

BOYS' AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

"MUVVER."

By Tom Masson.

My feebly's such a busy one!
They're doin' things all day.
They have to work so drefful hard
They have no time to play;
'N' when I'm tucked up in my bed
At night, they're working, too;
Seems though they never could
quite stop.

They have so much to do—
That is, exceptin' Muvver,
'N' somehow ruther, she
Is never doin' anything
But havin' fun wif me.

My sister goes to school all day,
She is so dignified!
She reads 'r writes 'n' studies books
'N' only once she cried
When I was sick, right in my crib,
'N' then my sister said
That no one else knew how to fix
Curl-papers on her head.
'N' then my Muvver laughed at her
As nice as she could be
'Cuz she was makin' toast 'n' gruel
'N' other things for me.

My Daddy's such a busy man
He can't have any fun.
My Muvver says he fights wif giants
'N' whips 'em one by one.
I guess he can, he is so strong,
But he's so tired at night
He kinder flops down in a chair
That Muvver sets just right.
Or else he lies down on the couch
'N' pulls his collar free,
'N' Muvver rubs his head 'n' nen
Makes goo-goo eyes at me.

I'm glad my Muvver never has
A thing to do but play.
I guess I'd be so lonesome
If she ever went away.
Sometimes I wake up early
'N' nen, when she's asleep,
I try to push her eyelids up
'N' inside take a peep.
'N' that's the only time she's cross.
I wonder why, when she
Has nuffin' else to do all day
But just have fun wif me.

THE HELPFUL DOLL.

Once upon a time a little girl
named Judee was out in the woods
gathering sticks for her old grand-
mother to make a fire with. They
were very poor and often had very
little to eat, and the only fire they
had to warm them was made from
the few dry sticks that Judee could
pick up in the woods.

The little girl was working away
very industriously, when she heard
a little voice crying, "Ow! ow! help
me out!" Judee said, "Who are
you, and where are you?"

"I'm under this chip!" cried the
voice, "Ow! It is smothering me!
Help me out!" Judee could not make
up her mind what chip it was, but she
began turning over all the chips that
lay about, and presently, when she
picked up a big one, she saw a
little green elf, not much longer than
her finger.

"Oh, thank you," said the little
elf, getting up and rubbing its legs
and arms and brushing its clothes.
"I thought I should die! I was
watching the old woodman yester-
day chopping here, when that chip
fell on me, and though I shouted to
him to take it off, he was too dead
to hear me."

"I hope you ain't hurt?" said Judee,
kindly.

"No, that is, not much," said the
elf, "and what can I do for you?
You're helping me out of my trouble?"
said Judee. "That was nothing to do."

"Never mind. It was a great deal
for me," said the elf, "and I must
pay you. How would you like to
have a doll? You haven't got a
doll, have you?"

"Oh, no, and I would like one so
much," said Judee, joyfully.

So the little elf took a large doll
out of a hollow tree and handed it
to her. It was not a very pretty
doll, and Judee found it very heavy
but she had never had a doll and
she thought it very fine.

"You are hungry sometimes," said
the elf, "I know you, and I know
your grandmother. She is a good,
kind woman. Now the next time
you want something to eat ask the
doll to help you. If it does not,
take a stick and beat it. If you
strike it hard enough, it will help
you."

Judee laughed at that, but the
elf ran away without saying any
more, and she went home, lugging
the doll with her, though it was all
she could carry, and she had to come

back for her wood. Her grand-
mother was provoked when she saw
the doll and heard where it came
from, saying that Judee should have
asked the elf for money; but it was
too late for that now. Judee was
very fond of her doll and dressed it
and undressed it, and played with it
all the time that she could spare
from her work.

It was not many weeks after that
when the grandmother said to Judee:
"The meal is all gone and there is
not a mouthful to eat in the house.
We had no breakfast, and we shall
have no dinner, and I'm afraid
we must starve."

"Let us ask the doll, like the little
elf said," proposed Judee.

"Nonsense, a doll can do nothing,"
said the grandmother.

"We can try anyway," said Judee,
and taking the doll in her hands she
said: "Please, dollie, give us
something to eat."

Of course, the doll made no answer.

"I shall have to slap you if you
don't," said Judee, and as the doll
said nothing to that, she gave it
three or four little slaps. Still the
doll did nothing, and as Judee re-
membered what the elf had said
about beating it hard, she gave it
a blow. With a loud snap the doll
fell all to pieces and out rolled upon
the floor a large number of round
pieces of yellow metal, with a lot
of bright things, like pieces of glass.

Judee did not know what these
things were, but she knew that her
doll was broken, and she set up a
loud wail. "Oh, oh, grandma, my
doll is all broken to pieces, and it
can't help us at all. Oh! oh! oh!"

"What are you crying about," said
grandma, coming out to see. "Can't
help us!" she exclaimed, when she
beheld what had come out of the
doll.

"Why, see how it has helped us!
Here is gold and diamonds
enough to buy the whole town and
everything in it. Hush crying, child,
and you shall have the finest doll to
be bought, and we shall be comfort-
able for life. The little elf was bet-
ter to us than I thought."

So Judee stopped crying, though
she felt that no other doll could take
the place of the one she loved so
much, and helped her grandmother
gather up the gold and jewels.

Soon they had all the nice food
they could eat and the grandmother
bought a nice house and comfortable
clothes for them both, and they
lived very happily on the help
brought them by the gold.

A HISTORY LESSON.

"Come, Ellice, it is supper-time!"
"I'll be down in a minute!" Ellice
said, and went to her room. Mrs.
Winton sighed.

"I do wish Ellice didn't have so
much home study evenings, Jane!"
she said to her friend, Miss Jane
Heatherly.

"The child won't be able to
be with us at all through the
evening, I'm afraid. We shall have
to make the most of the tea hour."

"Perhaps I can make it a little
easier for her, Martha," replied Miss
Heatherly, hopefully.

"Oh, thank you! I'm afraid you
can't. I used to try, but Ellice
would argue at every point that I
made, and my efforts usually ended
in tears on her part; so now I leave
her to herself. I—"

"Ellice is coming! I see her on
the stairs!" interposed Miss Heatherly,
quickly. "Don't let the child
know that we have been discussing
her, Martha!"

From a social point of view, the
tea was scarcely a success. Miss
Heatherly tried to talk with Ellice,
but the answers were vague; Ellice
seemed lost in a brown study.

"Well, I must go upstairs and get
my lesson," she said, wearily, when
supper was finished. "I'm through
with everything but history."

"I am coming with you, if I may,"
Ellice said, and Miss Heatherly, pleas-
antly, "Perhaps I can help you if
you will let me."

"Thank you," replied Ellice, in a
very neutral tone, as Miss Heatherly
followed her upstairs. "Perhaps
I'll get through quicker if you bear
me out," she added, with more
warmth, "and then there'll be a
little time left for talking. The his-
tory lesson is about Columbus."

Miss Heatherly remarked the flush-
ed face and the hands that fluttered
as they turned the leaves. "Ellice,"
she said, quietly, "do you think we
are likely to find anything more in-
teresting to talk about than Colum-
bus? Isn't it rather a pity to be
rude to Columbus, who discovered a



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Cakes than any other they ever
used!"
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National Drug & Chemical Co.
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new world, just for the sake of hav-
ing a little time to talk—well, about
much of anything?"

Ellice Winton, who has not discovered
yet, but I've got in the habit of rushing
my lessons so as to get them out of
the way."

Miss Heatherly was silent for a mo-
ment.

"Ellice," she said finally, "did you
ever run for a train?"

"Why, yes, Miss Heatherly," an-
swered Ellice, wonderingly.

"It wasn't particularly pleasant,
was it, dear? Weren't you rather
hot and dusty when you stepped
aboard? Would you like to get the
habit of rushing for trains?"

"No," answered Ellice, smiling in
spite of herself.

"Then I wouldn't rush my lessons,
if I were you, Ellice. You are in the
grammar school, with the high
school before you, and perhaps col-
lege beyond that. You don't want to
live in a rush for the next eight
or ten years of your life, Ellice, miss-
ing all the beauty and interest of
what you are doing, only to find
that your habit of rushing won't let
you be at peace in anything that you
undertake—and all for the sake of a
little time to chatter about nothing
in particular."

"I don't know that I'm particu-
larly interested in Columbus," Ellice
said, reflectively. "Of course, he
discovered America; but I don't care
much about that."

"I quite agree with you," returned
Miss Heatherly, smiling.

Ellice started. "But you said that
Columbus was interesting!" she ex-
claimed.

"Oh, that is another affair en-
tirely!" Left Erickson probably dis-
covered America—centuries before
Columbus sailed westward, but I
am not specially interested in the
fact. Erickson murdered upon Amer-
ica, but Columbus would never have
discovered it if he had not declared
that there was a western passage to
the Indies, nor if he had not spent
time and money and energy in stand-
ing for an idea which people said
was impossible and absurd, until at
last he proved more than he claimed
—a new world found in the new path
—that is why I find Columbus inter-
esting."

Ellice drew a long breath. "I never
thought of Columbus that way!" she
exclaimed.

"Very likely not, my dear. Have
you ever thought, when studying
grammar, what a wonderful thing it
is that we can tell each other our
thoughts—how men have studied for
centuries for a clearer expression and
yet how poorly the best language
expresses our truest desires? Or that
political geography, which seems so
dry, is a record of how men have
striven for power only to find that
nothing but a high and noble aim
can give that power to a state which
makes it a little nearer to the king-
dom of God?"

"No, I never have. I've just stud-
ied my lessons because I must study
or fail in class and lose rank; but
now—why, it seems really worth-
while. Won't you please hear me
recite? I studied before supper."

Ellice had lost her worried air;
her voice was animated but not
strained. The answers were given
promptly and correctly.

"Why," she exclaimed, as she look-
ed at the clock, "I have finished all
my lessons, and it is a good hour
before bedtime. I'm not nearly so
tired as I was before tea, and I
think I shall sleep first-rate."

Miss Heatherly laughed. "I dare
say! Dear," she added, in an ear-
nest tone, "remember always that
nothing is gained by rushing—you
always have all the time that there
is; yes, more than time, dear. I
stand amid the eternal ways. Life
is eternal, Ellice. There is no need
of haste."

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d'hot with everyone. The clergy
call it a miracle, and the physicians
cannot explain the marvelous cure.
She owes it to her sincere faith. As
for me I am truly happy to see her
in perfect health again."

In a letter written to an aunt of
the young woman who lives in New
York one of her relatives in Paris
says Miss Grenet's visit to Lourdes
followed a more than unusually se-
vere attack of pain, during which
the young woman constantly uttered
the word "Lourdes."

Four surgeons who had been in at-
tendance upon her and who had ren-
dered her limbs useless, was incur-
able, were asked whether the journey
to Lourdes might be undertaken
with safety. One of them gave it
as his opinion that the shock of the
journey would be likely to prove
fatal. This decision was communi-
cated to Miss Grenet. Her answer
to it was—"I must go."

Her father, deciding to be govern-
ed by the wishes of his daughter,
made the necessary arrangements,
and, accompanied by two of the
medical men, the trip to Lourdes was
made. Miss Grenet was taken to
her hotel upon a stretcher.

The cure was effected during her
first visit to the grotto. She re-
turned to Paris a few days after-
ward, and on December 22, the date
on which her father wrote to his
brother in this city, he said she was
in good health.

Miss Grenet had been an invalid
since her tenth birthday. Her father
sent her to a convent just out-
side Paris, and there she was edu-
cated. She always has been deeply
religious, although her relatives say
she has not talked about Lourdes nor
had any one spoken to her about
Lourdes for more than a week be-
fore she declared she would go there
to be cured.

She said she had been told in her
sleep that if she would go to the
famous shrine she would regain her
health and strength.

Her relatives, who live in New
York, say she was in a pitiable con-
dition and that every medical man
who was called to attend her refused
to hold out the slightest hope of her
recovery.—N. Y. Irish World.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS
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many a precious little life. There is
no other medicine for children so
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teething troubles, destroy worms,
break up colds and prevent deadly
croup. And you have the guarantee
of a government analyst that this
medicine does not contain a particle
of opiate or narcotic. Mrs. J. La-
roque, Log Valley, Sask., says
"I am a great believer in Baby's

Own Tablets. I have used them on
many occasions and know of no me-
dicine equal to them in curing the
common ailments of babies and
young children." Sold by all medi-
cine dealers or by mail at 25 cents
a box from The Dr. Williams' Medi-
cine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Last French Nuns.

After thirteen centuries of charit-
able ministrations the last of the
nuns left the Hotel Dieu of Paris on
Jan. 1, 1908. The foundation of
the Hotel Dieu goes back to the
earliest Christian ages, and was
practically established at the same
time as the See of Paris, for in
those days every Bishop had a hos-
pice for the poor and infirm attach-
ed to his residence or church. There
are records of many kings of France,
in the course of ages, who visited
this hospital and among others, St.
Louis and his mother, Queen Blanche,
of Castile. The Augustinian nuns
had the special privilege of serving
the sick since the earliest times, and
they are known to have attended to
patients of the Hotel Dieu as far
back as the eighth century.

So long, in fact, had these nuns
exercised their charitable ministrations
at this institution that even the
Government of the first Revolution
did not dare to expel them.

They were spared during the reign of
terror, and passed, subsequently
through many storms down to the
present time. In the beginning of
the last century the walls of the
old mediaeval buildings in which so
many generations of nuns had per-
formed their charitable offices were
tottering, and it was found neces-
sary to pull them down, after which
the present large Hotel Dieu was
built.

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burn, Catarrh of the Stomach, Dizzi-
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Price 25c. a bottle or 5 for \$1.00. All dealers
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New Miracle at Lourdes

Having suffered for nine years from
paralysis, which four of the most
experienced surgeons in Paris pro-
nounced incurable, Miss Daisy Gre-
net, nineteen years old, daughter of
Edvard Grenet, formerly of New
York, but for the last twenty years
prominent in the artistic world in
Paris, is reported to have been com-
pletely cured during a visit to the
famous shrine at Lourdes.

Details of the case have come in a
letter written by the father of Miss
Grenet to his brother, Augustus J.
Grenet, No. 243 West 122nd street
as follows:

"Daisy was cured at Lourdes, to
the astonishment of all the physi-
cians and of the crowd that was pre-
sent. She arrived almost dead, but
the next day she was at the table

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Gentlemen Raise Your Hats

Archbishop Walsh of Dublin takes
occasion in his recent pastoral letter
to make known to the faithful of
his diocese that a marked spiritual
favor has been conferred upon them
by the Holy Father, as a reward for
their devotion to the Blessed Sacrament,
and as an encouragement to
persevere in it. "On being recently
informed by us," says His Grace,
"of the edifying practice that has
long been widespread among the
faithful of the diocese, in both town
and country, of piously saluting our
Lord in the Blessed Sacrament by
some external sign of reverence when
passing a church or oratory in which
the Blessed Sacrament is re-
served, His Holiness felt himself
moved to express in some special
way the satisfaction with which he
has heard of this and his desire
to encourage our people to persevere
in so laudable a practice. He
has now done so by issuing an ex-
traordinary faculty authorizing us
to grant in his name an indulgence
of one hundred days, to be gained by
the faithful of this city or diocese
each time that, in passing a
church or oratory in which the Blessed
Sacrament is reserved, they mani-
fest their devotion to our Lord by
some external sign of reverence, as
it has long been their pious and ed-
ifying practice to do."

The pious practice thus warmly
approved and indulged by the
Sovereign Pontiff is not confined, we
are glad to say, to either Dublin or
Ireland at large. It prevails in
many portions of the United States,
and still more generally, perhaps, in
Canada, notably in the Province of
Quebec. The practice, it need not be
said, is thoroughly congruous; is in-
deed, merely a consistent recognition
of the Real Presence on the part of
those who profess their belief there-
in.

Truly a Struggling Mission

In the Diocese of Northampton,
Fakenham, Norfolk.

HELP! HELP! HELP! For 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 devout 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 everywhere in a state of development, and is about to treat Our Divine Lord Himself as it treats 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 endeavours in establishing a Mission at Fakenham."