

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I am sure you will all feel very badly that only one little letter came this week, but not any more so than I do myself. It seems to me a little girlie promised to send me samples of her summer frocks. She either forgot to send them or they went astray, for they did not reach me yet. I will expect accounts of St. Patrick's Day celebrations, for surely you little folks are not going to let the great 17th of March creep by unnoticed. Let us all hear how the day passed.

Your loving

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have just come in from having taken a long drive. The day is beautiful. The snow is melting fast. I think people will have to drive wagons to-morrow. I hope you have had many sleigh rides this winter. We are going to have a nice time at West Shefford on St. Patrick's day. I will write all about it some other time. Good-bye for now.

JOSEPH.

Granby, March 8.

### THE TRUE TALE OF JACK AND JILL.

Jack and Jill were kittens small, Dearly loved by one and all, Jack was gray, both dark and light, Jill was marked with black and white.

In youthful days these kittens wee Were just as cute as they could be; They'd run and jump and scratch and bite From early morn till late at night.

And of these kits one thing was true, What Jackie did, Jill, too, would do; Let Jackie run and catch a fall, Jill would roll after like a ball.

One day when Jack was looking round, He thought he'd climb up off the ground And take a look, if he were able, Into the pail upon the table.

He jumped up quick, but O, dear me, How sad that such a thing should be! The pail was full of water bright, And Jackie went way out of sight.

Now Jill had always followed Jack, So had no thought of turning back, But in the pail went with a bound, And there next day they both were found.

—Mrs. Geo. Grey, in Good House-keeping.

### BREAKING THE BARRIER.

When it was announced that the Girls' Aid Society would meet at the house of Miss Johnson on Wednesday afternoon, two hearts beat a trifle faster.

It was the first time in weeks that the society had met at Grace Johnson's. Not that this was any reason for Grace's heart to flutter so absurdly, but there was one particular girl in the society with whom Grace was not on friendly terms.

They had been friends for years. Then came some hastily spoken words, anger on both sides, and a childish coolness sprang up between them. Times innumerable Grace had passed by Ellen Courtney on the street, giving the most distant bows. And times innumerable had Ellen's heart said within her, "Stop and speak some friendly words." But the other's averted face held her aloof.

"If Grace would only smile!" thought Ellen. And all the time in Grace's heart these words were burning: "If Ellen would only speak one word!"

And so through pride, the falsest of false pride, these two friends were kept apart. And all the time the barrier was so slight that a sunny smile or a cheerful word would have broken it. There are too many such barriers in the world.

And now the question which Grace asked herself over and over was this: "Will Ellen attend the meeting at my house?"

And the question which Ellen asked herself was: "Why should I not go? The pastor said he especially wished a large attendance. Then, too, the society is working to help the kingdom of God. And if I do not go when I am able, can I still call myself an 'Aid Girl'?"

But through all this, vain pride kept whispering to her: "Do not go. Do not be the first to give in. If you do, you lack spirit."

And so with these contending thoughts, Monday passed away. Tuesday came, bringing no decision, but a more dissatisfied spirit.

"For every one that asketh receiveth," Ellen said that to herself Tuesday evening, and the prayer she prayed so earnestly was that the pride in her heart might be driven away. She had made up her mind to go to Grace's. But as if to test her purpose, Wednesday came clad in a mist of fog and rain. A cold autumn wind whistled about and the dead leaves scampered wildly through the yard.

But if there was no peace outside Ellen had peace in her heart. A little sad, and yet happier than she had been since their quarrel, she walked toward Grace's home. Several of the other girls joined her on the way, so quite a group waited on Grace's porch for the door to be opened.

"How will Grace act?" thought Ellen. But if she had imagined coldness on her friend's part she was happily mistaken. Grace's conscience had not been idle since Sunday. She, too, had battled, had prayed—and had won.

Ellen was the last to enter the house, and so the others did not notice that the hostess lovingly kissed her and whispered something in her ear. But Ellen heard the low-spoken "Forgive me," and her answering, "I should be the one to say that," came to Grace as the sweetest words she had ever heard. No more was said. What more was needed? The other "Aid Girls" did not dream how much had been done that afternoon to promote the kingdom of Christ.

"How well our meeting did get along to-day!" said one of the girls to Ellen. "And wasn't Grace pleasant! She does so many little things."

"Yes," said Ellen warmly, "she is the kindest and most forgiving girl I ever saw."

And Ellen did not know as she spoke that Grace was just then saying to her mother:

"I am so glad the Aid Girls met here this week! It has proved to me that Ellen is the dearest girl in the world."

### A NURSERY ECHO.

"Mother," said George, "we had a nice time yesterday afternoon at Uncle John's. Do you know that there is an echo behind the barn? I wish we had one here."

"Well, so we have," said the mother.

"This house is full of echoes."

"Is it?" said George. "Where must I stand to make my voice come back to me?"

"Anywhere you choose; but I think the nursery is the best place."

Off ran George delighted; but as he entered the room he saw that Baby Ned had possession of his new kite and was proceeding to fly it.

"Put that kite down," he cried angrily; "you will break it to pieces, you bad boy!"

"Bad boy! bad boy!" shouted the baby, and mother entered the nursery just in time to prevent a serious difficulty.

"I think you found your echo sooner than you expected," she said soberly, when peace was restored, and George hung his head.

"Oh, is that what you mean, mother?" he asked.

## THREE Trying Times in A WOMAN'S LIFE

WHEN MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are almost an absolute necessity towards her future health.

The first when she is just budding from girlhood into the full bloom of womanhood.

The second period that constitutes a special strain on the system is during pregnancy.

The third and the one most liable to leave heart and nerve troubles during "change of life."

In all these periods Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will prove of wonderful value to the user. Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I was troubled very much with heart trouble—the same thing to a great extent due to 'change of life.' I have been taking your Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and must confess doing so, so I can truthfully say they are the best remedy I have ever used for building up the system. You are of service to the human race by the benefit of other women."

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"Yes," she replied; "that is what I mean. Just as the echo behind the barn sent back your tones and manner. I think if you will remember this, it will make you very careful how you speak."

Later in the day, George was playing stage coach with the little children, and with his shouting and his trumpet setting the nurse almost crazy. "I wish," she cried out angrily, "that you would go downstairs; you are such a noisy, horrid boy."

"You are a horrid old thing yourself," he shouted back, and then suddenly began to laugh.

"Why," he said, "I was an echo myself that time," and as mother came in just then, they had another little talk about echoes, and both George and the nurse determined to try to make some pleasant ones before the day was over.

When Baby Ned's supper came upstairs, he was cross, and would not drink his milk, and said that his bread was "sour."

"George," said his mother, "now is your chance," and George ran into the room and was so funny and bright with the baby that in a few minutes he was in high humor, and as mother listened she could not tell which was the laugh and which was the echo.

### A PLUCKY LITTLE DOG.

A man named De Beer, of Shiloh, had started early one morning for a journey on foot in Matabeleland, leaving his "boy" to pack up and follow him. He had not gone half a mile when he heard a growl, and, turning, saw an immense lioness about fifty yards away, and rapidly approaching. As quickly as possible he raised his magazine rifle. She was within twenty paces when he fired. The shot broke her jaw.

The second shot broke one of her forelegs. The third, fired just as she sprang on De Beer, missed altogether, and the man was borne down.

In a few seconds he was mauled and bitten, and his left hand severely injured. There seemed little hope that he could escape alive, for his gun was out of reach, and the lioness, lying on him, prevented him from moving.

But with De Beer was one companion, a little terrier. The tiny animal flew bravely at the lion's ear, got a good hold, and hung on grimly. This made the brute shift a little, and De Beer was able to reach his rifle again with his right hand and shoot the lioness through the chest. She fell dead on top of him—his left hand still in her mouth.

### A ROBIN THAT REASONED.

Showing the motherly care of a robin, an exchange relates the following beautiful instance:

"A robin's nest was filled with young ones in sight of a friend's window. The mother bird was away, when a violent thunderstorm came up. As the heavy drops began to pour down, she returned and the little ones greeted her open-mouthed, expecting the usual food. She pressed them down with her foot and sat on them with extended wings to shed the hard rain, and remained there till the storm was over.

"Was there not a process of reason here? She saw the heavy down-pour of rain and thinking of her exposed children, believed they would be hurt or drowned without her care, so she hurried back. This is called instinct, but instinct is concentrated wisdom without the process of being made known."

### HER LETTERS.

"I think I'll never learn to write," said Dorothy, one day.

"The kind of writing grown folks do,

Mine's such an easy way. I just make little lines and dots

Instead of words, and then I make three crosses for my name—

That's Dorothy Hope Wrenn. I make big rounds for kisses, too,

With straight marks on each side That mean my arms go round your neck

And squeeze you hard beside. My grandma says most other times

She needs her specs to read, But when a letter comes from me,

She doesn't—no indeed!"

—Youth's Companion.

### SHADOW BUFF.

To play shadow buff you should fasten a sheet up at one end of the room so that it will hang quite smooth. "Buff," not blinded, seats himself on a low stool, with his face to the sheet, and a table, on which is a lighted candle, is placed about five feet behind him. The rest of the lights in the room should be extinguished. "Buff's" play-fellows next

possible, hopping, limping and doing everything to make their shadows as unlike their natural selves as possible. "Buff" must try to guess to whom the shadows belong, and if he is correct the player whose shadow he recognizes takes his place. "Buff" is allowed but one guess for each person.

### A DOG WITH A WOODEN LEG.

A woolly little poodle in the Philippines was a regimental pet. During a fight near Cavite the lower part of its left hind leg was shot off. Being unfit for further campaigning, he went to live in the surgeon's home.

The doctor's wife had made for him an artificial hind leg, fitting neatly over the stump with a laced glove top, and having a little rubber pad for a foot. On this the dog soon walked with ease, and by degrees learned to use it readily, as if it were an actual leg.

One day, however, as he was scratching behind his left ear, the wooden leg hung in the air and pulled off. The poor little fellow's perplexity when his hind stump kept on swinging and no scratch came, was ludicrous. Finally he violently shook his head and ears till the wooden leg flew off. Then he took it in his mouth and hobbled on three legs to his mistress, to have it put on again.—The Child's Companion.

### LITTLE TOMMY.

Did you ever hear about him? Grandma once knew just such a little philosopher, and he was the biggest little philosopher I ever knew. I do not think he ever cried. I never saw him cry. If his little sister found her tulips all rooted up by her pet puppy, and cried and cried—as little girls will—Tommy was sure to come around the corner, whistling, and say: "What makes you cry? Can you cry a tulip? Do you think every sob makes a root or a blossom? Here! let's try to blossom."

So he would pick up the poor flowers, put their roots into the ground again, whistling all the time, make the bed look smooth and fresh and take her off to hunt hens' nests in the barn. Neither did he do any differently in his own troubles. One day his great kite snapped the string and flew away far out of sight. Tommy stood still for a moment, and then turned around to come home, whistling a merry tune.

"Why, Tommy," said I, "are you not sorry to lose your kite?" "Yes, but what's the use? I can't take more than a minute to feel bad. 'Sorry' will not bring the kite back, and I want to make another."

Just so when he broke his leg.

"Poor Tommy!" cried his sister, "you can't play any more."

"I'm not poor, either. You cry for me. I don't have to do it for myself, and I'll have more time to whistle. Besides, when I get well, I shall beat every boy in school on the multiplication table; for I say it over and over again till it makes me sleepy every time my leg aches."

Tommy was a little queer, certainly; but if a great many more people were like him they would have less troubles, and would throw more sunshine in this world.

## GIVES TWO REAL GOOD REASONS

For Believing Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure all Kidney Ailments.

Cured His Backache of Twenty-five Years Standing and Satisfied Every One He Recommended Them to.

Economy Point, N.S., March 12.—(Special)—George S. McLaughlin, of this place, gives two splendid reasons for his belief that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one remedy for Kidney ailments. Here are the two reasons in his own words:

"I was troubled with lame back for 25 years or more, sometimes so severe that I could not turn myself in bed. One box of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me, and I have had no return of the trouble since."

"I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to a number of persons who had Kidney Trouble. All who have used them have been benefited or cured."

Dodd's Kidney Pills not only relieve all Kidney Diseases, but they absolutely cure them. But sometimes where one or two boxes relieve it takes more to make a complete cure.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

## Gin Pills Help You As Nothing Else Will

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GIN PILLS cure all Kidney ills from simple backache to diabetes pain in the small of the back and through the hips—swollen feet and hands—burning urine—constant desire to urinate—dizziness—headaches—spots before the eyes—with loss of appetite, sleeplessness and nervousness—disappear under the healing, soothing powers of GIN PILLS.

Men and women who have any kidney or bladder trouble are throwing away their one chance of health and happiness by not writing for a free sample.

OWEN SOUND, ONT., March 10th, 1905. Having used a sample box of Gin Pills, and finding them give me great relief, I sent my father-in-law, A. McDermid, of Keady, a box; he having for years been used up with kidney and bladder trouble, and unable to get relief from the urinary remedies used. The Gin Pills gave him relief before half the box was used. He is now entirely cured, and I believe Gin Pills a great cure.

JAMES LODGE.

Do as Mr. Lodge did. Simply write us for a free sample box of GIN PILLS and try them at our expense. If you feel better in every way, and know that GIN PILLS are doing you good, surely you will continue using them until cured. That is why we will send you a free sample box if you write and tell us in what paper you saw this offer. GIN PILLS are sold by druggists everywhere, 50c a box, or 6 for \$2.50.

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### A MODEL'S REQUEST.

Sir Edwin Landseer once had a model who said to him: "Sir Edwin, I see from the papers as you of'n dines with her gracious majesty at Buckingham palace. Now, Sir Edwin, my missis is a rare good washer, and if next time you dines with her majesty you would just prevail on her to give my missis her washing it would set us up, it would." It is not stated whether the request was ever put to her majesty.

### MOTHER AND BABY.

Every mother who has used Baby's Own Tablets will tell you that they are the best medicine in the world for the cure of constipation, colic, sour stomach, indigestion, diarrhoea, sleeplessness, teething troubles, and other ailments of children. You can give these Tablets to a new-born baby with absolute safety—they always do good; they cannot possibly do harm. Their use means health for the child and comfort for the mother. Mrs. C. F. Kerr, Elgin, Ont., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine I ever used for stomach and bowel troubles, and destroying worms. No mother should be without a box of the Tablets in the house." Get them at your druggists or by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 25 cents a box.

A Small Pill But Powerful.—They that judge the powers of a pill by its size, would consider Parmelee's Vegetable Pills to be lacking. It is a little wonder among pills. What it lacks in size it makes up in potency. The remedies which it carries are put up in these small doses because they are so powerful that only small doses are required. The full strength of the extract is secured in this form and do their work thoroughly.

### BALLYMONEY.

There's a narrow, steep street in Ballymoney, an' the world is wide; An' though its ways are pleasant an' I've gold an' gear beside, Sure, I'd sell the heart within me to cross the weary tide, An' walk the steep, steep street in Ballymoney.

There are kind, kind hearts in Ballymoney, an' my heart to-night Is sick an' sore, with longin' for the glint o' turf fires bright, An' the Burn's dark waters flowin' in the pleasant mornin' light, An' one long glad hour in Ballymoney!

—Cahal O'Byrne, in Ave Maria.

A schoolmaster who happened to have red hair was giving an objection to a class on a nut.

In his endeavor to draw a distinction between a hazel nut and other nuts, he held one up to view, asking: "What kind of a nut is this?" at the same time unconsciously putting his pencil to his head while waiting for an answer.

Suddenly a young chap, who was noted for his witty answers, replied:

"A ginger nut, sir."

One day a little boy came to school with very dirty hands, and the teacher said to him:

"Jamie, I wish you would not come to school with your hands soiled that way. What would you say if I came to school with dirty hands?"

"I wouldn't say anything," was the prompt reply. "I'd be too polite."

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## SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba on the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.  
(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

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