

For Our Boys and Girls.

CONDUCTED BY THOMAS WHELAN.

THE QUEEN OF PURGATORY.

O, turn to Jesus, Mother! turn,
 And call Him by His tenderest
 names;
 Pray for the Holy Souls that burn
 This hour amid the cleansing
 flames.

In pains beyond all earthly pains,
 Favorites of Jesus! there they lie,
 Letting the fire wear out their
 stains,
 And worshipping God's purity.

They are the children of thy tears;
 Then hasten Mother; to their aid;
 In pity think each hour appears
 An age while glory is delayed.

Ah, me! love of Jesus years
 O'er that abyss of sacred pain,
 And, as He looks, His bosom burns
 With Calvary's dear thirst again.

Pray then, as thou hast ever pray-
 ed;
 Angels and souls all look to thee;
 God waits thy prayers, for He hath
 made

Those prayers His law of charity.
 —Fr. Fabier.

HANS THE CRIPPLE.

He lived in a little village in Italy
 at the foot of the Alps. His mother
 was a widow, and he, her only child
 was a poor little cripple. When he
 thought of his sad condition—that
 he could not play like other boys,
 and that if he grew up he would not
 be able to work like other men—he
 felt very unhappy.

One day he was going through the
 village and stood to rest under the
 open window of a room in which
 some children were playing. One of
 them chanced to break a plaything,
 when another took hold of it, and
 throwing it out of the window, said:
 "I'll throw it away; it's no more
 use than Hans the cripple." Oh, how
 sad the words made poor Hans feel!
 He crept back home, and told his
 mother, while the hot tears ran
 down his pinched little face very
 hard indeed. His mother took him
 upon her knee, and sang a little song
 to him that she had often sung be-
 fore. It ended with this little chor-
 us, "God has His plan, for every
 man."

And although Hans felt very happy
 while listening to the sweet tune
 and voice, yet he could not believe
 that God had any plan for him. But
 he was mistaken. Just at this time,
 the Austrians were at war with the
 Italians, and trying to take their
 country. In order that the Italians
 might know when the Austrian sol-
 diers were coming, they had built
 large piles of dry wood on the tops
 of the hills, and put men to watch
 them night and day. When any one
 of these men saw the Austrians com-
 ing, it was his duty to set fire to
 the pile. Then the man upon the next
 hill-top would see it and set fire to
 his, and so on until all the valleys
 were made aware that the enemy
 was approaching and the Italians
 were aroused to meet him. The piles
 were called beacons and the men that
 watched the sentinels.

Now one night there was a festival
 been kept up in Hans village. All the
 villagers except Hans and his mother
 were there; and although Hans had
 gone to bed, he could not sleep. So
 after a while he rose up silently, and
 crept up the hill to stay a while
 with the sentinel. But no sentinel
 was there. Thinking there would be
 no danger that night, and being
 tempted to join the people in the vil-
 lage, he had left his post. Hans now
 thought that he could be of some
 use, for he could watch the beacon
 on the hill until the sentinel return-
 ed.

He had not watched long before he
 saw the dark form of an Austrian
 soldier coming upon his hands and
 his knees very stealthily along to-
 wards the pile. Yes, so it was; and
 now he could hear distinctly the
 measured tramp, tramp, tramp of a
 number of armed men. Quick as
 thought he set fire to the pile. Now
 the country was warned and the peo-
 ple would be saved.

But the enraged Austrian soldier
 saw, and fired his rifle at him. Hans
 fell mortally wounded. Hours after-
 wards he was found by some of the
 villagers, and carried, bleeding and
 dying, to his mother. She took him
 upon her knees and wept over him
 as though her heart would break.
 But Hans looked into her face with
 his loving eyes and faintly whis-
 pered, "Dear mother,—God has his
 plan for every man"; and expired.

BANK ACCOUNTS FOR CHILDREN.

To do the very best thing possible
 for your child, in a material way,

said a wise father, "is to start him
 with a ten dollar savings bank ac-
 count when he is one day old." The
 writer knows of several instances in
 which this advice has been followed
 or anticipated and the results have
 been uniformly gratifying. Let me re-
 count one case.

Arthur Lane had ten dollars de-
 posited to his credit the day he was
 born, in a savings bank paying four
 percent interest, compounding semi-
 annually. At the same time he was
 guaranteed by his parents an allow-
 ance of ten cents per week up to his
 tenth year, twenty-five cents per
 week from his tenth to his sixteenth
 year, and one dollar per week from
 his twenty-first year. Up to his sixth
 year this allowance was deposited
 to his credit entire. Then, the nature
 and value of a bank account having
 been explained to him, he was en-
 couraged to voluntarily save and de-
 posit as much of his allowance per
 week as he felt inclined to, in view
 of the advantages to accrue there-
 from. On each birthday, beginning
 with the second, two dollars were
 deposited for him as a birthday gift.
 In addition to these increments, he
 was urged to earn and deposit for
 himself such sums as an active boy
 may without detriment to school
 work or wholesome recreation. When
 Arthur was twenty-one years old he
 found that he had enough money in
 the bank to take him to college and
 pay most of his expenses there for
 two years. He kept on earning and
 saving during his college life—adding
 to his bank account as well as sub-
 tracting from it, and finally gradu-
 ated without having called upon
 his father for a single penny. The
 lesson in practical economics was
 worth more to him than a gift of
 the same amount of money could
 possibly have been. He had learned
 the value of money—how to make it,
 how to save it, and how to use it—
 and all this at such an infinitesimal
 and wisely distributed cost to his
 parents that although in straitened
 circumstances for a time the finan-
 cial drain was scarcely perceptible to
 them.

The wisdom of making boys and
 girls their own bankers is sustained
 by so many practical considerations
 that I wonder the custom is not un-
 iversal. Start off with ten dollars
 apiece and you will be amazed to see
 how your bank accounts will grow.
 Interest subtly adds itself to princi-
 pal, and the sum total goes on roll-
 ing up and increasing in an astonish-
 ing ratio. And it will not be long be-
 fore our boys and girls will catch
 the spirit of the enterprise and add
 their efforts to its furthering with a
 wholesome pride and enthusiasm.
 One does not realize how much money
 they actually pass through the ave-
 rage child's hands, until a tally is
 kept of it by some such method as
 this. Let the allowances and gifts
 and earnings, that otherwise would
 melt away immediately and without
 perceptible results—unless, perhaps,
 of a disagreeable nature—be regis-
 tered, at least in part, by a savings
 bank account under the child's own
 management, and in the course of a
 few years they will represent an amount
 which is as surprising as it is
 encouraging.

Some one may object that bank ac-
 counts for boys and girls would de-
 velop in them an undue and perhaps
 corrupting love of money. At first
 glance there might seem to be some
 plausibility in this objection. But
 maturer reflection, backed by prac-
 tical results, will refute it. Depos-
 iting money in a savings bank is not
 like hoarding it in a miserly way.
 It is an investment. The laws of finan-
 cial growth and use apply to it.
 It is also subject to the risks and
 fluctuations of all working capital.
 The whole process is educative, stimu-
 lating and broadening to the mind.
 It is no more morally injurious to
 a child to watch and control in his
 small way the productive forces of
 the business world, than to watch
 and control the productive forces of
 nature in making a garden. It is an
 enterprise that is entirely normal,
 legitimate and instructive—some-
 thing vital, to which a young person
 must come sooner or later, in the
 constitution of things, and which he
 is advantaged by knowing something
 about at an early period in his edu-
 cation.

Then too, wise parents in teaching
 their children the value of money
 will impress upon them from the out-
 set the fact that money in itself is
 worthless. Its wonderful power is
 manifested only when it is used as a
 medium of exchange. We save it to
 use it, and to use it in the best and
 most effective ways, if we save it
 rightly.

Practical results also show that
 children are not made miserly or

even avaricious by the management
 of small bank accounts of their own.
 They are made economical and care-
 ful about the use of money, but they
 do not forget that its final and es-
 sential function is to be used. Nearly
 every child with a bank account
 has some definite and cherished ob-
 ject in view, some wise and often far
 reaching purpose for which he or she
 is saving. And, in the end, the money
 is invariably applied to a good use,
 something that furthers the young
 person's success in life.

If parents and friends in making
 presents to children would only, in-

stead of giving perishable knick-
 knacks and toys give the value of such
 things in money, and encourage the
 little people to put it where it will
 grow and amount to something of
 real, solid benefit by and by, how
 much better off all of us—excepting
 the toy dealers—would be! But is
 that asking too much self-denial of
 the children, why not educate them
 into foregoing a toy now and then,
 by giving them the money such
 things would cost and letting them
 choose between the sorry wreck of
 former indulgences and the glory of
 so much more credit at the bank.—
 Ex.—T. W.

AROUND IRISH FIRESIDES.

In San Francisco one day not long
 ago, I was in conversation with a
 good old Irish-woman. She was tell-
 ing me that all her people were dead
 or settled at a great distance from
 her, and neglecting to write for
 years, as frequently and inexplicably
 happens. "But wait a bit," she said
 in her native Gaelic: "I have some-
 thing to show you," and she left the
 room, returning a little later with
 something carefully wrapped up in
 tissue paper, tied with a green rib-
 bon. It was a "sod of turf" from Ire-
 land, "and I'll have it buried with
 me in the coffin." Some minds would
 probably see in this remark, but the
 material for a coarse jest, but to a
 Celt there was something touching
 in this clinging to a sod from green
 Tyrone. When all near and dear on
 this earth had left her, she had at
 least this humble souvenir of the
 bright purple heath and the bulmy
 Irish ear of the turf bog over which
 she had skipped some fifty years be-
 fore in her young strength and light-
 heartedness. It was none of your
 sods of "spoddagh," or soft brown
 or yellow, light, porous and spongy
 stuff, such as wily bogmen impose on
 unwary housekeepers; nor was it the
 "mud turf" made into an artificial
 sod from the drogs of the bog, but a
 hard, brick-like, coal-black sod cut
 by the sharp "slane" from the bot-
 tom of the "high bank"—one of
 those sods which our mothers looked
 for when some deed of cookery was
 to be done, and when they said to
 one of us: "Go out to the clump, al-
 anna, an' bring in a lock of keerauns."
 Yes, this was the "keerauns,"
 or rather the father of keerauns (a
 word I had not thought of in years),
 those small black sods or pieces of
 sods which, when heated up, became
 fiery-red "kiers," or glowing coals.
 writes Hugh J. Gilphian in the
 Cosmopolitan.

This black sod of turf—how it re-
 minded one of the days when we
 "cut" and "pitched" the turf on the
 "high bank" (no light work was
 that same pitching), and then duly
 "footed" it in neat "grogans," af-
 terwards carrying it home in pardo-
 gues, or wicker baskets, one swung
 each side of a donkey's or horse's
 saddle. And how the donkey would
 career, with his load, down the fre-
 quent steep lines threatening dire
 peril to the hardy "gossoun" or
 "girshlagh" that sat behind the bas-
 kets. Sometimes a small child in one
 basket was balanced by a rock in the
 other when there was no load of
 turf to be carried. On more level
 roads the turf was drawn home more
 quietly in drays with crates stand-
 ing on the sides; and often, to carry
 an extra load, the sods were built
 on the upper edge of the crate into a
 "bordogue," or border, raising the
 sides by one or two sods, and thus
 carrying an additional pile. Then, at
 the house, came the scientific build-
 ing of the turf, "clump," with its
 sloping wall of the squarest, brick-
 like sods. The building of this was
 was an art in itself, and was called
 "curring" or "froeing" the turf
 (which, being interpreted, means ear-
 ning and walking the turf rick.)
 Every year in the fall, the parish
 priest would give out on the altar
 the names of those, the chief farmers
 of the parish, who were to come and
 draw home the parochial turf, and
 with us, in old Father Hugh's time,
 the wind up invariably was, "And lit-
 tle Tom the Thatcher will come and cur-
 ring the clump." And no man walked out
 of that church half so proud as the
 said Tom the Thatcher, who thus, for
 the time at least, became a paro-
 chial dignitary.

Very hard and slavish work was
 this cutting of turf on the bleak bog
 but there was a recompense for it
 all when winter came around the
 clear turf fire under the great chim-
 ney which towers over every Irish

hearth. The days of sun-worship may
 be gone, but the hearth is still the
 central point of the home, and on
 winter nights all the household and
 visiting neighbors crowd around it:
 the "bracket" shins of the healthy,
 bare-legged children giving visible
 proof of their devotion at the fire-
 side. Most of all, the hearthstone is
 the centre of attraction in the winter,
 when at nightfall the flagged
 floor of the kitchen is newly swept,
 and the stools, long and short, three-
 legged and four legged, are drawn up
 near the fire to await the expected
 who come "a-kalley." "Companion-
 ship," I believe, is the original mean-
 ing of this Irish word; the same
 thing was called "sgoruidheacht" in
 the south of Ireland—that is, the
 "unhitching," as I understand it, af-
 ter the work of the day is done. The
 moral is obvious. We quite expect a
 rush for second-hand Bibles by the
 devout Christians to whom this en-
 couraging anecdote is addressed. But
 we hardly hope that their temper or
 language will be particularly Christ-
 ian, as is probable, no more were
 five pound notes are discovered.—
 Dublin Freeman.

Let us pull the "fong" or thong of
 leather, that works the door-latch,
 and enter to join the cheerful circle
 around the fire. Closing the door, we
 find ourselves in a sort of hall, cut
 off from the kitchen by a low cross-
 wall. Our greeting, "God save all
 here!" addressed to all in the house,
 is answered by a hearty "God save
 you kindly!" While some of those in-
 side reconnoitre us through a pane
 of glass (which indeed is often not
 there at all) set in the cross-wall,
 there is a general invitation to
 "Come in an' sit down," "Sit down
 an' make a kalley," "Take and air"
 the fire, and the stools are pulled
 out, and the fire-side circle is en-
 larged to make room for the new-
 comer near the fire. And now, on the
 hearth, behold our friend the sod of
 turf, with many of his family. I
 mean when the house belonged as it
 usually did, to the people who could
 afford to burn turf. The poorest peo-
 ple had to be content with "brosna"
 on firewood, painfully gathered up,
 and often given forth more pungent
 smoke than comfortable heat. How
 little is needed to comfort the very
 poor!

In Ireland many an old man or
 woman over eighty years is glad to
 crawl a mile or more to buy bro-na
 for the fire of that evening, and see-
 ing as often does in the great West-
 ern forests on the Pacific Coast, such
 great and wanton destruction of
 timber, one cannot help thinking how
 many thousands of humble hearths
 would be gladdened by a small frac-
 tion of the waste on American soil.

IN THE OLD BIBLE.

"The Church of England pulpit" has
 adopted a novel and ingenious
 device to induce its readers to live
 and value and read their Bibles. It
 gravely narrates that "a young fel-
 low named Richard Collings, employ-
 ed in Smithfield Market, purchased,

5s 6d, an old leather trunk, con-
 taining, clothing, books, and tools.
 Among the articles was a venerable
 and much used family Bible. On Sun-
 day evening last, during the absence
 of Collings from home, his wife con-
 sidered reading some of the chapters

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to her two young daughters, and
 while turning over the leaves she
 came upon several which were pasted
 together. She immediately set to
 work to separate them with great
 care, and when success crowned her
 efforts the good woman was inter-
 ly surprised to find, hidden between
 the gummed pages, six \$5 Bank of
 England notes. They were enclosed
 in an envelope, were very frayed and
 dirty, and on the back of one was
 written in ink the following remark-
 able bequest—"I have worked very
 very hard for this, and, having no
 relatives, leave thee, dear reader,
 whosoever shall be the owner of this
 Holy Book, my lawful heir." The
 moral is obvious. We quite expect a
 rush for second-hand Bibles by the
 devout Christians to whom this en-
 couraging anecdote is addressed. But
 we hardly hope that their temper or
 language will be particularly Christ-
 ian, as is probable, no more were
 five pound notes are discovered.—
 Dublin Freeman.

ABOUT RAILWAY OFFICIALS

The officials of the Delaware, Lack-
 awanna and Western Railroad Com-
 pany believe that every one of its
 employees should rest eight hours
 out of every twenty-four, says the
 president of the Delaware, Lack-
 awanna and Western railroad. An
 order has long been in force making it,
 so far as possible, mandatory upon
 its employees to take that amount of
 rest every day. We have made the
 order part of the working system of
 the road in the interest of the pub-
 lic and of the men themselves. In do-
 ing so we merely carry into formal
 effect a recognized scientific principle
 which, as a matter of fact, people
 live up to naturally.

The railroad business, however, is
 such that the men engaged, particu-
 larly those in the passenger, freight,
 and telegraphic service, must be at
 their best every minute. Hence the
 reason for our strict rule. The man
 live up to it as fully as to every
 other order in force.

My attention has been called to the
 fact that many of the Pennsylvania
 papers have denounced the rule, bas-
 ing their views on the idea that it
 ordered eight hours of sleep and that
 therefore it was an indefensible at-
 tack on individual liberty. Obviously
 nothing could be further from our in-
 tentions. In regard to the rule the
 men are entire accord with our ideas.
 We prescribe rest and recreation. The
 form of both we leave to the judg-
 ment of the men themselves.

They appreciate as well as we that
 they must work on duty be eager,
 watchful and alert; that their nerves
 must be steady and their general
 condition of health up to the highest
 standard. The slightest mistake made
 by a railroad man in many branches
 of the service may mean a great loss
 of life and serious destruction of prop-
 erty.

The first question I ask when I
 hear of the slightest accident on the
 road is, "Who was directly responsi-
 ble?" The second, "Was the man who
 was responsible on any pretext work-
 ing overtime?"

To give good service and to mini-
 mize the danger of mistakes the men
 must be in good physical condition.
 A proportionate amount of rest con-
 tributes to that end, hence the eight-
 hour rest rule is in effect on the De-
 laware, Lackawanna and Western.

Free medical advice. Men and wo-
 men suffering from chronic diseases
 are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, Buf-
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 and odious local treatments consid-
 ered necessary by some practitioners.
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 in aid of the Montreal Free Library,
 will be held in the usual place, Con-
 servatory Hall (Hall & Scott's, St.
 Catherine Street, on Saturday, the
 18th inst., 4 to 6.30. This has be-
 come an expected social event. Few
 who have attended it once will care
 to miss it. Friend meets friend, ac-
 quaintances jostle each other in the
 pleasant bustle, the refreshments are
 always excellent and tastefully served,
 the music of the best. Home-
 made sweets and flowers tempt in-
 tending purchasers, and there is a
 children's room where Christ-mas pre-
 sents are made a specialty. But these
 things are by no means thrust upon
 the unwilling. Those who desire to
 purchase may do so, others may en-
 joy their tea and music undisturbed.

The 50 cents for an adult, or 25
 for a child's ticket is contributed to
 a most laudable object, the Montreal
 Free Library, which is doing a yeoman
 service to the Catholic commu-
 nity in our city. A correspondent has
 promised us, for next week, some
 details of this truly good work, the
 volumes contained, and its constant
 expression.

MISERABLE WOMEN.

HOW WOMEN LOSE INTEREST IN THEIR HOUSEHOLDS.

The Ills to Which Women are Her-
 cause Much Suffering—The Experi-
 ence of a Lady Who Has Found a
 Speedy Cure.

Mrs. Isale T. Comeau, who resides at
 83 1/2 Arago street, St. Roch, Que-
 bec, is a teacher of French, English
 and music. For many years Mrs. Co-
 meau has suffered greatly from in-
 ternal troubles, peculiar to her sex,
 and also from continuous weakness
 the result of headaches, neuralgia
 and nervous prostration. Her trouble
 became so bad that she was forced
 to give up teaching and go to hos-
 pital, but the treatment there did
 not materially benefit her and ulti-
 mately she left the hospital still a
 great sufferer. Meantime her husband
 having heard of the great value of
 Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale
 People, purchased a few boxes and
 prevailed upon his wife to try them.
 When interviewed as to the merits
 of the pills Mrs. Comeau gave her
 story to the reporter about as fol-
 lows:

"My trouble came on after the
 birth of my child, and up to the
 time I began to use Dr. Williams'
 Pink Pills I could find nothing to
 cure me. I suffered much agony, was
 very weak, had frequent severe head-
 aches, and little or no appetite. It
 was not long after I began the use
 of the pills that I found they were
 helping me very much and after tak-
 ing them for a couple of months I
 was as well as ever I had been. My
 appetite improved, the pains left me,
 and I gained considerably in flesh
 and am again able to attend to the
 lessons of my pupils, and superintend
 my household work. Since using the
 pills myself I have recommended
 them to others and have heard nothing
 but praise in their favor where-
 ever used."

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 proved such a boon to women as
 Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale
 People. Acting directly on the blood
 and nerves, invigorating the body,
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 health and strength to exhausted wo-
 men, and make them feel that life is
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