

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

How quickly the week comes round for writing to the Corner. Annie O'N. has a lovely garden, I judge from the description and variety of flowers she has named. She wishes they subscribed to the True Witness at her home. Well, Annie might procure this pleasure by getting four new subscribers, for which we will send her in return the True Witness for one year. Stella M. says she and her brother will make their first communion next month. Best wishes for a very happy day for both little ones. Stella also prides herself in her garden. Undoubtedly she has a fine collection of flowers. Agnes McC. is another contributor who should do some work for us. She says she is always glad when her teacher brings the True Witness to school and reads out of it to the class. If any of my nieces and nephews really would like to do some canvassing, by letting me know I will send full particulars as to how to go about the work. How nice of Ethel to take such an interest in Our Blessed Lady's altar, and how pleased the dear Mother must be to receive the affection of her little ones.

All my girls and boys are not in line this week. What is the matter? Your loving, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky: I was so glad to see my letter in the True Witness that I thought I would write again. On Sunday I went up to the mountain with papa and we went up to the top of the mountain I wanted to pick some May flowers for Our Lady's altar. We have a very pretty shrine dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Every night at four o'clock we have solemn Benediction, and the school children sing. My sister has just been received a child of Mary. I was so sorry to hear that Winnifred D. was so ill, and I hope she is better by this time.

Hoping you are well, I remain, Your little niece, ETHEL T. Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky: I was disappointed last evening, when we did not get the True Witness, as it comes always on Friday, but I hope it will come to-day. We had a little rain last night, which makes everything look nice. The apple trees are nearly in blossom. I was seven years old on Wednesday last. I got some very nice presents. Hoping you and all the cousins are well. As ever your nephew, JOSEPH. Granby, May 26.

Dear Aunt Becky: To-day being Ascension Thursday, we had no school. After being at Mass this morning the next best thing I can do is to write to dear Auntie. I am busy every night after school hours transplanting my flowers. The names of my flowers are poppies, petunias, asters, pansies and heliotrope. I have a big bed of asters in the middle of the yard and daisies at one side and poppies at the other side. The blossoms on petunias are purple and white and some pink. Heliotrope has a pale blue blossom. I have no little turkeys to feed. We are going in our bare feet now. I wish we did take the True Witness, for I think it is a lovely paper. The country around where we live is beautiful now with the trees all in blossom. In the summer time when the cherries are ripe my sister and I go out to the tree and pick our hands full and then eat them. I like very much to see our letters in print every week. Our school is nice now since we have got it cleaned, and flowers in the windows. I'm in the third book, but I am not going to try for the fourth book at holidays. I guess as my letter is getting rather long I will say good-bye. Your loving niece, ANNIE O'N. Lonsdale, May 24.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Well, you must be a loving Aunt to offer a prize to the one who will write every week. I and my brother Vincent are going to get first Communion in June. I was very sorry to hear that Edna lost her mother. The trees are in blossom now and they look so pretty. I have a lot of pretty flowers in my yard. I have bachelor buttons, wild cucumber, morning glories, bridal rose, poppies and asters. I have four beds. The morning glories are on the front of the house. They are two inches high now. I will soon have to put up strings or wire for them to climb. The scholars are going to the woods to-morrow to get May flowers. It is lovely weather here. The month of May is always pleasant. Well I guess I will close for this time, as my letter is getting long. I remain, Your loving niece, STELLA M. Lonsdale, May 25.

Dear Aunt Becky: I am always so glad when the teacher brings the True Witness and reads all the letters. I went home from school with my friend Stella Wednesday night. She lives about two miles east of the school. Thursday afternoon we went to Kingsford and when we were coming home we picked some May flowers. We were playing ball in the evening. Isn't it so pleasant in the summer time when all the rivers and brooks are opened. The city girls can talk of their parks and gardens, but they are not to be compared to our pleasant woods and fields. How lonesome I would be if all the flowers should die and the rivers dry up! Life would hardly be worth living. A river leads a very happy life. If it could only speak what stories it has passed, of the different plants growing along its bank, and people it has seen or met along its way. Well, dear Auntie, I guess I will close with lots of love to everybody. Your loving niece, AGNES McC. Lonsdale, May 25.

MY LITTLE DREAMS. I love to see the little dreams Come trotting to my bed, They shake me by the hand and say: "Hallo, you sleepy head!" And then they do the greatest things, We just have lots of fun. But somehow, in the morning, I Forget just what was done.

DROPPED STITCHES. One of the hardest duties that come to us is the remedying of mistakes. Every one knows how much easier it is to continue in a certain line of work than to stop and make needed corrections. But one wrong figure in the column which reaches the length of a page in the ledger will make all our calculations vain. Before to-day's work can be successful, we must take up the stitches we dropped yesterday. Doubtless many of our readers could with profit copy the example of the young girl of whom the following tells.

Cynthia woke in the morning with the feeling that the sky must be gray and the rain falling, whereas the sunbeams were pouring into her room in the most friendly fashion. After a moment's reflection she knew what the trouble was. She had dropped so many stitches the day before, and the first work of the new morning must be to take them up again.

It was still half an hour to her usual rising, but Cynthia sprang out of bed and dressed in haste. When she came downstairs she found that Effie was up, too, poring over her books and slate. She had come to Cynthia for help the previous evening, and Cynthia had scolded and said that, after her hard day's work, she wasn't going to spend her leisure fussing over examples. Now, however, she sat down on the sofa, and, pressing her cheek against Effie's, looked over the straggling figures.

"I see what's the matter!" she exclaimed, triumphantly, after a moment. "You made that five almost like a three, and you called it three when you came to add." And Effie's

brow cleared instantly, and one little wrong had been set right. Cynthia helped her mother put on breakfast. A pair of quick, strong feet and two helpful hands accomplished considerable in a very short time. As she sat down to table she reflected that this was a better way than scolding because the real work was five minutes late, as she had done the day before. She left the house early and was at her office in time to arrange her desk which was in an unusual state of disorder. While she was thus occupied, another girl entered, a sullen-faced girl in a shabby dress, who cast a resentful glance at Cynthia, and took her place at an adjoining desk without saying a word.

Cynthia hesitated a moment, then turned in her chair. Her face was flushed. "Miss Page," she said, "I'm ashamed of making such a fuss yesterday about your hanging your coat on my hook. It really didn't make a bit of difference. I was just cross, and I hope you'll forgive me." The sullenness went out of the other girl's face, and a certain shame took its place. "That's all right," she said hastily. And then she added, as if it were not easy to make the admission, "If I hadn't felt hateful I would have used my own hook. It's just as convenient." The clock struck eight. The work of a new day was beginning. Cynthia looked around and signed. "All this time spent in taking up dropped stitches," she said to herself. "To-day I must be more careful."

PETER AND HIS SHEEP. "Please, Mr. Joynes, there's a little boy at the back gate to see you." "At the back gate? Bring him in, Peter." "He won't come in, sir; says he's awful busy and hasn't got time." "How big is he?" "About as big as my fist, sir," said Peter. The good-natured gentleman went out to the back gate. "Well, countryman," he said pleasantly, "what can I do for you?" The small boy—for he was a very small boy—took off a soft, dirty hat and held it behind him. "I came to tell you, sir, that Bray's got to be killed."

"Bray, my big Newfoundland dog? And who sent you here with that information?" asked the gentleman, losing all his pleasant looks. "Nobody sent me," the boy answered stoutly. "I've come by myself. Bray has runned my sheep for free days. He's got to be killed." "Whete did you get any sheep?" asked Mr. Joynes. "My sheep are Mr. Ransom's. He gives me fifteen cents a week for watching 'em."

"Did you tell Mr. Ransom that Bray had been runned then?" "No, sir; I tell you."

"Ah, that's well. I don't want to kill Bray. Suppose I give you fifteen cents a week for not telling Mr. Ransom when Bray runs his sheep; how would that do?" As soon as the little shepherd got the idea into his head he scornfully rejected it. "That u'd be paying me for a lie," he said, indignantly. "I wouldn't tell lies for all the money in the world."

When he said this Mr. Joynes took off his own hat, and reached down and took the small, dirty hand in his. "Hurrah, herdsman!" said he. "I beg your pardon for offering you a bribe. Now I know that the keeper of Mr. Ransom's sheep is not afraid of a man four times his size, but that he is afraid of a lie. Hurrah for you! I am going to tell Mr. Ransom that if he doesn't raise your wages I shall offer you twice fifteen cents, and take you into my service. Meanwhile Bray shall be shut up while your sheep are on my side of the hill. Will that do? All right, then. Good morning, countryman."

AGAINST THE RULE. "In the world of gentlemen and gentlewomen, among the things that stain character and reputation, and close the doors of good society are: a lie, a broken promise, a slander of a woman, an anonymous letter, a failure to pay one's debts, cheating at cards, violation of the laws of hospitality by repeating or reporting anything best kept secret, learned either as host or as a guest."

BRINGING SOMEBODY HOME. A delightful place for the children can be made of home by exercising always a delightful hospitality towards the children's friends. Make them think that they can bring somebody home any time, even if everything is not in readiness, as if the grown-up guest.

It takes little to please children, who feel most of all the sympathy and friendliness with which their attempts at conversation are received, especially at the dinner table by the little friend's mother, and by the less well known father, of whom they are almost sure to be a little shy, and to whose talk with the other grown-ups "over their heads" they are particularly sensitive. Said a girl whose home had always been a gathering place for all her friends and all her proteges from childhood: "Mother always treated everybody I brought home as if he or she were the only person on earth. And even to this day she is never put out if we invite company and forget to mention it."

In homes where so much freedom is impossible the warm welcome and gracious reception which she would accord to an older guest can at least be forthcoming from the mother. She who does this will be in closer touch with her children, and find her task easier when the time comes for her social guidance to be exercised.

When a great man was asked as to what one thing he most attributed his success, he answered: "To the simple admonition of my father to be 'a man.' When I started to the country school he said to me, 'Jim, be a man.' Good-by, Jim, be a man,' and when I left home for my life work, he said, 'Well, Jim, be a man,' and when dying he gave me his feeble hand and said, 'Farewell, Jim, be a man,' and in trying to follow that brief injunction of my good father, in all places and circumstances, I have attained to all the success that God has given me."

TEN THINGS TO REMEMBER. 1. Remember that everything that is alive can feel. Sometimes there are too many insects, and they have to be killed. When they must die, kill them as quickly and mercifully as you can.

2. Remember that cruelty grows, like other sins, if not checked.

3. Remember that to take pleasure in seeing animals hurt or killed shows something terribly wrong in our nature.

4. Remember your pets, if you keep any, and see that they do not starve while you live in plenty.

5. Remember that cats and dogs want fresh water always where they can get it.

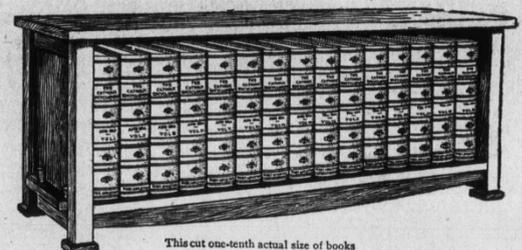
6. Boys who drive donkeys and horses should remember that they must go slowly when they have loads to drag, and that the poor animals are made of flesh and blood. Blows will make them weak and less able to work. Angry words frighten and wear them out. Use the whip as little as possible, and encourage them with kind words.

7. When you feel inclined to throw stones at living creatures, stop and think: "How would I like to be bruised, and to get my bones broken 'just for fun'?" The boy who hurts or teases small, weak animals, robs nests, or gives pain to gentle creatures, is a coward.

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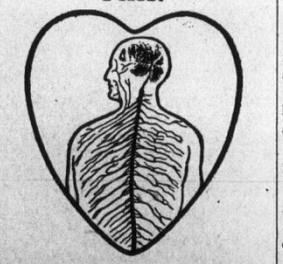
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8. Remember that the girl who wears feathers in her hat, taken from a bird killed on purpose, is doing a cruel thing. 9. Remember that though animals cannot talk like men, they can understand much that we say. Learn to govern them by kind words instead of blows. 10. Remember that every kind deed we do, and every kind word we say makes us better than we were before. Just the Thing That's Wanted.—A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so compounded that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the intestinal canals, so as to clear them of excreta, the retention of which cannot but be hurtful, was long looked for by the medical profession. It was found in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are the result of much expert study, and are scientifically prepared as a laxative and an alterative in one.