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THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1905.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

By AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Is not this glorious winter weather enjoyed by all? I am sure class-time seems long until the recess bell rings, and then how quickly the moments fly until class assemblies again. How do you amuse yourselves? Have you slides built in your school yards? Do you have snowball fights or do you skate? I hope you all are well, studying hard, and that you will find a few spare minutes to write to the corner.

Your loving friend,

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I have been reading the letters in the True Witness from the little boys and girls, I thought I would write one also.

I am in the fourth class and I am going to try the entrance examination next summer. My seat mate is Georgianna Montpelier. The other girls of my class are Flossie Brownrigg, Lizzie Kelly, Yvonne Montpelier and Georgianna Montpelier.

I intend to spend my summer holidays with my sister who is living in Montreal. I received a lot of presents from my friends Christmas. My sister Ida got a grey lamb coat. Hoping to see my letter in print, I am your loving niece.

ALICE B.

Alfred Centre, Ont.

THE BRAVERY OF BATTLES.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,  
Shall I tell you where and when?  
On the maps of the world you'll find it not,  
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, with cannon or battle shot,  
With sword or noble pen;  
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,  
From the mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in the walled-up woman's heart—  
Of woman that would not yield,  
But bravely, silently bore her part—  
Lo! there is the battlefield.

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,  
No banner to gleam and wave!  
But, oh! these battles! they last so long,  
From babyhood to the grave.

—Joaquin Miller.

THE SPOOL DOLLS.

Katherine had been sick a very long time, and now she was getting well and could sit up in bed for several hours each day. Everyone was glad of this, but gladdest of all was Katherine herself, for she wanted to be outdoors once more, she wanted, oh, so much, to be able to play with "Angelina" and "Lollita," her two big beautiful French dolls, but they must have grown very fast for they were so big and heavy that she found that she could not lift them off the bed, and to really have a good play with them was quite out of the question. The other smaller dolls had been in the room with her all along, and they were now "in the hospital for a rest cure," mamma said. And what was Katherine to do for dollies during these long weeks of getting well? It was a pathetic little voice that asked Aunt Lou that question, one afternoon when Aunt Lou "happened in" to see the little invalid.

Now Aunt Lou was a very young aunt, although she did up her hair most wonderfully and marvelously, Katherine thought, and she could still get down on the floor and play dolls "better'n any little girl I know," asserted that young person, wonderingly. So when she appealed to Aunt Lou she felt sure of help in some way. "Where are all your paper dollies," asked Aunt Lou, first thing. "They would be light and easy to handle." "I was playing with them the day I was taken sick," said Katherine, "and they were all burned up with the other things. 'Sides," she continued, "I'm pretty tired of paper dolls."

Then Aunt Lou had an idea. Aunt Lou was always having ideas, that was one of the nice things about her. "I'll tell you what! The very thing!" she exclaimed, laughing and clapping her hands. And then she ran out of the room. Pretty soon she came back with a box in one hand, and in the other some bright colored worsteds and a pair of scissors.

"When I was a little girl," began Aunt Lou brightly, setting herself down in a low chair by the bed. "I invented a new kind of doll. You see, I did not have a dozen or so real live dollies like a certain little lady I know, and I had to make my own. I always liked to fuss with

the long hair on the other little girls' dollies, so when I invented a kind of my own it was to be nearly all hair. And so," continued Aunt Lou, "I took some spools and some gay colored yarn scraps that grandma had left over from her knitting, and I cut some of it into pieces six inches or so long and laid it on top of the spool so," she said, suiting the action to the word. "And then with the point of the scissors closed I poked it down a ways into the hole of the spool to hold it in, leaving a long end hanging over on one side and a little short end on the opposite side, and there, behold my doll!"

"Why, it is all hair," said Katherine. "Just so," replied Aunt Lou, "and there's where the fun comes in. Here is the long end—that's my lady's 'back hair.' If she's a little girl, she can wear it flowing, or in two pigtails, or—" "Oh," said Katherine, catching the spirit, "and I can tie them with twenty bows of baby ribbon." "Just so," said Aunt Lou gaily. "And the short end in front we can loop back for a pompadour; or we can part it in the middle and turn it back plain; or we can cut it still shorter and have bangs, do you see?" "Or frizzes," said Katherine, "if she were a grown up lady." "Frizzes!" exclaimed Aunt Lou. "Why, I used to take ordinary white string and have it for my spool dolls' hair, and then you can wet it and make long curls around a match stick, or braid it and have the ends crimped. And you can make cunning little paper bonnets and hats. Oh, there's no end to the things you can do with them!"

"And now I must go," said Aunt Lou, after she had made a worsted spool and string spool for Katherine, "but I'm coming again next week, and perhaps you'll have several more by that time."

When Aunt Lou came the next week Katherine was having a beautiful time. On the white counterpane was a collection of spool dolls that was truly amazing. There were four families of them. There were ladies with their hair done up low, or high, with pins for hairpins, and bows of narrow ribbons that Katherine had among her treasures. There were gentlemen spools and little boy spools, with short hair cut even with the top of the spool all around. There were little girl spools with their hair cut "Cromwell," or with long curls, or crimped hair. And there were baby spools, the tiny kind that buttonhole twist comes on. And there was a big cook, with some of the black linen thread still around her waist; she had bright red hair. And there was one old black mammy that could scarcely waddle—she had been a crochet-cotton spool—with short, black woolly hair.

"Wasn't it nice that mamma had saved up so many empty spools?" said Katherine, eagerly. "She said she always kept them for somebody's baby, and here I'm that baby!" she laughed. "And then there was a big box of odds and ends of zephyrs from the Afghan, and the string drawer besides!"

"The spools are having a party," Katherine explained, "and they have their hair done extra fine. Don't you think they look nice?"

"Indeed I do," replied Aunt Lou, heartily, "and when you get well they will be fine for rainy days. Or there's little lame Annie you could give them too."

"Why, so I could!" exclaimed Katherine. "They can roll her chair up to the table and she can play with them on that. That's just what I'll do," and Katherine looked so bright and happy that the doctor, coming in just then, said: "Well, well, Bright Eyes. I shouldn't wonder if you could go downstairs to dinner to-morrow!"

A FATHER'S DUTY.

One who cannot win the love of his fellows does not love either God or man as he ought to. A father has a duty, not only to love his every child, but to win that child's love. If he fails in this he is so far a failure in life. So it is with a husband, a pastor, a teacher, an employer. In every sphere of life it is a man's

duty to be loved. Without the love of others, won by him through his loving spirit and ways, any man lacks in his most important element of power.

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THE UNDISCIPLINED CHILD.

A statistician who has been engaged in the not very pleasant work of collecting figures concerning crime and suicide among children, says that "there might be more hope for the decrease of crime of all kinds if so many homes were not sending out so many boys and girls unwarned, untaught, untrained and unprotected." A judge in the juvenile court in one of our large cities asserts the same thing from another point of view, when he says that "the moral training of a child begins at home, and that the failures of the parents come to the children's court for treatment." This is a strong charge to make against parents, but probably it is only too true. Certain it is that undisciplined children are very bad material with which to build society.—New York Tribune.

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IRISH FAIRIES.

Fairies are a tradition rather than a living belief in the part of Donegal which I know best, says an Irish writer. The holly tree was specially sacred to them, and was not disturbed for fear of displeasing them. In the old days of illicit distilling, the distiller would always scatter the first half-pint or so of spirit that came from the still into the air. This was caught by the fairies and never reached the ground. Fishermen, too, returning from fishing, would declare that they had heard the fairy people fiddling in the face of the cliffs.

In many of the fairy stories collected by Professor Rhys and others egg shells play an important part, especially in detecting changeling children, and I was myself taught by my nurse to put my spoon through the bottom of the egg shell after eating an egg, "to keep away the fairies"—I suppose to damage the shell and make it useless for fairy purposes; and I am to this day slightly uncomfortable if that important ceremony is omitted. To this my informant could not give me any parallels from his own experience, but he told me that some years ago the fishermen round Teelin Bay had a curious superstition that it was very unlucky to eat eggs before going to sea, and if any one was known to have done so he would not be allowed in the boat that day.

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AVOID THE OLD RUTS.

It is clear that one of our worst failures is at the point where, having resolved like angels, we drop back into the old matter-of-fact life, and do just what we did before, because we have always done it, and because everybody does it, and because our fathers and mothers did it; all which may be the very reason why we should not do it. There is no station in life, and no place in one's home, where, if he wants to enlarge his life in caring for people outside himself, he may not start on a career of enlargement which shall extend indefinitely. And we shall find the answer to our question to be that the man who enters upon infinite purposes lives the infinite life. He enlarges his life by every experience of life.

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CHILDREN'S UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR.

Dr. Macnamara, M.P., has made what is perhaps the best contribution to the literature of the Christmas season in a number of schoolboy (and schoolgirl) replies to questions which he contributes to The Schoolmaster. Here is a definition of "etc." which has a surprising ring of truth about it—"It is a sign used to make believe you know more than you do." There was a certain suggestion of irreverence—evidently, however, not meant—about the reply in question, "Why would David rather be a doorkeeper in the House of the Lord?" "Because he could walk about outside while the sermon was being preached." In reading from the Bible that gross darkness covered the face of the earth, a teacher asked what gross darkness meant; whereupon the top boy in mental arithmetic replied that gross darkness was one hundred and forty-four times darker than ordinary darkness. "Who is Mr. Chamberlain?" was a question; and the answer was: "A man who broke out among other people." Again we are told that "Sir Joseph Chamberlain invented the fiscal policy and generally wears an orchard in his coat"; also that "by the Salic Law no woman can become a king." There was surely a vein of satire in the boy who wrote that "Poetry is when every line begins with a capital letter." A girl describing a railway journey wrote "You have to get a



## One "Fruit-a-tives" Tablet

contains all the medicinal virtues of several apples, oranges, figs and prunes. In eating fruit, the part that does you good is almost counterbalanced by the indigestible pulp.

## Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets are the curative qualities without the woody fibre. The juices are so combined by the secret process that their action is much more powerful and efficacious. Try "FRUIT-A-TIVES." See how gently they act, and how quickly they cure you of Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Stomach, Headaches and Kidney Troubles. At your druggist's. Soc. box. FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.

ticket which is a piece of paper, and give it to a man who cuts a hole in it to let you pass through."

An essay on the pig is appropriate at the present season. "A pig," wrote a boy, "when living has four legs, but when you kill it the butcher says it has only two, because he calls the front legs shoulders and the back legs are called hams. Hams tastes nice, and they boil it to eat at a wedding. The missus sprinkles little bits of toast on it to make it look pretty." Another boy showed as fine a scepticism about maxims as Macaulay. His comment on "You can't put old heads on young shoulders" was—"Of course you can't, and if you did they wouldn't fit." There is also the story of the two children who, being awakened one morning and told they had a new brother, were keen to know whence and how he had come. "It must have been the milkman," said the girl. "Why the milkman?" asked her little brother. "Because," she answered, "he says on his cart, 'Families supplied.'"

## LITTLE LAUGHS.

A MODERN FAMILY.

"Where's Edythe?"  
"She's up in her studio hand-painting a snow shovel."  
"Where's Gladys?"  
"In the library writin' poetry."  
"Where is Clarice?"  
"She's up in her studio hand-painting a planer."  
"Where's Gwendoline?"  
"Up in her boudoir curlin' her hair."  
"And where's ma?"  
"Maw? Oh, maw's down in the kitchen gettin' dinner for the bunch."  
—Hous' on Chronicle.

Professor — heard of an old woman with epilepsy who had lived to seventy-nine. Curious to know the details of so unusual a case, he interviewed the widow. After inquiring about different symptoms, he asked, "Did she grind her teeth much at night?" The old man considered for a moment and then replied, "Wal, I dunno as she wore 'em at night."

At a workhouse concert in England an old lady in the front had watched with deep sympathy the struggles of a young lady in an operatic selection. The moment the music paused the old lady leaned forward and confidentially said:

"Don't 'ee do it, my dear; don't 'ee do it if it 'urts yer!"

SHE HAD NO FOREIGN COMPLAINT.

"Is it true that you were very seasick on the trip over?" asked Mrs. Goodart.  
"Yes, indeed," replied the old lady.  
"Why, I understand your daughter left a sure remedy in your stateroom before the ship sailed."  
"No, indeed, there wasn't nothin' there but a bottle of something for mal de mer, an' I knew I didn't have no foreign disease like that."—Philadelphia Ledger.

WHY THEY SMILED.

Brother Jones was noted for his long and laborious prayers, and although the good people of the church respected him they were not at all pleased to hear him pray in meeting. The new minister was not aware of Brother Jones' unpopularity as a "prayer," so he had no idea why a ripple of amusement passed over the congregation when, after a hymn had been sung, he said, "Brother Jones will lead us in prayer," and in a fervent tone added, "and may God help us."

## How Michael Davitt Lost His Good Right Arm.

Mr. Dillon's delighted and feeling allusion in his speech at Inishowen to Mr. Michael Davitt will, says a writer in the Dublin Freeman, perhaps render it of interest to know that although Mr. Davitt was born in the small village of Straid, in the County of Mayo, where his family had been for some generations, his ancestors came from Inishowen, and he has always regarded himself as an Inishowen man, and speaks with pride of the ancient Donegal stock from which he sprung. Mr. Davitt was not fourteen years old when he met with that dreadful accident in the mill which deprived him of his right arm. He was a little boy of far tenderer years, and had not completed his first decade. Only a few moments before this terrible calamity befel him he had ventured to point out to the man in charge that he was in danger of being caught in the machinery. The reply to this representation was a brutal blow from the clenched fist of his "boss" in his ear. He was still stunned by the blow when the accident which he dreaded actually occurred.

Mr. Davitt's arm was amputated by one of the most skilful surgeons in the North of England, a Dr. Haworth, who resided in the village of Haworth, which bears his name, and was the home of the Brontës, with whom he was on terms of intimate friendship. At the time of this accident Mr. Davitt had received but the merest rudiments of education, and this misfortune was a blessing in disguise to Ireland, as it obtained for the future father of the Land League, by the enforced abstinence from manual labor, the advantage of instruction. At fifteen years of age Mr. Davitt secured employment in the local post office at Huntingdon, in Lancashire, and as the postmaster had also a business in printing and stationery, he had an opportunity of taking an occasional peep at books.—The Pilot.

## A FORLORN HOPE.

(Continued from Page 2.)

"Yes; the dearest, truest, best of sweethearts," continued the voice, tremulously. "But he can not come—I must not let him. Ah, it is a sad story! I have neither father nor mother—I had no one until he came and taught me how sweet it is to love and be loved. But his people do not want me."

"Do not want ye!" It was a good old round Scotch oath that burst from the Squire in his indignation. "Do not want ye, lass! Eh, the feckless fools! An' I'd let the people go to the de'il with their wants if I were yer man."  
"Oh, no, no—for he loves them, he loves father and mother and home more than I can tell. And it would hurt me so to stand between them, to break their hearts—"  
"Break their hearts! It's their heads that should be broken with a blackthorn stick, and I'd like the work!" blazed forth the old man wrathfully. "Not to want a lassie like ye—it's I that would give half I am worth to call a girlie like ye my ain."

"Would you?" She was on her knees beside him now, the sweet face radiant. "Then, father—Donald's father—take me for your daughter—for—that is the name and place I ask in your home—in your heart. Forgive me that I have tried to win it by a woman's strategy. Donald said if you knew me you would love me—and so I stole here under my mother's name—" She paused trembling, as the old man's brow blackened and his eyes blazed.

"Ah, do not look at me like that," she pleaded. "You know what you said just now—that you would give half you were worth—"  
"Ay, and I hold to it, lass, I hold to it," burst forth the old Squire impetuously, while brow and eyes suddenly cleared and flashed into light even as his own mountain tops at the touch of the sun. "I hold to the bargain, and to ye, be ye what ye may. Donald's sweetheart, are ye? Eh, but I canna blame the lad. Mother, mother, come hear this," he called to the old wife.

"Mother knows all," laughed Elsie. "I told her last night. And Donald," the fair arms wreathed themselves around the old man's neck. "Donald is not very far away, and you said—you know you said—" The brown eyes sparkled roguishly. "That I'd take a blackthorn stick to them that stood betwixt ye," and old Angus Cameron burst into a laugh that swept away the gloom of years.  
"Ah, ye kelpie! ye have me meshed neck and heel. But Angus Cameron

never went back on his word yet. Bid the lad come home."

And so the old Covenanter yielded, and the faith came to Cameron Hall with the triumph of Elsie's "forlorn hope."—Mary T. Waggaman, in Ben-ziger's Magazine.

## HOMES WANTED.

Good Catholic homes are wanted for a number of children, boys and girls, under six years of age.

In homes where there are no children or where the family have grown up these children would soon make themselves welcome and would in a few years repay all the care that was expended on them.

Applications received by W. O'Connor, Inspector Children's Department, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

## NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Parish of St. Michael the Archangel of Montreal will apply to the Legislature of Quebec, at its next session, to have the Education Act so amended as to erect the Parish of St. Michael the Archangel of Montreal, into a school municipality, with all the rights and privileges of Catholic School Boards in the Province of Quebec.

JOHN P. KIERNAN, P.P.

JOHN DILLON,

THOMAS FLOOD.

## BUILDING ASSOCIATION

IN AID OF

## ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH, MONTREAL.

By a resolution passed at a meeting of the Fabrique of St. Michael's, dated the 3rd of January, 1904, and with the approval of His Grace the Archbishop, the Fabrique binds itself to cause to have said in St. Michael's during four years two masses a month according to the intention of those who contribute 50 cents yearly. Help yourselves, help your deceased friends and help the new church by joining this Association.

The two masses in favor of contributors to St. Michael's Building Association, are said towards the end of every month. They are said with the intentions of those who contribute fifty cents a year. Contributors may have any intentions they please, they alone need know what their intentions are, they may change their intentions from month to month—they may have a different intention for each of the two masses in every month, they may have several intentions for the same mass, they may apply the benefit of the contribution to the soul of a deceased friend.

Contributions for the year 1905 (50 cents) may be addressed to

REV. JOHN P. KIERNAN, P.P.,

1602 St. Denis Street,

Montreal, P. Q.

(All contributions acknowledged.)



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Postal Pneumatic Tube Systems for Montreal and Toronto," will be received at this Department until Thursday, February 9, 1905, inclusively, for laying and jointing in the City of Montreal, 4,000 lineal feet of double line of smooth bored cast iron piping, to be supplied by the Government, and for furnishing, installing and erecting all the necessary special castings, elbows and fittings, including the terminal receiving and transmitting machinery and carriers.

Also for laying and jointing in the City of Toronto, 18,000 lineal feet of double line of smooth bored cast iron piping, to be supplied by the Government and for furnishing, installing and erecting all the necessary special castings, elbows and fittings, including the terminal receiving and transmitting machinery and carriers.

All as per plans and specification of John Galt, Chief Engineer.

Plans and specifications can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department, and at the office of John Galt, Chief Engineer, Toronto.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for three thousand dollars (\$3,000.00), in the case of Montreal, and nine thousand dollars (\$9,000.00), in the case of Toronto, must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
FRED. GELINAS, Secretary.  
Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, January 9, 1905.  
Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.