

A Little Boy's Letter

answered softly : It is to the Blessed Virgin that

Six years olde; breeches broken I wish to send a letter. at the knees ; hair blond, curly, Pete Bonin did rot laugh ; not so rich and thick it would have at all ; he simply wiped and laid coiffed the heads of two pretty aside his pen and took his pipe ladies ; two great blue eyes that from his mouth.

still tried to smile a little, though See you, midget, he said severethey cried so much ; jacket well ly. I don't want to believe you out, but falling to rags ; a girl's mock an old man, you are too shoe on one toot, a boy's boot on small for me to trounce. Face the other, both shoe and boot too about ; march ! Out you go ! wide and too long, turned at the Little Jean obeyed, and wontoes and lacking in heels behind deringly turned on his heel, or -this was Jean. foot, rather, since heel he had Little Jean, so cold and hungry none ; and seeing him so sub-

this winter evening, who had missive, Pere Bonin a second eaten nothing since noon of the time reconsidered and regarded day before, and who had finally him more closely. decided to write to the Blessed Name of names, of names ! he Virgin. And how, say you, did grumbled, but there is misery is Jean, who no more knew how to Paris ! What do you call yourwrite than he knew how to read, "self ?

arrange this letter ? Jean Listen, for it is that which I Jean what am going to tell you.

Nothing-just Jean. Below there, in the quarter of Pere Bonin, felt his eyes sting, but he only said :

the Gros Caillou, at the corner of the avenue, not far from the And what do you wish to say to the Holy Virgin ? Esplanade, there was a shop, in the days I tell of of a public To tell her that mamma's been writer, for in those days also asleep since 4 o'clock yesterday. there were so many claims and and that I can't wake her up. petitions to be made to the gov-The heart of the old soldier ernment, and so many people, like suddenly stood still. He feared Jean, that did not know how to comprehend. He demanded again :

to write. And the writer that kept this But that soup you spoke of s shop was an old soldier, far on while ago ?

in years, a brave man, but a little Yes, said the child, I know ;] testy, who was everything but had to speak of it, you see rich and had the additional mis- because mamma before going to fortune of not being chopped to sleep yesterday gave me the last pieces to secure admission to the piece of bread.

Hotel des Invalides. And what did she eat, pray? Jean, without paying at all Nothing for more than two had many times seen him through days-she always said she wasn't the dingy glasses of his little hungry. cubby-hole, smoking his pipe and And you tried to wake her, awaiting customers, and so tosay you ? How ? day he entered fearlessly with a As I always do-kissing her.

Did she breathe nivil : Good-day, monsieur. I have Jean smiled, and that smile

nade him beautiful. come, if you please, for you to write me a letter. I don't know said he, don't we

Ten sous, little one, Pere Bonin always breathe ? responded, gazing over his spec-Pere Bonin had to hastily turn tacles at the midget 'before him. his head, for two big tears were Jean had no cap, and was rolling down his cheeks and his therefore unable to lift it, but he raply to the child was another-

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said very politely : Then excuse me, and he turned And when you kissed her, said to reopen the door. e, you noticed nothing strange ? But, pleased with his manners

Pere Bonin stopped him. Stay he said. Tell me first

little one, if you are the son of soldier. EMULSION Oh, no, said Jean ; only mama's

son, and she's all alone. I see, said the writer, and you have not the ten sous ?

Oh ! yes, I will, but--but why do you cry ? demanded Jean, as We are Agents for the celebrated Fleischman's Yeast

But I am not crying,-Jeanused by all First-class Bakers. Sold by all City Grocer, io, men never cry ! 'Tis you, my recious, who will soon do that R.F. MADDIGAN & CO. Then straining him in his arms and covering him with kisses : I, too, like you, little Jean, once had mother, whom I see even now in her bed, so pale and white, saying to me, the image of the Virgin. resting at her head : Bonin, my on, be an honest man always and always a Christian ! An honest man I have been, but

Christian-ah, dame He sprang to his feet, the child still hugged to his breast, and, speaking as if to one invisible : Ah, now, old mother, now] say, sest in peace for thou art going to have thy way. Friends may laugh and sneer if they will, but where thou art I wish to go and there will I be led by this precious angel here, who shall never leave me again. His letter, which was never even written, has made a double shot—it has given him a father and me a heart ! That is all ; this story without end is done. I know no more save that somewhere in Paris tolay there is a man still young, writer also, but not as Pere Bonin. This man is a writer of eloquent

as he called himself, and though I know not, either the name of the postman that carries letters like these, they always reach their destination.

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Yours truly, W. E. McPHERSON, Secretary Armstrong High School Baseball Team.





Fleischman's Yeast



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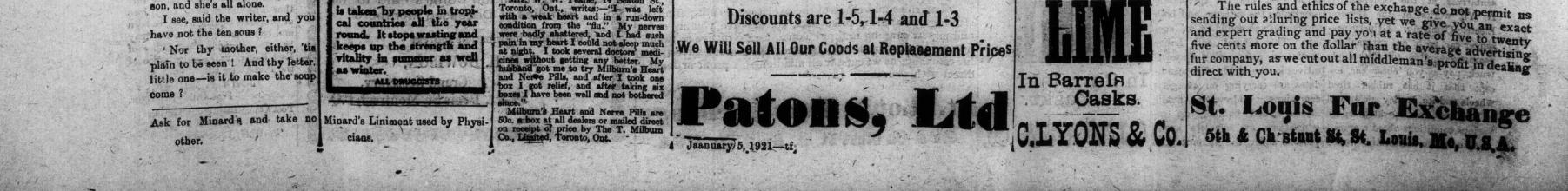
May 4, 1921.-3i

Ch'town, April 27, 1921

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