

BOYS AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

DADDY O' DREAMS.

"Laddie, let us go 'pretending'—it's the greatest fun there is. Shall we sink into the bottom of the sea? We could ride upon the whales, when we wanted little sails, and have scallop shells for dishes for our tea. Then floating in the water by a awigging of our toes, we could listen to the mermaids' 'neath the moon; And the Walrus and the Carpenter, I think, would come along—"

"Oh, Daddy, whenabouts?—pretty soon?" "Well, maybe . . . or perhaps we'd better go a-sailing up, Lightly riding on that dandelion fuzz, To a castle in a meadow in the middle of the woods, Near the sky coast of the Land of Fuzzy-wuz. Then we'll go upon a voyage to explore the twinkly stars, And a-sliding down the mountains of the moon; We'll have soda clouds for luncheon, and ice-cream ones for tea—"

"Oh, Daddy, whenabouts?—pretty soon?" "Well, maybe . . . but just now we'd better see what we have here. In the basket Mummy gave us for our tea. Here is bread—I wonder why it looks so much like lemonade? And ambrosia—not unlike to bread and cheese. Would you like a drink of nectar—or a brimming cup of milk? Will you use a pair of chop sticks or a spoon? Some day we will take our scrip and staff and travel to Japan—"

"Oh, Daddy, whenabouts?—pretty soon?" "Well, maybe . . . nothing more Laddie? Come and snuggle down. Do you hear that mama birdie saying cheep? She is chirping to her baby birds to cuddle close and warm. And she's telling them it's time to go to sleep. Then listen, Laddie, listen . . . to the crickets' violins, And the bullfrog tuning up his big bassoon. It is time for tiny tads and for sleepy little lads—"

"Oh, Daddy—right away?" "Pretty soon." Dear Aunt Becky: I have at last picked up courage enough to write to you. I am twelve years old. I made my first communion last year. I go to school and have one mile and a half to walk. In the winter months my little sisters and I stay with our teacher at night. I learn grammar, Sacred History, geography, Catechism and History of Canada. My favorite studies are arithmetic and geography. I was at midnight Mass this year. The crib was very nice. Our priest, Father O'Farrell, is very kind to us, when he comes to our school he always brings us prizes or pictures. So, dear Aunt, I think I will close, hoping to see my letter in print. With best wishes for a happy New Year. I remain, Your niece, MARY BARRY, West Frampton, P.Q. January 15, 1908.

Dear Aunt Becky: I have often read the nice letters in the True Witness that the little boys and girls write to you, so I thought that you would be pleased to get a letter from me also. I am ten years old. I am going to school and I am studying my catechism as well as I can so as to make my first communion next year. Santa Claus came to our place this year and brought us plenty of nice things; he brought me a nice doll and a little candy rabbit. There is plenty of snow now. There is a big hill near our school, and in the evenings when school is out we do have great fun sliding down it. Dear Aunt, I will close wishing you a very happy New Year. I remain, Your little niece, KATIE BARRY, West Frampton, P.Q.

Dear Aunt Becky: This is my first letter to you. I am eleven years old, I go to school. I learn grammar, History of Canada, Sacred History, geography. We have a very nice teacher. I have four brothers and two sisters. We live about three miles from the church. Dear Aunt, this is all I can think of. The next time I will write longer. Wishing you a very happy New Year, I remain, Your niece, AMANDA LECLERC, West Frampton, P.Q.

Dear Aunt Becky: I am a small little girl just eight years old, so I hope you will not mind if I do not write well. I am going to school. I have a little baby brother. His name is Martin. Santa Claus came this year and brought me plenty of candy. Good-bye, dear Aunt, My best wishes to you for a happy New Year. Your niece, NORA BARRY.

RUTH'S LESSON. A girl, sunny of face, crossed the foot-bridge over the winding river and walked briskly down the narrow country lane toward the long, white road. In one hand she carried a basket containing half a dozen cream tarts and a bouquet of nasturtiums, in the other a book. She was humming a snatch of song, and her eyes blue and fearless as of one who looks the world straight in the face were smiling. The road reached, she looked for an instant in amazed, speechless delight at a girl seated in bloom, then flew straight to her with a cry of joy. "Ruth Pender! Have you dropped from the clouds!" she exclaimed, and fell upon her knees beside the other.

"Not quite, Phebe," Ruth laughed, returning the affectionate greeting. "I never dreamed of seeing you here. I've imagined you in Washington at Mme. Herz's." "The best laid plans," you know," Phebe said, seating herself beside her friend. Then she asked quickly, looking with concern at the foot from which the show had been removed: "What is the matter, dear?" "As I stepped off the electric car I twisted my ankle somehow. It hurt dreadfully for a time, but it is easier now. Do tell me about yourself, Phebe."

"There isn't a great deal to tell. After I left the Winstons—that was a week before your visit ended, wasn't it? What an ideal summer we three girls had!" Phebe paused and a reminiscent light crept into her eyes. But the next moment she came to herself. "When I reached home I found mother worried to a shadow, over Grandpa Meacham. Aunt Faunty, who has always lived with him, has been called away to Portland, to be with her adopted daughter, who was very ill, and it seemed impossible to get anyone else to take care of grandpa. He tried living in our home for a time, but he pined so for the country air and his chickens and den, it seemed best for him to return to his own home. Then mother came every other day from the city to attend to him—you can understand what that meant for her, besides looking after her own home, and the children."

"Dreadfully hard," Ruth murmured sympathetically. "And of course your mother suggested that you give up Mme. Herz's and take care of your own grandfather?" "Oh, no!" Phebe quickly answered. "I saw for myself how matters stood, and begged mother to let me stay at home and relieve her." "Wasn't it a great disappointment?" Ruth asked. "It was," Phebe admitted honestly, "but not after I recognized that mother's need was my next duty nearest, and, after all, I'm glad I am here. They had no organist in the church and it is splendid practice for me. That is not all. The rector is the dearest old man, and he is tutoring me in Greek. Oh, I shall be quite advanced when I enter Mme. Herz's next fall. I assure you, and that reminds me, I am due at the rectory now; I suppose you can't be there to walk along, Ruth?"

The latter shook her head regretfully. "The truth is I came for a ramble; but I'll have to sit here till I'm ready to take the car home. I'll wait till you come back, if you won't be too long." "About half an hour," Phebe replied, and hurried away.

Ruth watched her, friend with admiring eyes. How sweet and earnest she was! And how bravely she had decided when it came to the point of pleasing herself, or putting aside her own pleasure to help others! Ruth reached out, and plucking a feathery spray of golden-rail, murmured: "She's real bold, just like you are. She little guesses that I came out here to decide a hard question and all unconsciously her example has shown me the answer. It is 'the next duty nearest' for me also."

For nearly an hour Ruth sat drinking in the restfulness of the country scene around her, and a sweet peace that had not been hers for days sank into her soul. Presently she caught sight of a pink gown down the road, and began to put on her shoe, not without a groan, and when Phebe reached her, was ready to be helped into the first car that came along. "Oh, no! I can't stay!" Ruth protested, in answer to her friend's urgent entreaty to remain over night and nurse the aching ankle. Then she added with an intensity that Phebe did not understand, but which seemed delightful, nevertheless: "But I shall always be glad that I came to-day, and saw you, dear."

The car whirled up, stopped for a moment, and Ruth was helped on board. Her ankle was still painful but her heart was relieved of a burden it had carried for days. BETTY'S TALENT. "And Betty's the only one of you girls who isn't a wage-earner," said Mrs. Devon to her eldest niece, Katharine Lowe. "How does it happen that she hasn't chosen a profession?" "She has never displayed a talent for any special line of work, and as the family exchequer large enough to cover expenses, we have never felt it was necessary for her to try to get anything to do."

"I think it's very generous of you girls," returned Mrs. Devon, who had just come from a long distance to visit her widowed sister and daughters for the first time in many years. "Probably," she reflected, "there is a pet in nearly every family, but I do hope Betty isn't being made selfish."

Betty was her favorite niece, perhaps more probably for the reason that she had long been her correspondent and kept her well informed about the family doings, in bright, newsy letters that came with delightful regularity. She could not bear to think that Betty was an idler in the household, and she watched her with particular interest during her visit.

"Do you know, Katharine," she said, the evening before her departure. "I think we have both been mistaken about Betty. When I first came, you said she had no talent, and while I didn't say so, I feared that she was being spoiled; and the truth is, she has a great talent, and it is for spoiling other people."

"Spoiling other people! Why, what do you mean?" asked Katharine, laughing. "Perhaps helping would be a better word. She has a perfect genius for giving assistance. Why, in the short time I've been here, I've grown to rely on her help, and it seemed perfectly natural and right to let her pack my trunk to-day. I allowed her to do it just as freely as you girls let her do so much of your work."

Katharine looked greatly surprised, but said nothing, and Mrs. Devon went on. "Her helpfulness has become a matter of course." "Why, auntie, why do you say that?" "You aren't surprised, are you, when you find one of your stories or newspaper articles neatly copied on the typewriter?" "No, but Betty loves to use the typewriter." "Yes, and she likes to mark arithmetic papers, too. I suppose, for I often see her correcting and marking the ones that Grace brings home from her school every day. And I've no doubt she is equally fond of house-keeping, for she is your mother's right hand man."

"From the number of buttonholes she has made in the blouses the dressmaker left unfinished I'm led to suspect that she has quite a fancy for sewing; and she must like ironing, for I notice that she presses Nan's office skirt two or three times a week. How fortunate she is in having such opportunities for indulging in her versatile tastes!" "Oh, auntie, what a realistic picture you draw of the family! You see things clearer than we do, and it's time our eyes were opened. I always thought Betty had no talent, but she really seems to be the one of us sisters to whom were given the ten talents."

JACK'S LESSON. Jack was cross; nothing pleased him. His mother gave him the choicest morsels for his breakfast and the nicest toys, but he did nothing but complain. At last his mother said: "Jack, I want you to go right up to your room and put on all your clothes wrong side out." Jack stared. He thought his mother must be out of her wits. "I mean it, Jack," she repeated. Jack had to obey; he had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his coat and trousers and his collar wrong side out. When his mother came up to him there he stood—a forlorn, funny-looking boy, all lintings and seams and ravelings—before the glass, wondering what his mother meant; but he was not quite clear in his conscience. "That is what you have been doing all day, making the worst of everything wrong side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?" "No, mamma," answered Jack,

shamefacedly. "Can't I turn them right?" "Yes, you may, if you will try to speak what is pleasant and to do what is pleasant. You must do with your temper and manners as I prefer to do with your clothes—wear them right side out. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning things wrong side out."

The Bridge at Athlone. (Continued from Page 6.) A good view of the Devil's Bit mountain is had from the lake near Scariff bay. The mountain is so called from a curious notch in its outline, the tradition being that it was the devil, who bit a piece of the mountain, but finding the morsel too hard for his digestion is said to have dropped it at Cashel in Tipperary, where it is called the Rock of Cashel. The old castle of Terryglass, and those by the monastery of Tullyglass, in which the remains of St. Columba, are passed before the traveler on the lake reaches Portumna. Near Portumna is the castle of Lord Claurin, whose name has recently been so prominent in connection with the land question in Ireland. He has not visited the place twice in thirty years, and has been in constant conflict with his tenants for more than a generation past.

As Lough Beg narrows above Portumna a view is had of the Castle of Ballymasheara, which was for a time the residence of Ireton, the son-in-law of Cromwell. A little higher up are the ruins of an abbey founded by O'Madden, which in 1203 William de Burgo made a garrison for his troops. In deepening the bed of the Shannon near this place some years ago a number of interesting prehistoric relics were brought to light, including stone hatchets, bronze spears, and swords, as well as some more modern implements of war.

THE RUINS OF THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF CLONMACNOISE. Thirteen miles above Portumna is Banagher, and midway between the two places is passed the dividing line between the provinces of Munster and Leinster, while the County Galway on the west bank of the river forms part of the province of Connaught. Five miles northwest of Banagher is Clonfert, where in the year 558 St. Brendan founded a monastery and a church famous for having seven altars, St. Brendan becoming the first bishop of the diocese. A bridge of sixteen arches and a swivel crosses the river at the little town of Shannon Bridge. From this point can be seen the ruins of the seven churches of Clonmacnoise. In early times the property attached to Clonmacnoise was so great that almost half of Ireland is said to have been within its bounds.

Many of the princes of ancient Ireland lie buried there. It was founded in the middle of the sixth century by St. Kieran the Younger, but was destroyed at the time of the Danish invasion. It was known as a seat of learning, second in Europe only to Armagh in the time of Charlemagne. Two round towers, three crosses, an ancient castle and the ruins of seven churches, all genuine Celtic monuments, unite in making Clonmacnoise a most interesting spot to the historian or archaeologist. The nun's church half a mile north of the ruins of the old cathedral, is a striking piece of architecture. It was erected in the latter half of the twelfth century by Devorgil, the wife of O'Ruarc, Prince of Breffni, whose eloquent with Dermot McMurrough led to the Anglo-Norman invasion under Strongbow. A RELIC OF THE CROMWELLIAN PERIOD.

The ruins of the Episcopal castle outside the cemetery of Clonmacnoise are still very striking, and remain in exactly the same condition as they were left by the soldiers of Cromwell more than two centuries ago, when they attempted in vain to blow it up. It was originally built by John de Gray, bishop of Norwich, about 1210. Pilgrimages are made there yearly on September 24. The Shannon for the remaining nine miles between Clonmacnoise and Athlone runs through a flat and uninteresting country mostly bog land on both sides of the river.

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." 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 acknowledgments a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony. THE NEW MISSION IS DEDICATED TO ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA. Constant price 2s and every business for Benefactor.

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At a conference recently held at Washington between postal representatives of the United States and Canada, the postage on newspapers passing from Canada to the States was not only increased to sixteen times the former rate, but it was decided to make Canadian publishers affix stamps to the papers instead of paying on bulk weight as formerly. This necessitates an increase in the subscription price of THE TRUE WITNESS to subscribers in the United States to \$1.50 instead of \$1.00 per year, as formerly. Our friends in the United States will kindly take notice when sending subscriptions and renewals.

Fooled the Doctors and Got Well GIN PILLS CURE RHEUMATISM They certainly were a surprised lot of doctors out Tyndeside way. They had been treating Mrs. Harris for years. Gave her about everything that was ever heard of for Rheumatism—and then told her the disease was chronic. A friend told Mrs. Harris about GIN PILLS. Just to oblige her friend, Mrs. Harris took a box. When that was gone, she dismissed the doctors and bought another box of GIN PILLS. By the time these were gone, she was so much better that she bought the third box and laughed every time she saw a doctor. Tyndeside P. O., Aug. 6, 1906. I received your sample box of Gin Pills but as there was only enough for a trial I got a box from our druggist, and now I am taking the third box. The pain across my back and kidneys has almost entirely gone, and I am better than I have been for years. I was a great sufferer from Rheumatism, but I have all left me. MRS. T. HARRIS. The doctors can't explain it. They don't try to. They said Mrs. Harris could not be cured. GIN PILLS cured her. Proof bears explanation all to pieces. Do YOU want proof? Write, mentioning this paper, for a free sample of Gin Pills and try them yourself. Then you will see what Gin Pills will do for YOU. Write now to the Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg, for a free sample. Sold by dealers everywhere. 50c a box—6 for \$2.50.

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