

MIGNON'S SONG.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

(A translation from the German.)

Mignon is one of the most pathetic characters in literature. She is the little Italian child whom Goethe's "William Meister" rescues from her persecutors in the cold, Northern land to which she has been taken. Many versions of this story have been made. Byron's "Mignon" is the most famous. "Mignon's Song" is in Ambrose Thomas' opera of "Mignon" is well known.

Know'st thou the land where lemon blossoms blow? And golden oranges in dark leaves glow? A soft, south wind blows ever through that air, and where humble myrtle and proud laurel stand, Know'st thou it? Well! There, there, Would I with thee, O my beloved one, dwell! Know'st thou the house upheld by pillars white, With glittering halls and rooms all full of light, And marble statues looking down at me— "Poor child!" they say, "what has been done to thee?" Know'st thou it? Well! There, there, Would I with thee, O my dear guardian, dwell!

YOUTHS DEPARTMENT.

THE SHAMROCK.

In Ireland only one shamrock is known. It is an indigenous species of clover, which trails along the ground among the grass in meadows, says a writer in Notes and Queries. The trefoil leaves are not more than one-fourth the size of the smallest clover I have seen in America, and are pure green in color, without any of the brown shading of white and pink clovers. The creeping stem is hard and fibrous and is difficult to dislodge from the earth. On St. Patrick's Day the true shamrock has to be searched out among the grass, for though comparatively plentiful at the season, it grows close to the ground. Later it bears a tiny "whitely-brown" blossom. The information that shamrock is the Arabic for trefoil may be of service to those interested in the origin of the Irish race. The word could have been introduced by the Missionaries or it may furnish an argument in support of the contention that one of the last ten tribes of Israel settled in Ireland, which has been revived by the publication of a recent book.

THE ALLIGATOR.

The alligator bulks a nest of mud and grass, and lays a large number of white eggs, out of which come numerous little ones, more than the reptile can possibly rear. The parents are diligent in their care, and prevent their numbers from increasing. The alligator is not particular as to diet. It feeds on the stomach of a ten-footer from a bit of fish, and on a five-footer from a bit of turtle. They are fond of wallowing in mud, and many a man out snipe shooting has taken an involuntary bath by stumbling into their wallow. In dry seasons alligators will travel long distances overland to reach water, and travellers have come suddenly upon alligators crawling amid prairies or woods, in the most unexpected manner. The alligator as a rule is very wary, but at times sleeps quite soundly. I saw one struck twice with an axe before it woke.—St. Nicholas.

WHO BROKE THE BOWL?

Once upon a time there was a family that consisted of six persons—the father and mother, three children, and a niece. The children were called Alphonse, Lizzie and Alysius; and the niece of them was called Agnes. The name of the niece, who was a orphan, was Julia, and her age was then thirteen. The family lived in a village which has since been admitted within the limits of a great city; and there they owned a cottage and a small piece of land.

About a month before Julia had been received as a member of the family, the father presided to the mother a fine set of dishes on an anniversary of their marriage; and the mother prized them more because they were his gift than because they were costly and beautiful.

In that family the children were taught to be truthful. The parents would readily forgive a fault if it were candidly acknowledged, and a promise were given that it would not be repeated. But they would use the rod on their sons or their daughter if any one of these were guilty of falsehood.

It happened that a week or two after the coming of the orphan, the pretty sugar-bowl that belonged to the mother of the new dishes was broken. How, when, where, or by whom was ascertained, no one apparently knew. The old Tansy, might have been told, if she could talk; but as for Tramp, she dog, he was too seldom in the house for the blame to put on him.

"Did you break the bowl, Al?" asked the mother of her elder son.

"No, mother," he replied, "I did not."

"Did you, Lizzie?"

"No, mother."

"Did you, Ly?"

"No, mother."

Last of all the question was put to the niece:

"Did you break the bowl, Julia?"

"No, aunt; I wasn't near the china closet to-day at all."

The mother was vexed because her set of dishes was broken, and perplexed because she knew not who had done the mischief. One of the four children must be telling an untruth, she was sure; because there was no one else in the house as the maid had gone home that week to nurse a sister who was ill.

Possibly the guilty one, as the mother thought, was terrified at having broken one of the new dishes, and was afraid to confess; for getting that by denying the deed a new offence was committed.

"Well, children," said the mother "I'll wait until father comes home before trying any further to find out how the bowl was broken."

When the father appeared, and had his supper, the mother told him of the broken bowl. He was sorry for the damage that had been done to the set, but more pained at the want of truthfulness in the one on whom it was the guilt. He questioned the children himself, but they repeated the denials they had made to his wife.

"One of you is telling a falsehood," said the father, sternly; "and since no one will confess, I shall punish you all."

Thereupon the two younger children began to cry. Julia's face blanched, because until then she did not think that her uncle or her aunt would whip her. Alphonse, who was a manly boy, objected bravely.

"I don't think, father," said he, "that

the innocent ought to be punished as well as the guilty."

"How can I separate them?" asked the father.

This was unanswerable. If the double offence had to be punished, how could the innocent be spared if the culprit would not confess? The father, however, hoped that when the guilty one saw that there was no escape from chastisement, the misdeed would be avowed. But, as no one owned up to be blameworthy, he said:

"As you, Al, are the oldest of my children, I shall begin with you. So come here."

The mother unwilling to be present at the punishment of the children, had gone to another part of the house when the father said that all of them should be chastised. While she was trying to busy herself with some work to offset the suffering she was bearing because of the pain her children were about to endure, the door was opened, a trembling figure slipped in and knelt at her feet, and a quivering voice said:

"O aunt, save me; I broke the bowl!"

"I'm sorry for you, Julia," said the aunt; "but wait till I save your innocent cousins first."

So the mother flew to the room where the father was and called out: "Don't punish them, father. The culprit has confessed."

Then the guilty one was brought back, and because she had denied the deed before all of them she was made to confess it before them all. As this was her first offence, she received no further punishment; but the father used the opportunity to explain the matter of falsehood. He quoted the proverb in the Bible which says that among the "six things that are which the Lord hateth" is "a deceitful witness that uttereth lies." He made them all promise that under no circumstances would they incur God's hatred in this matter.

Toat was "a happy fault" for Julia; for ever afterward when she was tempted to "tell a story," she recalled the terror and the humiliation and the lesson of that night; and she kept herself from further offences by asking herself repeatedly, "Who broke the bowl?"—(L. W. Kelly, in Ave Maria.)

IT IS A MISTAKE

To try to cure catarrh by using local applications. Catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It is not a disease of the nasal cavity, but of the man. Therefore, to effect a cure, requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, expelling the taint which causes the disease, and imparting health.

CATHOLIC CULLINGS.

Gems of Thought From Holy Men Past and Present.

Fearful thought! we were born alone, and alone we must die; and yet through all our life we, as it were, live from loneliness, which is also the beginning and the end of our earthly tenure.

Never omit doing a good action for fear of vain-glory. If this vain-glory displeases you it will not prevent you from becoming perfect, and the better part of each good act will always be yours.

That in us which shall never die is changing daily, is being moulded or marred, according as we yield to or resist the working of His Word and Spirit—is taking the eternal stamp of good or ill.

Srink from no sorrow, so it be purifying. Our evils and our sins lie so deep, they must be long in the refiner's fire. Pray rather that, if need be, you may be tried seven times, so that all may be clean purged out.

How carelessly men treat themselves. They live as if they had no souls. In their traffic of this life they scheme as if they were to live forever. In their preparation for death they trifle as if there were no life beyond the grave.

St. Charles teaches all men that their work is what they are; that to do one thing and to do another is impossible; that if they would teach men to serve God, they must do His will; if they would bring souls to contrition they must live in penance.

God knows from all eternity who will be saved, and how many they will be. He does not diminish the number by refusing salvation to the willing; and He will not multiply the number by forcing the free will of those who will not believe.

The softness, and the glare, and the temptations, and the license, and the lax examples that are about us, are more seducing and dangerous than the winter of penal law. They hardened the manhood of Catholic parents. The summer sun relaxes many.—Cardinal Manning.

As we die so shall we be—our character running on into eternity. The best disposition, inclination of the soul, with all its powers and affections, shall endure, and abide with us forever; with this only change—that we shall be either better or worse, for good or for evil, absolute and changeless.

O what an hour, when God shall come, and all His holy angels, and all the children of the kingdom—all who have loved, served, waited, suffered for Him—the first and the last—all in perfect sameness, recognition, bliss, and splendor; their raiment white and glistening, and their countenance as the sun shineth in his strength.

How different all will look upon a death-bed. Then a new and true light will reveal a multitude of secrets, and show much that we never believed possible. How different all will appear when we look back upon our earthly life from the world beyond the grave in the hour of entering Purgatory, and at the general judgment of the last day. Then all masks shall be taken off from all faces, and we shall know as we are known, and see as we are seen. Then many who have seemed to know each other—parents, children, friends, pastors, penitents—shall know each other the first time, and wonder the vain show in which they lived and died.

A Man-of-War Lost.

LONDON, November 12.—The British torpedo cruiser Serpent has foundered off the coast of Spain. The fate of the crew is unknown. The Serpent was a twin screw vessel 1,170 tons and 4,500 horse power. She carried six guns. The Serpent went on the rocks during a storm Monday night. A heavy mist prevailed at the time. Owing to the violence of the storm it was impossible to send assistance from the shore. Tremendous seas swept the decks of the doomed vessel, carrying away a group of four men. The only survivors were three men who were conveyed to Corunna, a distance of sixty miles, over mountains and rivers. The Serpent's complement was 170 officers and men. One hundred and six others on board were going out to relieve men now on ships at the African station. The vessel was on her maiden trip.

WM. H. HODSON,

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The Serpent was a swift, light cruiser, one of eight commenced during the administration of Lord Northbrook. She was launched in 1887. Her officers were: Commander H. L. Ross; Lieutenant, Gay H. L. Gray; and Terquell McLeod; surgeon, James W. D. P. Edwards and F. W. Head. It is stated that many of the crew of the Serpent, before the vessel started on her last voyage, expressed the fear that some misfortune would befall the ship.

A STARTLING CONTRADICTION.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—There is an old adage that says "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," and the saying is generally accepted as containing much truth. Indeed it is expanded into the generally accepted belief that true merit, whether it be that of an individual, or that of some medicinal preparation, is much more likely to meet with popular approval as a distance than at home. Nasal Balm, acknowledged as being the greatest remedy for cold in the head and catarrh, ever offered the people of Canada, affords a striking instance of the fact that popular opinion, for one at least, is wrong. From the outset its popularity in the home of its manufacture has been unbounded and constantly increasing. In evidence of this we offer testimonials from two Brockville gentlemen who are known throughout the Dominion.

D. Desbrylre, Esq., Mayor of Brockville, and for the past two years President of the Ontario Creamery Association, says:—"Your Nasal Balm is truly a wonderful remedy. I may say that I was afflicted with a distressing case of catarrh, accompanied by a number of its disagreeable symptoms. I had tried other remedies, but without avail, and well nigh despaired of a cure, when I was induced to give Nasal Balm a trial. Its effects were wonderful, and the result, arising from its use, surprising. Briefly stated, it stops the droppings into the throat, sweetens the breath, relieves the headaches that follow catarrh, and in fact makes one feel altogether like a new man. No one who is suffering from catarrh in any of its stages should lose a moment in giving this remedy a trial."

James Smart, Esq., Brockville, Sheriff of the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville, says:—"It would be impossible to speak too extravagantly of the wonderful curative properties of Nasal Balm. I suffered for upwards of a month from a severe cold in the head, which, despite the use of other remedies, was becoming worse and developing into catarrh. I purchased a bottle of Nasal Balm and was relieved from the first application and thoroughly cured within twenty-four hours. I cheerfully add my testimony to the value of Nasal Balm."

These are but two illustrations of the hundreds of testimonials the proprietors of Nasal Balm have had from all parts of the Dominion, but they ought to convince the most skeptical. If your case is a bad one keep Nasal Balm in mind. It will cure you. Price—50 cents small size and \$1 large size—bottle by addressing Fairbairn & Co., Brockville, Ont.

Change of Venue. TIPPERRARY, November 12.—The Magistrate's court here to-day changed the venue of the conspiracy case from Tipperary to Clonmel. Counsel for the defendants made vigorous protests against this, but were overruled.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Nervous Irritability. No part of the human machine requires more constant supervision than the nervous system—for upon it our health—and even life—depends. These Pills strengthen the nerves and are the safest general purifiers of the blood. Nausea, headache, giddiness, numbness and mental apathy yield to them. They relieve in a summary manner those distressing dyspeptic symptoms, stomachic pain, fulness at the pit of the stomach, abdominal distension, and regulate like copious appetites and confined bowels—the commonly accompanying signs of defective or diminished nerve tone. Holloway's Pills are particularly recommended to the graduates of institutions and sedentary habits, who gradually fall into a nervous and irritable state, unless some such restorative be occasionally taken.

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The Wrong Man Found.—C'ez nez—Did you go and thrash that editor for printing those things about you? C'ez nez—I went to the office, but I couldn't find him.

Citizens—Whom did you find there? Citizen—No one, but a big great bullock-fellow who pretended he was responsible for that article; but I knew from his looks that he couldn't write.—(New York Weekly.)

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