

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

Are you not all happy that we are having such lovely spring weather? This is the most interesting time of the year. Tiny shoofs are peepin' here and there. Now, would it not be fine fun to go searching for spring flowers. Then write me, telling me about them, where you found them and what they are called. I know we would all be interested. Wake up, little folks.

Your loving

AUNT BECKY.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

Will you please admit another little niece to the column. I have not seen any Quebecers' names in it yet, but I hope my example will be followed by many. You say that none of your nieces or nephews are interested in that long-promised "plan" of yours, but, dear Auntie, you are mistaken—for my part I await anxiously every True Witness, hoping that you have at length decided to unfold it. I am sure many of my cousins feel the same as I, only they are too shy to ask you. All the cousins in the column seem to have brothers and sisters. I almost feel envious when I read about them, I am lonely at home, having neither brother nor sister. My dear mother is dead, too, so you see, Aunt Becky, how I would appreciate you and my cousins if I might be admitted to the column.

Hoping to see this letter in print, I remain,

Your loving niece,

IRENE E.

Quebec, April 22.

(I am happy to welcome you to the corner, Irene, and hope you will be a regular contributor.—Ed.)

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Dear Aunt Becky:

I was so sorry when I did not see any letters in the corner this week, and I hope that it will not happen again. I always get papa or mamma to read them to me. I go to Sunday school at St. Agnes Church and I like it very much. I am just five years old. Hoping to see my letter in print, I remain,

Your little niece,

ETHEL T.

(The little folks are really taking an interest in the corner, I see. You write a very nice letter for a tiny five-year-old.—Ed.)

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WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD.

By Eugene Field.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—  
Sailed on a river of crystal light  
Into a sea of dew,  
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"  
The old moon asked the three.  
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish  
That lived in the beautiful sea.  
Nets of silver and gold have we,"  
Said Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,  
As they rocked in the wooden shoes;  
And the wind that sped them all  
Night long  
Ruffled the waves of dew;  
The little stars were the herring-fish  
That lived in the beautiful sea.  
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—  
Never afear'd are we!"  
So cried the stars to the fishermen  
Three,  
Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw  
To the stars in the twinkling foam  
Then down from the skies came the  
Wooden shoe,  
Bringing the fishermen home;  
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed  
As if it could not be;  
And some folks thought 'twas a  
Dream they dreamed  
Of sailing that beautiful sea;  
But I shall name you the fishermen  
Three:  
Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

April 23—(Special)—Kidney trouble, of this kind, tried many a doctor a better. I had at times all skin was dry, could not sleep, me perspire, was so bad all over the in this state, Kidney trouble, short and now I

## That pain in the Back is Kidney Trouble

GIN PILLS WILL CURE IT

A strain or severe cold, or a dozen other causes may have started it—but the Kidneys are at the bottom of it. Backache (especially in the "small" of the back) means Kidney Disease. Plasters and liniments give some relief, but they never cure. Lots of people, with swollen hands and feet, are treating themselves for rheumatism, when, in fact, their sick kidneys are causing the pain and swelling. GIN PILLS cure that pain in the Back every time, because they cure the Kidneys.

St. Joseph's Home, St. Cloud, Minn. June 29th 1905  
I received the Gin Pills safely and am taking them every day. I have suffered intensely from kidney trouble for many years. Since I took your pills, I have a very good appetite and sleep soundly. I feel no more pain. Enclose please find money order for \$1 for which please send me two boxes of Gin Pills.

FATHER BONIFACE,  
Moll, O. S. B.

If you have tried plasters, liniments and doctors, save your money and try GIN PILLS, FREE. Write us your name and address, and in what paper you saw this offer, and we will send you a free sample box of GIN PILLS. These famous Pills for Sick Kidneys are sold by all druggists at 50c a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50.

THE BOLE DRUG CO. - WINNIPEG, MAN.

It was a great temptation, and Walter tried to think how he could arrange a way so that he could stay.

"Telephone," was Tom's happy suggestion, and Walter had the desired permission to stay.

It was nearly five when he started on his way home, walking slowly at first. At last he gave the box a toss and caught it before it touched the ground. Then he threw it up again.

"Handle with care," it read.

"Stuff and nonsense!" he said again.

At that moment he passed by a lamppost. The man was cleaning the globe. Walter always liked to watch him, so now he stood for a moment.

"Hullo!" the man called out.

Walter heartily returned the salutation.

"What you got there?" the man asked.

"It's mother's spring hat!" Walter said, and then added: "I must hurry home, it's getting late."

After he had gone a step or two he gave the box a violent kick. At the same moment he heard an exclamation from the man. Turning, Walter saw that he had dropped the globe, and that it lay in a thousand pieces. Walter was frightened before he turned, for he heard the sound of something cracking, and for a second was dumb with dismay.

"How silly I am!" he said. "Of course it was the globe, for how could a hat crack?"

"Don't drop your hat box," the man called out after him. "It may not be your ma's hat after all."

Walter picked up the box in silence. He did not give it another hit, but carried it very carefully to his mother, and left the room. He went downstairs to the library, which was under his mother's room. He tried to read, but he could not fix his mind on his book. What an excitement there was over the hat! At last he heard his mother call him.

"Yes, mother, I'm coming," he called out.

When he reached the room he found the entire family, including his older brother and sister, who had just returned from a week's visit unexpectedly.

"Hullo, Walt," his brother called out. "Why are you not a little more careful about your express packages? Here is your globe for your aquarium which we bought for you as a present, all smashed. They forgot to put it in a wooden box, and only put it in 'Handle with care.'"

Walter started in dismay and disappointment. So that was the crack that he had heard instead of the lamp globe.

"I thought," he said, in a choking voice, "I thought that it was mother's spring hat!"

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NORAH, THE OPTIMIST.

Norah was an inveterate optimist. She came to "do for" the Wintons just after they lost their money; and when they moved to the western farm, which was all they saved out of the wreck, she went, too. From the time they began their long, hot journey, half across the continent, Norah took up, in addition to her specified work, the heavier task of keeping up the family spirits.

"A smile costs nothing," she would say, with her soft Irish brogue, and her face would light up

into one that irradiated the whole region.

"Aren't you homesick, Norah?" asked the sad-eyed Mrs. Winton.

"Sure, I've no home to be homesick for. Isn't that a blessing, now?" Norah replied.

If it rained it was "just the day for work in the house," or "fine growing weather." When the sun shone until it parched the fields, Norah could always say, "A blessing on the sunshine! There's many a one in a dark city street would be envying us the light of it." When Norah had a toothache, she declared "it was worth the while to have the pain, it felt so good to get over it."

By and by Mrs. Winton was ill, and it was Norah who told her, "It's a joy, sure, to be sick once in a while, so that you may find out how much the childer love you. They're shy like about sayin' so when you're on your feet; but let them get you once in bed, and it's easy to see their hearts brimmin' out in their eyes."

So for two years Norah lived her humble life, doing her plain duty, never developing into the least bit of a heroine, saving nobody's life, making no startling discoveries, having no adventures.

But when she fell seriously ill of typhoid fever, and for three weeks spoke scarcely a rational word, and lost even her well-worn smile from her thin face, the family realized that her cheerful heart had been as precious to them as her ready hands.

"Somebody's got to be an understudy for Norah in good temper," said Tom; and every Winton echoed his word. By the time Norah was well again her brave example had wrought its charm, and the Wintons, big and little, emulated her happy spirit.

"If Norah ever falls ill again," said Tom, "we don't mean to be left without a smile to bless ourselves with!"—and they never were.—The Companion.

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ORIGIN OF MOTHER GOOSE.

The earliest date at which Mother Goose, says the Dial, appears as the author of children's stories, is 1697, when Charles Perrault, a distinguished French litterateur, published in Paris a little book of tales which he had during that and the preceding year contributed to a magazine known as the Recueil, printed at The Hague. This book has a frontispiece in which is pictured an old woman telling stories to a family group by the fireside, while in the background are the words in large characters, "Contes de ma Mere l'Oye" ("Tales of My Mother Goose"). These tales were eight in number, consisting of the following: "Little Red Riding Hood," "The Sisters Who Dropped From Their Mouths Diamonds and Toads," "Bluebeard," "The Sleeping Beauty," "Puss In Boots," "Cinderella," "Riquet With the Tuft," and "Tom Thumb," or "Little Thumb" (Petit Poucet), as he is here called. "Riquet With the Tuft" is the only one of the collection which seems not to have maintained its popularity in English and American collections.

It is thus pretty clear that Mother Goose was of French extraction and of at least respectable antiquity. But thus far nothing has been heard of her "melodies." She began her existence as the raconteur of fairy tales, not as the nursery poetess.

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A YOUNG ARTIST.

Little Willie made a drawing. And he showed mamma with pride. "What is that?" he asked, exultant. "Tis a puppy," she replied.

Then he took it to his father. Who exclaimed: "I wonder now! 'Tis a quadruped for certain. I should say it was a cow."

Willie wondered that his parents did so strangely disagree. "It was meant to be the sofa. In the parlor," murmured he.—Washington Star.

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A MARE FLAGGED THE TRAIN.

Mr. J. D. Perry, editor of the Daily Tribune, Temple, Texas, sends us a remarkable story of the intelligence of a mare which saved her colt from being killed by stopping a train on the I. and G. N. railroad. It is certified to by the engineer, railroadmen and passengers on the train. The mare's colt had fallen, with its legs through a railroad bridge from which it could not escape, and the mother started down the track to meet the coming train.

and as the train came up; stood on the track facing the train whinnying. The train stopped, and then moving slowly the mare trotted ahead of it until she came to the bridge, where the trainmen and passengers succeeded in extricating the colt, which trotted off with its mother apparently perfectly happy.—Geo. T. Angell, in Dumb Animals.

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WATCH OUT.

Watch out, Mr. Hoppergrass!

It's soon yo' song begin;

De mockin' bird—he see you,

En he soon'll twitch you in!

Watch out, Mister Butterfly!

Mighty fine you look;

Li'l gal a-chasin' you,

Ter press you in a book!

Ain't dis life got trouble

Ever' single day!

Only thing'll save you

Is ter keep out er de way!

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THE LION'S MOUTH.

The use of the lion's mouth as the vent of a fountain is quite common, so much so that it cannot possibly be considered accidental. As a matter of fact the custom came to us from the Egyptians, who adopted it because the annual inundation of the Nile takes place when the sun is in the constellation Leo, the lion. The allusion is too obvious to need pointing out.

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BOYS ARE WATCHED.

When we see the boys in the streets and public places we often wonder if they know that business men are watching them. In every bank, store and office there will soon be a place for a boy to fill. Those who have the management of the affairs of business will select one of the boys. They will not select him for his ability to swear or smoke cigarettes. Business men may have a few loose habits themselves, but they are looking for boys who are as near gentlemen in every sense of the word as they can find, and they are able to give the character of everybody in the city. They are not looking for rowdies. When a boy applies for one of these places and is refused they may not tell him, but the boy can depend upon it that he's been rated according to his behavior. Boys cannot afford to adopt the habits and conversations of the loafers and rowdies if they ever want to be called to responsible positions.

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NEW FRIENDS AND OLD.

This is a story told of a little girl who was presented with a beautiful doll. The next day her mother noticed that after holding her new treasure for a few moments, she would take her old doll into her arms and caress it fondly. "You see," she explained, feeling her mother's questioning eyes upon her, "I don't want Josie to think that I don't love her any more just because Alice has come."

There are a great many of you young people who might learn a lesson from this thoughtful little mother. There are some of you when you first meet new acquaintances, you see nothing but their good traits, and these you view through the rosiest of glasses. The old friends seem commonplace and uninteresting in comparison. And then the "new wears off" and the friends you thought possessed of all the virtues are superseded by others equally charming for a time.

No one would object to the making of new friends. It is wise to do that whenever we can. But nothing is more wrong or foolish than to wound our old friends by neglecting or ignoring them as soon as we make a new acquaintance who pleases us.

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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 lands situate, or by the homesteader's desire, 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 as 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.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

W. W. CORY.

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

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