

BOYS' AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

YOUR WORK.

There's a work for you in the world my boy.

A position for you to fill; And it waits to-day. Along life's way.

For the boy with a firm, I will; So, youth, be true.

For God wants you, In the field that you must fill.

There's a work for you in the world, dear girl.

A position for you to fill; For the girl that is mild,

So pure and kind. A work that is waiting still;

So, girl, be true. For God wants you,

In the garden that you must till.

There is work for us all in the world, my dears.

Some position for us to fill; Our God wants you—

None else will do— The bill alone you can fill.

Children, be true, Our God wants you

Your place awaits you still.

Dear Aunt Becky:

This is my first letter to the corner. I like to read the letters

and stories in the True Witness. I was thirteen the 2nd of July, and I

go to school every day, but I don't go now because our teacher is sick.

I have two sisters and one brother. We live about two miles from the church. This is all I can think of

for the present. Hoping to see my letter in print.

Your loving friend, INEZ W. Grand Cascapedia.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is an awful long time since I wrote to you, but I was greatly interested in the boys and girls column

all the same, and I was delighted to see some of my little cousins corresponding again to the True Witness.

Well, dear Auntie, we had a lovely time in Quebec on the 25th, celebrating the Carnival. But I am sorry to be forced to say that the Montrealers captured nearly all the prizes.

We had a very nice procession which paraded through the principal streets, and later on in the evening there were fireworks off St. Louis Gate, and together with the bands playing, the city was made pretty lively.

We all are waiting anxiously to see the match which is to be played between the Shamrocks and Quebecers, soon we hope. I am still attending to my class studies, and hope to finish this year.

I suppose it is needless to tell you, dear Auntie, all the snow which we are having, as I think Montreal must have an equal share also.

Well, dear Auntie, I think my letter is a little long for the first time after such a long silence, and I trust to see my letter in print next week together with a lot from my former little cousins.

With love, I remain, M. CREIGHTON.

BILLY'S BREAKFAST.

There was an unusual stir in the big house of the Horns. The excitement seemed to center in the kitchen, where the maids, with anxious faces, were gathered.

Mr. Symonds, the gardener, who was raking the dead leaves off the lawn, heard the excited voices, and came in to ask what was wrong.

"It's Billy," said Mrs. Henry, the cook. "He won't eat his breakfast."

"No, Billy won't eat his breakfast," Mr. Symonds, wailed Mary, the chambermaid.

"Billy won't eat his breakfast," echoed little Hester Henry.

Mr. Symonds seemed to think this was very serious. He looked long and hard at Billy. Then he took off his hat and scratched his head, after which he remarked, solemnly: "Billy must be sick."

"Billy, Billy, do eat your breakfast," coaxed Mary again. "You really ought to be ashamed of yourself, Billy, unless you are sick, as Mr. Symonds says, I have fixed you a beautiful breakfast with my own hands—milk—bread and milk—and the milk not skimmed, either. And to think you won't touch it!"

"Oh, Billy, please, please, do eat!" urged little Hester Henry.

Billy's little stubby tail wagged very faintly in answer to Hester, and his round brown eyes looked up into Hester's blue ones as though he really would remind her of something, but yet was half ashamed to mention it. Mrs. Horn, who usually fed Billy herself, was still in bed. She was not ill, but she had been at

a party the night before, and it was almost morning when she got home.

Billy seemed to realize that his mistress was not to be expected to appear, and looked shyly at the basin of nice bread and milk which Mary had set before him; but something was certainly wrong, and finally he slowly turned away, licking his lips.

"Perhaps he wants a little meat," said Mrs. Henry. The servants' breakfast table had not yet been cleared, and Mrs. Henry went to the platter, and took up the carving knife and cut up some nice little pieces of steak which had been left, and presented the tidbits to Billy on a warm china plate.

As a general thing, Billy was very fond of cooked meat, but this morning the daintily prepared meat did not seem to tempt his appetite any more than the creamy bread and milk.

"What do you think of it, Mr. Symonds?" asked Mrs. Henry. "What do you think?"

"Looks bad, very bad, indeed," said the gardener, slowly. "I wonder if Mrs. Horn would want us to send for a doctor?" suggested Mrs. Henry. "I don't like to wake her, but perhaps I ought to. I wish I knew what to do about it."

"Do you hear that, William? The doctor is to be sent for!" said Mrs. Henry, trying to see what a threat would do. "Then, if you don't eat your breakfast, you will have to take horrid pills. Master William! Listen, now, and consider what I have said!"

A good while ago, when Mrs. Horn had hired Mrs. Henry to do her cooking, it had been agreed between them that little Hester Henry should stay with her mother. Hester was not troublesome in the house, and everybody liked her. There were no children for her to play with.

She played with Billy. Mrs. Horn sometimes let her help to feed Billy, and she could hold Billy while Mrs. Horn tied the ribbon bow that Billy wore on his silver collar. Hester was really a valuable and privileged and petted member of the kitchen household.

Knowing considerable about Billy, therefore, and his ways, little Hester Henry had an idea of her own.

"Ain't his food fixed right, Hester?" asked Mrs. Henry. "I'm sure I did it just as Mrs. Horn told me. And your own mother has cut up his steak!"

"Oh, yes, Billy's food is all right," said Hester. "It isn't his food at all. It's that Billy don't like to be talked to in good grammar!"

"In good grammar, did you say? Mercy sakes!" screamed Mary, bursting into a merry laugh at the ridiculous idea.

And Mr. Symonds was obliged to laugh outright, too.

Little Hester Henry did not see very much to laugh at. She couldn't feel quite sure whether the big folks were laughing at her or at Billy. She thought she would make her meaning a little plainer. "It is that Billy don't like people to talk too proper to him," she went on.

"Mis' Horn, she don't talk proper to him like he was grown up. This is the way Mis' Horn talks to him: 'Nice little wootsie Billy, eat him b'kfast! Tum, Billy, doggie. Hm doodest doggie as ever was!'"

Such a soothing, coaxing, ingratiating speech as it was, in tones like Mrs. Horn's own.

In an instant Billy's eyes grew bright, and his tail wagged so hard that his hind legs moved with the tail.

"See!" said Hester, her little face all aglow with excitement and happiness as she rose to her feet. "Billy understands! That's what he wanted! Don't you see?"

And the naughty Billy wrinkled up his nose, which was his way of smiling, and came forward and proceeded to eat his breakfast like a good and contented dog.

DON'T SMOKE, BOYB.

There are plenty of good reasons



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Two Letters of St. Ignatius

On Frequent Communion.

In connection with the decree issued by the S. Congregation of the Council, Dec. 20, 1905, two letters of St. Ignatius on frequent communion may be interesting to our readers.

About the time when St. Ignatius was elected first general of his order (1540), he sent a letter to his fellow-citizens of Azepeitia, together with a copy of the bull by which Paul III. had approved a confraternity in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, founded by a friend of the Saint, the pious and learned Fr. Thomas Stella, O. P. After warmly recommending this confraternity, he reminds his countrymen of the salutary reforms he had wrought among them during a visit to their town some five years previously, and then continues:

"For your greater advancement I pray, entreat and beseech you by the love and reverence of God Our Lord apply yourselves with great zeal and ardor to honor, please, and serve His only begotten Son, Christ Our Lord in this great Mystery of the most Blessed Sacrament, in which His divine Majesty, with divinity and humanity, is as great, undiminished, powerful, and infinite as He is in heaven. And therefore make some rules in the confraternity to be established to the effect that each member shall confess and communicate once every month, but voluntarily and without obliging himself so as to commit sin, if he should not do it. For I am firmly convinced and believe that by acting and exerting yourselves in this manner your spiritual profit will be incalculable. (In the beginning) all who had the required age received the most Holy Sacrament every day: a little later when devotion began to grow cold, all communicated every eight days; at a much later period, when true charity was decreasing much more, things came to such a pass that all communicated on three principal feasts of the year, leaving every one free in his devotion if he wished to receive more frequently, every third day or eighth day or every month; finally we have come so far as to receive only from year to year, because our coldness and negligence is so great that greater part of the whole world, if considered with a calm and religious mind, seems to have retained nothing but the mere name of Christian."

"Let it, therefore, be our part, out of love and devotion to such a Lord and on account of the exceeding great advantage to our souls, to renew and restore in some manner the holy practices of our forefathers; and if we cannot do so entirely, let us do so at least in part, confessing and communicating, as I have said above, once a month. But whoever wishes to go further than this will undoubtedly prove acceptable to Our Creator and Lord according to the testimony of St. Augustine and all the other Holy Doctors; for having said: 'Quotidie communicare nec laudo nec vituperor' (daily communion I neither praise nor blame), he added: 'Singulus tamen diebus dominicus ad communicandum exhortor' (still receiving communion every Sunday I recommend)."

"And because I trust that God Our Lord in His infinite goodness and accustomed mercy, will infuse His holy grace abundantly into the souls of all, that you may render Him a service due to Him by such strong titles and so clearly and manifestly to the advancement of your own souls, I close by asking, praying and begging you bear to God the Lord, let me always partake of your intentions and chiefly in those of the most Holy Sacrament, as you yourselves will always have a full share in mine, however poor and unworthy they may be."

In a letter dated November 15, 1543, St. Ignatius gives to a religious of Barcelona, Sister Teresa Rejadella advice concerning daily communion. He writes:

"As to daily communion, it is noteworthy that in the primitive Church it was communicated every day, and of later times there exists no regulation or document of our Holy Mother the Church nor of the Holy Doctors of scholastic or positive theology, which would prevent devout persons from communicating daily. True, the blessed St. Augustine says that daily communion he neither praises nor blames, but elsewhere he exhorts all to receive every Sunday, and furthermore, speaking of the most Sacred Body of Christ Our Lord, He says: 'This bread is a daily food; therefore live so as to be able to receive it every day.'

"Now all this being the case, although you had not so many signs of a good disposition nor such devout emotions, the dictate of your own conscience is a good and sufficient criterion, namely as to what is lawful to you in Our Lord. If, being free from sins which are clearly mortal, or which you might take for such, your judge that your soul is more helped and more inflamed to love your Creator and Lord, and if with such intention you receive communion, finding by experience that this most holy spiritual food affords you support, quiet and repose, and preserves and advances you in His service, praise and glory, there is no doubt that it is lawful and will be better for you to communicate every day."

"But on this point as well as others, I have fully informed the licentiate (Fr.) Avarez, who will hand you this and in whom I entirely confide in Our Lord. In conclusion I pray God Our Lord by His infinite mercy that in all things you may be guided and governed by His infinite and sovereign goodness."

It Will Prolong Life.—De Sota, the Spaniard, lost his life in the wilds of Florida, whether he went for the purpose of discovering the legendary "Fountain of Perpetual youth," said to exist in that then unknown country. While Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will not perpetuate youth, it will remove the bodily pains which make the young old before their time and harass the aged into untimely graves.

Art Work in Metal of the Celt.

The Irish practised from time immemorial—long before the Christian era—the art of working in bronze silver, gold and enamel—an art which had become highly developed by the time St. Patrick arrived. Some of the objects made show great mastery over metals and admirable skill in design.

This primitive art was continued into Christian times, and was brought to its highest perfection in the tenth and eleventh centuries. Artistic metal work continued to flourish until about the end of the twelfth century, but gradually declined after that, owing to the general disorganization of society consequent on the Anglo-Norman invasion and to the want of encouragement.

The three most remarkable, as well as the most beautiful and elaborately ornamented, objects in the National Museum, Dublin, are the Ardagh Chalice, the Tara Brooch and Cross of Cong, all made by Christian artists.

The Ardagh Chalice, together with a brooch, was found near Ardagh, Co. Limerick, in 1868. It is an exquisite example of Celtic ornamentation, and, judging from the design, the workmanship is of the end of the tenth century, the brooch being of a somewhat later date.

The Tara Brooch, found in 1850, near Drogheda, is ornamented with amber, glass and enamel, and the characteristic Irish filigree of interlaced work. From its style it is known to be of the same date as the Ardagh Chalice.

The Cross of Cong, which is made of wood plated with metal and covered with elaborate ornamentation of pure Celtic design, was finished in 1103.

St. Patrick's Bell, of the fifth century, with its elaborate shrine, which was made between the years 1001 and 1121, is an interesting specimen of this ancient Irish art. The shrine, a fine example of the goldsmith's work, was made to cover and protect the old bell.

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DYSPEPSIA AND STOMACH DISORDERS MAY BE QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED BY BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Mr. P. A. Labelle, Maniwaki, Que., writes us as follows: "I desire to thank you for your wonderful cure, Burdock Blood Bitters. Three years ago I had a very severe attack of Dyspepsia. I tried five of the best doctors I could find but they could do me no good. I was advised by a friend to try Burdock Blood Bitters and to my great surprise, after taking two bottles, I was so perfectly cured that I have not had a sign of Dyspepsia since. I cannot praise it too highly to all sufferers. In my experience it is the best I ever used. Nothing for me like B.B.B. Don't accept a substitute for Burdock Blood Bitters. There is nothing 'just as good.' —Woman's Home Companion."

Truly a Struggling Mission In the Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk. HELP! HELP! HELP! The Love of the Sacred Heart and in Honor of St. Anthony of Padua, DO PLEASE send a mite for the erection of a more worthy Home for the Blessed Sacrament. True, the out-post at Fakenham is only a GARRET. But it is an out-post; it is the SOLE SIGN of the vitality of the Catholic Church in 35 x 20 miles of the County of Norfolk. Large donations are not sought (though they are not objected to). What is sought is the willing CO-OPERATION of all devoted Clients of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Colonies. Each Client is asked to send a small offering—to put a few bricks in the new Church. May I not hope for some little measure of your kind co-operation? The Church is sadly needed, for at present I am obliged to SAY MASS and give Benediction in a Garret. My average weekly collection is only 3s 6d, and I have no endowment except HOPE. What can I do alone? Very little. But with your co-operation and that of the other well-disposed readers of this paper, I can do all that needs to be done. In these days, when the faith of many is becoming weak, when the Church is struggling for its very life, and a changing and new era of its development, and is about to treat Our Divine Lord Himself as it treated His Holy Church, the Catholic Faith is renewing its youth in England and bidding fair to obtain possession of the hearts of the English people again. I have a very up-hill struggle here on behalf of that Faith. I must succeed or else this vast district must be abandoned. IT RESTS WITH YOU to say whether I am to succeed or fail. All my hopes of success are in your co-operation. Will you not then extend a co-operating hand? Surely you will not refuse? You may not be able to help much, indeed. But you can help a little, and a multitude of "littles" means a great deal. Don't Turn a Deaf Ear to My Urgent Appeal. May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham. ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton. Address: FATHER H. W. GRAY, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng. P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

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