

Household Notes

TO DRINK WATER.—So much advice has been given regarding drinking water that we hesitate to touch the subject. Here is another opinion:—"The best time to drink water or other liquids in quantity is on rising, an hour and a half before luncheon and dinner, and a half an hour before retiring."

We are old-fashioned enough, however, to believe that the most opportune time, from a point of view of solid comfort, is to drink water when one is thirsty.

WASHING HANDKERCHIEFS is evidently a weary task if our householders consider the following method practical:—"Tais is one way," says a writer, "of washing handkerchiefs," and he adds, "recommended by an experienced housewife. Dip them in warm water, soap each one on both sides, fold loosely and put them in a pile in a basin without water, to soak for an hour or longer. Rub them on a washboard with a large nailbrush dipped in hot water, boil for a few minutes, rinse in clear water and dry. Begin the ironing in the centre and not on the border."

BED-MAKING.—That there is an art or knack in bed-making we have often, in our visits to public hotels, had many experiences. An exchange says it is a trade that is not well understood. Here are some directions offered by one who pretends to know how to make a bed:—"In the morning each blanket and sheet should be taken separately from the bed and hung over a chair to air for an hour or so. The mattresses should be turned before the bed is made. Put on the under-sheet, tucking it in well at the head; pass the hands over it carefully to take out every wrinkle, and then tuck it in at the sides and foot. Next place the bolster in position. Put on the upper sheet, tucking it well under the mattress at the foot."

ABOUT TEMPER.—"One sign of mental health is serenity of temper, and self-control that enables us to bear with equanimity and unruffled temper the petty trials and ills of life," remarks a philosopher in a column of hints on domestic subjects. There must be an army of invalids in this and every other city, as we meet with men and women whose temper is easily aroused nearly every day.

HOUSECLEANING.—Good housekeepers are beginning to realize that it is better to keep the house clean all the time than to submit to the trials and discomforts of the general domestic upheaval commonly called housecleaning. There is really no reason why dust, dirt and cobwebs should be allowed to accumulate in great quantities until the arrival of a certain season deemed the proper time to dislodge them.

Our Boys And Girls

TWO HANDS AND GRANNY.—Once upon a time a little boy lived in the Thuringer Wald alone with his grandmother, and she was very old and very poor. They had a little hut very brown from the weather, and plenty of wood for the fire in a huge stone chimney. This fire was not to warm them only, though Ulrich, the little boy, used to like to lie on a bear skin before it and thrust his brown, bare feet so near it that they tingled with the heat. The fire was to keep the pot boiling that swung by a hook above the flame. It was a very jolly pot, round and black and shiny, and it did its best to please all the senses of the boy. It always looked kindly at him when he came in cold from gathering fuel in the forest; it tried to sing to him and succeeded in humming and sputtering and bubbling quite a tune. Sometimes the cover bobbed up and down and kept time to the tune, which seemed to say: "Heigh-ho! got a good supper—sup, sup—got a supper!"

And when its song was true it pleased Ulrich's sense of taste as well as that of sight and smell, and



many a savory stew it gave him, made of wild rabbit's flesh, and always it bubbled and sputtered and sang:

"Porridge! porridge! there's a little more porridge," even when they had no meat.

But there came a day—it was the last day of the year—when the pot bubbled and scolded and fussed, and Ulrich thought, as he came in wet and hungry, that it was trying to say:

"Something very good! something very good!" when in truth it was sighing. "Nothing very good! nothing very good," all the while.

Then Ulrich peeped in, and lo! there was nothing at all in the pot but water.

"Is there no meal in the chest, granny?"

"Not a handful, Ulrich."

"Is there no money in the bag, granny?"

"Not a groat, Ulrich. The carpet weaver did not pay me for the last rug I made."

"I will go down the mountain and ask him," said Ulrich, putting on his sheep skin coat.

"Not to-night, Ulrich," said his granny. "The storm is too wild; the stream will be a torrent. I should be too anxious about you and you must wait till the morning."

"But you have no supper, granny."

"There is left half a loaf, and there is milk from the goat. It is enough, and if the storm continues the fairies will bring us enough to last till it goes by."

Ulrich laughed as he took off his coat and threw himself before the fire.

"I should like to see the fairies, once granny. You have always been telling me about them, but I think the only fairies that ever helped us are three, and I know their names."

"What are they?" asked granny, pleased to divert him from his hunger.

"Right Hand, Left Hand and Granny. The third fairy is the best of all," and he smiled up into the kind old face as she went to and fro, laying the cloth as neatly as if they had a feast instead of bit of bread.

"But the granny would have been a poor enough fairy if it would not have been for your own two young, strong hands. Never mind, boy; some day those two fairies will take care of the old one."

"That they shall," said Ulrich, sipping his goat's milk and leaving most of the bread.

"Eat, boy, eat!" said the old woman, pushing the loaf toward him.

"Not I, granny. Do I need bread to sleep on? To-morrow I go down the mountain, and I shall need it then for strength," and he put more logs upon the fire and lay down upon the hearth to watch the flames and the shadows, as he liked to do before he went to bed.

As he lay there granny went to sleep and began to snore; the fire began to fade and the room to grow dark, when suddenly Ulrich's attention was drawn to the pot, which gently swung above the dying coals.

As he gazed he saw the lid gently lifted and two shining eyes peered at him from within. Too frightened to speak, he started, while the eyes twinkled kindly and the pot lid lifted itself and rose till it rested an inch or two above the rim, when it suddenly looked no longer like a lid, but like a hat, which made a sort of background for a woman's lovely head—the head to which the shining eyes belonged—and which rose higher and higher, bearing the cover with it into the air. After this head came smooth, white arms, not yellow and wrinkled and scrawny and begrimed with work, like granny's, but beautiful arms, and white hands that took the poker from the corner, and he saw it change under her touch into a silvery wand, with which she pointed to the door of the hut.

So bewildered and delighted was the little mountaineer with the delighted vision that he would not turn his head to see to what she pointed with the wand, but he held his breath and bent his attention to hear what she seemed to be saying, for her rosy lips kept smiling and moved as in speech. At last he drew nearer. The round black pot was now all hidden by the gray, milky drapery that wrapped the lovely figure, while golden slippers shone through the grey

ashes on the hearth. As he crept near he distinctly heard a sweet voice say:

"I am the queen of the good fairies, and I like the two fairies that you use to keep you on in life. Right Hand and Left Hand are strong, good fairies, and both together they can do wonderful work for me; for all my fairies work to help themselves and then to help others who are in trouble or pain. Will you let your two hands work for me?"

Ulrich, who had never dreamed of anything so lovely in his life as this beautiful figure and face, stretched out both hands as if to offer them to the service of his queen.

"Remember, then, that the best way to serve me and yourself is never to lose a chance to serve others," and, suddenly lifting her wand and pointing to the door of the hut, she said:

"Open! open the door!"

Springing suddenly to obey, Ulrich awoke with his hand upon the latch. He had been dreaming, but again through his head rang that cry:

"Open! for pity's sake, open the door!"

He threw it back, and there staggered fainting across the threshold the snow covered figure of man. Ulrich helped him to the fire, took off his cloak, brushed the snow from his hair, and hurried to bring him the cup of milk and the last morsel of bread. Soon the traveler was sufficiently recovered to explain that pressing business had taken him over the mountain, but that the bridge was destroyed over the swollen torrent, and he had lost himself in the snow.

"In trying to find another place to cross I saw the light through your window," he said, "and I made my way to your step, where I should have frozen to death if you had not heard me beg you to open the door. I called a great many times."

"I was dreaming," said Ulrich, "and I heard your voice in my dreams."

"And what were you dreaming?" asked the man, who was now seated, warm and comfortable before the fire.

"Of the fairies," answered Ulrich blushing; and then with a little coaxing he told the stranger of his little talk with granny and his dream of the Fairy Queen who hid in the empty pot, and before Ulrich finished the man had guessed the story that he did not tell, how often the pot was empty and how often granny and Ulrich went supperless to bed.

The next morning Ulrich guided the stranger to the ford and went with him down the snowy mountain path, often supporting the weary man by his two strong young hands. Not a word had either said of breakfast, but granny had slipped in Ulrich's pocket the last little crust left the night before, and when he found it there he blushed and offered it to the man.

"No, no, my son!" said the stranger kindly, "when we get to the village we will go to the inn and see what the fairies have provided in the way of a smoking breakfast. I should not wonder if they had left a basket of something there for you to take back to your grandmother."

Thus satisfied about granny, Ulrich went on, his mouth watering at the prospect of something savory and smoking hot.

And while they sat at breakfast, at which the landlord himself waited upon them, as if his guest was a very great man, the stranger said:

"I am a rich merchant, Ulrich, and since my wife and my only boy died I have lived in the city alone. I should like to have a good boy about me, and I want the attention and care of two kind fairies, Right and Left Hands. Tell granny that if she will come and keep house for me, you shall come and help me in my business, and I will teach you how to do all parts of it as I was going to teach my son. Take these pieces of gold to her for your journey. I know the Queen of the fairies, too," he added, laughing, as Ulrich gazed at him and then at the round gold pieces in wild-eyed wonder; "and she wants your two hands to be used for me."

I have no space to tell you more of Ulrich's life, only you may be pretty sure he went climbing up to his mountain home as glad and happy as ever a boy could be.

Of course, they gave the goat to a

poor woman in the village, and locked the cabin door and went to the great town, only there was one thing that granny would not leave behind and that was the old porridge pot that had always fed her boy. And Ulrich was very glad to have it go too, and when he grew up to be a prosperous and happy young man and had a share in his master's business, he used sometimes to coax his aged grandmother to make him a savory stew in the pot that he always called the pot of the Fairy Queen.—Home Magazine.

AGAINST OLD RULE.

London physicians give the advice, equally applicable in Philadelphia, that consumptives should pay particular attention to getting out into the open air immediately after a rain. Rain-washed air is much purer than that which floats above a dry city. The first gushing downpour of rain after a "dry spell" is muddy with impurities washed out of the air.—Exchange.

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ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, W. P. Doyle; Rec.-Secy., Jno. P. Gurnung, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Aillery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 3.30 p.m.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R.; President, R. J. Byrne; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5, Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording-secretary, Miss Rose Ward, 51 Young street; financial secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 776 Palace street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Bermingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

A.O.H. DIVISION NO. 6 meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 816 St. Lawrence, Main street. Officers: W. H. Turner, President; P. McCall, Vice-President; J. Emmet Quinn, Recording-Secretary, 931 St. Denis street; James Scullion, Treasurer; Joseph Turner, Financial Secretary, 1000 St. Denis street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 18th November, 1873.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Sears; President, P. J. Darcey; Rec.-Sec., P. J. McDonagh; Fin.-Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Adviser, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.



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EPIS

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NOTES

ADVENT. — During

the world preparation

coming of Christ. After

man and the just condemp-

ned by him on account

of sin, a new dispensation

in the infinite designs of

the Father, the Son and the

Spirit, the redemption of

man was prepared, and

the first step was the

prophetic role to declare

and, at last in the fulfil-

ment of the promise, the

Word became flesh and

dwelt among us. Each

since that central event

of the Incarnation, and it is known

that the world is the great

Christmas. And just as

the world was prepared

for the coming of the

Savior, so, each year, it

prepares for the coming

of the annual celebration

of the birth of the

Savior. These four

weeks of Advent, and

tomorrow, will be the

best of the period of pen-

itence and expectancy. During

these weeks the Church dons

her garments of purple;

and pleasure seekers are

not even celebrating

the Advent time.

special fast and abstinence

is observed, and the faithful

are called to perform particu-

lar acts of devotion and extra

works. All this is for the

preparation for the

Advent and its celebration

we deem it necessary to

stress the importance of

preparation for a holy

celebration of the coming

of the Savior. These are all

matters which perfectly ac-

quies the instructions from

the Holy Spirit. We simply

draw attention to the

facts in order to make it

clear that there can be no

forgetting the part of any

of our preparation these

four weeks of Advent

and these instructions will

stimulate to fervent piety

efforts by way of prepara-

tion for the time comes for

us to celebrate Christmas

to all consider as friends

and we hope that we will

be able to congratulate

each other on the

great Advent of 1903.

A QUEER CASE.—In the

Court at Brooklyn there

is a peculiar case being