

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Where are my little friends and what are they doing? The letters are following a contrary rule, that is, they diminish rather than increase. I have been waiting—in vain—for very interesting accounts of how things are going in the country. I suppose you are all so taken up with skipping ropes, tops and marbles that the poor corner is all forgotten. Try to make up and send me some nice letters.

Your friend,

AUNT BECKY.

My Dear Aunt Becky:—

As I have read a great many of the letters in the True Witness, I thought I would write. We take the True Witness and enjoy reading it very much. My sisters and I like to read Aunt Becky's column best. We go to the St. Joseph's Church, and our pastor's name is Father Mulhane. A lady who is greatly interested in our Sunday-school has offered three prizes to the ones who have the best catechism. We started about a month ago, and will receive our presents Easter Sunday. One of the presents is a silver crucifix, so we are all working very hard for it. Well, I guess I had better close, with much love. I remain,

Your loving niece,

WINNIE M.

Barre, Mass., April 12, 1905

(Glad you enjoy the corner, Winnie.—Ed.)

Dear Aunt Becky:—

This is my first letter, but Washington has written alright before. My brother, is 13 years old, and I am 6 years old. I have a little sister, and she is 3 years old. I have a little brother, and he is 5 years old. I have a big sister, she is 14 years old. I stay with my grandma. One night Maggie Brown stayed at grandma's. She wanted me to stay down a night at home. I had to go to school. My teacher is Miss Barry. My two brothers go with me. Nellie was sick for a week and I was sick for a day and could not go to school. I will have to close saying good-bye from

CHRISTINA J. R.

Kouchibouguac, Kent Co., N.B. (Write again, Christina. I cannot get too many letters.—Ed.)

My Dear Aunt Becky:—

As I have not written you this good while, I think I will try another letter to let you know that I am well. The ice is all out of the river here now. Last year a club bought the river and had the dam taken away to make a way up the river for trout to go up, and now the logs have to make their way through the dam. My two aunts came home this spring to see my grandma when she was sick, but they are away now as grandma is better. I go up every day to look after her cow and hens. There was only one letter in the True Witness this week, but I hope to see more next. The snow is nearly all gone away here now, and we play ball at school every day. My brother bought a baseball at the bazaar last Xmas, and everything came out of it. Now, dear Aunt Becky, I think I have written enough.

I remain,

Your nephew,

WASHINGTON R.

Kouchibouguac, Kent Co., N.B. (I was just wondering what had happened to Washington. Happy to hear from you.—Ed.)

THE QUARELLING ACOLYTES.

(By Capt. B. Hyland, S.F.C.) Many years ago, in the city of Orsino, Italy, a grand procession was formed to celebrate the opening of a jubilee. All the students of the College and Seminary took part in the event. The cross-bearer was accompanied by two acolytes, each carrying a beautiful silver candlestick. The two acolytes were sons of noble families, both of the same age and size. While the procession was in movement, the two acolytes began to quarrel for some cause or other and from hot words they came to blows. The silver candlesticks were vigorously applied with telling effect, soon as was stretched senseless on the ground. Fifty years after this incident the two acolytes were proclaimed. Here

again our two acolytes met. One was now the memorable Leo XII. The Holy Father, surrounded by the whole Roman court, proceeded from the Vatican Palace to St. Peter's to preside at the ceremony of the opening of the holy door. When he arrived at the holy door, the Cardinal presented him the silver hammer with which to knock at the door, the signal for the removal of the brick wall. After receiving the hammer from the hands of the Cardinal, the Pope, with a merry twinkle in his eye and a significant smile, said: "Does Your Eminence remember what took place at the last jubilee? You also gave me a silver instrument, but now, with such grace as you gave me this silver hammer."

"Holy Father, I remember it very well," replied the blushing Cardinal. "And I hope your Holiness has long since forgiven me, though it is evident you have not forgotten the incident."

Four years later Leo XII. died and the other acolyte, Cardinal Sastiglioni, was elected Pope, under the name of Pius VII. What a glorious career for the two angry acolytes! How encouraging is this history! How encouraging is this history! To all boys—for boys will be boys—but it is particularly encouraging to those who, like myself, have the distinguished honor of being chosen to serve on the sanctuary. A short time ago the officers of the Sanctuary Society called a meeting to vote the expulsion of a member who had the misfortune to raise his arm in self-defence against an unlawful aggressor. Mr. Chairman advised moderation, and related the story of the quarrelling acolytes. The sentence was reversed, the boy's honor was saved, and he is now a model Sanctuary boy.

A MAGIC DRAWER.

"Oh, there's nobody like Miss Margaret!" the girl declared with conviction; "so fine, so dainty, so constantly thinking of lovely things to do! And her home looks exactly like her—everything perfect in its way and so welcoming! And if you could see her magic drawer! Miss Margaret doesn't call it that—she calls it Jack Horner's pie, because, she says, the girls can each 'put in a thumb.' It is full of the most exquisite things, and every girl who visits her can choose something from it to remember her by," she says. It must be so lovely to be rich and able to do things like that!"

"Cousin Alice is richer than Miss Margaret," the girl's mother suggested. "But that's different," the girl flashed back. "Cousin Alice hasn't any magic drawer. It isn't in her to think of having one."

"Yet she gave you that beautiful lace," the mother reminded her, smiling. "Yes, she did," the girl replied, slowly. In a moment she looked up, laughing. "Oh, I see through you, you transparent little mother! And of course you're right—you always are. The real gifts don't come out of magic drawers after all—they come right from the heart—and people can give them even if they do wear let-down dresses and have shabby chairs in the parlor and holes in the dining-room carpet. It's Miss Margaret's self and not Miss Margaret's money that makes people love her so. I'll try to remember."

STRAIGHTEN UP.

Never allow your physical standard to drop. Keep up your energy, walk as though you were somebody, and were going to do something worth while in the world, so that even a stranger will note your bearing and mark your superiority. If you have fallen into a habit of walking in a listless, indolent way, turn right about face at once and make a change. You don't want to shuffle along, like the failures we often see sitting around on park benches, or loitering about the streets, with their hands in their pockets, or haunting situation offices, and wondering why fate has been so hard with them. You don't want to give people the impression that you are discouraged or that you are already falling to the rear. Straighten up, then! Stand erect! Be a man! You are a child of the Infinite King. You have royal blood in your veins. Emphasize it by your bearing. A man who is conscious of his kinship with God, and of his power, and who believes thoroughly in himself, walks with a firm, vigorous step, with his head erect, his chin in, his shoulders thrown back and down, and his chest

well projected in order to give a large lung capacity; he is the man who does things.

You can not aspire or accomplish great or noble things so long as you assume the attitude and bearing of a coward or weakling. If you would be noble and do noble things, you must look up. You were made to look upwards and to walk upright, not to look down or to shamble along in a semi-horizontal position. Put character, dignity, nobility into your walk.

GAMES FOR CHILDREN.

My Thought is a nice game. One player thinks of something, and then asks the other in turn, "What is my thought like?" They having no idea what the thought is, answer at random, saying, perhaps, "Like a wet day," or "Like a concert." "Like a box." After collecting all the answers, the player tells what his thought was, and then goes round again, calling upon each player in turn to explain why it is like the thing named by them. Thus, supposing the thing thought of was an accordion, the first player, when asked why an accordion is like a wet day, might reply, "Because one soon gets tired of it." The next may say, "It is like a concert because there is lots of music in it," or "It is like a box because it opens and shuts." After playing the game for a little while, one gets quite smart at making suitable replies.

Here is a catch you can ask your friends to do. Start the game yourself, making a circle with the finger on a table, or anything flat, putting in the eyes and mouth and saying as you do it: "The moon is round, two eyes, a nose, and a mouth," only be sure that you make the circle with your left hand. You will find that your friends who are asked to do exactly as you have done will exclaim, "Oh, how easy!" but that they will invariably make the circle with their right hand.

THE SENSE OF DIRECTION.

A dog was once adopted by my father. He came from friends some twenty-five miles away; friends who wanted to be rid of him. Coming most of the way in the night, he was easily prevented from seeing the route over which he passed, and it would hardly seem that he could have even the most vague idea of the direction in which he was being driven. He had never been over this route before.

After he reached our home, he seemed tractable, affectionate and absolutely contented. But our experience with him was brief, for in a couple of days he was rebuked for some misdemeanor with slight punishment, which seemed to change his attitude towards us. He started in a southerly direction, directly opposite to that in which he came, and no one of us could call him back. He disappeared over the top of a wooded hill back of the house, and all in vain were our explorations and our calls. This happened in the morning. Before night of the same day he was back in the town of Albany, Me., from whence he was taken.

An instance of similar sense of direction was the case of a lady of whom I knew, who, being very much annoyed by a certain toad which would burrow in her plant pots, sought to rid herself of him by repeated removals, the last one being about half a mile away. Each time she soon found the toad again.

Still another case was that of a gentleman who wanted to banish a toad from his barn. He first placed him across the road in the ditch, but in a few hours found him again in the barn. Trying this again with no better success, he took the toad by the hind legs and threw him out across a pasture lot. The self-same toad reappeared in the barn after a few hours. The man then carried him under cover into a neighboring orchard, still more remote, but his very next morning found him at his old post in the barn.

This melted the gentleman's heart, and he said, "Mr. Toad, if you like me as well as this, I shall never turn you off again."—A. P. Reed, in New England Homestead.

BE IN EARNEST.

There is no more common failing than insincerity. It may not go very deeply into our lives, but its effect is noticeable over a wide area of society. Ordinary politeness covers much that perhaps it is just as well to keep out of view. But even politeness, if it does not come from and correspond to the inner feelings of the heart, is but a mask. True politeness comes from within. Its forms may be given to it by the custom and usage of society, but its animating principle must be in ourselves. Politeness is sometimes counterfeited, just as any other metal of value is imitated in base ma-

terial. It is hard, too, to distinguish always the true from the false. Good manners can be affected so easily on occasion by some who at other times are the veriest vulgarities.

The real test of worth of character is not so much the outward show as the readiness to make sacrifices for the sake of others. The genuine politeness, some one has said, is but the visible flowering of a gentle, unselfish nature; the counterfeit is but the mask that covers selfishness and vulgarity.

Earnestness in regard to those little things that regard the comfort of others is desirable no less than in matters of religion. Insincerity is, indeed, a tribute to the worth of the genuine article, but in itself it is but a miserable counterfeit.

A LESSON LEARNED. Walter Savage Landor did not share his countrymen's taste for field sports. In his youth he had shot a partridge one winter afternoon, and found the bird alive next morning, after a night of exceptional bitterness. "What that bird must have suffered!" he exclaimed. "I often think of its look." And Walter Savage Landor never took gun in hand again.

TRAINING THE LEFT HAND. It is one of the good signs of the time that the use of the left hand is coming into fashion in education. Our children, let us hope, are not to be forever crippled by being brought up one handed. We are learning at last the absurdity of allowing one of our hands to fall into practical disuse, and the excellent names behind the newly formed Ambidextral Culture Society give ground for hope that common sense may prevail on the subject and lead to the development of a two-handed instead of a one-handed race. The founder of the society, John Jackson, has embodied his philosophy in a highly interesting book on "Ambidexterity; or Two Handedness and Two Brainedness," to which Major R. S. Baden-Powell contributes an introduction. The major, like the late Queen Victoria, can write with either hand and use the two hands interchangeably for any purpose. That, of course, is all that is demanded.—London Mail.

WHEN BABY SMILES. When baby smiles mother knows he is well and happy. When he is cross, ailing and fretful, she gives him Baby's Own Tablets, and finds that there's a smile in every dose. These Tablets cure all little ailments of childhood, such as indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, worms and simple fevers. They make teething easy, and promote natural sleep and repose, and are guaranteed not to contain one particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Mrs. Robt. Dean, Tisdale, N.W.T., says:—"I find Baby's Own Tablets a perfect medicine for little ones, and always keep them in the house." You can get the Tablets from your medicine dealer, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FAITHFUL IN DEATH. The devotion of a man of science to his work is often heroic, and the calm pluck of the laboratory man in his investigations is thrilling, although so common as to be proverbial. The recent death of Dr. Truax, of Brooklyn, to which the "Week's Progress" calls attention, if nothing else, is a beautiful exhibition of cold self-possession.

So ill himself that he needed all his strength, he answered a call and started to perform an operation at the hospital. During the operation he was stricken down, and was removed to an adjoining room in a fainting condition. He told his fellow physicians that his trouble was an attack of heart dilatation. He prescribed his own treatment and directed the work of the doctors in administering it.

He noted the progress of the treatment and its lack of result, and himself announced the failure of the remedies and his approaching death. Some years ago Dr. Terry, of Fall River, Mass., showed similar courage and supremacy of will. While he was fencing, a fall broke and pierced his mask and his eye. He pulled off the mask and ordered that a certain specialist be summoned.

He then seated himself, and notebook in hand, jotted down his experiences as data for his profession. He explained that the wall of the eye had been pierced and that a clot of blood was forming on his brain. All the phenomena of the formation of the blood clot from the patient's point of view, most valuable knowledge for other physicians to work by, he committed to paper before death overtook him. The end came before help could reach him.

FRANCES E. WILLARD AND THE MONKS OF ST. BERNARD.

Frances E. Willard, the celebrated American woman whose earnest work for temperance will not soon be forgotten, and whose statue was recently unveiled in Statuary Hall, in the national Capitol, was a Protestant; but her relations with Catholics, enlisted in the cause so dear to her heart, were always most kindly. Little wonder then she should write the following sympathetic account of her visit to the Hospice St. Bernard. That world-famous establishment in the St. Gothard Pass of the Alps, wherein travellers find rest, refreshment and shelter at the hands of the kindly Fathers.

"On we climbed, while Mr. Smith impelled our flagging steps by an explosive recitation of Longfellow's 'Excelsior,' the scene of which is here. Around a sharp, rocky bend, up an ascent as steep as a house roof, past an overhanging precipice, I went, leaving the gentleman behind me in the enthusiasm of the approach; and then the gray, solemn walls of the great Hospice, which had seemed to me dim and distant as the moon's caverns, rose before me outlined upon the placid evening sky.

"I stopped and listened eagerly as I approached its open door—no sound but the gurgle of a distant brook; no living object but two great St. Bernard dogs seated upon the broad, dark steps of stone.

"A gentleman may be defined as a being always wisely and benignantly equal to the occasion. Such a character appeared upon the scene in the person of 'Reverend Besse,' the 'Hospitable Father' and chief of the establishment.

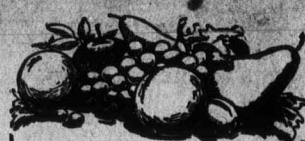
"Our party in committee of the whole (and no minority report) voted him the most delightful man we ever saw. All that is French in manner, united to all that is English in sturdiness of character, all that is winning in Italian tones, united to a German idealism, a Yankee's keenness of perception, a Scotchman's heartiness, and an Irishman's wit—these qualities seemed blended in our 'nonesuch' of a host, and fused into harmony by the fire of a brother's love toward man and a saint's fidelity to God. Young, fair, blue-eyed, he stood among our chattering group like one who, from a region of perpetual calm, dispenses radiant smiles and overflowing bounty.

"So quick was his discernment, and so sagacious was his decision, that almost without a question he assigned us, in detachments correctly arranged, to fitting domiciles, made each one feel that he or she had been especially expected and prepared for, and within five minutes had so won his way into the innermost recesses of everybody's heart, that Mr. Jones expressed in his own idiomatic way the sense of fifty guests when he declared, 'To such a man as that, even the Little Corporal might well have doffed his old chapeau.' Who shall do justice to the dinner at the L-shaped table, where the Father sat at the head and said grace, beaming upon his great cosmopolitan family with that young face, so honest, gentle and brave?

"Then came the lone evening around the huge and glowing hearth-fire. How soon we felt 'acquainted,' how fast we talked in French or German, minding little how the modes and tenses went askew so that we got and gave ideas. The Father turned from side to side, answering with solicitous attention every question that we asked.

A PLACE WHERE RELIGION IS REAL.

"Here Kate broke in with an important question: 'How do you occupy your time in summer?' 'Oh, mademoiselle, we study and teach—we had fifty students last season.' 'What do you teach?' 'All that a priest ought to know—theology, philosophy, the laws of the Church. We know contemporaneous events, except politics, which we do not read.' 'What is your age?' here chimed in the practical Jones. 'Monseigneur, I am thirty-one.' 'How long have you been here?' 'Eleven years, and I remain in perfect health. My predecessors in the office could not endure this high altitude—three of them left in a period of four years.' 'Why are you here?' persisted Jones. 'The scene was worthy of a painter—that shrewd Yankee, whose very figure was a walking interrogation point, and that graceful, urbane monk, in his long cassock, leaning in his easy chair, and looking forward and a little upward, he answered with slow, melodious emphasis, 'Brother, it is my calling, that is all.' So simple was his nature, that to have heard 'a call' from God and not obeyed it would have seemed to him only less monstrous than not to



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have heard any call at all! At early dawn we were awakened by men's voices in a solemn chant, led by the Hospitable Father—and never did religion seem more sacred and attractive than while we listened as through the chapel door came the words of the Te Deum, consecrated by centuries of Christian song. 'We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.'

THE MONKS AS LIFE-SAVERS.

"Yes, madam, our Hospice was founded nine hundred years ago, by Count Bernard of Savoy, who devoted forty years of his life to entertaining and protecting, as we still try to do, the many travellers who annually pass through these mountains between Switzerland and Italy. About twenty thousand were cared for each year in olden times, without the smallest charge, being made to rich or poor. Now we have not so many, the facilities for travel having so greatly improved. But a great number come over the pass who are out looking for work, and there are also many beggars. These we limit to three days' entertainment. We would gladly keep them longer, but can not. Our dogs are a cross between Newfoundland and Pyrenean.

"In winter travellers are obliged to wait at a place of refuge we have provided at some distance from these buildings, which is on the very top of the pass, until we send out a man and dog, with refreshments fastened to the neck of the dog, who never once loses his way, though the distance is long. The snow is often thirty feet deep, and the only guide the man has is the banner-like tail of the dog waving through the storm.

MISS MARIE CAHILL'S PREDICAMENT

A correspondent of the Boston Pilot writes: Miss Marie Cahill, probably the best known of the practical Catholic actresses on the stage to-day, delights to tell of an incident of her girlish life on the stage which happened in that city.

It has always been her custom to make the "First Fridays," and she kept it up even in the face of the many inconveniences of theatrical life. It happened while she was appearing in a Boston theatre, in one of the theatrical reviews then in vogue, entitled "The Whirl of the Town," that the ninth in a series of "First Fridays" came around.

Miss Cahill decided not to take any chances with the hotel system of awakening a person but went forth and purchased an alarm clock. She secreted it in one of those magic pockets which every woman who travels much has in her underskirt, and then went to the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires to confession. It was late in the afternoon, and Miss Cahill was in a hurry. While in the confessional the alarm sounded.

Confusion reigned supreme. The embarrassed young woman darted from the confessional in consternation and dashed down the aisle, with the clock sounding its merry ring in her pocket. When she reached the street she examined the clock, and realized that in her enthusiasm about getting up the next morning she had already set the clock for six, forgetting that a six had to be passed before the morning hour was reached.

Too much upset to venture in there again, she sought the Church of the Holy Trinity for confession.

The bravest and best of men and women can only say: "I have done my duty."