

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER.

Dear boys and girls:

So many of our little friends have been asking if we could not give them space "for their own selves" to which they might contribute letters, puzzles, games, etc., that we concluded to meet them and gladly give them a "Corner." Now, dear children, write and tell us how you spent your summer vacation, what amusements you like best, what books you read, what studies you have, and anything you think will be interesting. We want to make this department attractive, so let us see what you can

do. Who can tell but that there is wonderful literary genius lying dormant and needing only the slightest encouragement to bring it to the surface. Here's a chance now, boys and girls, for competition. Let us see who will take the palm. Write on one side of paper, and address all correspondence (which must be in by Saturday in each week) to "Editor Children's Corner, True Witness, Bushy street, Montreal."

Your friend,

EDITOR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Dear Editor:—I am so glad I met you in the summer, not only because you saved my dolly from a watery grave, but because you told me that a lot of little folks had asked you to let them write for your paper. I had such a good time in the country. I lived out doors most of the time. I like to go to grandma's because she lets me do just what I like. My cousins have a pony of their own and I was let drive it sometimes. They have lots of chickens and a pet lamb. I am sorry holidays are over for I would rather play than go to school. I hope you will give us some puzzles.

Your little reader,

CARRIE (aged 10)

(We hope soon to add a corner for puzzles.—Ed.)

Dear Editor:—I am a little boy eight years old, and cannot write a very nice letter, but I just want to say I am glad you have got a corner for the boys and girls. Perhaps some time I will write again.

HARRY.

Dear Editor:—My little friend Carrie J. is visiting with me to-day and said she was going to write a letter for the Children's Corner, so I thought I would like to write, too. I am a little invalid so cannot have the same amusements as other little girls of my age. I pass most of my time reading and I have quite a few friends who come to see me and help me to forget I am a prisoner. Perhaps some of the boys and girls who will read this would like to write to me, and if they do I will surely answer. I have ever so many toys and a dear little dog, who feels obliged to guard me. He is a dear faithful old fellow. I would like to hear about the other little boys' and girls' pets and how they treat them. My collie was never beaten in his life, and he is as obedient as any dog could be.

NETTIE (aged 9.)

Dear Editor:—I am a little boy six years old. We had a dear little dog called "Ducky." It died I think of old age, for it just seemed to grow thinner and thinner every day till it died. We felt very sorry it died. It was such a playful little dog. Our house seems so lonely without it. You would almost think it was a brother or sister that died. Ma thinks she had better not get another dog, for we all cried so hard about "Ducky" dying.

Yours truly,

N. G.

Dear Editor:—I will just try to tell you of how I spent my holiday. Mamma and my little brothers and sisters went to the seaside as soon as school closed. We had a lovely time. In the day time when the weather was fine, we boated. At night time all the children and grown-up people, too, would gather on the beach and light a big fire with brushwood and roast potatoes. Part of the fun was to tell ghost stories, which made the blood creep in one's veins, especially on a very dark night, while the potatoes roasted. We ate them with butter, pepper and salt.

Yours truly,

F. M. (aged 9.)

Dear Editor:—I have never written a letter before. I am a little girl eight years old and have just started back to school. My aunt came for me in June just when school closed and took me away with her to spend the whole summer. When I came home mamma said she would never know me, I was so brown. I

had a fine time running wild in the fields.

Your friend,

ESTELLE.

Dear Editor:—I have just returned to school, and found my teacher changed, still I think I will like my new one. Mamma says if I am very good I can take music lessons this year. We have a dear dog called Lorne, and he keeps all the cats out of our back yard. He got lost once but a ragman brought him home.

Your friend,

VIOLET (aged 9.)

Dear Editor:—My little sister Estelle wrote to you and told you about her dog. Well, I have some white mice in a cage, but I let them out sometimes when we are sure the cat is out. My baby sister loves to play with them. We have also a pet canary and a parrot, so don't you think we are lucky children.

Your friend,

WILLIE.

THE DROWSY ROAD.

There's a queer old road called the Drowsy Road,  
A road that is dim and still;  
It leads from the plain of Little White Bed  
Up over the Pillow Hill.

It winds by a river whose ripples breathe  
Is freighted with lullabies,  
Thro' the Slumber City where children see  
Strange things with their fast closed eyes.

Now this is the way to Drowsy Road—  
You tire of the Place of Toys—  
Your pleasure ebbs from that dear delight,  
The merry rumble of noise.

The curls fall heavy across your face,  
Your lashes come sweeping down,  
And Mother hands lift you to change your dress  
For a little white travelling gown.  
You feel a kiss on your small red mouth  
Before you have slipped away,  
And there at the end of the Drowsy Road  
Is smiling a bright new day.

—Edith Richmond Blanchard, in June "Designer."

OUR BOYS SHOULD LEARN

To laugh, to run, to swim, to carve, to be neat, to make a fire, to be punctual, to do errands, to cut kindlings, to sing if they can, to help their mothers, to hang up their hats to respect their teachers, to hold their heads erect, to sew on their own buttons, to wipe their boots on the mat, to speak pleasantly to older persons, to put every garment in its proper place, to remove their hats upon entering a house, to attend strictly to their own business, to be as kind and helpful to their sisters as to other boys' sisters.—F.S., in June "Designer."

MODERN TEACHING.

We teach the children Danish, Trigonometry and Spanish. Fill their heads with old-time notions.

And the secrets of the oceans, And the cuneiform inscriptions From the land of the Egyptians, Learn the date of every battle, Know the habits of the cattle, Know the date of every crowning, Read the poetry of Browning, Make them show a preference For each misty branch of science, Tell the acreage of Sweden, And the serpent's wiles in Eden; And the other things we teach 'em Make a mountain so immense That we're not a moment left To teach them common sense. —London "Standard."

## WHOSE LITTLE BABY?

(By Edmund Vance Cooke.)

Whose little baby is tossed so high?  
"Sweetest little one under the sky!"  
His father declares; and the reason why?  
"He's papa's little own baby."

Whose little baby is held so tight?  
"Sweetest baby that ever saw light!"  
His mother says, and she means it quite;  
"He's mother's little own baby."

Whose little baby that can't be matched?  
"Sweetest little one ever hatched!"  
And then the reason appears attached  
"He's grandpa's little own baby."

Whose little baby is viewed with pride?  
"Sweetest baby that ever cried!"  
And the reason can hardly be denied;  
"He's grandpa's little own baby."

Whose little baby? Little he rocks;  
Knowing them slaves to his nods and beck;  
And his little pink soles are on their necks!  
For they all belong to the baby.

## ELEMENTARY TEMPERANCE CATECHISM.

PART I.

What do you mean by Total Abstinence?  
Never taking any kind of alcoholic or intoxicating liquor, such as beer, wine, or spirits, etc.

What is alcohol?  
The intoxicating spirit found in all fermented or distilled liquors, such as beer, wine, or spirits.

How are those called who refrain from using all intoxicating drinks?  
Total Abstinences, or Teetotallers.

Do the Holy Scriptures utter any warning against the abuse of strong drink?  
Yes.

Name one or two.

"Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and stout men at drunkenness."—Isaiah v. 22.  
"Drunkards shall not possess the Kingdom of God."—I Cor. 6-10.

The liquor traffic is growing at an awful rate, yet the cause of total abstinence is moving at a very slow rate.

How many homes are made unhappy through one member being addicted to this vice? Yet the heads of households so afflicted, as a rule, will not make an effort outside their own surroundings to find a remedy for the evil in associating themselves with some undertaking in their parish or strive under the most strenuous opposition to inaugurate some institution that would ultimately crush out the vice, if not for the benefit of the present grown up generation, at least for the rising generation. But the spirit of abnegation is not strong in the hearts of the average Catholic man or woman of to-day.

"The poor drunkard is now dying to-day.

With traces of sin in his face;  
He'll be missed at the club, at the bar, at the play,  
Wanted—a boy for his place.

The foolish gambler was killed in a fight,  
He died without pardon or grace;  
Some one must train for his burden and blight,  
Wanted—a boy for his place.

"I drink to make me work," said a young man. To which an old man replied: "That's right; you drink and it will make you work! Hearken to me a moment. I will tell you something that may do you good. I was once a prosperous farmer. I had a good, loving wife, and two as fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home and lived happily together. But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I have laid in drunkard's graves. My wife died broken hearted and now she lies by her two sons. I am seventy-two years of age. Had it not been for drink, I might have been an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work, and mark, I am obliged to work now. At seventy-two years of age it makes me work for my daily bread. Drink! drink! and it will make you work."

Read the last paragraph of this article carefully, meditate seriously upon it, and if the vice of intemperance is in the home, strive by word and example to have the monster killed and forever.

## THE ANARCHIST?

Three sharp, piercing blasts came from the whistle of the shaft-house and reverberated through the silent, snow-covered valley. It was an inky-dark night, cold with a biting keenness, and few of the miners had left their cabins and their comparatively comfortable firesides. But even while the whistle was still sounding its hoarse warning, lights glimmered in the neighborhood of the black building, that covered the shaft, excited men with lanterns moved here and there, shouting to each other, and out in the village the light from many an open door made ruddy patches on the snow. A few minutes later, and black groups of people, some bearing blazing mine lamps on their hats, swarmed up the steep hill toward the scene of the disturbance. In a little while after the warning had sounded a crowd of several hundred men and women had gathered outside of the shaft-house, curious, excited, all asking questions, and no one being able to reply.

The one man who knew the cause of the warning was Jifkins, the mine foreman. He stood in the little office building near the fan-house, with his ear glued to the telephone receiver, pale as a ghost, his hair dishevelled, and his black eyes gleaming with suppressed excitement. "Hello!" he said, "Give me J. C. Coughlan, of the Coughlan Coal Company. For God's sake hurry! Hello! Is that Mr. Coughlan? This is Jifkins! There has been an accident at the mine. Fans were running only half speed on account of strike. Harry, your son, came over this afternoon and went down this evening without my knowledge. Some of the chambers had gas in them, and—well, there was an explosion and the inside of the shaft is on fire. Hello! Yes, sir! We will do our best; have courage! Good-bye!" He almost threw the receiver into its receptacle and dashed from the room. There was work for him to do. Meanwhile the crowd outside had grown to a mob of several hundred people. At intervals vast volumes of pungent smoke shot up from the mouth of the pit, acrid and irritating with the odor of oil-soaked wood. Willing hands manned the huge hose which was brought out to flush the shaft, and a dozen sturdy arms pointed it down the black cavity. There was a babel of shouted suggestions as to what should be done; the crowd packed closer and closer around the shaft-building, and all seemed confusion. Suddenly out of the tumult rose a clear, shrill voice:

"Men, we must have order here! Push the crowd back, you in front; we must have room to work, and we must have silence. Let me give the orders. Now, everybody: bring around that other hose! There, that's it! Now, down with it! Good!"

It was Jifkins, the superintendent. His pale, steadfast face and commanding voice seemed to exercise a remarkable influence over the crowd. The men worked with a new energy; out of confusion came order. Gradually the smoke became less dense, and Jifkins, noting every change, at last gave the signal to have the water shut off. The fire had been extinguished.

At almost the same moment a commotion arose in the rear of the crowd. A carriage drawn by a team of steaming horses drove up, and a man and a woman alighted. Instinctively the people pressed back and made way for them.

"It's Coughlan and his wife!" was whispered from mouth to mouth. Formerly they had been accustomed to mention Coughlan's name only with execration—Coughlan, the man who had forced them then and again to remain idle in order that coal prices might not fall from over-production; Coughlan, the man whose satrap bosses had practically made slaves of them. His wife—they knew little concerning her; that she was Coughlan's wife was sufficient.

Jifkins met the mine owner and his wife in front of the shaft-house, a hurried colloquy ensued. "There is hope," said the superintendent; "but some one must go down the shaft immediately. The smoke renders the attempt very dangerous, but we may get volunteers. My lungs won't stand it, or I'd go myself. We need a strong man, and a true man."

The flabby face of the mine-owner was crimson with excitement and nervous tension. His wife was softly weeping on his shoulder, and looked up as the superintendent ceased speaking.

"Thank you, Jifkins," she said. "We need—O God how we need a friend now—strong and true. James, can we ask these people to make such a sacrifice for us?"

Coughlan bowed his head. "Don't!" he whispered. "Don't talk that way now! Be brave! I'll offer a reward; we'll find a way!" The woman began to sob aloud, and clung to him more closely.

In the meantime somebody had lighted a bundle of oil-soaked cotton waste, placed in the fork of a nearby tree. As it blazed up the red glare, reflected by the snow, threw into relief the eager faces of the crowd, pressing now in increased numbers around the shaft house, and the anxious little group in the centre of the circle. Behind showed the mountain, bleak and desolate, covered with blackened tree-stumps, with here and there a scraggy pine standing in dismal misery all alone. Around the radius of the circle the powdery snow glittered like a shower of diamond dust.

Coughlan, as if nerved with a new determination, released his wife's hands from his neck, placed an arm around her waist, and, facing the assemblage, raised his hand to command silence.

"Men," he said, in a voice trembling with emotion, "my son is down in that burning shaft, and some one must brave danger to find him, and to rescue him. We hope that he is alive; but alive or dead, I am determined to help him. He is my only son, and he is dear to me. So listen now. I am an old man, and I call on you to do, not an act of justice but an act of heroism. I myself will go down the shaft to find my son; I ask for only one volunteer to accompany me. Who will be my companion? He will be rewarded!"

The crowd was silent for a moment. Then several men attempted to go forward. There were many brave hearts there; but their wives or their sweethearts pulled them back. Why should they give their lives to this man? They were as dear to their kindred as his son was to him. They were sorry indeed, but they had given him everything else; why should he now demand their lives?

"Is there no one to volunteer?" cried Jifkins, searching the faces of the crowd. Then, men— He paused. A burly, bewhiskered giant, wearing a red flannel shirt, open at the collar to display his brawny, hairy chest, was pressing to the front. His slouch hat was pulled far over his forehead, and his eyes glared from under his bushy brows with a gleam like a mad bear's. He reached the centre of the group, and for a moment confronted the mine-owner in silence.

"The Anarchist!" the crowd exclaimed in wonder. During the past two weeks of idleness the man had been given this title, however unmerited, on account of his fiery speeches against capital. He was counted one of the most desperate men, and the hardest drinker in town. Whether his nationality was German, Polish, or Slavonic no one could tell—he spoke all these languages indifferently well; but that he was a fanatic, with all the fanatic's love of admiration, was admitted by all.

His burly frame towered over the stooped figure of the mine-owner, and there was an exultant ring in his voice when he began to speak.

"Master Coughlan," he said, "you haf coom to beg of the boggars; you haf asked us to go to maybe death to save your son. One little week ago we come to you; we ask you for work. You say to us when we come, that you cannot afford to let us work. You tell us that, remember! You say you cannot afford—and you heard him, my people—you cannot afford to keep the starve away from us. Huh!" There was biting sarcasm in the man's tones, and the mine owner was infuriated. He glared at his accuser, and attempted to step forward; but the "Anarchist" made a warning gesture with one hand, and with the other pointed toward the shaft.

"You can talk later; now it is our time! Master Coughlan, you haf asked us to keep your son from death—you who would not risk the price of a loaf of bread to keep us alive! And what do we answer? Listen, then!" He paused for a brief instant. What do we say to you, the heartless man? We say 'Yes!' We say we will help you; not because you are rich, or because of money, but to show you that

riches haf not the power to buy courage or friends. We say no man is rich or poor in the brightness of death, and so we say: 'Here is Alex. Birchhoff—a poor man, an ignorant man—and he will go down in the mine and face death for you—alone—all alone! You shall not go; you are too old. Have I spoken well, my people?'

There was a cheer from the crowd, and the orator's eyes glistened with pleasure. The mine-owner, forgetful of all save that his son was to be rescued, tried to grasp Birchhoff's hand.

"I will pay you well!" he repeated over and over again.

Birchhoff seemed not to notice him. "Don't bother me now," he said. "We will talk if I come back. Good-bye, friends!" he cried, and he stepped on the "carriage" ready to be lowered five hundred feet into the earth. His clothes were wetted and a damp sponge was placed over his nose. Then the bell clanked, and the carriage sank down, suddenly, and noiselessly, into the tomb-like darkness.

Then ensued tense moments of waiting that seemed hours. Suddenly the bell again clanked, the signal to hoist. The cable became taut, and there was a buzz of conversation, followed by a strange silence. Somewhere in the crowd a woman sobbed hysterically, and now all eyes were strained to see the uprising "carriage."

When at last it came to view a dozen volunteers rushed forward to help the returned man. Birchhoff, as erect as a soldier, stood on the platform supporting in his arms the unconscious form of Henry Coughlan. Those who would assist him he waved back with a stern brusqueness. Blackened and burnt with the subterranean flames, his hair and beard singed to a crisp, there was yet a certain nobility in his mien as he walked erect with his burden and laid it at Coughlan's feet.

Mrs. Coughlan took her son's head in her lap and kissed his pale and smoke-grimed face with rapture.

"Thank God! Thank God!" she exclaimed, "he is not dead! Heaven will bless you for this noble act!" And then, bending over her son, she smoothed his hair, matted with the singeing blaze, and wept with mingled joy and sympathy.

"My man—" began the mine owner, but Birchhoff interrupted him with an imperious gesture.

"It is a present," he said—"a holiday present, to you and her—from the people. We haf given you the life of your son; we only ask that you give to us a little work—a little bread—a little—we ask—"

He swayed and fell like a log, his fingers clutching at the feathery snow, and he muttered weakly: "It is a present—a little work—for the people!" —John A. Foote in the Catholic World Magazine.

## AN IRISH VISIT TO FONTENOY

Mr. Barry O'Brien's recent proposal to have an Irish pilgrimage to Fontenoy has been much discussed in Nationalist circles, and has already evoked numerous promises of support. A definite programme will be drawn up in October. In the early part of the month Mr. Barry O'Brien has arranged to bring the matter before a meeting of Irishmen in London for their approval and support.

## HARD WORDS.

Hard words said in haste have a way of sinking in and in despite of everything, and as you go about your daily work you turn them over and over in your mind, enlarging upon them until you are utterly miserable.

## IRISH EMIGRATION.

The Dublin correspondent of the New York Evening World says:

The war of rates has played havoc with the efforts of those who are working hard in Ireland to check emigration. The first months of the year showed a considerable decrease in the number of emigrants, but the cheerful prospects has been destroyed by the enormous reductions offered in passenger fares by the competing companies. For \$6 the Irish emigrant can now travel from the Cove of Cork to New York, and the result is that within the last two months the number of emigrants has hugely increased.

Between Jan. 1 this year and the end of August 18,512 persons emigrated from Ireland, being 1100 more than the number for the corresponding period of 1903. The increase is solely due to the cutting of rates, and the only consolation we have here is that the rate-cutters cannot much longer continue the war.