormant minds in every clime.  
"Blessed among women" is thy title fair,  
Sweet mother who, to-day, enthroned above,  
Still feels the promptings of maternal love  
For each sad wanderer who to grief is heir.  
Oh, may we see thee in those realms of light,  
When each goes forth, alone, in Death's dark night!  
B. F. D. D.  
25th March, 1897.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,  
A hundred years to come?  
Who'll tread your church with willing feet,  
A hundred years to come?  
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,  
And childhood with his brow of truth;  
The rich and poor, on land, on sea,  
Will each fulfill his destiny,  
A hundred years to come?  
We all within our graves shall sleep,  
A hundred years to come;  
No living soul for us will weep,  
A hundred years to come;  
But other men our land will till,  
And other then our streets will fill,  
And other words will sing as gay,  
And bright the sun shine as to-day,  
A hundred years to come.

A PASSION FLOWER.

An Angel bearing a lily white,  
A Maid with a lily-soul,  
The gentle hush of a prayerful night,  
While star-words onward roll;  
The earthward flight of a snowy dove,  
And, lo! in the midnight hour  
From the lily-heart of the Lily-Maid  
There rose a Passion Flower.

VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

Curfew laws for preventing children from spending their time on the streets after certain hours are being sanctioned and censured alternately by social reformers. Opinions have frequently been

advanced for and against the curfew. It has been adopted in several small towns, but, after a short trial, proved a useless and impracticable measure. Evil propensities are doubtless fostered by the late hours and unsuitable associates of the streets, but there are other sources of contamination equally fruitful and less guarded from the young which are passed over and ignored. It is not well to curtail the liberty of children who know no other playground but the footpath, and whose lives are spent within the narrow limits of homes that provide little in the way of comfort or recreation. The voice of the parent is the only true curfew, and all others will be unpopular as the curfew of the Conqueror, for they savor too much of the tyranny of power and the strong arm of the law, and though the motive may be wise, the old repugnance still attaches to a law framed by the suspicions of a Norman ruler.

THE Dreaming Stone.

(By EDWARD O'MEARA, IN HIBERNIAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.)

This idea seemed gradually to take possession of his imagination, overwhelming all other thoughts; it was rather a curiosity to discover what he feared would not be revealed, than any desire to profit by the red bars or jewelled plate, which everyone said had long been concealed "somewhere" about his ancestral castle; it was a species of ambition to learn to unravel mystery, to seek and find that which had been lost, to say—"I have been chosen from among many to do this thing." The idea of its being superstitious never occurred to him, nor did he for a moment think how the mist folded itself in such graceful ever-moving drapery around his couch as if invisible hands arranged and re-arranged it for his enjoyment. By degrees the forms so busied became apparent, outlined in the most delicate tracery, as they floated from beneath the waving fern, or rounded into perfect beauty from out of the full-blossomed roses that clustered beside the "dreaming stone," transparent, fragile, delicate things they were, as they mingled together in fantastic movements, tinted by the hue or tone of the flowers that gave them shelter; some smaller than the rest—indications of life, rather than life itself—seemed born of the purple heath; others of the elastic harebell; others, severe-looking eyes with a certain air of self-gratulation, showing a trifling degree of pretty scorn for their companions, were the denizens of a Scottish thistle, while those more particularly of his own land, green and gay as grasshoppers, sporting in emblematic trios—

"To one thing constant never,"

enlivened his imagination and quickened his fancy by their rapid and elastic movements; many of a sedate dignity came and went with diadems on their brows; others with wands, which they seemed to have the power of elongating at pleasure; there were few, if any, of the ordinary mischiefs supposed to belong to fairyland, the diminutive gnomes and little mocking sprites; few, distorted or robbed of their fair proportions; no matter how minute they were their tiny forms were well defined and full of grace and motion; and the last troop that gathered round him seemed more intent on pleasing the "child of earth" who had come among them than on sporting with each other; and yet there were some, and those, too, came nearest to the young man, bending above his brow and raising the curls that clustered round his head, who looked at him with earnest eyes in which there was an expression of the deepest interest—an interest devoid of jest, a solemn, deep expression as though they knew the past and would direct him as to the future; and, soft as the whispering of the south wind, questions were breathed into his ears which he had not power to reply to.

At last, after the moon had sunk and the stars disappeared, or become fainter and still more fainter in the expanse around them, it seemed that those benevolent spirits comprehended his desire, for he heard strange, unearthly whispers, repeating "hidden treasure, hidden treasure." And while all retreated and continued wreathing themselves above and around the rock or swinging to and fro upon their favorite flowers, or bathing in the stream that murmured on its way or caught the dew-drops and by some wonderful alchemy converted them into solid gems one of tall and majestic stature (for a fairy) advanced to the young man's side and bent the wand she carried in her hand over his eyes. It looked at a distance like a silver rod, but he found it was only a line of light and it gave him the power of seeing all things contained in the secret vaults of his family. The rumor went that much treasure had been hidden in the sullen chambers, where the great shut in their bodies to moulder in proud and ghastly solitude; and he looked there, but there was nothing except bones, heaps on heaps of bones, round which the cements of the grave mouldered, with here and there a jewel, a chain of gold, or a stray white pearl, but no treasure beyond that; and if there had been, he would not have despoiled the crackling relics of humanity of what they most foolishly held so dear. It was refreshing to escape these gloomy charnel-houses; his wandering spirit shudderingly returned to its dwelling, and was grateful to be again with the fields and flowers. "None there!" murmured the fair lady; "no fit place to seek treasure from amid our buried ancestors—none there again!" And again the wand of light passed over his eyes, and the

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foundations of the rude fortress, its prisons, its secret passages, its labyrinths, were traversed encountering nothing save headless arrows, a notched battle-axe, and then in a square cell one end of a huge rusty chain was fastened to the wall and at the other end, within a ring like fetter, was a long white bone, dangling above a heap of mouldering humanity; a skull, round which some fair hair twisted, and fragments of cloth, still bright; a broken pitcher, and an iron lamp, whose oil was burnt out, the fragments of a deed of sin and death! On and on, carefully too, for his hope of gain had roused him to exertion; but no treasure—not enough of gold or silver coin to fill an infant's hand. Fatigued and worn by disappointment, his spirit came back, as it were, to his abiding home, and then the fairy smiled and said: "Beneath the waters seek!" And the wand again did its behest; but fruitless was the search beneath the lake—no hidden treasure there—nothing below the waters but the long entwining roots of the aquatic plants and small shooting fish, flying like arrows to escape the jaws of the devouring giants of the lake. Once, indeed, he thought something that lay coiled round with rope was worth investigating; but it was only a heap of iron headed pikes that, as sweet May reared, had never tasted blood.

George O'Brien had never admitted that he believed in the story of the "hidden treasure," and yet he felt disappointed when its falsehood was so completely established. He clung to the tale as—according to the old saying—men cling to straws; but now it proved naught, he was disappointed, chilled, distressed. He thought, "Out upon all prophecy! none but fools would listen to such old wives' tales. And I to be such an idiot—and these misty phantoms to deceive me so, making much sport of my credulity!"

THE FOOD THAT MAN NEEDS.

A WISE COMBINATION NECESSARY TO KEEP THE BODY IN ORDER.  
"As in the daily wear and tear of life a great deal of the substance of a man's body is used up, it is absolutely necessary that the repair to the body be carefully and systematically looked after," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer in the April Ladies' Home Journal. "Then, too, man must create heat and force, according to the climate in which he lives and the occupation he follows. A wise combination of food is, therefore, necessary to keep the body in working order. In cold weather we need a larger amount of carbonaceous foods—fats, sugars and starches—than we do in summer. In the hot climates and during the hot months fruit and green vegetables, containing the salts necessary to keep the blood in good condition, should be used freely. According to our method of living in this country we should take about two parts of repair food, such as meat, eggs, milk, cheese, or, in the vegetable kingdom, the old peas, beans and lentils, & three parts of carbonaceous food, such as white bread, potatoes, rice, butter, cream and fats of all kinds. They must have a certain amount of bulky or watery vegetables, such as lettuce, spinach, cabbage, onions, and also the fruits. In making up a daily ration we should have at the beginning of the meal some light dish that may be taken slowly, to prepare the stomach for the food that is to follow, then a meat or its equivalent. With beef we should serve potatoes; with mutton, rice. With chickens, either rice or potatoes."

SAVE YOUR TEMPER.

Probably no small article among the indispensable of modern life causes more annoyance than a poor pen, when writing. Some say they have never yet found a pen to suit them. Our ideal of a pen is one that seems to glide over the paper without effort, and by its own qualities makes the writing neater and more legible. Experts in writing say that the Spencerian Co's Pens are the best. Whether this is so, it is not for us to say, but we are informed that those who send return postage to the New York Office, 450 Broome St., will receive samples of several of their different numbers, among which may yet be found that greatly to be desired thing, a pen that does not spoil one's writing and one's temper.

COLORING EASTER EGGS.

Easter eggs can be colored with aniline dye. It should be diluted to the proper shade and the eggs boiled in it. Green, the color of hope and resurrection, is particularly appropriate, but a variety is pleasing—red, pink, blue, pale yellow and purple. Eggs can be boiled hard, and painted in water-colors with a single spring flower, as a primrose, or a butterfly, also a symbol of the resurrection. They should be arranged in nests of moss. German children believe that the Easter eggs are laid by hares, so representations of this little animal are often placed on them, or near them. Painted butterflies, mounted on wire, can be made to over over the nest.—April Ladies' Home Journal.

"Who is that young woman near the other end of the table who has been talking about correct taste in art?"  
"Which young woman? There are several."  
"The one with the wooden toothpick in her mouth."

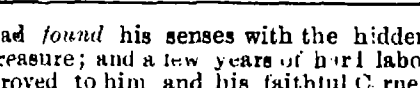
A Member of the Ontario Board of Health says:

"I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion in Consumption and even when the digestive powers were weak it has been followed by good results."—H. P. YEOMANS, A. B., M. D.

An Indication—"Has your son taken up the higher mathematics?" inquired the friend. "I don't know for sure," replied the father, who was looking over a number of bills; "anyhow, he's getting a great deal more familiar with figures than he used to be."—Washington Star.

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had found his senses with the hidden treasure; and a few years of hard labor proved to him and his faithful C. ruy that truth may be found on a "dreaming-stone."

HOPED TO IMPROVE.

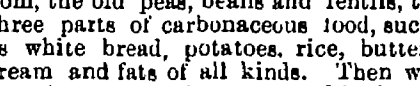
"This bicycle-riding is all a non-sensical fad?" exclaimed the man who is wrapped up in political enthusiasm.  
"Perhaps it is," replied his wife.  
"You don't see me working like a day laborer pushing a wheel around the country."  
"No. But give me time. Perhaps after awhile I'll get sufficiently sensible to abandon the bicycle and walk eighteen or nineteen miles with a torch over my shoulder, regardless of the weather, every time there's an election or a ratification meeting."—Washington Star.

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