

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

WINNER OF PRIZE.

Miss Annie O'Neill, Lonsdale, Ont.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Agnes McCulloch, Lonsdale, Ont.
Joseph Caroline, Granby, Que.

Dear Girls and Boys:

We have come to the great decision at last. I am sure you are all anxious to know who is the winner. Well, the prize awarded for the most regular and neatest writer goes to Miss Annie O'Neill, Lonsdale, Ont. While her composition was not exactly up to the mark, she won the prize by her regularity and neatness. Miss Agnes McCulloch was a close second, but she too frequently wrote on pages torn from a copy book, which, let all my little friends well remember, is very bad form. This is the general complaint I must make. Remember, now, once for all. In writing a letter be sure to have a good pen and ink, and suitable letter paper. It need not necessarily be of expensive style, but must be clean, and neatly and legibly written upon. Of course, blots must never be allowed, although I have received letters with blots and erasures upon them. Now, you must not think me exacting. It is all for your own good, little ones. You have splendid opportunities to learn how to write a nice letter, which is an art in itself. Take fresh courage. Try to write as interestingly as you can and do not forget the rules I have laid down for you.

Your loving,

AUNT BECKY.

(The book awarded will be forwarded to-day to Miss Annie O'Neill.)

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I am not very busy I thought I would write. It is beginning to look very much like autumn. The leaves are dying and falling off the trees. All my flowers are fading and dying also. I go to school nearly every day and have lots of fun playing. The weather is very dry here. We have not had any rain here lately, only a shower the other evening. The pears are ripe now. Well, dear Aunt, as it is getting near bed time, I guess I will say good-bye. Love to all the cousins and Aunt Becky.

Your loving niece,

ANNIE O'N.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I am afraid I will forget what I wish to put in my letter this week I will write to-day, Sunday. I have eight dolls, three of them mamma won't let me play with, for they are my best dolls; the other five I play with in turns. Two of them came from Chicago, and one from St. Louis, Mo. I got them when I went to the World's Fair two years ago with mamma. One of them is a boy doll, and it has met with many accidents and I would like if you would tell me where the "Doll's Hospital" is that was spoken of in the True Witness last week, dear Auntie. I will have my boy doll put in to have his limbs operated on. I think that the doctors will have to make him artificial legs and arms. I am going out with papa now for a car-ride. I hope at Christmas when Agnes and Aggie C. come up to Montreal they will stay at our house as we have lots of room. With love to all the cousins and you, Aunt Becky.

Your loving niece,

ETHEL T.

Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky:

You cannot imagine how sorry I felt when I saw so few letters in the corner last week, and I hope by this all the cousins have braced up and their letters will be in this week. I wonder what has happened to Annie O'N and Joseph, who were such regular correspondents, they did not write last week. I think Agnes McC is the only one who has

not failed in writing to the corner. I am very anxious to see who the lucky little cousin is who will get the prize. I think that Lonsdale must be a grand place. I would just love to be able to go there and visit, then I would meet Annie O'N, and Agnes McC. They both seem to be such smart girls I would love to meet them. I was glad to see that Agnes and Maud C. did not fail to write last week, and I hope they will have a letter in this week also.

Well, dear Auntie, I must close now as I cannot spare any more time from my lessons. I am going to try and go down some day soon and see how the True Witness is turned out. I am living in the same city so I do not see why I should not take advantage of so kind an invitation. With love to all the cousins, and yourself.

Your affectionate niece,

LILLIE T.

Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is getting rather lonesome now to see that our happy summer holidays are coming to an end. These are lovely cool days and evenings, and I am glad it is a little cooler, for it was so warm that we could hardly do anything. I suppose it was the same where you live, Aunt Becky. I suppose it was too warm for my cousins to write to the corner in vacation. I only hope that they will keep on writing. Some of them said they were. We had the threshing machine to-day. I only wish you could have heard me blow the whistle. I was a little scared at first, but I didn't mind it afterwards. These are lovely nights for sleeping as it is not too cold or not too warm, and there are no mosquitoes to bother you. Well, dear Auntie, it is time for me to say good-night as I am sleepy.

Your loving niece,

AGNES McC.

Lonsdale, Sept. 21

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was sorry I did not get my letter written in time for this week's paper, but I hope there will be letters enough to fill the corner without mine. I am feeling fine this warm weather. I spend the day out of doors in the shade of the trees. The doctor was here to-day, he says I'll have to keep the weight on my foot for four weeks longer. The time won't seem so long if there are lots of letters every week for me to read. Papa went to see my sisters Sunday. They like to be there very much, not at all lonesome. I am anxious to get the True Witness. With love to you and all the cousins,

Your loving nephew,

JOSEPH.

Granby, Sept. 20.

THE SCHOOL BELLS.

Ting-a-ling! say the school-bells
All over the land;
And the children come trooping,
A merry band:
"The road to learning is long," they say,
"And we'll take up our march this very day."

Ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling-ling!
The teachers all wait;
So you must not be absent,
Nor must you be late:
"For the road to learning is long," they say,
"So take up your march this very day."

Ting-a-ling!" In the school-room
All voices are still;
And the children are working
With eager good will:
"If the road to learning is long," they say,
"We'll take up our march this very day."

GROWLER.

It was a brave thing for Tommy to do; but, then, Tommy was a brave little fellow, though he didn't look it, with his yellow hair all about his dear baby face. Tommy was a stranger in the town. He had come with his mamma to board in a pretty cottage near the great one where the Chambers family spent their summers.

Tommy had always wanted a dog—a regular-bull, big-jawed bulldog. And when he was awakened that first morning in the cottage by a tremendous roar he jumped out of bed and ran to the window.

Sure enough, there, in the very next yard, was a big white bulldog, with a broad, ugly mouth and a jaw that looked as if it had been smashed.

Tommy was delighted; but it must be confessed that through his delight went little shivers of fear. While he was getting dressed he talked about his dog neighbor, and all through breakfast he could think of nothing else. His mamma did not permit him to eat doughnuts; but he asked her, in a very low voice, if he could have one to take over to the bulldog. She smiled and laid one upon his plate.

There was a wire fence between the two gardens. Tommy and his mother went at once to the gate.

"May we come in and call upon your fine white bulldog?" Tommy's mother asked of the gardener.

"Sure, ma'am, ye may come in. But th' further ye keep from that creature th' better off ye'll be—ye an' th' boy. No one goes near Growler. Th' cook pushes his bones and water up with a rake. He's bin on his chain for a month now; but he's gettin' worse and worse."

The old gardener shook his head toward the big dog, who stood pulling at his chain. The dog knew that something unkind had been said about himself. This made him angry. He gave a terrific growl and tried to get at the gardener. Tommy stood very close to his mother and reached up for her hand.

"Poor creature!" said Tommy's mother. "It will ruin any dog's temper to keep him chained."

"Sure, Growler's temper was ruined entirely long before he was born," said the gardener. "Keep the little fellow back, mum; Growler's cross to boys."

"Perhaps bad boys have teased him?"

"That they have, ma'am. Durin' th' winter th' caretaker of th' cottage didn't mind his business well, an' one day some of th' village boys managed t' throw a coat over Growler's head an' tie a tin can to his stump of a tail. Since then he's been pertickler hard on boys. But he won't be long. We're just keepin' him till young Mr. Graham comes home from college. He'll put an end t' such ugliness. He's a good shot—is young Mr. Graham."

"Has any one tried being kind to him?" asked Tommy's mother. The gardener didn't answer this question. You'd better look sharp after the boy," he said, and turned again to weeding his flower beds.

The dog grew quiet. Tommy's mother did not know whether to go or stay. Tommy pulled her hand and held up the doughnut. "I think he'd like it," he said. "It smells so good."

"Well, wait a minute and you may toss it to him."

They went a little nearer. "Poor dog! good old fellow!" said Tommy's mother.

Growler could hardly believe his ears. Some one speaking kindly to him! "Poor doggie!" came Tommy's sweet little voice. "Dear old fellow!"

Over and over they said the words as they stepped a little and a little nearer. Tommy held out the doughnut. Growler saw it was something good. Maybe he smelled it. Then, when Tommy tossed it over to him, he jumped on his hinder legs and caught it in his mouth, and swallowed it with a gulp.

"I don't believe he tasted how good it was," said Tommy.

His mamma laughed.

They called him "good dog" and "dear old fellow" a good many times. They then went away, and Growler stood looking after them, wishing they had stayed or taken him with them. He wasn't cross that morning. He kept thinking of those two dear people and hoping they would come back. But they didn't come. He was tired of being chained. He wanted to run and stretch his legs. In the afternoon he became cross again, and the gardener shook his fist at him as the poor fellow pulled and snapped at his chain.

But the very next morning, "Hello, Growler, old fellow!" was called out to him, and there they were again! Growler trembled with joy. He really wagged his stump of a tail, and when Tommy threw the doughnut to him he swallowed it quicker than before.

"See him smile!" cried Tommy.

"He's surely smiling."

"Sure, ye won't smile if the chain breaks!" cried the old gardener, and Tommy came close up to his mother and reached up after her dear hand. Strange how a mother's hand helps

to make a little boy brave sometimes!

But the third morning Growler was so glad to see them that Tommy actually went up near enough to let him take the doughnut out of his hand. My! how he ran back to his mother the next minute, though.

After that the three became firm friends. Young Mr. Graham came home from college. He was told all about the matter by the gardener, who begged that Growler be shot before he could do harm to the little boy.

But young Mr. Graham wanted to know more about the matter. He talked with Tommy's mother, and they all went, together the next morning, to make a call at the kennel.

Growler was not very glad to see his new caller; but after a little they became friends. The young man unlocked the chain and led the poor creature out upon the lawn, patted his head kindly and told him to run about.

Growler could hardly believe his eyes or his ears. He ran and jumped and barked and rolled over like a wild dog. And every minute or so he came up to thank his friends by smiling with his big mouth and wagging his stump of a tail with all his might.

Young Mr. Graham gave him a good scrub with his own strong hands. He rubbed and brushed and combed him from nose to tail, and—what do you think? Why, when college opened in the fall Growler was taken to college, where he became the pet of the football eleven, of which Mr. Graham was one. And he had a beautiful blanket with a big letter on it, and was made the mascot of the team!

Wasn't it fine? And it all came about because Tommy was brave and his mamma was kind.

MADE MOTHER HAPPIER.

"Mother's cross!" said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and answered Maggie: "Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a good deal in the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her. "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Sure enough," thought she, "that would be the time when it would do the most good. I remember when I was sick last year I was so nervous that if anybody spoke to me I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got angry or out of patience, but was just as gentle with me! I ought to pay it back now, and I will!"

And she sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat tending a fretful teething baby.

Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the little one.

He stopped fretting and a smile dimpled the corners of his lips.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother?" she asked. "It's such a nice morning."

"I should be glad if you would," said her mother.

The little sack and hat were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he is good," said Maggie; "and you must lie on the sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired."

What a happy heart beat in Mag-

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gie's bosom as she trundled the little carriage up and down the walk. She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and forbearance that had so often been bestowed upon her. She had made her mother happier, and given her time to rest.

She resolved to remember and act on her aunt's good words. "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."

WHAT PATTY SAW.

Such a disagreeable little girl Patty saw! Her eyes looked red, and there was a big pucker right in the middle of her forehead. It looked as if somebody had forgotten to take out the gathering-string. Her lips stuck out as if she were going to have them bored, as some of the women of Africa do, and her hair looked as if she had her head on a pillow for some reason. When she glanced up and saw Patty looking straight at her, she looked very much ashamed, and the puckers drew out of her forehead, the lips went back where they belonged, and she began to smooth the tumbled hair. And where do you suppose Patty saw her! In the looking-glass.

THE LITTLE LIGHT.

A little boy was visiting at a lighthouse. He had come with his mother that morning in a row-boat, and all day had been delighted with the strange and new things in the home on the rocks. "But the night will be the most interesting time of all," he said to his mother.

When darkness began to gather, his uncle stood at the foot of the narrow winding stairs and said: "Come up with me."

Freddy was surprised, for in uncle's hand there was no big, blazing light—just a candle burning away with its tiny flame.

"Why are you going into the glass room?" asked the little fellow.

"I'm going to show the ships out at sea where the harbor is," answered his uncle.

"No ships could see such a little light," said the disappointed boy.

But by that time they were in the glass room, and a great light was streaming across the sea. The little candle had lighted the big lamp. You cannot shine very far for God, perhaps; but keep your little light bright, and trust him to make use of it.

A ROYAL FIRST COMMUNICANT.

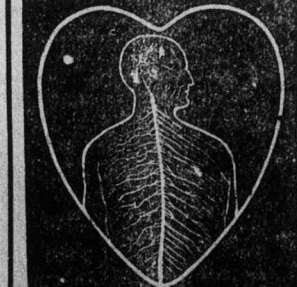
The first communion of that particular Duke of Burgundy, who was Fenelon's pupil, was an event that filled the whole court with admiration and edification. The young prince ever retained a vivid and profound impression of the piety with which he accomplished the important act; and well he might, for that act affected a veritable change in his character. "Little by little," wrote one of the followers of the court, "we noticed the disappearance of those faults which, in his childhood, inspired anxiety for his future. His progress from year to year was marked, and he continued to do violence to himself in order thoroughly to destroy those faults. Communion, piously received, so changed him that, from being violent and hasty, he became gentle and mild. So uniformly were these latter epithets merited by him that one would have thought mildness a fundamental quality of his character, and virtue quite natural to him."

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

Among the Persians at the time of Cyrus the boys were taught to ride, to speak the truth and to draw the bow. That meant manliness, truthfulness and courage, all essential to the character of a gentleman. The knights of chivalry, who were gentlemen of their time, added the duty of rescuing the oppressed and distressed, and this completed the ideal by teaching unselfishness and service. If a boy is taught to be always self-respecting, courageous and truthful and invariably considerate, not outwardly but as the expression of true kindness of spirit, of the rights and feelings of others, he will grow up, whether he be rich or poor, a professional man or a laborer, to have the right to claim not by any artificial distinction, but in his own right, all that it implies, "the grand old name of gentleman."

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