



Antigonish, N.S., June 28.

Dear Aunt Betty:
I am so glad vacation time is here. We have our little cousins Marion and Walter staying with us while their mamma is away at their grandma's, who is very ill. We have a little pony cart and papa lets us drive ourselves. Our dog Jack always comes along, too, and tries to jump in with us. I got two books, a picture and two crowns at school. Mamma thinks I did very well.

Your little niece,
MURIEL TURNER.

Hespeler, Ont., June 30.

Dear Aunt Betty:
I have been looking every week for letters but I have not seen any for a long time. I have my holidays now. I got some nice prizes, four books and a crown. I am going to stay at grandma's for a while. I have lots of fun there. I hope to see this in print. Love from
Your little niece,
HEITIE MURRAY.

Lakeland, Ont., July 2.

Dear Aunt Betty:
Where are all the little cousins who used to write to the corner? I like to read the letters so much. I wish they would all write again. My sister and brothers and myself are having a lovely time out at Uncle Harry's farm. We came here the day after school closed and mamma is coming this month sometime to stay a few weeks. Uncle Harry is so good to us. He takes us driving every day and lets us help drive the cows home at night. He has a lovely dog who always brings them home. He barks at their heels and then runs ahead and lets down the bars for them to pass. Now don't you think he is cute? We are going for a picnic to the woods to-day. I hope I will see this in the paper.

Your little niece,
CAROLINE MADDIGAN.

THE DANDELION FAMILY.

It is five o'clock in the morning—the dandelions are waking up. First the father wakens and calls: "Good morning, grandma! Good morning, grandpa! Grandma Dandelion is very beautiful. Her hair is as white as snow, and so soft that if you touch it, it is quite spoiled. Grandpa's head is entirely bald, but he does not care; he is very happy indeed. Mamma wakens next, and begins to call the children, some of them do not wish to get up, but every dandelion is up by six o'clock. If you are up early you can watch them all waking—only the little fat babies do not wake—they are wrapped in green blankets, and sleep all the time; but just as soon as they are old enough to wear yellow dresses they rise promptly in the morning. Children all love to pick dandelions and no one ever says you must not. If you pick flowers in the garden, the gardener is very cross; so you are not allowed to. He knows how. He cuts them with a knife or scissors, and if you pick them he is afraid you will give them a jerk and spoil the plants.

In the early spring, before the flowers come, the dandelion leaves are good to eat when boiled. Have you not noticed people cutting them with sharp knives? After the flowers come the leaves are very large, and have grown too bitter to eat. Do you know why there are so many dandelions? Just look at Grandma Dandelion's hair—it is full of brown hairs. The wind blows so hard that she loses most of them; they are scattered all over the grass, and then the heavy rain comes and presses them into the ground, for they are really seeds. Next spring they will come up as new plants.

At evening the lonely shepherd in the mountain is taking the sheep to new pasture. After the sun goes he is very tired, and as he sees the little dandelions going to sleep he knows it is eight o'clock, that is when all the dandelion children must go to bed.

The shepherd calls to the dog not to drive the sheep any farther, and they lie down, glad to rest at last. When the shepherd has had his supper and fed the dog he sees Papa Dandelion going to sleep. He knows it is nine o'clock; no dandelion ever goes to bed later than that. The shepherd lies down on the ground, covers himself with his blanket, and goes to sleep too.

The dandelion grows in many countries and in city parks, as well as in lonely places. You see what a useful plant it is. The leaves are good for food, before the flowers come. The flowers are little clocks for people who are away from home and have no watches; and when the leaves and flowers have gone the root can be used as a medicine.—The Circle.

A TRUE STORY OF BRUCE.

Father was cross. She had the toothache, but mother thought it

did not ache very much.

The truth was that the little girl was considering Aunt Ann's last remarks, and they did not make her happy.

"Seven dolls!" that critical individual had ejaculated. "I do think you pamper that child, Marion. Why, the little girl who lives next door to me hasn't even one doll, and she doesn't get the sulks, either."

Esther did get the sulks. She knew it, and mother knew it, but somehow they both hated to be reminded of the unpleasant truth.

Aunt Lou saw and heard the whole thing, but she did not say anything—not then. When Aunt Ann had fairly gone, she beckoned to the forlorn little figure.

"Esther," she said, "do you want me to tell you another true story about Bruce?"

She dearly loved to hear about the big dog Bruce, which had been her grandmother's pet before she died, and was now cherished by Aunt Lou as though he had been a child. Why, he knew so much that he could fairly talk—at least, Aunt Lou could understand his whinnings and tail-wagging and barking and dog motions as though they were words.

"Well," said Aunt Lou, "you know Bruce will not steal. He will not take a piece of meat that is laid right down beside him unless he is made to understand it is for him. But our neighbor's dog across the way, whose name is Nep, is not so good. Nep will steal whenever he gets a chance."

"Now, the butcher will not let Nep into his shop but drives him away whenever he appears at the door. I'm sure that poor Nep does not have as many bones as a dog would like, and I think Bruce thinks so, too, for listen to what he did one day."

"The butcher had just given him a fine, large, juicy bone. Bruce walked out of the shop with the bone in his mouth. I saw him come down the walk, and watched to see him turn in at our gate. Instead, he carried it solemnly across the street to the place where Nep was chained up. He put the big bone down at Nep's feet, and barked in such a way that meant, I am sure: 'Here, Nep, here is a bone that I have brought for you. Eat it for me.'"

"Then he stood off and watched Nep gnaw the bone, and if ever a dog smiled I'm sure that Bruce smiled then. Don't you think my Bruce is an unselfish dog?"

"Yes, I do," said Esther. Then she thanked Aunt Lou for the story, as her mother had taught her, and trotted off to play. But that very afternoon she went over to Aunt Ann's house with one of her dolls and said: "Please take this doll to the little girl who hasn't any."

Aunt Ann took the doll without a word, but her face wore the prettiest smile.—Morning Star.

A PUZZLE.

It has always been a puzzle to me. What sailors sow when they plough the sea.

Does coffee go with the roll of a drum? And why is a speaking likeness dumb?

What was it that made the window blind? Whose picture is put in a frame of mind?

When a storm is brewing, what does it brew? Does the foot of a mountain wear a shoe?

How long does it take to hatch a plot? Has a school of herring a tutor or not?

Have you ever perused a volume of smoke? Can butter be made from the cream of a joke?

Who is it that fixes the teeth of a gale? To a king who reigns why shout—"O hail!"

With a powder puff is one's mind made up? Does a saucer go with a misery cup?

Can you fasten a door with a lock of hair? Did a bitter wind ever bite you, and where?

Who is it that paints the signs of the times? Does the moon change her quarters for nickels and dimes?

What tune do you play on the feelings, pray? And who is it mends the break of day?

And say—I'll admit this is quite absurd—When you drop a remark, do you break your word?

Can a rose be made out of ocean strands? Have the silent midnight watches hands?

Can you cut a log with a wise old saw? Does the corn that cheers cry: "Hip hurrah!"

Can money be tight when change is loose?

Now what in the name of thunder's the use Of going through college and taking degrees When we're posed by such plain little problems as these?—Anon., in the Leader.

Church Schools in India

M. thodist Paper Has Add Complaint to Voice.

Government regulations in Bengal concerning schools are agitating the various missionary bodies at work there. The Bombay Guardian, a Methodist paper, writes:

"Ministers of English churches in Bengal and others interested in the class of boys and girls who attend European schools in India, have been thrown into profound commotion by new regulations made by the Bengal Government for the registration of those schools."

What seems clear so far is that in consequence of the new requirement, the three Nonconformist schools in Calcutta, and Darjeeling must have a good deal more money spent on them, or be closed or disarmed. On the other hand it is implied that the Roman Catholics have plenty of schools of the required standard; so that if the Protestants do not bestir themselves, the whole of their school-going children will pass over to the Roman Catholic instruction. One English Nonconformist minister in Calcutta writes: "What have the British Protestant societies and churches been doing for their own children? Pastors and missionaries blame our people for sending their children to Roman Catholic schools; but surely the real blame lies upon the extraordinary indifference in the face of the Church of Rome. She spares no expense, no labor, no sacrifice. She gives lives to her schools, where we are content to give good wishes! Steadily, year by year, she increases their number and quality, and the community is becoming leavened with her doctrines. But with us rupees are more difficult to get than life-blood is with Rome! So Rome wins all along the line, and deserves to do so!"

LINGERING WEAKNESS FOLLOWING DISEASE

Can be Banished by the Wonderful Tonic Powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

How often is it that the victims of disease—fevers, measles, la grippe or any other contagious troubles are weak and ailing, even after the disease itself has disappeared. They do not pick up strength as they ought, remain listless, tired and discouraged. The reason for this is that the blood has been impoverished by the ravages of the disease through which the victim has passed. Strength will not return until the blood is enriched by no other medicine as quickly and as surely as by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People—to enrich the blood and strengthen the nerves is the whole duty of these pills—thousands have found them beneficial in bringing strength after disease had left them weak and run down. Among those who owe good health to these pills is Miss Laura Hisco, New Voss, N.B., who says: "Following an attack of measles I was left greatly run down and suffered from a bad cough. I was advised to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and procured half a dozen boxes. Before they were all gone, I had regained my strength; my cough had disappeared and I was once more enjoying perfect health."

The experience of Miss Hisco is that of many others. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich, red blood. This new blood strengthens the nerves and banishes such ailments as rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, dyspepsia, etc., and brings the glow of health to pale cheeks. The Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS
HAVING DESIGNS
ENGRAVINGS DONE
SHOULD APPLY TO
LA PRESSE PUB. CO.
PHOTO ENG. DEPT.
EXPERT ILLUSTRATORS
Engravers to the TRUE WITNESS

AFTER TWENTY-ONE YEARS.

The waiting-room was crowded, noisy and dirty. The tired clerk at the Bureau of Information, never the most amiable of men, looked cross and answered his questioners gruffly, until an old woman, small and thin, carrying a time-worn satchel and a large bundle, went up to his desk timidly but confidently. He talked to her gently for several minutes, then pointed out the only vacant seat. What could she have said to have won so much attention?

Following his directions she found the empty place, and sank into it with a sigh of relief, putting her bag at her feet, but keeping the bundle on her lap. Having settled herself comfortably, as if for a long wait, she watched the busy throng with keen interest. There were men, many of them hurried and anxious, others loitering with the evident purpose of killing time; women, dressed in their trains and worn with the care of little children; a few young girls, well-dressed and full of life and laughter.

Her reverie was interrupted by a little boy at her side. "Oh, mamma, I am so tired. Can't we get in the train again? When shall we see Papa?" he whimpered. Untying her bundle, the old lady took out a cookie and gave it to him.

"Thank the lady," commanded his mother, "which he did shyly, and then she added: 'You are very kind. The children are tired and cross.'"

She was a hearty, happy-looking woman, with a child on her lap, and another scarcely older than the boy, seated beside her.

"Little boys are always hungry," I know because I had one of my own, and the old lady brought forth more cakes, one or each of the other children. But her eyes wandered back to the boy and watched him tenderly.

"I am going to see my son for the first time in twenty-five years," she said, unable to keep the joy to herself. "My, my," said the younger woman, "what a long time! I am on the way to Denver. My husband has a good position there and has a nice little house ready for us. He's been there over a year, and I've been waiting at mother's until he could send for me. He's so anxious to see the children. They do grow a lot in a year, you know. To wait twenty-five years must be awful." Then after a pause: "When will your train go? We have to spend two more hours here."

"In about an hour. I just told the kind gentleman at the desk that I am going to San Francisco to visit my son, and that it is twenty-five years since I have seen him. Now since he was a mere boy, and I asked him to tell me when it is time for my train to leave, because Harry would be so disappointed if I missed it. 'Indeed, I will, ma'am,' he says. 'I wouldn't want my mother to miss her train if she was coming to see me.'"

The old lady—Mrs. Johnston she said her name was—lifted the tired boy upon her lap, and he was asleep in a very few minutes. "It doesn't seem long since my Harry used to creep into my arms when he was tired playing. Oh, those were happy days," she sighed.

Seeing that she loved to talk about her "boy," the young woman asked kindly how it was that she had not seen him for so many years.

"Well," began Mrs. Johnston, deliberately settling herself to tell the whole story. "Harry was a smart boy, if I do say so. He was always at the head of his class, and loved his books. 'He will make his way in the world, never fear,' his teacher used to say, and his voice vibrated with pride. 'When he grew up he did not like Pleasantville—it was a very small place—and he begged me to let him go West to 'make his fortune,' as he said. 'Father left you enough to keep you comfortable, and bye and bye, when I am rich, you shall come and live with me,' was his pet argument. Well, at last I yielded, for I could see he would never be contented where he was. It seems like yesterday that I packed his clothes into the little hat trunk which had been my mother's. I thought it would kill me, for he was all I had. Poor Harry! He went on to himself, 'He felt bad, too, but when he caught me wiping away the tears that would come, he smiled bravely and said, 'Never mind, mother. I will write often and come home once a year, or maybe oftener.' At last he was off, and I was left alone, all alone."

Mrs. Johnston wiped her eyes furiously, but remembering where she was going soon smiled again. After a few minutes the young mother, seeing that the dear old lady was afraid of tiring her talking of Harry, asked in an interesting tone: "Did he like the West?"

"At first he was, oh, so homesick! He wrote often, sometimes twice a week, and his letters were full of questions about 'dear Pleasantville,' and of longing to see his 'little mother,' as he called me, and though he had to little money, he would save a few dollars every month and send them to me to buy some luxury. Once he told me to get a new bonnet, and another time he said—I recall the very words after all these years—I remember the stove in your room never heated it comfortably. This money is to buy a new one. Now wasn't that kind of the dear boy, and he working so hard for the little he had?"

For a few minutes they sat in silence, the young mother looking thoughtfully at the little boy asleep in her new friend's arms.

"After a while," Mrs. Johnston began again in a sadder tone, "after a while he became so busy that he had very little time to spare for his old

mother, though he always wrote a good, long, loving letter at Christmas time, and sent me a lovely gift—but that was all. How well I remember the first time he 'snatched a moment at the office' (he lived in San Francisco then) 'to wish me a happy Christmas,' and the note was written with a typewriter and only the name was in his writing. Somehow I cried over that letter. It didn't seem like it came from him at all, and it was so careless like, but then I am a foolish old woman, and ought to have been glad that he had a stenographer at all—he that had no start in life."

"Except a good home and a kind mother," said the other, with a note of indignation in her voice which her companion did not notice.

"All these years," she continued, "I have knit him the nice warm greaves he used to like, and sent them to him in October. I work on them a little while every evening, and think of the happy times when he was a boy and was so fond of me—though, of course, he's fond of me still or he would never have sent for me. Then sometimes," she rattled on, "I make cookies just like those he always was the greatest boy you ever saw for cookies! Judge Simmons, who lives near me at home, knows all about everything that happens over the whole country and he says that my Harry is one of the greatest men in California, and gives a great deal of money to the poor and to colleges and art schools. There aren't many boys like Harry," and her dear old face fairly beamed.

"Did he ever get married?" asked her companion.

"Not until he was almost forty. He wrote me a long letter, and told me how beautiful and good his Maria was, and he sent me her love. Now, wasn't that nice of her? Well," she went on, not waiting for an answer, "she died three years later, and Harry was heartbroken. He got homesick just like when he first went away and said he was coming to make me a little visit. As soon as I got that letter I put clean curtains in his room, and then, thinking I, he is used to such grand things, I mustn't let the old place look too shabby, so I painted white the willow chair he used to sit in. You see I had always kept his room just as he liked it, kind of hoping he'd surprise me sometime, but he never did," she added slowly, with a little sigh.

"Well," she resumed, "I was telling you about fixing up his room. I worked in it for three days, and there wasn't a prettier place in Pleasantville, when I was through. I put my best quilt on the bed, and the best cover on the table. The stove was rusty and dingy, so I took it down, as he would not need it in summer."

There was a long pause. "Business must be a strange, cruel thing when it keeps sons from their mothers and disappoints them so. The summer was well nigh gone before I had another letter. Harry was sorry, but business kept him away. I closed the room again, and somehow I felt sore and hurt about it until a week ago." Here her face brightened wonderfully. "He wrote me himself in a shaky kind of handwriting. Wait, I will show you the letter."

Reaching down into her roomy pocket, she brought it forth and unfolded it with trembling hands. "Mother dear," she read, "I am sick, and want you so much. The doctor says I must not go home, the trip would be very hard on me. Could you come here? Oh, mother, come if you can. I love you, and you are all I have. Your loving Harry."

The eyes of both filled with tears. Just at that moment they were interrupted by a boy in uniform.

"The clerk told me to take you to your train. It will be here in ten minutes," he said. With a hurried good-bye to the mother, and a farewell kiss for the boy who had slept in her lap, she followed him.

"San Francisco," the porter called at last. Too happy to think of her weariness, the feeble old woman hurried with the crowd out of the car into the crowded station. "Carriage, carriage!" screamed a driver as she drew near.

"I must be stylish, so he won't be ashamed of me," she thought, and took it.

At last the carriage drew up before an elegant mansion.

A few minutes later a man leaving the house found an old lady lying face downwards on the marble doorstep, and lifting her in his arms found that she was dead.

There was crane on the door!—Florence Gilmore.

Only the uninformed endure the agony of corns. The knowing ones apply Holloway's Corn Cure and get relief.

Cowan's
Cake Icings

If you had trouble with prepared Cake Icing, it was not Cowan's.

Even a child can ice a cake perfectly, in three minutes, with Cowan's Icing. Eight delicious flavors. Sold everywhere.

The Cowan Co. Limited, Toronto.

BABY'S GREAT DANGER DURING HOT WEATHER.

More children die during the hot weather than at any other time of the year. Diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera, infantum, and stomach troubles, come without warning, and when a medicine is not at hand to give prompt relief, the delay may prove fatal to the child. Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are children during the hot weather months. An occasional dose of the Tablets will prevent deadly summer complaints, or cure them if they come unexpectedly. Mrs. O. Moreau, St. Yve, Que., says: "My baby suffered from a severe attack of cholera infantum, but after giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared, and he regained health splendidly." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Munificent Gift.

Striking Generosity to Queenstown by Irish Landowner.

Captain William Henry Rushbrooke who is owner of the greater part of the town of Queenstown, and up to recently the owner of a big tract of agricultural land, signified the coming of age of his son, Lieutenant Philip Rushbrooke, recently, by a munificent gift to the township, consisting of a cheque, payable to the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, for five hundred pounds, and a magnificent free site of land adjacent to the Cathedral, for nine hundred years free of rent, for the purpose of erecting a suitable home for the Nursing Sisters of the Poor of the town, a project which was recently launched by the Bishop. The erection of this structure will cost £2,000, but the aid given by Captain Rushbrooke has given it most encouraging support, as the scheme when complete will greatly assist the sick poor and be of incalculable benefit to the township generally, the idea being that all classes of the poor generally shall be ministered to and nursed in their own homes by the Nursing Sisters, who are already doing valuable work in the respect. The Rushbrooke school children were also entertained at Church Bay, Crosshaven, when they were given a delightful day's outing at Captain Rushbrooke's expense.

Externally or Internally, it is Good.—When applied externally by brish rubbing, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil opens the pores and penetrates the tissue as few liniments do, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally, it will still the irritation in the throat which induces coughing and will cure affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.

SELF RAISING FLOUR Brodie's Celebrated Self-Raising Flour

Is the Original and the Best. A Premium given for the empty bags returned to our Office.

10 Bleury Street, Montreal.

BRONCHITIS

Bronchitis is generally the result of a cold caused by exposure to wet and inclement weather, and is a very dangerous inflammatory affection of the bronchial tubes.

The symptoms are tightness across the chest, sharp pains and a difficulty in breathing, and a secretion of thick phlegm, at first white, but later of a greenish or yellowish color. Neglected Bronchitis is one of the most general causes of Consumption.

Cure it at once by the use of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine SYRUP

Mrs. D. D. Miller, Allandale, Ont., writes: "My husband got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for my little girl who had Bronchitis. She wheezed so badly you could hear her from one room to the other, but it was not long until we could see the effect your medicine had on her. That was last winter when we lived in Toronto."

"She had a bad cold this winter, but instead of getting another bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I tried a home made recipe which I got from a neighbor but found that her cold lasted about twice as long. My husband highly praises 'Dr. Wood's,' and says he will use a bottle of it is always kept in the house."

The price of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is 25 cents per bottle. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, so, be sure and accept none of the many substitutes of the original "Norway Pine Syrup."

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(Special and Witness from

Jubilees of institutions at the Catholic and Ireland is offering her qu lege, Clonilla, summary of Dr golden jubilee and much rejo Grace the Arch present and off a great gathe al of the Papa participants in Fifty years laid the found in the shape known as Red building still grounds and is tion of student priesthood.

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