

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1906.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

3

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I am glad Royal has sent another letter. The complaint is general, dear. Not much snow, although we in Montreal are having just a little taste of winter now. I must not be too exacting asking for letters, for I know it is much more enjoyable to be out playing during your spare time than sitting down writing, and I quite sympathize with you. Write whenever you are able and believe

Your loving

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was so pleased to see my letter in print, so I thought I would write you again. I am ten years old and in the third reader. I have four sisters, one has just got married. Our school is a Model School. We have got quite a lot of snow, but it is all going away again. The roads are pretty near bare now. I go to school every day. We take two papers, the True Witness and the Star. Well, I saw lots of letters the week before last. It is not very cold here. Well, I must close.

Yours truly,

ROYAL C.

Kingsey Falls, Que.

TO A CHILD ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Wilt thou think of me and mine, When I'm gone, my Valentine? Thou art young and I am old, With our dreams so manifold, How canst thou, sweet child of mine, Be an old man's valentine? When for thee the heavens beam bright In the glow of morning's light, And the glory of the skies Is less radiant than thine eyes: When the springtime flowers that blow In the perfumed vales below, Cannot with thy soul compare In the precious sweetness there; And the sleeping streams and rills, Soon to wake in all the hills, Have not music sweet as thine In their laugh, my Valentine!

Ah sweet child, so young, so fair, With the sunbeams on thy hair; And the glory of young day Sparkling o'er thy dewy way; Oh, remember, I implore, That young hours shall soon be o'er; That thy beauteous cheek of bloom May soon wither in the tomb; That the dream that woo thee now Shall prove false as passing vow.

Guard, then, well thy youthful years From sin's taint, its shame, its tears; Raise thy heart to God above, Centre of all purest love, And responsive to thy prayer, He will guard thee everywhere With a loving Father's care.

Then thy heart, forever young, Will give praise with tender tongue And thy days with peace divide, Shall be blest, my Valentine! —Rev. Patrick Cronin.

PRINCESS PRETEND.

In the window sat Doris watching the rain, and her face was all puckered and unhappy. "It's tired staying in this old house!" she said. "Dear me," said mother, folding up her work, "we'd better get on our things and go to see a new friend of mine. Run off and get ready."

Doris unpuckered her forehead a little and hurried on her rainy-day hat and her long coat, and took her little umbrella; then she and her mother started.

"This isn't a nice street," she said, discontentedly, as they turned down a narrow street, "and, oh, mother, are we going in this ugly house?" "Yes," said mother, and they went up some shabby steps and in through a shabby door, and then up two dark flights of stairs. A woman was scrubbing half-way up.

"Can't you mind where you're stepping?" she asked, crossly, as Doris hit her pail in the darkness. "I'm sorry," said Doris, but her voice did not sound as if she cared very much.

When they reached the top of the house mother said, "Here we are," and knocked on a door at the head of the stairs.

"Come in," called a little girl's voice, and mother opened the door into a room not nearly as big as Doris' play-room, or nearly as light either, for it had only one window. In the middle of the room was quite

a big bed, and in it, propped up among pillows, lay a little girl with a pale face and shining eyes.

"How do you do, Princess?" said mother, making a courtesy, and the little girl's eyes shone brighter.

"I'm very well, all but a part of me that's under the bedclothes, and it doesn't matter," said the little girl in the bed, gayly. She held out a thin little hand and shook hands with mother and Doris.

"How kind you were to come to my palace to see me!" she said. "Was the witch on the stairs?"

"Yes, indeed," said mother, while Doris opened her eyes wide, "she was there with her fairy pail, making things clean in the darkness."

"I knew she would be," said the little girl. "She's a kind witch, you know," she said, turning to Doris, "but her words are sometimes disguised so you might think she was cross."

"I did," said Doris, opening wide her eyes.

"Oh, no, indeed!" said the little girl. "Why, she looks after me while my mother, the queen, is away, at the Castle of Books every day. It was she who shut the casement so the gray night cannot get in to harm me, no matter how hard they try. Hear them dash against the window and then see them fall down! Nothing really hurts them, so I love to watch."

"You mean the rain?" asked Doris. The little girl in the big bed nodded, with mischief in her eyes.

"Things have different names here in the palace," she whispered; "just for fun, you know, because I have to stay here all the time. Wouldn't you like to see the greenhouses? Take the first turn to your left."

The first turn to the left was between two old chairs; the greenhouses were below the window on a small table—one flower pot with grass growing in it, and one with a little geranium, with a red blossom. Doris stood for a long time, looking at them and winking hard every little while.

"The court physician says it may be only one year before the queen mother can take me out into the world again," she heard the little girl say to mother. "Oh, it's nearly three years since that day I slipped on the stairs. But that's all gone."

"Doris, if you've really seen the greenhouses we must go home now," said mother, at last.

"Sometimes when the palace seems very quiet and just a speck of loneliness I shall shut my eyes and play you are here visiting me!" said the little girl in the bed, as she held out her hand again. "I shall see you just as plain!"

"Oh, mother," said Doris, "couldn't I bring Angelina here, so she needn't pretend all the time? Couldn't I? I could make believe sunshine here in the palace. Couldn't we come, mother? Angelina and I?"

"Why, yes, I think you could," said mother. —Elizabeth Lincoln Gould, in Youth's Companion.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE NEXT ONE.

"Why, auntie, I thought you were all through!"

"So I am with my work," returned Aunt Carrie, as with a smile she went on threading her needle. "I am only trying to smooth the way for the next one."

"Who, for instance?" questioned Will curiously.

"Well, suppose that just as Papa is starting for business to-morrow morning he discovers that he is about to lose a button from his coat and he can spare only about two minutes in which to have it sewed on. Don't you think that it would be quite a relief for mamma to find her needle already threaded?"

"Of course, for I shouldn't think one could find that little bit of an eye at all if he were in a hurry. I had a dreadful time the other day when I wanted to mend my ball. I'm

sure I should have been glad to be your next one then."

"Suppose again, Will, that whoever dropped that piece of wood upon the cellar stairs had stopped to pick it up, remembering that someone else would be coming that way soon. Wouldn't it have been worth while? Just think how poor Bridget has suffered from her fall, and how the household has been inconvenienced."

"Yes, auntie, and if I had wiped up the water spilled this noon, sister would not have been obliged to change her dress when she was in such a hurry to get back to school; but a fellow will have to keep pretty wide awake to remember every time." And with a thoughtful expression on his boyish face, Will passed out of the house and toward the front gate, leisurely munching a banana as he went, but apparently engaged in deep thought. Reaching the sidewalk he threw down the banana skin and proceeded on his way; but presently he turned and looked hard at the yellow object lying upon the pavement, and then, quickly retracing his steps, he picked it up and flung it far into the road, where no one would be likely to slip upon it.

Turning towards the house, he saw his aunt watching him from the window, and with a merry laugh he lifted his hat and bowed, while she in turn nodded approvingly.—E. J.

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Don't overdress, or underdress. Don't jeer at anybody's religious beliefs.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism. Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point.

Don't try to be anything else but a gentleman or gentlewoman, and that means one who has consideration for the whole world, and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule: 'Do unto others as you would be done by.'

INTERESTING FACTS.

Celery originated in Germany. The chestnut came from Italy. The onion originated in Egypt. Tobacco is a native of Virginia. The nettle is a native of Europe. The citron is a native of Greece. The pine is a native of America. The poppy originated in the East. Rye came originally from Siberia. Oats originated in Northern Africa. Parsley was first sown in Sardinia. The pear and apple are from Europe. Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia.—Philadelphia Record.

HOW BEES EMBALM.

Bees, says Horbis, can embalm as successfully as could the ancient Egyptians. It often happens in damp weather that a slug or snail will enter a beehive. This is, of course, to the unprotected slug a case of sudden death. The bees fall upon him and sting him to death at once, but what to do with the carcass becomes a vital question. If left where it is it will breed a regular pestilence. Now comes in the cleverness of insects. They set to work and cover it with wax, and there

A LESSON IN GOOD MANNERS. A well known lawyer is telling a good story about himself and his efforts to correct the manners of his office boy. One morning, not long ago, relates the Brooklyn Citizen, the young autocrat of the office blew into the office, and tossing his cap at a hook, exclaimed: "Say, Mr. Blank, there's a ball game down at the park to-day, and I am going down."

Now the attorney was not a hard-hearted man, and was willing the boy should go, but thought he would teach him a lesson in good manners. "Jimmie," he said, kindly, "that isn't the way to ask a favor. Now you come over here and sit down, and I'll show you how to do it."

The boy took the office chair and his employer picked up his cap and stepped outside. He then opened the door softly and, holding the cap in his hand, said, quietly to the small boy in the big chair: "Please, sir, there is a ball game at the park to-day. If you can spare me, I would like to get away for the afternoon."

In a flash the boy responded, "Why, certainly, Jimmie, and here is fifty cents to pay your way in."

There are no more lessons in manners in that office.

A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

"A fellow's mother," said Fred, the wise, "With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes,

"Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt By a thump or a bruise or a fall in the dirt.

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings,

Rags and buttons and lots of things: No matter how busy she is she'll stop To see how well you can spin your top.

"She does not care—not much, I mean—

If a fellow's face is not always clean: And if your trousers are torn at the knee

She can put in a patch that you'd never see.

"A fellow's mother is never mad, But only sorry, if you are bad: And I tell you this, if you're only true,

She'll always forgive you, what'er you do.

"I'm sure of this," said Fred, the wise, "With a manly look in his laughing eyes:

"I'll mind my mother, quick, every day—

A fellow's a baby that don't obey."

IF YOU WISH TO BE LOVED—

Don't rudely contradict people, even if you're sure you are right. Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it. Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life. Don't believe all the evil you hear. Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd. Don't go on under the plea that everybody knows you. Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

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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 drain 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 three periods Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will prove of wonderful value to tide over the time. Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I was troubled very much with heart trouble—the cause being to a great extent due to 'change of life.' I have been taking your Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and mean to continue doing so, as I can truthfully say they are the best remedy I have ever used for building up the system. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of other sufferers."

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you may see it lying embalmed just as the nations of old embalmed their dead. When it is a snail that is the intruder, he is of course impenetrable to their sting, so they calmly cement his shell with wax to the bottom of the hive. Imprisonment for life, with no hope of pardon!

MUSIC IN BIRDS' WINGS.

Birds are such masters of the voice that it seems as though they needed no other means of expression, yet many of them make other sounds by means of their wings. As a call to their mates, turkeys scrape their wings along the ground and in spring night hawks make a strange booming sound in the air with their wings.

When the breeding season begins the male snipe commences calling for a mate. These calls are always made with the wing and consist of a piping and clicking note often repeated and accompanied at intervals by a humming or bleating noise not unlike that of a goat. Whenever this sound is heard the bird is diving from a great height and going at a tremendous speed, which gives a trembling motion to the wings, producing drumming noise.

EXPERT DYERS.

The Tyrians, it is claimed, were the most expert dyers of ancient times. The fabrics dyed with the famous tyrian purple did not assume their proper color until after two days' exposure to the light and air. During this time they passed through a graduation of shades of yellow, green, blue, violet and red, which the dyers understood how to arrest and fix at any moment.

ANCESTRY.

Napoleon never pointed to his ancestry as the source of his unparalleled ambition and achievement, but said, "I am my own ancestry." A patrician once said to Cicero, "You are a plebeian." "I am," said Cicero, "The nobility of my family begins with me; that of yours ends with you." Better be the foundation of a new pyramid than the apex of an old one. Better make your family proud of you than be foolishly proud of your family, with nothing in you to enable them to return the compliment.

They Drive Pimples Away.—A face covered with pimples is unsightly. It tells of internal irregularities which should long since have been corrected. The liver and the kidneys are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, and these pimples are to let you know that the blood protests. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will drive them all away, and will leave the skin clear and clean. Try them, and there will be another witness to their excellence.

A FRIEND OF NEWMAN'S.

The recently deceased Dean of Limerick, Father Flanagan, was at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, when the revolution of 1848 broke out, and he had to make his way out of the city in lay disguise. For some years he was a member of the Birmingham Oratory, under Dr. Newman, with whom he always remained on terms of the closest friendship; and he assisted Dr. Newman by preparing some of the theological matter for the "Apologia pro vita sua." The Dean was 85 years old.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not