

# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

## BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Such a number of letters this week. I wish you could just imagine how delighted I was when I received such a batch at once. How the small things do count after all. Your kind teacher in reading for you all out of the "True Witness" sowed the seeds and inspiration followed. Already I am asking myself: I wonder will they keep it up? Now, I will tell you the idea I have had in mind for some time. Little folks (and big folks, too,) do like encouragement, so I thought it would be nice to give some kind of reward to the one who writes to the Corner regularly. To the best writer, boy or girl, who sends a letter every week containing good subject matter neatly written on one side of paper from date of next issue, May 10, until Sept. 1, will be given a very nice book. Remember, composition and neatness, after regularity in sending, will be, of course, specially taken into account. On the whole the letters have been fairly neat, but there were cases when the little ones were very careless. Let me see how ambitious you will all be. Mail your letters not later than Saturday of each week.

Your loving,  
AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky,

I should have written to you before but my dear mama died the 15 of last March and was buried the eighteenth. She was just a week in bed and we did not know till the night before she died how sick she was, when the doctor said he could give us no hope which was a terrible shock to us. Thursday night, just as the clock was striking nine my poor mama died, we were all at her bedside. There were nearly one hundred carriages followed the funeral to the church. We are very lonely without her. I would like if Winnifred or Harold D. of Frampton would write to the corner for I think they are cousins apart from the corner relationships and would like their people to know of my poor mama's death. I have a brother older than myself I am the eldest girl, I was fifteen last December and have 5 sisters and brother younger than myself, the youngest is a girl she will be a year old the 22nd of May. I will now close as my letter is getting pretty long.—Good-bye, love to all the cousins.

Your affectionate niece,  
M. EDNA M.

Kensington, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I read some letters written to you in the paper and I thought I would try and write one. I am in the third book. I have a lot of lessons in one day, and I have about two miles to walk to school. There are six come with me. We had a week at Easter. I had a lot of fun playing hide-and-seek in the barn. But it did not seem long to me until we had to go to school. I have quite a lot of fun at school playing ball, wolf and lamb. It will not be long until summer holidays, then I will have to work at home.

Your loving nephew,  
FRANK B.

Lonsdale, April 25.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I suppose you thought I was never going to write. I go to school all the time, and have lots of fun. We did not have much snow this winter to sleigh-ride. We had a week of holidays at Easter, and I went away from home for a day. I am in the third book. My teacher's name is Miss Annie Williams. We have not a very large school. I went to church Easter Sunday. I have one sister, Nellie, who is writing to you also. My brother's name is Harry. We have a little black dog and when there is any snow we would put our hand sleigh upon a bank, and he would draw us down the bank. After we come home from school we all go out in the barn and play cross tag in the hay, and then gather the eggs. I guess I have told you all the news.

Your loving niece,  
ANNIE O'N.

Lonsdale, April 25.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am going to write you a few lines and I would like to see my letter in the paper. I am going to school every day, and I am in the third reader. Our teacher's name is Miss Annie Williams. We have lots of fun playing ball at school. There are quite a few going to our school. I have a pet kitten. It is grey and white, and she plays with ball and gets the spool off the window and rolls it around the floor. Our priest was at the school this morning.

Your loving niece,  
NELLIE O'N.

Lonsdale, April 27.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As our teacher was reading a few letters this afternoon, I thought I would like to write to you and tell you about our school. There are quite a number going in the summer, when all the little ones are going. There are seven girls and eight boys. We play wolf and lamb and ball now, but we used to play ball. Our teacher's name is Miss Annie Williams. I am in the fourth book. There are four in our class. I have a brother going to the same school. His name is Eugene, and he is in the same book as I am. We have about a mile to go. We live south from the school. We have some more scholars coming home the same way. Their names are Nellie and Annie O'Neil and their brother Harry. I have a pet cat called Topsy. I have a doll, I call it Bessie. It has yellow hair and blue eyes. Our dog is yellow and we call him Fido. He will go after a stick and bring it to you. I guess I will close for this time, hoping to see my letter in print next week.

Your loving niece,  
AGNES McC.

Lonsdale, April 27.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am going to tell you what book I am in. I am in the second book. I am nine years old. We play ball, and wolf and lamb at school. There are fourteen going to our school. I have two brothers, Frank and Fred, and no sisters. I walk two miles to school. My cousins Eddie and Vincent come with me too.

Your loving nephew,  
CLARE B.

Lonsdale, April 27.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As the teacher read us a few letters to-day out of the True Witness, I thought I would send you one. I am going to school, and having lots of fun. There are fifteen going to our school. I am in the fourth book and getting along well. I have to come a mile to school, and I'm all alone coming and going. My brother Vincent used to come with me, but he is going to high school in Nanapanee now. We are working on the farm now. I have to harrow and roll on Saturday. In the evenings after school I have to get up twelve cows and help to milk them and feed six calves.

Your loving nephew,  
JOHN C.

Albert, April 27.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am going to tell about the work we have on the farm at this time of the year. We cultivate the land and then sow wheat and then drag and roll. I help when I am not at school. At school we play ball and ball, and hide and seek. It will soon be Arbor Day, and we will go to the woods to pick May flowers for the teacher.

Your loving nephew,  
PAT. M.

Lonsdale, April 27.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am going to tell you what fun I do have at school. We play ball, wolf and lamb, also, ball. There are fourteen at our school to-day. It is a separate school. Our priest, Very Rev. Dean O'Connor, of Marysville, visited us this morning. I live on a farm and I have lots of work to do. I have to feed calves, milk cows, gather the eggs, and some days when I don't go to school I work in the fields. Then when I get my work done I play with my pet pigeons. I have six pet pigeons. Two are white and blue and the other four are all blue. They are quiet and will come

to me when I call them. They will eat food from my hand.

Your loving nephew,  
EUGENE McC.

Lonsdale, April 27.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As this is Friday afternoon, our teacher read a few letters of yours for us, so I thought I would write one too. I am going to school every day. I am in the fourth book. There are only four in my class. At noon we play ball, ball, and hide-and-seek. It is not a very big school, only seventeen going altogether. When four o'clock comes we go home and plant flower seeds and go to the woods after trees to plant. In May we all go to the woods at noon and pick May flowers and bring them to the school and give them to the teacher, who puts them in a vase on her desk. Next Friday is Arbor Day. We will have lots of fun, because we do not have to work very hard, only go to the woods and get some little trees for the school yard. The trustees always hire some one to clean the school. My father is a trustee this year.

Your loving niece,  
LOUISA F.

Lonsdale, April 27.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am going to write you a few lines and I would like to see my letter in the paper. I have a little pet kitten. It is white, and at night it will pull everything off the window and knock it around the floor. Our teacher's name is Miss Annie Williams. We have lots of fun playing ball at school. I am in the second book. We will soon be going to the woods to pick May flowers. All the little girls and boys go with me, and we have a lot of fun. It will soon be Arbor Day, and we are all going to the woods.

Your loving niece,  
NELLIE F.

Lonsdale, April 27.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have not written to you since Easter, and I see you are anxious to hear from all your little nephews and nieces, and hope they will all remember you. Well, aunt, we did not have Mass here Easter Sunday, but the priest came the following week and is still here. I go to Mass every morning, and think it is nice to be able to go. My little brother Michael was received as altar boy yesterday morning. How proud he was coming to the altar with the others. We are having very wet weather here at present; it rains almost every day, and makes the roads awful bad. I hope all my cousins will wake up and drop a line to their aunt. With fond love and kisses, I remain,

Your loving niece,  
LENA R.

Kouchibouguac, Kent Co., N.B.

Dear Aunt Becky:

We have been sugaring. We finished last week. I had a good time. If you could have been here you might have enjoyed it. I expect to go to school next Monday; this will be my first time. Grandma has taught me at home. Will let you know in my next how I like it. We have 15 lambs and six calves. I would like to know what you have in view for our corner, I am

Your loving little nephew,  
FREDERICK A.

Smith's Mills, Que.

### Every Hour Delayed IN CURING A COLD IS DANGEROUS.

You have often heard people say: "It is only a cold, a trifling cough," but many a life history would read differently if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

### DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

It is a pleasant, safe and effective remedy, that may be confidently relied upon as a specific for Coughs and Colds of all kinds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Pain in Chest, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Mrs. Stephen E. Strong, Norwich, N.H., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for Asthma, and have found it to be a grand medicine, always giving quick relief. We would not be without a bottle of it in the house."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Pine Trees is the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Refuse substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

### A SAD DAY FOR MY DOLLIES.

"O, dear, such an accident happened to-day. While Dora and Molly and I were at play! We harnessed my kitty to Molly's red cart. And fixed it the dollies all ready to start. My kitty behaved just as well as could be. Then into our yard trotted Molly's dog Rover. My kitty just flew with the cart at her heels. And purr'd every minute, she liked it, you see. And tore 'round the corner, when off came the wheels. Then Dora's rag baby bounced into the street. And Molly's Amanda cracked both china feet. And—Isn't it sad? My wax Ethelind Rose. Lost off the wee tip of her dear little nose!"  
—Elizabeth Leigh.

### PETER AND POLLY.

Peter Waddle, just fresh from a combing, with his fluffy tail fluffier than ever and a new pink bow on his new leather collar, sat on the backyard walk. Peter was six months old, and the most trusting Angora kitten that ever mew'd to be cuddled. He loved everything and everybody, even the housemaid, who shooed him out of her way twenty times in the morning. In fact, the reason for his sitting on the walk was because Nora had just closed the door on him. He held no hard thoughts against Nora. He knew she would save him the best of the chicken bones, and see that he had plenty of gravy on his potatoes. So he sat in the sun and blinked.

Now all was different with Polly Coddle. Polly Coddle could get into the same yard with Peter Waddle, but she did not belong there. She lived in a shabby yard on the other side of a tall fence, where housemaids were unknown. She had a three-colored coat of fur, and wore no leather collar, nor any kind of bow; and the nearest she had ever come to the chicken bones was to smell feathers thrown away in some ash barrel. But she was like Peter in this—she was only six months old and had come to sit in the sunshine. Peter spied her as she was giving a final touch of cleaning to her rib. "Something more to love," he thought, and started along the walk. But to his amazement this "something more" humped its back, flattened its ears, and spit. This was a reception so unexpected that Peter halted.

Thereupon Polly Coddle let her ears come back to their natural position and curled her tail complacently around her toes. "I may be poor," was what she seemed to say, "but I'm proud, too, and I don't know that kitten." Peter sidled round and said "Miaow!" He meant it in the friendliest spirit, but Polly was not used to friendliness. She got up, and, with one eye on Peter, moved nearer her own fence. Peter, mistaking this for an invitation to play, made another dash, but this time was brought up so abruptly by Polly Coddle's prying manner that he barely saved himself from a backward somersault. He looked at Polly. Polly looked back, unflinching.

Peter considered. When he wanted anything in the house, and they would not give it to him, at once, he sat on his hind legs. He certainly wanted that three-colored kitten to play with him. Perhaps she was like the people in the house. Sitting up might move her. He rose on his hind legs, dropped his front paws as he had been taught and waited. Polly looked at him out of sleepy eyes, and went on with her washing.

Peter dropped on all fours again. He felt about discouraged. There was one thing more, however. He had known it to happen that he got his way sometimes if he rolled over. He did not like to do this. He felt so silly afterwards, but he would try it.

He made ready, squirmed, twisted, squirmed some more for good measure, gave a big flop, and it was done! And whether it was the plumpy tail waving aloft, as Peter went over, or whether Polly Coddle thought a kitten like that must be nice to play with, is not certain, but no sooner had Peter righted himself than Polly drew near, put a cautious paw on the tip of Peter's tail, allowed him to sniff noses with her, and in another minute the two were rolling one another over as if they had been lifelong friends. And then into the midst of the

fronic came an interruption. Some, how, from somewhere, through the unlatched front gate or over the low front yard fence blundered—a dog. Turning the corner of the house, he caught sight of the kittens, and, making a dash from the walk, was close upon them before they could untwist themselves.

It was an awful moment, and Peter, who had never had to meet danger before, would have turned to run. But Polly's life had taught her better than that. She knew you must never run from a dog unless you are sure you can get to a tree or fence before he does; and this time she was not sure, the trees and fences were so far away.

Instead she faced squarely about, braced her paws, and, swelling herself up beyond anything one could have thought possible, spit with all her might. And Peter, catching the spirit of defiance, swelled himself up and spit, too.

It was a sight to daunt a braver dog than this one, who not only stopped short, but backed with a foolish bark. Upon this Polly, humping her back higher and flattening her ears flatter, advanced sideways. Peter, showing that he could learn rapidly, followed her example.

The dog stood perfectly still for a moment, regarding the kittens with a look that seemed to ask if they were really in earnest, and, apparently deciding that they were, gave a silly pounce on the grass, and, barking at every step, as if to protest that he was not frightened, lumbered round the house to the street.

Slowly the kittens unswelled themselves, and slowly, but together, followed to the corner of the house. Here they looked carefully round. Nothing was to be seen. All was safe and quiet.

Peter drew near Polly and bumped his head against hers. Polly bumped back.

"P-r-r-t!" said Peter. "P-r-r-t!" answered Polly, which meant that they knew the danger was over, and they were very good friends indeed.

### A PAIR OF MITTENS.

"The mittens, Rob—where are they?"  
"At school."  
"Well, don't forget them to-morrow. Your hands look so chapped it worries me."

Mother took the cold little hands in hers; but Rob drew them away impatiently and ran out into the toolhouse, where he had a snug corner to himself.

He hauled out his tool chest and looked at everything in it. He thought he would make a linchpin for his cart; so he whittled away at a piece of pine for a few minutes. But soon he changed his mind, and decided to patch his old wheelbarrow. But the search for suitable wood was so tiresome that he had no energy left to begin work. He sat down to rest and think. Something troubled him.

"They are at school," he said to himself; "or anyway, I left them there. And mother wouldn't care. She'd be real glad."

"Why don't you tell her, then?" asked a still voice somewhere inside of Rob. He could not tell what it was; he heard it with his "inside ears."

"She'd be glad to know," he repeated.

"Tell her, then," urged the voice, and Rob ran.

"Mother!" he called, before he reached her room. "I gave my mittens away. I can't get them to-morrow," and he stopped outside her door.

"Gave away your new mittens?" Mother's voice did not sound glad. "Why did you say they were at school?"

"Oh, cause."

"Cause is no reason. Come in here."

Rob slowly came in, and his mother took him on her lap. He hid his face against her heart while he told his story.

"There's a poor little boy at school and his mother's dead, and his hands are bloody with chaps. And I felt so sorry I gave him my mittens; and then I was afraid you wouldn't like it."

Rob was sobbing, but he felt a tear drop on his forehead. Mother crying, too!

"Rob, darling, I would have been so glad you wanted to make the poor boy warm, if only you had told the truth. You might give everything away rather than tell a lie."

Rob cried harder at the dreadful word.

"But you have confessed and I forgive you. This will make you remember. Tell the boy you had no right to give the mittens and ask him to bring them here."

When the boy came, what do you think? Rob's mother gave him a

new pair of mittens just like Rob's. —The Sunbeam.

### THE LETTERS MOTHER SENT.

It was a rainy day, and the children were lonely. Bobby had drawn his little cart up by the fire, and sat looking into the flames, wondering if the feeling he had was what sister called "homesick." It seemed queer if one could have it right in one's own home. Molly was drumming on the window pane, and there was no doubt to her mind about the matter; she knew it was homesick. The boys, Tom and Ned, were in the woodshed whittling out a boat for Bobby. They did not seem to mind.

The reason for this cloud on the house was that mother had gone away, and would not return until the next day. At first they had amused themselves by saying, "Now she has reached the station," "Now she has stepped into the train," and after a long time and much discussion, "She is at grandma's now."

Somehow when they reached this point in the journey this strange loneliness had settled on the house. They knew she would be back the next day, but that was to-morrow—and to-day it was raining. When this moment of the afternoon had come and the shadows were getting a little longer, Molly saw the postman coming up the walk. She almost flew to the door, although she thought it could not be possible mother had written a letter.

"Here are letters enough for two postmen," said the man, fumbling the pile he had in his hand and counting off five letters. "I guess you can find out who they are for."

Molly took the letters and began to jump up and down with delight. "Run and call the boys," she told Bobby, and he hurried away as fast as his fat little legs could carry him. Soon they were all seated by the fire. And what do you think they found?

Each envelope bore the address in the lower corner, but at the top was a photograph of the one for whom the letter was intended. There was a picture of Bobby drawing his cart across the lawn. There was one of Molly standing by the greenhouse. The boys were taken coming through the gate; Ned's letter showed him tossing his cap, while Tom's picture looked as if he were walking right down the envelope. There was one of nurse holding a tray of cakes. Molly ran to call her in.

Mother had made snapshots of them long before, when they had not even guessed it, and had made the plans to surprise them while she was away. Somehow it took away all the loneliness to find that mother had realized just how it would be, and that her love had looked forward to this very minute, when they would need the letters so much. And then it came out that nurse was in the secret, for while they were reading the letters and looking at the picture the door opened, and there she stood with the tray of cakes, looking just like her photograph.—Mary Wight Saunders.

### "MOTHER."

Is there anything sweeter in all of the names

Of endearment, enchantment or musical strains,  
Of eulogy, praise-worthy honor or love  
To indicate bliss of the kind from above,  
Than "Mother!"

Is there aught but affection—the angelic kind,  
In the name, when an incident brings it to mind?

Oh, where in the language of hearts and of souls,  
Is the rhythm of virtue or cadence that lolls  
In "Mother!"

Oh, mother, sweet mother! Oh, Mother of men!  
Our Father ordained thee Immaculate then

Bestowed thy sweet grace to the mother we know,  
Hence the name that is nearest and dearest below,  
Is "Mother!"

Do not let a cold settle on your lungs. Resort to Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup at the first intimation of irritation in the throat and prevent disease from lodging in the pulmonary organs. Neglected colds are the cause of untold suffering throughout the country, all of which could have been prevented by the application of this simple but powerful medicine. The price, 25 cents, brings it within the reach of all.