bosom my child I

ing billows we'll

play on the goldill-top and flowery

till the moon grows nder, hand in hand.

my babe, and we rvelous land w

lowed on mother's relids o'er weary

world the daylight has gone to rest-

slands of dreams e drowsy sea— while I sing to

that somehow good goal of all, ure, sins of will, and taints of blood alks, with aimless

rd:

shall be destroyed, h to the void, ade the pile com-

is cloven in vain; h with vain desire a fruitless fire, another's gain.

not anythiog; that good shall fall that good shall fal-at last, to all, change to spring. ; but what am I?

in the night; for the light; uage but a cry. the living whole

beyond the grave h what we have thin the soul? re then at strife, leads such ev

type she seems, single life;

g everywhere ng in her deeds, of fifty seeds ut one to bear.

irmly trod, my weight of cares world's altar stairs h darkness up to

ds of faith, and

and chaff and call s Lord of all, the larger hope. n.

aly a great error, ered all the more gress of science.

ence, the Church is sted as the most entific workers. tory and criticism ifferent position.

e wanting of the irch that criticism be properly di-to be found in X. has just estab-nolic Institute of al Chair of Cri-have its counterresponsible critics ian factions. In ion of the Church recting in her wis-the material world

v to Cure Them. nedicine can equal ts for the cure of

ts for the cure of cod and childhood indigestion, diarefever, worms and When you give our little ones you so f a government perfectly safe. Mrs.; Omt., says: "I Own Tablets for find them just the keep babies heal-sold by all medimail at 25 cents or. Williams Medi

or. Williams Medi-le, Tnt.

T. A. & B. SO.
D MEETING.
on Sunday last secting of the So.
Society took place a amount of busing relative to temperate.

BOYS AND GIRLS ___

- a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

THE DIFFERENCE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1908.

In an apron of blue by the sand-heap she sits, And makes the most wonderful pies, She follows the brooklet that sings

Oh, long seems the time, and so slow

curl.

Oh. jong seems the time, and so slow drags the day;
She's a sad little afternoon girl.—St. Nicholas.

This is my first letter to you. I have often wished to write. As I am only eight years old, I do not write very well. Our inspector, Mr. G. E. Marquis, came to visit our school some time ago. He was pleased with our progress and gave mine prizes. My grandma has gone to Frampton for a visit of two months. My papa is a doctor and he is very dead, he rame way. I have two little brothers living, and a dear little sister dead, he rame way and living. All the starty out such things.

Doily Lurned and looked down and then said, "But you know, dear, you go!" she will delicately chiseled face beside her and then said, "But you know, dear, you go!" she will delicately chiseled face beside her and then said, "But you know, dear, you go!" she will delicately chiseled face beside her and then said, "But you know, dear, you go!" she the starty you div not see how I dared drive this horse with only the proprietor's word for his being safe. But you learned that he is safe, for all that he steps high and holds his reversus. We have all tried by turns. He's sobbing himself out of which would write to her nephews and mices as she did last year.

Your affectionate niece, Your affectionate niece, and my brothers' names are Doyle and reverse and the steps high and holds his reversus. The starty of the thoroughbred in Mrs. Lawson. She has traveled so much, and she understands young folks so within the steps high and holds his repetition of the stairs Harriet would write to you also. I am eleven years edid. I am going to school and at night I stay with my teacher, Miss yellow and he with the same hack to Santa Barbara and she was not here, it would not seem branches nearly my or dearning along the wide hallway. Through the groups of anxious ones the three made their way to the thorewish with the sound flipping her way to the three with the same. Through the groups of anxious ones the three made their way to the three with the s

write to you also. I am eleven years old. I am going to school and at might I stay with my teacher, Miss Fitzgerald. I have not made my First Communion yet, but I am learning my catechism as well as I can so as to be able to make it next summer. I learn Sacred History, history of Canada, geography, and continuous.

Scholl. I hope I will make my Fisseholl. I hope I will make my Fisseholl at the weather my sister Anna goes to school also. I have another little sister. Her name is Rosa. She is two years old. My papa is working away this winter, but always comes an Sunday. I went to Mass home on Sunday. I went to Mass last Sunday. So, dear Aunt, I will

I saw in the last True Witness nice letters from my cousins Lizzie Courtney and Mary Enright. I think they were both very lucky to have got such nice prizes from their inspector. Our vicar, Rev. Father Tremblay, is to return from Cranbourne this week. We are very glad because he being absent leaves a great deal of work for Rev. Father O'Farrell. Well, dear Auntie, as my letter is

getting pretty long, I will close hoping to see it in print next week.

Your niece, MARY ANN FITZGERALD. West Frampton. THE HELPLESSNESS OF HAR-

She follows the brooklet that sings as it runs,

All under the sweet summer skies.

And mischievous breezes will linger, I ween,
To ruffle each wild yellow curl.

She crooms a soft song as the hours slip along;
She's a glad little morning girl.

But when three o'clock comes, behold what a change!
She wears a white frock, ruffled, too,
She walks up and down in the weary
She walks up and down in the She walks up and down in the form tyard,
And her slippers are shining new.
In a prim golden row, not a hair out of place,
Can be seen every round shining
Can

their love for each other they were

road swept out from the canyon, road swept out from the canyon, over which gray-spotted sycamores learned, and soon the horse was guided to the driveway that passed the Old Mission and then merged into, the avenue leading to their hotel. the two saw there was excitement amount the ones exthemed these each

now held back, white and trembling.
"You must come, Harriet," persisted Mrs. Devereaux, drawing the girl towards the steps. "Mrs. Lawton is away, and the maid can do nothing with him. They don't went to hold him by force. He is too frail for anaesthetics, but the bone must be set, dear."
"Oh, I can't! I can't!" cried Harriet can represent particle of color diverse.

riet, every particle of color driven



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from her face and her eyes wide from her face and her eyes wide with apprehension. "I should faint the first moment I touched him."

"No, you won't, Harriet." It was Dolly holding her friend firmly and looking straight into her eyes. "Now don't do anything you will be sorry for, dear."

Through the groups of anxious ones the three made their way to the straight of the control of t

Many in the crowded hall who eard it felt the tears spring quickheard it felt the tears spring quick-ly, and there was one who mur-mured, "Poor dear! Poor little dears!" and then sent up a cry for

mured, "Poor dear! Poor little dears!" and then sent up a cry for help for both—the girl, the child. Within the wide upper room a pair of little arms reached out and the quivering form of the child was drawn close in among the lace and tucks of the girl's white bodice.

"I'm right here, Robin Red. Right here, you see. Helding was there with the control of the child was deared."

"I'm right here, Robin Red. Right here, you see. Holding you close—just close, close, close." Not a tremble was in the girl's sweet tones. The grave-faced doctor glanced with apprehension into the face of the slender girl, but what he saw made him turn and quickly motion to the ones waiting near to assist him. Lower and lower sank the child's sobs. him. Lowe child's sobs.

child's sobs.
"You know what the big bear said,
Robin Red?"
The doctor had the little sufferer's
arm within his slender fingers, and
though he moved quickly, each touch

brought from the cmae a sharp and piercing.
"The bone is in place. Hold him close, Miss Harriet. It's all right." It was the physician, and the child was lying unconscious upon the girl's arm. Could she hold out a little longer—a moment longer? While she arm. Could she hold out a little longer—a moment longer? While she was wondering thus, her inner spirit was crying, "Just a little more help. God, a little bit more!" And the One who pieces out human strength whenever such a cry is sent, heard and answered. The next moment Harriet felt the little one gently removed and her arms freed. Opening her eyes she saw the white face of little Robbie upon the pillow, and instantly came a sensation of falling. The physician's steady voice held her.

said, holding the now weeping girl close. "To think we should ever have allowed you to dub yourself 'Harriet the Helpless'!" Then she stopped. There was that in Harriet's eyes which made chaffing un-

seemly.

"Oh. Dolly!" cried Harriet in an awed tone, "I called upon Him and He helped."

For answer Dolly encircled Harriet with her arms and held her close And thus the mother of Robbie found them and gathered both to her for an instant. Then holding Hamiltonian.

arms' length, she said:
"Brave through love."
"Don't," cried the girl. "I am so glad, so glad, Robbie had me!"

THE HARVEST BARREL.
Bobby and Betty had just enter.

Bobby and Betty had just eaten supper when the door-bell rang. They supper when the door-beil rang. They were expecting the expressman to bring them something, so they ran to the window to look out.
"It's come! It's come!" cried Bobby. "It's out on the side porch

"Look, mother do!" said Betty. "Look, mother do!" said Betty.
It was a barrel, and such a big barrel that two expression had all they could do to bring it upstairs. When it was rolled into the centre of the kitchen it looked larger than ever. Why, it stood as high as Bobby's head, and together the children could not reach around it.
Bobby got the hammer and chisel and helped his fa'ther pry out the cover. Around and around they

and helped his father pry out the cover. Around and around they pounded until out it sprang.

On the very top Betty found a card and everyone listened while mother read it aloud:

"Dear children: Here is another harvest barrel from grandpa and grandma. 4 How we wish you were here on the farm to help us harvest the grains and veretables and fruits. We are looking forward to greet you and we long to see you.

"Love from both."

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of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr. Chas. H. Lumley, of Brickford,
Ont., is one of the best known farmer's in Lambton County. About
three years ago, while Mr. Lumley
was engaged in threshing, he became overheated, and this was folwas engaged in threshing, he pe-came overheated, and this was fol-lowed by a severe chill that started the rheumatic pains. Mr. Lumley says: "I did not think anything of says: "I do not come as it at the time as I was accustomed to being exposed to all kinds of weather. As a result I was unable to ther. As a result I was go about next morning. vere pains in my arms and legs which I treated at first with the usual home remedies. As these did not help me, and the trouble was growing worse the family doctor was sent for, but he did not have any better success. He told me I sent for, but he did not have a better success. He told me I w suffering from a severe attack rheymatism, and there can be doubt about it, as I was confin to my home about four months better I was fortunately advised try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I see for a sunly and it was not loss for a sunly and it was not loss. With love from your niece,
AMANDA LECLERC.
West Frampton.

West Frampton.

Pear Aunt Becky:

I was so pleased to see my last letter in print that I thought I would write again. I am still going to the convent school and I am getting and which has fallen from the cart. "Don't be frightened, but hand the one who has the greatest number of peints receives a prize from our priest, Rev. Father Offarrell. We are having no school those days as Rev. Mother St. Paul, Mary and St. West of many people sick. Last week and cocasional rainstorms which makes it very unhealthy. There are a great many people sick. Last week there were three deaths,
I saw in the last True Witness nice letters from my cousins Lizzie Courtney and Mary Enright. I chink they were both very luster to have a was confined though he moved quickly, each touch to though the moved quickly, each touch to do though he moved quickly, each touch to though the moved quickly, each touch to though he moved quickly, each touch to though the moved quickly, each touch to the man waiting, a general rush for the man waiting one should find the was not long before I found they were helping me, which mis slender fingers, and though the moved quickly, each touch to the moved quickly, each touch to the was enver all the was not long. "What was it the big bear said?" "What was not long the hall working. "The little bear say had been tossed the said working. "The little bear say had bear tossed the said working. "The li

ittle bear?"

"Ugh-e-e! Ugh-e-c!" Only a faint wave of sound could the child now give for reply. And when these words at last were out, his lids drooped with exhaustion. Just then came from beneath the fingers of the physician a faint grating snap which brought from the child a fresh cry, sharp and piercing.

"The bone is in place. Hold him close, Miss Harriet. It's all right."
It was the physician, and the child was lying unconscious upon the girl's arm. Could she hold out a little longer—a moment longer? While she Brockville, Ont.

The "True Witness" can be had at the following

whenever such a cry is sent, heard and answered. The next moment Harriet felt the little one gently removed and her arms freed. Opening her eyes she saw the white face of little Robbie upon the pillow, and instantly came-a sensation of falling. The physician's steady voice held her.

"Hold on, Miss Harriet! Don't break the record now." Something pungent was fluttering close to her mostrils, and she was drawn gently to the open window.

"There you are, my dear young lady!" said the physician, his face no longer grave, but eyes twinkling and whole countenance beaming with satisfaction. "When you wish a diploma, Miss Harriet, call upon ne." And he gently pushed her to the door, where the girls were waiting for her. But it was Dolly who drew her away to their own room—Dolly, glad, happy, exultant.

"Ob, my dear, my dear!" she

Frank E. Donovan

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Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district

in which the land is situate.

Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of en intending homes-

form the conditions connected there with under one of the following plans: (1) At least siz months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in

The homesteader is required to per-

each year for three years. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St
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