

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys: Our little circle is certainly not growing larger. But now that vacation is about over I expect you all have made good resolutions to become regular contributors to our corner. Very true, as Annie O'N. says, our happy summer days are coming to a close, and there is already the appearance of autumn in the gardens as seen by the profusion of gladioli and asters. Agnes has been busy picking harvest apples. She regrets that her school did not open when it was expected to. I hardly think that is a general complaint. I hope Anna M. is quite better, and so sorry that she could not attend the picnic. How very cute Tippy (Ethel T.'s dog) must look with his new collar. Yes, Ethel, we are all enjoying the cooler weather, for we did get a fearful scorching. Why, of course, Lillie, you are received with open arms. I cannot have too many nieces and nephews. I know exactly what that trip to Chateaugay and Beauharnois is. I think it is about the prettiest Saturday outing we have around Montreal. I have been in Quebec, Lillie, and enjoyed my visit very much. There is so much historic ground to cover there that it makes one brush the cobwebs and go back to the days we studied our little Canadian History. I must confess, Joseph, that I never saw a rattlesnake, which is indeed not a disappointment to me, and I quite agree with you that it would not be too pleasant living in a country they infest. With this letter closes the happy vacation time. Still there will be a great deal to compensate in the coming season. You all cannot have too much success with your studies is my earnest wish.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky: It is quite cool here to-day. Our school was to open last Monday, but as we have no teacher it did not open yet. It is beginning to look like autumn. Our pleasant summer weather is nearly over. The harvest is about all off. The men are busy threshing just at present. Well, dear Aunt, as news is so scarce I guess I will tell you about our church. We have to go about six miles. Our church isn't very large. We don't have Vespers in the evenings as it is so far for the people to go. Our parish priest is Rev. Dean O'Connor. He is fifty-two years a priest. We have Mass at ten o'clock in the summer and half past ten in the winter. Well, dear Aunt, as it is getting near bed time I guess I will say good-bye. Love to all my cousins and Aunt Becky.

Your loving niece, ANNIE O'N. Lonsdale, August 24.

Dear Aunt Becky: You cannot imagine how glad I am when Friday comes to write to the corner. I was very sorry when our school did not open last Monday. I presume most of my cousins are attending school or will soon be. I hope they all spent a merry time during vacation. We are all looking forward to the Read picnic, which is to be Wednesday. I go mostly every year and enjoy it very much, as they have it in a large grove and the music seems so nice. My sister came home from Rochester Saturday. We were very glad to see her, but she is not going to stay very long this year. It has been very warm for a few days this week, but has turned quite cool yesterday and to-day. I picked a barrel of harvest apples yesterday, for when there is such a wind it blows them off the trees and I would rather pick them off the tree than off the ground. We are busy these nights peeling apples. My flowers are all blossomed out now, but they are drooping from the hot sun. Well, dear Aunt, I guess I told you all this time. Good-bye.

Your loving niece, AGNES McO. Lonsdale, August 25.

Dear Aunt Becky: I am sitting out on the lawn with a large handkerchief tied around my head as I have a very painful boil on my chin. Our annual picnic took place yesterday on Tweed fair grounds, but of course I could not attend. Every one reports a good time. My cousin, Miss Williams, from Read, attended and came here on her way home and is going to visit me for a week. My aunt and two cousins from Sarnia spent a few days with us last week. Mr. John Keegan and Mr. Pat. Mulroney, of Dakota, called to see us Sunday. Papa is very busy this week getting in his grain. He has a hired man and that makes some extra work for Florence and me. I am going for a drive this evening with papa to Tweed. It is seven miles from here. I suppose you were never in Stoco, Aunt Becky? It is a stirring little place. There are two hotels, five stores, two blacksmith shops, post office, station, and Catholic Church. Our priest, Father Quinn, resides in Tweed, but comes over every Sunday. I intended this letter for last week's paper, but didn't get it posted in time. Miss O'Sullivan, our new teacher, opened school this morning. Well, dear Aunt, I will close for this time, so good-bye.

Your loving niece, ANNA E. M. Stoco, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky: I was so pleased when I saw my last letter in print that I thought I would write again. My papa bought my little dog Tippy a new collar the other day, and a chain, so now I can take him out without being afraid that he will run away. My brother Harry gave him a bath and we put his collar on. You cannot imagine, dear Aunt, how cute he looks. I was pleased when I read the remarks which Maude C. passed. Yes, I did enjoy myself very much while in Quebec, but there is no place like home after all. Don't you think so Auntie? The weather is far cooler these days and gives us more life, for every thing around us. We will soon be in the cool days of September and October, after which Jack Frost will appear, bringing with him good old St. Nick. Well, dear Auntie, I must close. Hoping to see my letter in print, I am, dear Auntie.

Your loving niece, ETHEL T.

Dear Aunt Becky: Will you receive me as one of your little nieces? There is an old adage which says: "The more the merrier." Well, will it not be the same with the corner, the more that writes to you the merrier it will be? Is that not so, Aunt Becky? Last Saturday my sister, brother and myself went to Chateaugay and Beauharnois with our auntie, uncle and cousin. You cannot imagine, dear Auntie, the fun we had. The regatta was going on at Chateaugay. It was just a picture to see the water, it was just covered with boats. I am sure there were one hundred boats at least. I am acquainted with Maude C. and I am very glad she takes so much pleasure in the ships that are continually coming into port. While I was in Quebec the French frigates came in. We used to go up on the terrace to see them, and also up to the Governor's Garden, every day. I hope, dear Auntie, that if you have not yet visited Quebec you will be long, and I am sure that all my cousins would be delighted. Well Aunt Becky, as my letter is getting long, I must close with love to Aunt Becky and all the cousins. I am, dear Auntie,

Your affectionate niece, LILLIE T.

Dear Aunt Becky: This is a lovely evening, nice and cool after the warm weather. Oh, Aunt Becky, did you ever see a rattlesnake? Papa has a friend who lives in Texas. He wrote to him this week and sent a rattlesnake that was killed in his pasture, it measured six feet in length and was sixteen years old. I would not like to live in a country where there are such things. He said the thermometer ranged from 98 to 103 in the shade, that is much warmer than we have it here. Love to all the cousins and accept a share for yourself. Good-bye.

Your loving niece, JOSEPH.

ROSES AFTER THE RAIN.

Cheer your heart up, sweet—my honey; Dark on hill and plain, But the weather'll soon be sunny; Roses after rain!

Somewhere sweet the bells are ringing— Joy to earth again; In the blooms the birds are singing; "Roses after rain!"

In your eyes the bright tears glisten— Tears are only vain! All the world is singing—listen: "Roses after rain!"

SCARLET FEVER EXHIBITION.

The twins had scarlet fever. To be sure, they were a great deal better, but they were still red and prickly and uncomfortable—and cross!

Oh, my! Mamma looked pale and thin and weary when at last she came down stairs. It seemed months since John Junior had seen her, for she hadn't left the twins' room before since they had been ill. Neither would she let any one else come in—not even papa. "I can manage them without you, John," she had said when he insisted. "We must run no risk of carrying the disease to any one else. They are not dangerously sick, and if you attend to other things I'll take care of the invalids."

It sounded very easy, and as never a word of complaint had floated down the stairs nobody knew just what mamma had been contending with, until at last the doctor told her if she didn't get away for a little rest and change she'd be in bed herself. "Change your clothing for something that hasn't been in the sick room," he advised. "There will be no danger; the laddies are almost as good as new again."

So the next morning, while the twins were still asleep, mamma appeared at the breakfast table, and when her family saw her they knew. "Mary, this will not do," declared papa, scanning her over his eye glasses. "You look dreadfully; you are worn out. I'll get a nurse to-day."

"Oh, John, I don't need one. It would be absurd to go to that expense. Why, the twins are almost well."

"Will you go for a drive if I get a buggy?" demanded papa. "I'd love to, dear, the best way, but I couldn't leave them alone. They'd cry themselves ill again, and it isn't best to let any one else in the room yet for a while."

Papa looked disappointed and worried, but of course mamma knew best, and he didn't say any more.

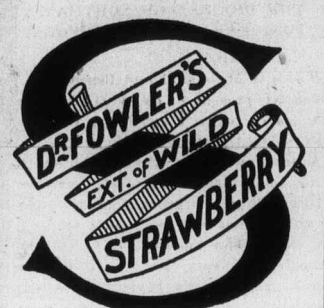
Suddenly John Junior had a thought. Its first effect was to make his round face sober, and his oatmeal suddenly lost its flavor. For at least three minutes he hadn't one word to say, but he was thinking hard. He had counted so much on this Saturday. Teacher was to take the entire class for a climb up the mountain. They called it a botanizing trip, but the boys knew from experience that botany spelled nothing but fun when Mr. Markham was about. There were sure to be unexpected jollities happening all the time, and the best things to eat. They were to start at 9 o'clock, and as for getting back—"Tell your folks not to worry if we're gone till dark. I'll bring you all safe home," Mr. Markham had said.

But there was mamma—dear, patient, sweet mamma—whose white cheeks had turned pink for an instant just at the thought of a drive, if John Junior could get it for her. "Can the twins sit in the bay window?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, they could if they wanted to," replied mamma. "The trouble is they are not willing to do one thing but mope in their arm-chairs and be amused. They'll be all right, John, when they get strong. Yes, indeed. They are weak and nervous yet, and don't realize how unreasonable they are. Really, you'd never know them for our happy twins."

"I'll amuse them, mamma, and you can go. Yes'm, I can—no'm, I won't go near them. They just dearly love to see me do hand-springs and turn somersaults, and I can put the old trapeze up out in the yard in a jiffy. I've learned a lot of new things at the gym since they've been sick, and I'll play I'm a 'ground and lofty tumbler,' and give an exhibition out in the yard, and they can stay up in the bay window and watch me. They'll be good—you'll see!" Mamma hadn't heard about the botanizing trip, and after a lengthy discussion, she thankfully accepted

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John Junior's proposition, and drove off quite happily—proud papa beside her—just as the clock struck 9.

"I'll be back in an hour, dear," she called as she started. But John Junior was already half way round the house to begin his exhibition. Instead, however, of a solitary continuous performance, there was a radiant galaxy of gymnastic stars in full swing when mamma came home. The botanizing party, unwilling to start without John Junior, had called for him. They didn't praise him when they found out the truth—boys don't, you know—but they unanimously agreed to postpone their start until such time as he could join them. When Mrs. Dennis rushed anxiously into the sick-room she found her invalids—their arm-chairs quite deserted—shouting with laughter at the antics of fifteen rollicking boys and a big, merry man in the back yard.

It did them more good than a barrel of medicine. The crossness had melted away once for all, and the natural happy good nature now came back to stay. Mamma's pale face was rosy, and her heavy eyes clear and bright.

So John Junior didn't miss his trip after all. It was just as they were starting that the cook opened the kitchen door a crack and beckoned mysteriously. John Junior responded. "It's a jewel of a boy you are, an' the rest of 'em is not able to hold a candle to you, but they've the best intentions, so here's a pan of fresh crullers for you, with an extra fat one for the master. They'll hearten you up a bit, before you start on your wild goose chase."

They lined up, then, in sight of that upstairs window where a delighted audience still lingered, and they woke the echoes far and wide with a cheer for the twins, another for the cook, a third for the delicious crullers, and a tiger—longest and loudest of all—for John Junior. —Elizabeth Price, in S.S. Times.

KINDNESS PAYS.

Standing in line at South Ferry recently was a big, black horse, notable for his sleek appearance and intelligent manner. He was harnessed to a truck, the driver of which was a steady young man who looked like an Italian. Evidently there was the best of understanding between the two. The driver purchased fruit while waiting for the boat, sharing it with the horse, and talked to him while they ate. In front of this pair was a peddler's cart bound for Thirty-ninth street, South Brooklyn, the wagon heavily loaded and three men asleep on top, the harness patched with string and the horse's head down and thoroughly blown from its exertion in hauling the load thus far from the market. Of the other teams in the ferry shed, all were indifferently treated, and not one other horse showed the spirit and affection of the black driven by the swarthy youth with the curly black hair.

"Italian?" ventured a stranger, approaching the pair. "Not on your tintype," was the feeling reply. "You're ain't the first to string me! Quit your kiddin' now. Do I look it! The old man and the old woman was born on the East Side, and so was I. My grand-

We Hate to Remind the Boys and Girls that the vacation season is nearing to a close, but like all good things it must end, and soon they will be back at school again. They will Need New Boots and we have the kinds that stand hard wear, are neat in appearance and comfortable to the feet. The prices are low, ranging from ONE DOLLAR up. We have a nice assortment of School Bags, in Canvas and Leather, from TWENTY-FIVE CENTS up. RONAYNE BROS., 485 Notre Dame Street, W. Chaboillez Square.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Post Office Building, at St. Johns, P. Q.," will be received at this office until Monday, August 27, 1906, inclusively, for the construction of a Post Office Building at St. Johns, P. Q. Plans and specifications can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and at the office of J. A. B. Benoit, Esq., Architect, St. Johns, P. Q. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent of amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party of tender declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, FRED. GELINAS, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, August 2, 1906. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. fadder was Irish and me grandmudder plain Yank. "Who do you drive for?" "Fer meself, I own dis horse and another besides. Got dis 'oller at an auction. He was sick and a bargain. I nussed him fer two months and made a horse out of him. He never forgot it, neither; did ye, Bill? Just plain Bill's what I call him. You couldn't buy him fer five hundred, neither." Then the gates swung open and Bill and his mate went over the