DESDAY, NOVEMBER 31, 1907. BOYS AND GIRLS = EMBER 21, 1907,

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

the fairies with their paint pots Came to our farm last night; hey came along with old Jack They came along with old Jac Frost, Who dresses all in white, When they came from Fairyland The good Queen Fairy said; "The leaves have asked for autum

of russet, gold and red. of russet, gold and red.
"So, take your paint, good fairies, And make their dresses gay,
And, when you've finished all your work,
Then stay a while and play;
Be sure you hasten home again At morning's earliest ray,
Before the children's eyes unclose Upon another day."
So on the leaves' new dresses The fairies worked all night,
But at the earliest streak of gold They quickly took their flight;
And when we rose at early morn, And looked across the hane,
We knew they'd visited the woods.
And hooked they'd come again.
Oh, fair as dreams of Eastern lands Was all our world that day,
The trees stood hushed with droop-ing heads,
U is dheir flight acros;

e me He pointed heard Him say: nust take thy burto-day.

the reason; thee to know r, am teaching all thy wos."

cross I lifted, of that Face dingth to bear it, ll, not mine."

TS

I lifted es above ster watching nitying love.

my lesson, weary years, ustains me my tears.

-

FLUS whose long-forgot-

And through the leaves the party haze Came sifting from the skies, And God's own smile was over all That autumn paredise. —Zeha M. Brown. twilight of the

nancel nd see the sun

ave and sand, the mission voices n land,

of your incanta-

dew falls; for lust, nor low walls.

ell of your long

st Pastlow of Spanish

and last! dome-shaped mis-

o, ider in his leath-

e of snow.

on.

and falter in the

are still; tic, like the Host the hill!

Lífe nt Wreck.

ent floods in any lives were punt of property correspondent of "describes a ism by the Abbe riest of Aliseas, assisting some whose houses the night, the s blinding rain which he feared h reaching it he bas were only

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> Repeated on the set of ms were only A breach of had been made unkment. He had act when he per-nece a passenger with its human to its perdition. cerchief and hat, ms driver to to no notice was (the engine-dri-a madman), the mt risk of his n the middle of rails at about from the abyss d not done so, human beings "Hello!" he observed cheerfully, dropping down on the top and mopping his perspiring forehead. "Isn't 'genius burning'? What's hap-pened to the cow?" "It's in the kitchen fire, Robbie Brickett, and there is never going, to be another-at least not for a long, long time, if ever." Robert stared at her in real con-done so, man beings Still ad-e engine-ng with he "mad-Abbe Pas-ith his up-with the train. hope of emained ns fate, ed the , and ssengers No sale now for any but St. George's Baking Powder would m, put the train Glad of it, too! I don't get ny mone Compliants - but lots of compliments. So out with these old lines."

Robbie Brickett." "Yes'm, I will," remarked Ro-bert, and went off down the weak whistling significantly, "In the Sweet By cord Dat!"

"Annabel! Annabel!" called mo-ther from the sewing room, "could you come and help me a little while, dear?"

Yes, mother, I'm coming," Anna-laid down her brust

By and By

ing heads, All in their bright array; And through the leaves the purple

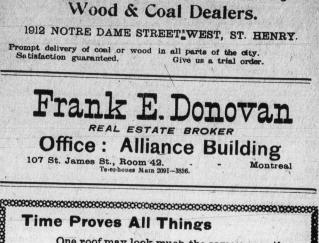
And Got's own smile was over all That autumn paredise. -Zelia M. Brown. -Zelia M.

"Yes, mother, I'm coming," Arma-bel laid down her brush with a no-gretful sigh. "It's pretty hard not to have your talents appreciated by your family. But they'll feel dif-ferently when I begin to sell my paintings. Oh, I can't wait for Miss Peterson to see them! Of course she will tell me to study, and per-haps she will offer to help me her-sell!"



THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

As it was so fine, they had ar-ranged to have a picnic lunchson, which they carried with them to good you are, for I remember well how kind you were when I used to good you are, for I remember well how kind you were when I used to work for you, at the time that I hived near here with my parents. Side, they saw a dance cloud of smoke side, they saw a dance cloud of smoke minhabited hut which had been aban-doned for some time. ""Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Re-neć, "there must be a fire in that the child's mother, feeling alarmed, the child's mother, feeling alarmed, the child's mother, feeling alarmed, the could be believed the ald but to be



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depriving the poor little lambs of their wool seemed equally cruel to her. The shearers were seated, waiting

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her. The shearers were seated, waiting for the lambs, ready to set to work. They had large scissors in their hands, and wore large blue aprons, which entirely covered them up. The creatures follow their mothers, run-ming and jumping about them, and making the most joyous bleatings as they gambolled round them. But, alas! soon there was a decided change in the behaviour of the poor little lambs. The first that were called came running up as gaily as possible, as if they expected a caress; but when they once felt the sharp scissors cutting them, they tried to get away, and when they were shoin they ran back to their poor old mo-thers in a great state of affliction, not heling sure what had happened to them: the sheep also regarded their Httle ones with a certain air of as-tonishment. Ten lambs had been thus shorn of

tonisiment. Ten lambs had been thus shorn of their wool, when the eleventh came forward. At the sight of this one, the two little girls uttered on exclathe two little girls uttered vn excla-mation of indignation-for the poor little thing was so thin and weak, that it scened as if it could not

"Marianne, Marianne!" cried both children at once, "you must not do

"Poor little creature! It certainly

"Poor hutle creature! It certainly does look a miserable object. I do feel sorry for it." "You are right to pity it," suid one of the farmers who was stan-ding by, "for the poor little thing lost its mother only yesterday. The poor thing is very weak and help-less"

"Oh! Aunt Brigette," cried Aana "an idea has come into my head. Pray give me that little lamb. I will take it home; I will nurse it until it is well, and I will make it write hancy."

until it is well, and I will make it quite happy." "I should like you, to do so, dar-hing," said the old lady, "but the little creature is so weak, that you would have perhaps more trouble than you imagine; and if the poor lamb died, what a grief that would be to you."

(To be continued.)



The PEDLAR People (Parid)

Renée said nothing at all, though Fruly & Struggling Mission In the Diocese of Northampton,

Fakenham, Norfolk.

3

Merchants 1292

a mite for the erection of a more worthy Home for the Blessed Sacraworthy Home for the liessed Sacra-ment. True, the out-post at Faken-ham is only a GARRET But it is an out-post; it is the SOLE SIGN of the vitality of the Catholic Church in 35 x 20 miles of the County of Norfolk. Large donations are not Norfolk. Large donations are not sought (though they are not object-ed to). What is sought is the willing CO-OPERATION of all de-vout Clients of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony in England, Ire-land, Scotland, Wales, and the Colonies. Each Client is asked to send a small offering-to put a few bricks in the new Church. May I not hope for some little measure of your kind co-operation?

not hope for some little measure of your kind co-operation? The Church is seally needed, for at present I am obliged to SAY MA: S end give Benedicton in a Garret. My average weekly collection is only 38 6d, and I have no endowment except HOFE. What can I do alone? Very Httle. But with your co-operation and that of the other well-disposed readers of this paper. I can do all that needs to be done.

ed his Holy Church, the Catholic Faith is renewing its youth in Eng-land and bidding fair to obtain possession of the hearts of the En-glish people agair. I have a very up-hill struggle here on behalf of that Faith. I must succeed or else this vast district must be aben-doned.

IT RESTS WITH YOU

to say whether I am to success are fail. All my hopes of success are in your co-operation. Will you not then extend a co-operating hand? Surely you will not refuse? You may not be able to help much; indeed But you can help a little, and a mul-fitude of "littles" means a great deal.

Don't Turn a Deaf Ear to My Urgent

Appeal 'May God bless and prosper your endeavours in establishing a Mission at Fakenham ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton.

> FATHER H. W. GRAY, Catholic Mission, Fakesham, No"olk, Eng

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rtala's cross up-"That's all right," said Rob, surand, northward,

hose consecrated

"That's all right," said Rob, sur-veying the red cow with critical and not altogether friendly eyes, "only it kind of strikes me that it might be a good plan to find out/ first which particular star belongs to you be-fore you hitch too tight." "Now, Robert!"—Annabel's voice was patient as belieted one who dealt with thest difficult creature. old— nat lulled with was patient as belitted one who dealt with that difficult creature, a boy—"that's exactly what I'm doing. All the girls say my paintings are not quite as good as Miss Peter-son's yet, but you wait and see, Robbie Brickett."

hed when shortware it weak spells. I four boxes of Milburn's Heart and e Pills, and after taking them I was bleely sured. to 50 cents per box or three boxes A.25, all dealers or the The T. Mil-ico, Limited, Toronto, Ont

lid not know that."

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