

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

I DO' KNOW.

Where does my slate pencils go?
I do' know! I do' know!
Des when I has got a row,
Playin' geere or tit-tat-toe,
Dat dere pencil lose itself—
Dis mus' be de taut or twelf!
W'ere does all dem pencils go?
I do' know! I do' know!

W'ere does all my buttons go?
I do' know! I do' know!
Dunlap's fence busts one or two
Evvy time I wiggles frew!
Dey des' comes right off my pants
Evvy time dey gets a chance!
W'ere does all dem buttons go?
do' know! I do' know!

W'ere does all my mobbles go?
I do' know! I do' know!
Dey was in my pocket tight
When I went to bed last night;
Now I see dot de same toat on,
But my mobbles dey is gone!
W'ere does all dem mobbles go?
I do' know! I do' know!

W'ere does my white kitty go?
I do' know! I do' know!
Tied her tight wif dat dere stwing,
Vough she skwatched like evvything;
Now, when Johnnie wants to play
Dat dere kitty's gone away!
W'ere does dat dere kitty go?
I do' know! I do' know!

W'ere does all my cookies go?
I do' know! I do' know!
Mamma put 'em on de shaf
Fwaid I'd bus' my little seff;
When I clum up on de chair
Wasn't any cookies dere!
W'ere does all dem cookies go?
I do' know! I do' know!

—Jack Bennett.

Some More Interesting Letters.

TO MY ABSENT SISTER.

DEAREST SISTER,—I was very sorry when you left us Tuesday afternoon; on the night of your departure Leo asked me where you were. She told him that you were gone on an errand; but when he saw you did not return he commenced to cry and said he would beat you and Sarah for going away. We all feel very lonesome for you when night comes on; we can no longer hear the beautiful selections you used to play for us. All our songs have now died away into silence. There is no one at home to help us with our compositions. We miss the one who would sit with us during our study hours and encourage us by her example to learn our lessons and write our exercises as well as possible. I went to confession on Thursday afternoon, and after my thanksgiving I went to our pew and said a prayer for dear sister, and I think I must have prayed in earnest, for when I came home ma told me you had left the house and gone back to convent. I was sorry I could not see you, but I'll see you to-morrow.

JAMES.

[How many of us there are who can note the absence of a dear relative; be it only a temporary absence, or that longer one which time's termination alone can terminate. James' letter is suggestive of many a sad and yet consoling thought.]

THE UTILITY OF WRITING.

DEAR FRANK,—I think our most earnest efforts should be given to composition writing. Facility and ease in writing is a most precious acquisition, acquired only by long and arduous practice—it is a growth that requires a long time for its perfect development. We are told that Caedmon, the monk of Whitby, learned to compose while asleep in a stable; but he is an exception to admire, but not to imitate. In general there is no royal road to composition writing; it must be attained by our own honest endeavors. It is said of King Alfred the Great, who lived in the ninth century, and who is called the "wonder and astonishment of all ages," that his mother, Osburga, awakened in his mind a passion for literature by offering a beautiful written Saxon poem as a reward to whichever of her children would learn to read it first. This excited the emulation of Alfred, the youngest; he ran to his teacher and applied himself with such diligence to

the task that he was soon able to read the poem to the Queen's entire satisfaction, and he received the prize of his industry. Now, Frank, this is an example worthy of admiration and also of imitation. We should imitate young Alfred in his desire for success and distinction. Like him, we receive the encouragement of our parents and teachers. Are not the very finest prizes and medals awarded every year in our schools for proficiency in composition writing, and yet it is surprising what little efforts some pupils make to obtain them. Add to these motives of encouragement, the grand opportunity given us by the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS in publishing our best efforts every week in the columns of his excellent paper, and giving to each his kind word of encouragement and appreciation. Surely it will be our own fault if we do not improve in composition. Let us be wise and improve these golden opportunities.

JOSEPH.

Montreal, October 28, 1894.

[We need add no comment to Joseph's admirable letter. If our young friends would only put into practice his advice, they would reap countless benefits.]

FROM NEW IRELAND, ONT.

DEAR EDITOR:—Having learnt that you have opened a column in your valuable paper for little girls and boys to fill with letters, I am going to try and write one. I live in New Ireland, about four miles east of Huntingdon. The school I attend is situated on a hill on part of our farm, there is quite a cedar grove around it. I study reading, grammar, Catechism, geography, spelling, Canadian history and arithmetic. Our teacher is a young Catholic lady. I enjoy going to school and playing with my companions. I have no brother nor sister. I am eleven years old; I made my first communion last summer and hope to be confirmed when Bishop Emard visits our parish after he returns from Rome. Wishing your paper much success, and hoping to see my letter printed.

WILLIE DURNIN.

[We are thankful to Willie for his kind letter, and we trust that if New Ireland preserves the faith as did Old Ireland, in days past, it will be a happy parish.]

"PAY AS YOU GO."

DEAR ARTHUR:—I believe I am in your debt; this must not be: My motto is "Pay as you go." I was never more flush in news—in fact so flush that I don't know where to begin. I will begin anywhere. I am very busy just now. The end of the month brings lots of work to the promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart. We have to collect all the treasury sheets of good works and make out a general statement to be sent to the central office for the first of the month, and we have about 600 boys in our school; this is quite a long work. We have also to distribute the monthly tickets and arrange our lists for the Communion of Reparation; of course I have good helpers, and we all work gladly for the Sacred Heart, we are also encouraged by the beautiful promise of our Divine Lord to all those who work to spread this greatest of devotions. Our great Fancy Fair was another source of pressure. Of course it was a work of charity and all good people were expected to lend a helping hand. 'Tis true, I was not able to contribute very largely and to give but very little help, but I had to add my mite. The fair is now over, it was quite a success and a source of much enjoyment to its many patrons.

R. J. H.

["R. J. H." writes a very interesting, and, what is best, an original letter. If he will only continue to practise, he will yet acquire a style that indicates very much for the future.]

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Well Pleased.

1

Chicago, Ill., May, 1894.
One of our sisters suffered from nervousness and sleeplessness and could not find any rest day or night. After taking Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic the sleep returned and the nerves were also quieted.

SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS.

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Good Results.

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We used Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic and obtained very good effects from it. One of the sisters, who had suffered a good deal from pains in the leg day and night, and was so weak that she could hardly walk, was perfectly cured by the use of only one bottle of the tonic.

SISTER M. AUGUSTINE.

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A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free.
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Every Wednesday.
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DIVIDEND No. 58.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of three and a half (3½) per cent. for the current half year upon the paid-up capital stock of this institution has been declared, and that the same will be payable at its banking house, in this city, on and after SATURDAY, the FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT.

The Treasurer Books will be closed from the 18th to the 30th November next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

A. DE MARTIGNY.

Mgr.-Director.

Montreal, October 20th, 1894.

IF YOU WANT

Good Beef, Lamb, Mutton, Veal,
Corned Beef and Salt Tongues, go to
E. DAURAY, Bonsecours Market,
Stalls Nos. 54 and 56, or Telephone
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RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan has become a vice-president of the Public House Reform Association.

Cardinal Aloisi Masella, who has been seriously ill, is now out of danger. Cardinal Hohenlohe's health, too, has greatly improved.

The corner-stone of a Catholic Cathedral has been laid at Suva, in the Fiji Islands. It will be built of stone and dedicated to St. Paul.

The highest cross in America, and possibly in the world, is in Mexico, on Mt. Orizaba, or, as the Mexicans call it, Citlalitepell (Star mountain.)

The Pope has commissioned Marucchi, a favorite pupil of De Rossi, to prepare a special edition of the writings of the great Christian archaeologist.

Rev. Edward I. Devitt, S.J., late president of Boston College, has been appointed professor of mental philosophy and ethics at Georgetown College, Washington, D.C.

Hon. William Onahan, the successful organizer of the American Catholic lay congresses, is one of the directors of the new international anti-gambling crusade organized in Chicago.

Dean Macartney, of Melbourne, Australia, has just died in his 96th year. He had held the deanship forty-two years, having gone to Australia with Bishop Perry, the first Bishop of Melbourne.

Canon Farrar, the distinguished English churchman, has been lecturing in Rome to a select band of tourists on "The History and Development of Christian Art From the Days of the Catacombs to Our Own." His lecture contained the notable remark that a history of the painting of the Madonna would be in itself a history of the art of Christendom.

The celebrated building in Rome, the Hotel Minerva, formerly the property of a Mr. Suave, just bought back by his son, was once the palace of the Conti family, which gave eighty Popes to the Church.

The Western Catholic Summer School will open next summer at the chosen site, Madison, Wis., one of the most beautiful cities of the West. This was decided upon at the recent conference in Chicago.

Bishop Healy, of Portland Diocese, is again reported ill, and a recurrence of the malady which nearly ended fatally a few years ago is feared. The attending physicians say, however, that there is no immediate danger.

The current issue of the American Catholic Historical Researches recalls the fact that Archbishop Carroll was invited to invoke the blessing at the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington Monument, at Washington, in July, 1815.

A letter which His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan has addressed to a correspondent, discussing the validity of Anglican orders, has been published. The Cardinal believes "that under all the circumstances the Holy See could never accept, as it never has accepted, the ordinations of Anglican clergymen."

Rev. Gabriel Koramas, the Maronite priest who went to Boston some months ago to labor among the Arabic-speaking Catholics, is contemplating the erection of a chapel in that city. He has the sanction of the Archbishop in his undertaking. At present he holds services at St. James' Church, Harrison avenue, through the courtesy of the Rev. W. P. McQuaid, the pastor.

To choose time is to save time.—Bacon.

Immemorial custom is transcendent law.—Maunder.

The root of all discontent is self-love. J. F. Clarke.

Restraint is the golden rule of employment.—L. E. Landon.

A grateful thought toward heaven is of itself a prayer.—Lindsay.

Some would willingly sacrifice their lives for fame, and not a few would rather be known by their crimes than not known at all.—Sinclair.