

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

WHY ONE GIRL FAILED. — She was an intellectual girl, uncommonly so. She expected great things of herself. She easily surpassed her classmates in school studies, looking with contempt on those who were duller than herself.

She left school and went out to conquer the world. She began with bookkeeping. She learned it quickly. She attained place after place. None was equal to her merits, she thought. Other girls rose at 6, took their places at their desks at 8 sharp, worked till 6 and did not consider themselves abused. She rose at 7, went to work at 8.30, wrought with accounts, books and ledger till 5.30 or 6, and considered herself the most abused martyr in a city of a million people. She, mind you, did exactly what thousands of other girls do daily in the business world and are thankful they have the work to do; she wailed and grumbled all the time. She came home at night whining thus:

"I don't know why I have everything harder than other people just because I am not strong and well. To-day they put enough work on me to kill a horse and the office boy was so impudent I had to report him. I made just a little mistake in my work and had to do six pages over again, and nobody felt sorry for me in the least. It made me so tired I couldn't eat any dinner, and what I did eat just lies on my stomach, and I know I'll be sick in the night and not sleep a wink. My nerves are all of a frazzle and I'm wearing out with this dreadful life as fast as I can. I'm so discouraged."

She had antagonized the office boy by walking roughshod over him and speaking harshly and authoritatively to him. Thus she got his confirmed ill will, and office boys have ways of making things unpleasant for lady bookkeepers. Tact, gentleness, politeness, remembering that God created office boys of the same flesh and blood as herself, would have made the youth her friend instead of her enemy.

She resigned and tried something else, with the like result; then another trade, then another. In every one "luck," as she called it, was against her. She was a whiner and a kicker. Meantime, year by year, she grew more self-conceited and "set" in her ways. There was nothing in her mental horizon but herself; consequently she assumed to herself the proportions of the universe, and whatever difficulty came in her path was exaggerated in proportion. Molehills others stepped over cheerfully and went on their way rejoicing that they were alive became to her distorted mountains which "bad luck" had purposely placed in her way. She coddled herself, and drugged herself night and day with the poison of self-pity, because, you see, she night and day thought of nothing but herself, her clothes, her prospects, her own superior ideas and actions. She seemed at length to have no human feeling towards any creature but herself.

She had not many real friends, although she was brilliant intellectually. Because she thought her ideas so superior to other people's she meddled with other people's business. She tried to impose her ways on them. It became finally her habit to criticize, antagonize, claw and kick her way through the world. From one occupation to another she went, dabbling in a half dozen, succeeding in none.

The grumbling, fault-finding habit grew constantly. The habit of whining always over her "bad luck" intensified till at length she began to have now and then a stroke of what might really be called ill fortune. What wonder it overtook her? She had been saying all her life that failure was her fate, so what wonder destiny took her at her word? She got what she declared for herself, did she not? Invariably, sooner or later, we really get what we persist in declaring we have, whether it is good or evil.

The only way to obtain permanent good luck is to earn it. The only

way to earn it is through thick and thin to be brave, sweet tempered and persevering, to persistently put out good will to everything that lives, to be always ready to learn, to do our best in every situation in life without grumbling, kicking or fault-finding.

JACK'S PROMOTION.—It was a frosty night in November; I was waiting for a car. My friend said: "Have you ever noticed the 'wish-boys?' There is one."

I turned and saw a boy some ten or twelve years of age. He was bending over what looked to be a tin boiler, with a lamp beneath it.

My interest was at once aroused. My friend and I went toward him, and before he had observed me I was standing close beside the lad.

He doffed his battered but still jaunty polo cap, and said, with rising color, "Do you wish—?" and then he stopped.

While I looked in puzzled wonder at his evident confusion, and then down at the boiler before him, my friend said: "He is wondering if you can be a possible customer. Yet he sees you don't belong to the class who usually patronize him."

"What have you to sell?" I asked.

"Wishes," he said.

The lad's face was bright and handsome, and his apparel, though poor, was neat.

"And what are 'wishes'?"

"Show her your outfit Jack," said my friend.

The boy threw up the cover of the boiler and revealed two compartments. One was filled with boiling water, and the other with small sausages. He uncovered a basket by his side. It contained slices of white, dainty-looking bread.

"A 'wish,' ma'am," he said, politely, "is a slice of bread and mustard and a sausage. See! this is the way I fix it."

He took two half slices of bread, spread a small bit of mustard upon each and dropped a sausage into the boiling water. After waiting a moment, he fished it out and laid it between the pieces of bread.

"That, madam, is a 'wish,'" he said.

The next moment he had slipped the bread and sausage into the hands of a ragged and forlorn looking little girl, who, unnoticed by me, had paused by my side. She took it in grateful surprise, and murmured a word of thanks as she passed on.

"Do you know her?" I questioned, seeing that the lad followed her retreating figure with his eyes.

"Not exactly. I know she lives down by the river, and that her father is a drunkard. She doesn't get much to eat."

Our car came just then, and we bade the little "wish" boy good night.

A week later I was again waiting for the car on the same corner. Jack was just setting his outfit upon the pavement. Another boy, a year or two his senior, with a similar outfit, was disputing with him.

"Yer got no business keepin' ther best corner," the burly fellow said, and there was an ugly scowl on his brow.

"No one had this corner when I first took it. And it's been mine ever since." Jack's voice was not rough, but positive.

"Then hit's time yer gin'd 'way. Come, move on! I'm goin' ter sell yere ter night."

"Then we'll both sell on the same corner," said Jack, coolly. "I'm not going away 'cause this is my stand." He busied himself with his lamp as he spoke.

The older boy assumed a pugilistic attitude.

"I tell yer to move on!" he commanded.

A policeman, turning the corner at that instant, laid a heavy hand on the belligerent lad's shoulder, as he said: "Suppose you move on yourself. Jack and I are partners and this is his stand."

Jack flashed the man a grateful glance.

The other boy moved his belongings to the opposite side of the street. Among his possessions was a basket of fine red apples. While he busied himself with his lamp, and just as he seemed to have arranged things to his satisfaction, I heard Jack call out to him: "There go your apples!"

I did not see who had taken them, as quite a number of men and boys had just passed. The boy darted up the street to catch the thief. A moment later two men in workmen's blouses paused before the vacant stand.

I saw Jack hesitate. Then he gave a glance at his own possessions, and another up and down the pavement, and ran nimbly across the street.

"He will profit by the other boy's absence," was the thought in my mind.

But I was mistaken. He opened his enemy's little store of provisions and deftly fixed two sandwiches. I saw the men drop some money into his hand as they turned away. Jack looked up the street. The boy was coming with his basket of rescued apples upon his arm. Jack ran to meet him, slipped the coins into his hand, and said something in a cheery voice which I did not hear. I repeated under my breath: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him." Jack has surely caught the spirit of these words.

After that evening I missed Jack. Again and again I looked for him. Only the burly boy, with the ugly scowl upon his forehead was to be seen. I felt troubled, and spoke of his absence to my friend. He smiled. "I didn't know you remembered Jack. He is all right. He has been promoted."

"Has he. How did it happen?"

"A friend of mine who owns one of the largest establishments in the city has had his eye on Jack and been testing him. Once he bought two sandwiches and handed him a silver dollar, saying: 'Quick! change this fifty cents. There comes my car!' Jack made the change, and in his haste did not observe that the man had given him a dollar until just as my friend boarded the car. He then ran up and pushed the money into Mr. Thompson's hand, who stood on the platform, and said: 'You made a mistake, sir. This is one dollar. You can make it right some other time.'"

"Of course Jack is honest," I said. "Any one could see that by the frank and manly way he looks into one's face."

"About two weeks ago Mr. Thompson tested him again. He bought some apples, this time all that Jack had. Basket and all came to exactly one dollar. He slipped a five-dollar bill into the boy's hand, calling it a dollar, and stepped immediately upon a passing car. The next day Jack presented himself at the store with the bill in his hand."

"This is the second big mistake you've made, Mr. Thompson," said Jack. "If I was working for you, and I should make such mistakes, what would you say?"

"Come and try me, Jack; I need just such a boy as you to look after me," was Mr. Thompson's laughing reply.

"So now Jack is in the store, and Mr. Thompson told me yesterday he does not doubt he will yet become head clerk, if he turns out as he has begun. He is quick, attentive, polite, careful and honest. Thompson dotes on him."

A few days later I sauntered into Mr. Thompson's store. It is one of the handsomest and most popular in the city. I knew by his smile that Jack recognized me. I was surprised to see what a handsome, gentlemanly lad he really was. With his hair neatly cut and brushed, and in his fresh new suit, he looked every inch a gentleman.

Subscribe to the

True Witness

Shorthand and Nerve.

"Yes, you're right," said the stenographer who has begun to grow gray with his years of service; "the work of a good stenographer is mighty hard. But nerve counts in that business as well as any other."

"Let me tell you that there are very few all-round good court stenographers. Some of the best in the country are right here in this city, but you can easily count those that are able to keep up with the procession when experts, doctors, alienists and other people who can talk off strings of Latin, French and other strange words and terms get on the stand."

"I hadn't been in the business long before I was warned to fight shy of expert testimony, technical hearings, commissions in lunacy and such things. But by and by I got so proficient that not much of anything in my law-office work stumped me and I began to have a pretty good opinion of myself."

"I knew French well, had enough Latin to wade along in a pretty deep puddle, had the law part of the business down as well as nine out of ten and even a little medicine in my head."

"I was doing a regular law-office stenographer's work at the time. One day a stenographer who was recognized as the kingpin of the trade here came to my office and asked me if I would report for him the hearing of a Wall street case in one of the courts that afternoon. Now the very fact that he had asked me was a piece of flattery that tickled me very much and, seeing a good chance to break into the inner circle of the stenographic fraternity, I consented on the instant."

"Well, when I reached the court room I was nearly scared out of my shoes. There were about seven lawyers on each side and they were all more than prepared to argue every phase of a very hard case in the most technical language."

When the case got under way it was like a whirlwind, but I stuck to my work like a Trojan and got every syllable down perfectly. Even when the fourteen lawyers, more or less, talked pretty much all at once and the court put in questions and the witness managed to get into the sandwich once in a great while, I had everything down right."

"Then one of the lawyers asked a long question, rattling out his words like a Gatling gun pouring shot, and all the other thirteen lawyers began firing their share of the canonade. I knew I was getting it all down in potbooks all right, but suddenly one of the lawyers requested that the stenographer repeat the question."

"Now, I had that question down all right and in such shape that I was perfectly able to translate it, but the suddenness with which that lawyer's request was made threw me clean off my feet. I was completely rattled, to put it plainly. I knew that if I tried to read that question I should stutter and stammer and fail."

"I did have a lot of common sense left, however, and I began to play for time in which to cool down, if possible, and with that idea in my head I began to turn over the leaves of my notebook, pretending to hunt for the question. I fumbled back and forth as coolly—as on the surface, anyway—as if I were the oldest hand in the business at that sort of game, but all the time I felt as if everybody in court was looking at me. All of a sudden the lawyer who had put that question said: 'Well, I'll withdraw that question.' Imagine what a deep breath of relief I took!"

"There's another kind of nerve that pays in the business. I had been doing some summer work for one of the big Philadelphia law firms whose regular stenographer was on a long vacation. I had stipulated that I was to do nothing but office business for the lawyers, but one day there came up a big case and the man they had expected to do the reporting went back on them at the last minute and I stepped into the breach."

"I had no idea what the case was to be and when I landed in the courtroom I was astounded. It was one of those ticklish lunacy commission hearings and the two principal witnesses were the biggest alienists in this part of the country."

"When those alienists got to work it was all up with me. One of them in particular nearly drove me crazy right there in my seat."

"He hurled out a collection of long-winded Latin and complicated terms of medicine that simply couldn't be recorded by anybody who was not a wonder. But when I was unable to get the whole word or phrase down in shorthand I made a mark of some sort."

"There were two or three other stenographers in the room and I could see that they were looking at me with open eyes. Well, the hear-

ing was over at last and I packed up and went home.

"That night I studied up enough of the subject to pick out the meaning of the first three or four pages, but when it came to doing the rest of that job I was simply up against it. There were whole pages where I could hardly pick out three words to a page.—New York Sun.

A Memorial Chapel

Archbishop Farley officiated at the consecration of the beautiful new chapel of St. Sylvia at Tivoli-on-the-Hudson, on Sunday last. This chapel, which, with the exception of St. John's Church, White Plains, is the costliest suburban edifice in the archdiocese, is a gift to the parish from the Countess Carola L. de Langier-Villars and Mrs. Geraldine Redmond, the daughters of John Livingston. It is a memorial to their mother, Mrs. Sylvia Livingstone. The building alone cost more than \$50,000.

The chapel is in the English Gothic style and is built of bluestone quarried at Tivoli, and trimmed with Connecticut bluestone of a lighter shade. It is 97 feet long and 50 feet wide and is surmounted by a Norman tower containing a 500-pound bell. The tower reaches a height of about eighty feet.

The interior of the chapel is lined with a rich-colored pressed brick. The arching of the roof is of heavy timber, gracefully panelled and richly tinted. The altar is of Vermont marble, and the sanctuary flooring of delicate mosaic. The altar decorations, candelabra, altar rail and crucifix were imported from France. The chapel will seat 400.

A new rectory is also being built. It is on the Queen Anne style, and will contain ten rooms. The chapel will be among the few edifices in the archdiocese which have been consecrated and are therefore without debt.

MONKEY CAGE FOR PRISONERS.

Chief of Police Wettyen, of Verona, N.J., has a jail in his barn. It is a cage similar to those used in circuses for monkeys. In fact, Chief Wettyen purchased the cage from a passing circus. It now occupies a prominent position alongside of a pair of bull-dogs, where any prisoners who may hereafter be landed therein will find it an impossibility to escape.

Several prisoners have escaped recently because the little town has no lockup. Chief Wettyen has been obliged to manacle his prisoners, particularly those of a desperate character.

DENTIST.

Walter E. Kennedy,
Dentist,

883 Dorchester Street.

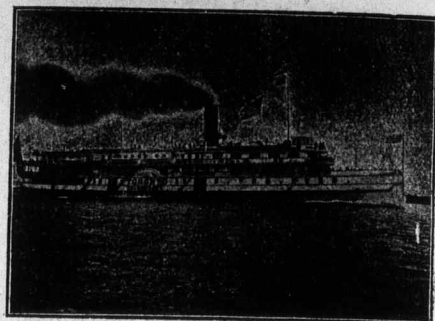
Corner Mansfield.

INLAND NAVIGATION.

Richelieu and Ontario
Navigation Company

"Niagara to the Sea"

AMERICA'S INCOMPARABLE SCENIC AND PLEASURE ROUTE



SUMMER HOTELS
THE MANOIR RICHELIEU
MURRAY BAY, QUE.
THE TADOUSSAC
TADOUSSAC, QUE.

Magnificent Palatial Steel Steamers
Leave Toronto for Rochester, Kingston, Clayton and Intermediate Ports.
Embracing a delightful sail across Lake Ontario, a trip through the fascinating scenery of the Thousand Islands (the Venice of America), and the exciting descent of all the marvellous rapids to

MONTREAL (the Metropolis of Canada)
Where connection is made for cool and refreshing night ride to the famous old walled city of QUEBEC (America's Gibraltar)
Thence on to Murray Bay, Tadoussac and Points on the grandeur and variety. Steamer BEAUFRE is open for charter for Pilgrimages and Excursions.
For FURTHER PARTICULARS, Apply to
H. FOSTER CHAFFEE, W.P.A., 2 King St. E., Toronto, Can.
JOS. F. DOLAN, C.P.A., 128 St. James St., Montreal, Can.
L. H. MYRAND, Dalhousie St., Quebec.
Or to THOS. HENRY, Traffic Manager, Montreal, Can.

Catholic Sailors' Club.

ALL SAILORS WELCOME.
Concert Every Wednesday Evening

All Local Talent Invited; the finest in the City pay us a visit.
MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday.
Sacred Concert on Sunday Evening.
Open week days from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.
On Sundays, from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m.
Tel. Main 2161.

ST. PETER and COMMON Sls.

JOHN MURPHY
& CO.

A Bargain Month JULY!

July is associated in the public mind with bargains. This year we intend to deepen the impression.

Money-saving will be made easy in all our Departments, and it will pay shoppers to keep a keen eye on our advertising columns and to visit our Store frequently.

Our Great Annual Linen Sale

Will begin immediately, and is certain to prove an economic event of the first importance to all housekeepers.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

824 St. Catherine Street, corner of St. Helen Street.
Terms Cash. Telephone Up, 2740.

Events of The

ST. PETER AND
Monday last, 29th J.
celebrated the double
Peter and St. Paul;
the solemnization of
one of the great com-
munications of the year
saints, united in
would suffice to render
of special devotion;
consider that one of
prince of the Apostles
car of Christ on earth
other was the Apostle
tles, the great Roman
life was dedicated to
Christ, and whose im-
ties have constituted
portant portion of the
ment. To relate the
two great saints would
to tell the entire stor-
ation of Christianity
establishment as a Chu-
ring at Rome of all
ous and supernatural
overthrew the greatest
tiquity and the false
clients, and that on t
Caesars built up that
that governs the ro-
twenty centuries after
Christ and His Apost
But it must not be
the Church which to
the feast of St. Peter
is the same Church t
ministered in the c
that Paul preached o
of Athens. We know
poor fisherman of G
converted to Christ, i
come yet the mighty
sublimest system that
man from God. We k
a Roman legatus, was
a flood of grace on the
acus, and how he even
paths from city to ci-
nor, spreading the ve
he had once set out to
have also to turn to
consummation of bo
works. In the Mam
both carried chains; a
was crucified—head do
other had his head co-
came a Roman citizen
the two a perfect illu-
Church that they co-
tablishing. They have
the rich, the lowly a
the ignorant and the l
with no social claims
with the proudest citi-
age; yet both doing b
same cause, both prop
same principles, both
the same faith, both o
same Christ. And such
to-day. There is no p
alted within her gift
most humble, the mos
most unknown may n
there is no position in
alted that she cannot
dust in the hour of t
able triumph.
It is then in a spirit
Church incalculates, and
imated Peter and fired
Paul that we must br
to the celebration of
feast. It is an occasi
Catholic can raise his
of legitimate pride, a
Deum of gratitude to
wisdom that sent to t
at the dawn of Chris
such mighty Apostles
and St. Paul. And e
result we must involu
ed aid for ourselves, th
the Holy Father.

THE HOLY ROSAR
row, the first Sunday
Church celebrates the
lovable feast of the R
This is a feast espec
to the Catholic Church
lone of all churches p
propagates the sacred
Mary, the Mother of G
know the great role th
has played in the spiri
Church and of the fait
explanations regardin
and require no urging
celebrate it in a mann
be worthy of such a g
sion. To the one who
both to our faith and
lations, we need say
lack of experience caus
ignore the inestimable
Holy Rosary. The ent
July is consecrated to
tion, and as in the mo
Catholics flock to the
with gifts, flowers, p
hymns, so do they hon
this month with the p
devotion that is special
maternal Heart.
So important is the