

Our Boys And Girls.

PRESENCE OF MIND. - To be able to keep a cool head in a time of excitement or danger is a valuable power, and one that is not as

common as it ought to be. The por-er to think clearly and act quickly in an emergency seems to be inborn with some people, while others who can use their brains to good advantage on ordinary occasions lose their wits completely when they are brought face to face with any al situation. An incident that occurred not long since is a good il-lustration of what may be accomplished by a clear, cool head. Two boys were working together in one room of a factory where trunks were manufactured, when in some way a fire started in a pile of window shades. One boy, when he saw the blaze, which was only a small one, rushed frantically down stairs, and out to the nearest box, where he turned in an alarm. The other, however, quickly gathered up the burn-ing shades, thrust them into a trunk standing near, and shut the cover upon them. When the firemen reachfor the place, they asked where the fire was, and the boy answered cool-ly, "I don't think there is any now, but if there is, it is all in this " The trunk was opened, and it was found that the fire was out, smothered by lack of air. The firemen complimented the boy on his action, and the other who had turned in the alarm hastened to say, "Why, I could have done that if I only had thought of it." "If he had thought of it!" If he had thought of it-that is where the point comes That is where so many of us fail. What is done by the clear, cooleaded person in an emergency usually something simple, something that anybody could do. Our brains were given for use, but we are not getting the full use of them if they refuse to serve us when we need the most. Very often we make the mis-take of thinking that we can do nothing to prevent this failure, and so go on in the same old way, letting our brains play us false at critical ments, when with the right sort of training, they might have helped us to be masters of the situation, instead of being mastered by it. do wis' 'oo weren't going.' Training can accomplish a great 'But the nurse will be w

THE CROWN OF GEMS .- It was in the Kingdom of Heaven where the angel children thronged round a golden stand on which routd stand on which rested a crown of glittering gems.

"For whom can it be?" they whispered, and an angel tall and stately swered them:

"He has far more beautiful ones at home, he does not need them," was the reply.

"But there is a boy who has an orange given him, and his baby sister cries for it; see, he is dividing it and giving her a part." "Yes, but he keeps the larger part

for himself," said the angel sorrowfully.

"Oh, then, shall we never find a child deserving of the crown gems?" inquired the little angel sad-

"We must watch and wait," the angel answered, with the light of hope shining in her face. They lingered at the houses of the

rich, where luxury abounded. Some-times they found sweet, unselfish children, but more often the reverse, and none that the angel of gifts thought worthy of the crown of gems. Then they paused over a house where children were dressing gaily for a party. Fires burned in the bedrooms, and women fitted to and fro from one room to another to see how the little ones were getting on, for they were preparing for a fancy dress ball.

There were many children, for five belonged to one family and three to another, for the cousins from the country had come to stay with the others in town.

In a darkened room apart lay little boy in bed, and his face was turned to the wall, for he was cry-ing. He had looked forward to the ball as much as any of them, but now he had caught a bad cold and was not allowed to go. And there lay his little soldier's uniform at the foot of the bed; he had asked to have it brought in that he might look at it, but it was a pitiful pleasure. The red coat with epaulettes of gold, the beautiful soft busby, the gleam of the shining sword in its glittering sheath had been too much for the little fellow, and he had

broken down and was sobbing. He was all by himself, too, and he felt lonely and forgotten; his nurse had been called away to sew some sparkling ornaments on to a queen's robe, so he lay there alone crying silently

Presently the door opened softly and a little girl peeped in cressed as a fairy. "Nicky," she whispered, "are you

asleep? A stifled sob was the answer.

"Oh!" cried the child. "Are you crying 'oause you can't go)"

"I'se so miserable; oh, Sissie, "But the nurse will be with you, Nicky, and if you can't sleep,

ther said you might have the new picture books to look at." "But I can't read them; I want 'oo to read them to me, Sissie.' "But nurse will, Nicky."

"No she won't, she never will, and I know she will be in the servants' hall and think I'll be asleep, but 'I shan't, I know I shan't," Oh, I'se so price which, if seen objectively bright The fire flared up into a laze and flickered on the little sister's face. Such a sweet little face it was! It looked very thoughtful and just a little sad; indeed there it was a suspicion of tears in the pret ty blue eyes. Then the little girl in her smart white fairy's frock leaned over her brother's bed and touched his wet cheek with her soft little hand

and satins, then the opening of the front door, the clatter of carriage steps let down, the stamping of horses' hoofs impatient to be off, the jangling of bells and the swift rush of the carriages over the hard

Sissie's voice faltered over story she was reading, and the let-ters danced up and down on the page; she stopped a moment and then went on with her voice stronger and truer than before. The angel's face shone with joy, and the child angel felt her eyes dim

with tears. "She surely is deserving of the crown of gems," she whispered. "It is the beginning, she will fit herself for it, but she is not yet

eady," answered the angel of gifts, and drew her little companion on They flew silently through night which was early yet, scarcely evening, though darkness had come on suddenly with a fall of snow Fine white flakes like tiny feathers blew in a confusing mass round and round, laying a soft white carpet over the frozen ground. Two little children sat huddled on a door-step both looked pale and thin, but the elder had an emaciated appearance and bloodless look that was piriful

"Can't we go 'ome?" asket he younger one, nestling closer to her sister; "I am so cold."

"There be four more boxes q matches to sell. I dursn't go back till I've got rid'er them," replied the elder child.

Then she took off her wretchedlooking jacket and wrapped it round her little sister. She was shivering with cold herself, and her poor num feet showed here and there through the broken boots she wore. She was hungry, too, for she had caten nothing all day, and her chast was aching with a dry cough that shock her slight fame with painful raroxysms. "I'se so 'angry," murmured the little one, "I'se so 'ungry. Cau't you buy a bit o' bread, Liz?"

Just then a school-boy ran past them, his arms full of parcels; a paper bag fell almost at the children's feet. Liz bent forward and handed it to him. The boy had a rosy round face and kind eyes. He no rosy ticed the hungry little faces of th poor children, and thrusting his hand into the white paper bag drew out a currant bun, which he three into Liz's lap, then he hurried on half ashamed of his kindly action. "Oh, Liz," exclaimed Polly, seizing

the bun. Liz's first impulse was to divide it, then seeing that it was very hig, and knowing how hungry Polly must be, she turned her head away and

let the child eat it all. The snow fell faster, the tlakes were larger and formed fantastic shapes as they whirled and danced in the night air. Polly, feeling bet-

ter for the food and extra warmth of Liz's jacket! leaned closer to her sister and fell asleep. An hour or more passed and a po

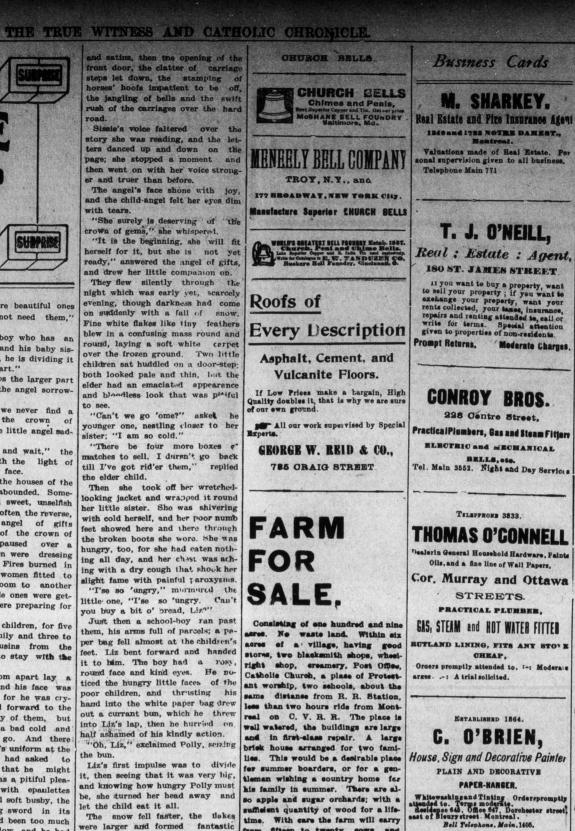
liceman on his beat unexpectedly furned his lantern upon the children

He bent over them. "Poor little thing, asleep," he muttered, touching Polly's face kindly with his hand.

Then he turned the full light of his lamp upon Liz. There was some-thing strange about her face. The

en place to peace and rest.

pain and trouble had left it and giv-For Liz had gone to receive the crown of gems.-Selected. THE MAN WHO DRINKS The man who drinks does not realize that he purchases the temporary gratification of his appetite at a



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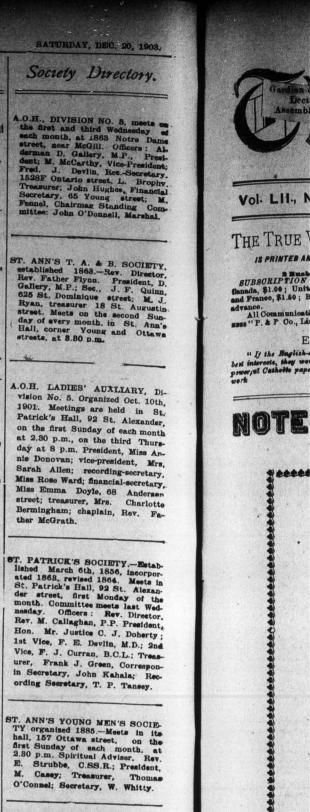
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ther McGrath.

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world below who denies herself for the good of others," she said. "And who is that?" they asked.

"I have not found one worthy of crown vet, but I am always eking," was the answer. Then the crown of gems was hidden from their sight and 'the angel, wrapping her silvery wings around her, passed through the golden gates into the shadows of the world below; a little child-angel slipped through the gates too, and under the shelter of the anrel's wings begged to go also. Th ed over a mighty city and the hovered over a mighty cuty and child.angel marveled at the many and strange things she saw. Happiness.and misery, goodness and wick-edness, seemed strangely interming-led. It was only where children welt that the angel of gifts paused, and listened, and watched.

and listened, and watched. "See," said the child-angel, "sure-by that little girl is doing a gener-ous kindly action; look at her giving that cake to the little beggar boy." "She had eaten many hersell, she did not want it; there is no merit in giving what you do not wish to keep." replied the angel.

"Oh, but look at that liftle boy who offers those heautiful toys to the child who has zone."

"Nicky, shall-shall I stay you?" she asked, speaking with a great effort, and a tremble in her

"Oh, yes, Sissie, and read to me,"

esclaimed Nicky, sitting up in his eager delight, his eyes shining with gladness, then suddenly remembering the ball that Sissie was dressed so martly for, his face fell.

"But don't you want to go?" he altered.

There was a moment's hesilation, then Sissie said bravely: "I'll stop with you, Nicky, and -

"Till stop with you, Mary, and and we'll be so happy." She darted out of the room and quickly returned looking like a Bitle Cinderella in her everyday brown stuff frock. They heard the cheerful voices and the little feet descending the stairs with soft rustling of slike

would stagger him. If he could see, before he becomes its victim, the devitalizing forces which the drink habit sets in motion; if he could look into his brain and note the growth of the first tiny seeds of de cay sown there; if it were possible for him to view through a microscope the corrosive action going on in his veins and arteries, sapping his blood, and stealing the elasticity from his muscles; in short, if he could see himself being reduced gradually from a vigorous human being to the physical and mental level of a jellyfish, he would shrink in horror from the sight.

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THE SCHOLAS learn that there is discussion goin in the Ontario pre of ourtailing the s scholastic year of now obtains in the "La Patrie," in co this movement, what would apply what would apply, the Province of () with greater force of Quebec. The is instead of ten mon One of the reasons in the country you quently required t work on farms months of the yea quence the school rally shows a falli mes come. That there is fo tion we will not are under the imp

-that is in favor for the pupils. that the agitation