

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

**HASTY JUDGMENTS.**—A pretty little story illustrating how sadly little people err in their judgment when their pride is aroused or there they are disappointed for a moment, is told by an exchange. If our little girls desire to be happy and succeed in this life they must cultivate a generous and kindly spirit in their intercourse with companions. The story is as follows:—

"How well your plants look," said Esther Ward, one of Janet's friends, coming up on the porch, where she was seated with her aunt, to look at them. "How is your double crimson geranium getting along?"

"I haven't one of those. I've been wishing for one."

"One day about two weeks ago I went in to Miss Vale's—"

"Yes, she has a beautiful one. She promised to slip one for me."

"That is the part of it that surprises me. Emily Garde was there, and Miss Vale gave her a double white one. And she asked her to bring you a lovely dark crimson geranium."

Esther went away, and Janet turned to her Aunt Rachel with an angry face, saying:

"Did you hear that, Aunt Rachel?"

"I heard that Emily had not yet given you the geranium. She is out of town, isn't she?"

"Yes, for nearly two weeks. But, auntie, there's more about it. The day before she went away she brought me this white geranium, telling me that it was from Miss Vale. There is only one way to account for it. What can there be to it except that she wanted the crimson geranium and—kept it, putting this white one off on me? How mean and deceitful of her. I am going to write and tell her exactly what I think of her."

"I had a friend," said Aunt Rachel, after a pause.

"When she and I went to the same school we lived in the suburbs of a city. To go into it by train was a great treat, and one that came to us but rarely. But when a married sister of Jessie's moved into the city the dear girl was full of talk about the lovely times it would mean for us two. So one morning she came to me for a plan to spend the next day in town. We were to go in by an early train, visit art galleries, and everything else delightful that came in our way."

"Be sure you're in good time," was her parting injunction. I obeyed it, expecting to be met at the station by Jessie's bright face.

"But she was not there, and I waited, at first tranquilly, then, as train time quickly came, in nervous impatience. You may imagine the feelings with which I saw my train pull up, my wild look on every side as it pulled out."

"I waited a little while, still expecting her, and ready with my reproaches for her lateness. At length I went home, my heart raging with such anger and disappointment as I do not like to remember."

"It always seems to me," after a short pause she went on contemplatively, "that we cannot allow a storm of evil feeling to have its hateful way in our hearts and be ever quite the same. We can repent and resolve against sinning again, but the searing, scorching flame must leave its results."

"I went home and wrote a letter—wrote to my dearest friend an out-pour of the anger which filled my heart."

"All the summer my father had been cherishing a plan of taking us for a month's outing in the mountains. Opportunity for his getting away suddenly offered, and after hurried preparations we left home the next day. I begged one of my school friends to write me. But we were moving from one pleasant place to another and her first letter missed and never found me. Her second I opened with a little sniff of anger for her neglect. I read it and felt my heart beat slower."

"What was it, Aunt Rachel?"

"She referred to a former letter, saying something like this: 'As I told you before of Jessie's sudden seizure two weeks ago, and how bad it was, you will not be much surprised to hear that they have given up all hope of her life.' There was more, speaking of the brain fever that was sapping the dear, young life, of her mother's despair, etc."

"Well, well, Janet, you may im-

agine how I felt. In the shadow of the terrible facts how small, how contemptible seemed the ugly feeling based on the disappointment of a day. We had no more letters, going from place to place. I had a heavy cloud on my heart; I had been indulging to the full my anger against my friend who was dying."

"As we drove from the station the carriage would pass by Jessie's home. I had turned away my head in misery, when I heard a cry of delight from my younger sister."

"'Why, there's Jessie!'"

"There she was, sure enough, sitting at a window in an invalid chair, pale and thin, but turning her dear face towards us with a smile of greeting. Before long she was able to see me and tell me of her sudden seizure the morning on which I had been looking for her at the station. She had sent me a message, which some one had neglected to deliver. So that was the grievance I had been nursing."

"You wrote a letter—"

"It was some time before my mind was at rest about that letter. My heart shrank as I thought of the bitter words in it. Surely if Jessie had read it she never could forgive me. Her mother gave it to me one day."

"I opened it to see if it was anything of importance, as Jessie could not. There might be a great deal said about it, dear child," she added, with an affectionate smile, "but I think you have read the lesson for yourself. Jessie does not know of it."

"There's Emily Garde," said Janet, as after tea she sat on the porch. "And—she's coming in. I didn't think she'd have the face to."

Emily it was, however, and a very bright face and lively greetings she brought. She removed a paper which surrounded two flower pots.

"Oh!" exclaimed Janet, in the delight of a true flower lover. "That's a—a—"

"Calceolaria. One of the finest varieties. I brought it here with me as a peace-maker."

"A peace-maker?"

"Yes, although I don't know that I needed to, for you didn't really know you had a grudge against me."

Janet colored a little. "But I must tell you my story. Just before I went away I was at Miss Vale's one day and she gave me a little crimson geranium for you. Well, on the way home I dropped it. It was smashed to pieces. I felt dreadfully and didn't want you to see it until mother had tried her hand at nursing it right again. It looks about as well as before now. In the meantime I brought you the white geranium as a sort of salve to my conscience for not honestly telling you. And I didn't tell any lie, for I said it was from Miss Vale, which was the truth. So here is the crimson geranium, and I hope I may have the comfort of feeling as though I had made up for things."

Janet affectionately patted her friend's shoulder, giving her aunt at the same time a beaming glance.

**HINTS FOR BOYS.**—When our boys who are intended for a commercial career start out in life in one of the many positions in mercantile offices they are generally under the impression that they are not closely watched. Such is not the case. Every move they make in the office or store is noticed by their superiors and when an occasion arises for promotion all their acts are carefully weighed. Boys should be careful to be neat in their apparel. Appearances count for much. Manners come next. Of course, we are chatting to boys who are strictly honest and who, so far as their own wants are concerned, would not touch one cent of the money belonging to their employers or anybody else. What wrecks may be seen in life as a result of the sin of stealing small sums to gratify the habit of cigarette-smoking or the desire to attend a lacrosse match, or one of the dime museums, or theatres, the last mentioned places no Catholic boy who has any regard for his future should enter.

An instance of how one little lad lost his chance in life may be of interest. The superintendent of one of the largest department stores in the country engaged a lad of 15 in the most subordinate capacity, at wages of \$2 a week. The boy was at the bottom of the ladder, at the very position where the heads of depart-

ments in that store had started years before.

The head of the department where he was stationed watched him carefully day by day, and reported upon him most favorably. He said: "Here is, at last, the young fellow we have been looking for." The next in authority took his turn in watching the lad. He became profoundly impressed with the boy's obedience, his integrity, his loyalty, and commended him to the head of the firm.

"We will give him six months, and if he stands the test we will advance him rapidly."

One morning the superintendent noticed the boy hide something in his pocket. He stopped him.

"What have you there?" he said to the lad. The boy paled and blushed.

"Oh, nothing," he said. He was asked to turn his pockets inside out, and upon him was found 25 cents in change, which he had just pilfered.

The boy was immediately dismissed. He had lost his chance of pre-eminence, of honor, of respect, for a temptation so petty. He had sold his character for 25 cents!

## Three Good Resolutions

There are three things about which one should make good resolutions rather than about any others, says a Paulist Father. First, the practice of prayer; second, going to Confession and Communion; third, avoiding occasions of sin.

The first two fill our souls with God's grace and the third keeps us out of danger. Put your good resolutions into company with prayer, and weekly or at least monthly Communion, and you have no great difficulty in pulling through. From month to month is not so long to keep straight, and a good Confession and a worthy Communion is God's best help.

Morning and night prayers are a mark of predestination to eternal life; keeping away from bad company and dangerous places, and avoiding bad reading and all other dangerous occasions, have very much to do with an innocent life and a happy death.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

She—If it were necessary, and I were your wife, would you go through fire and water for me?"

He—"Do you think it would be necessary?"

She—"It might be."

He—"Then I think you had better go and marry a fireman. Good-bye."

An Edinburgh paper tells of a farmer who made his first acquaintance with London the other day, and was asked on his return how he had enjoyed his visit.

"Man, I liket fine," he replied; "but I couldna sleep, the licht was burnin' a' night."

"Could ye no' blow't oot?" his friend inquired.

"No, man! ye canna do that noo; they keep it in wee glass bottles!"

Some of the Scots worthies will sigh no sigh on hearing of the death of the witty Frenchman, Max O'Rell. It is reported that a Highland waiter once refused to serve the Frenchman at dinner, and when reproved explained:

"It's no' to be expected that a self-respecting Scotsman could serve him with ceeveelity. Didn't he say we took to the kilt because our feet were too large to get through trousers?"—St. James Gazette.

Justice Morgan J. O'Brien, while on his way to his seat at the dinner given by the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, spied among the guests "Abe" Gruber. He looked at the little Hebrew lawyer for a second and then said, with evident amazement:

"Why, 'Abe,' what are you doing here? This is a gathering of Irishmen, sons of Erin."

"So am I," said Gruber. "I am a son of Erin, only our people spell it differently—A-a-r-o-n."—New York Times.

## With Our Subscribers.

The financial returns at present for our endeavor to improve the "True Witness" in every department, may not be commensurate with the labor involved, but signs are not wanting that in the near future the old organ will be taken in many Catholic homes in which a Catholic paper is rarely found. Week after week we have received little evidences of approval of our humble efforts. Our subscribers in sending in the amount of their annual subscriptions always accompany their little remittances with a kind word of appreciation.

From the County of Argenteuil, P. Q., a subscriber writes: Enclose please find \$2.00 for two years subscription to your most valuable paper.

Another valued subscriber from far away Newfoundland sends his subscription for two years in advance, and congratulates the old organ upon its marked improvement.

Applications for sample copies are coming in at the rate of two and three per week, and in quite a number of instances have resulted in securing the best and most reliable subscribers, viz., those that pay in advance.

## Methodists and Leo XIII

We learn that a number of Methodist publications are not at all pleased with the late Pope Leo XIII., because he did not change the marriage laws in several of the Latin American countries. This is exacting something of the Pope that the Methodists would be the very first to criticize were he to attempt what they ask. The Pope has neither the authority, nor the power to change the laws of the different States. He can express his views regarding them and can use his influence to have them altered, but he never presumes to control the legislation of any country. For centuries this has been exactly the cry against Rome in England. Extremists would have it that the State was endangered because of the power of the Pope. It was argued that the Jesuits and other Catholic religious orders sought to overthrow existing governments and to pave the way for the Pope of Rome to dictate laws to the country. Yet, to-day, the Methodists blame the Pope for not doing that which they always wrongly accused Rome of attempting. The Pope does not interfere with the temporal governments of the various countries; and, herein, lies the power of Rome. The Pope is Vicar of Christ, and his Kingdom is a spiritual one. We see thus the inconsistency of the very people who would fain create accusations against the immutable Church.

## HOMES FOR MONKS.

From Louisville, Kentucky, we learn that Rev. Edmond Coreth, the abbot of the Trappist monastery at Gethsemane, has left for Cîteaux, France, where he will be present at the general meeting of the Chapter of Superiors of the Order. The report says that he will later have an audience of Pope Pius X., and will then learn the attitude of the Vatican towards the order in America. It is also expected that the future home of the monks exiled by France will be determined on this visit, many of the Cisterians having already been received at Gethsemane, while preparations are being made to establish a new monastery in the United States for those who have not been provided for.

It is evident that even if France were drive all the Religious Orders out there would be room for them as well as welcome on this side of the Atlantic. And the entire world is aware that, in such a case, France would be the loser and America the gainer in the affair. For the wealth, the property, the hope of the country may all be said to depend upon the education of the youth, and upon those who are the educators. While it is a real cry of prejudice that religious orders grow wealthy at the expense of the country, the experience of every land, our own included goes to show that they have been the enrichers of every land in which they are to be found. And amongst them none more so than the toiling Trappists.

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BLEACHED TABLE DAMASK, all pure linen, 62 in. wide, was 60c, now, per yard.....**48c**

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BATTENBURG CENTRES—18 x 18 in., round and square, all hand work, linen centres, newest goods, were \$1.50.

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All-Wool Scotch Tweed, flaked or plaine 40 in. wide; worth 40c and 50c. Now **25c**

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