



Avondale, May 6, 1909.

Dear Aunt Becky:
It is such a long time since I wrote to you that I guess you will have forgotten me. I am so glad summer is so near. A lot of girls who go to school with me go out nearly every day looking for spring flowers. We make them into pretty bunches and decorate Our Lady's altar. Our teacher let us make an altar in the class and we have a pretty little lamp burning on it at the foot of Our Lady's statue and flowers all round it. This is all for this time.

Your loving niece,
HATTIE BYRNE.

Glenvale, May 8, 1909.

Dear Aunt Becky:
I wish all the nieces and nephews would write to the corner like they used to. I like to read the letters. I have two sisters and a baby brother. We love him very much. My two sisters and myself go to school. It is pretty far, but we nearly always get a drive. When my papa is too busy some of the neighbors let us ride with them. I am knitting a shawl for mama. My teacher says I do very well for a little girl of ten. Good-bye for now.

Your niece,
ISABEL MURRAY.

Oakland, N.S., May 6, 1909.

My dear Aunt Becky:
I am a little boy nine years old. I have a dog named Trust and a colt named Fan. I have great fun. My papa is going to buy me a pony cart and I can drive around myself. I live with my papa and my grandma. I have no mama. I go to school. I learn grammar, geography, spelling, drawing and my auntie teaches me music at home.

Your loving nephew,
JACK SHEEHAN.

Gaspe, P.Q., May 8, 1909.

Dear Aunt Becky:
I am a little niece who lives very far away. My papa is a fisherman and sometimes in summer he takes a lot of us little girls and boys out for a sail. He brings in lots of fish and the boat is all weighed down, and we go down and help him to take them off.

Your loving little,
CARIE McDONALD.

Harrington, May 7, 1909.

Dear Aunt Becky:
I never wrote a letter to you before so hope you will be pleased to get this. I have three brothers and am the only little girl. We have a teacher who comes to us every morning from half past nine until half past eleven, and in the afternoon we get our music lessons. My papa is a doctor and sometimes when he is not going too far he takes me with him for a drive. I have a pet Persian kitty and my brothers have two dogs, but they do not tease my kitty because they were all brought up together. I go out every day for spring flowers. I will be glad when summer is here.

Your loving niece,
BESSIE GILLIS.

TABLE MANNERS.

The bluejay is a greedy bird; I often watch him eat.
When crumbs are scattered from outdoor, he snatches all the treat.
He drives the smaller birds away, his manners are so rude,
It's quite a shocking thing to see him gobble down his food.
And sometimes when I'm not polite, I hear my mother say:
"Why, now I see a little boy who's eating bluejay way!"

The sparrows are a noisy set, and very quarrelsome,
Because each hungry little bird desires the biggest crumb.
They scold and fight about the food, all chirping "Me! Me! Me!"
And sometimes when we children are inclined to disagree
About the sharing of a treat, my mother says: "Why you are acting now the very way the silly sparrows do!"

The jolly little chickadees are perfectly polite;
They never snatch, they never bolt, they never, never fight.
They hold the crumbs down daintily with both their little feet,
And peck off tiny little bites—we love to watch them eat.
And when my sister's good at meals, my mother says: "I see a little girl who's eating like a darling chickadee!"

HOW ROB WAS SAVED FROM DROWNING.

Rob Simpson, owing his life to the intelligence of his pet dog "Jack," Saturday morning Rob, tempted by the glassy, newly-formed ice, put on his skates and started out for a morning's sport on the inviting and treacherous surface. All went well until Rob had fun enough and was skating in toward the shore to take off his skates. When about a quarter of a mile from the beach and directly opposite his father's house

he broke through the ice and was in danger of drowning.

Now when the skater started out in the morning his dog "Jack" wanted to go along, and it was with difficulty that he could be kept at home. After the boy had gone, "Jack" trotted up and down the beach and watched his master skim about the smooth surface. When Robert crashed through the ice the dog was directly opposite on the shore, and the instant the ice gave way "Jack" gave an excited bark and dashed across the ice to the place where the young man was struggling, and arrived there he caught the skater by the collar and dragged him out, never stopping until he was on firm ice. The young man was almost insensible from cold but practically unharmed. He hurried to his home, followed by the dog, who barked and frisked around him joyfully as if he appreciated the importance of his act.

"Jack" is a shepherd dog with long black hair which fairly glitters. His handsome head and bright eyes bespeak much intelligence. Though a powerful swimmer he never enters the water of his own accord except to make a rescue.

GOOD RULES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Be honest, truthful and pure.
Do not use bad language.
Keep your face and hands clean, and your clothes and boots brushed and neat.
Keep out of bad company.
Help your parents as much as you can.

Be kind to your brothers and sisters.
Do not be selfish, but share all your good things.
Do your best to please your parents.
Be respectful to your teachers and help them as much as you can.
Observe the school rules.
Do not copy.
Do not cut the desks or write in the reading books.
Never let another be punished in mistake for yourself; this is cowardly.
Do not cheat at games.

WHEN LITTLE JOHN HELPED.

Every time the neighbors drove by Grandpa Brown's melon patch they shook their heads and said, "Too bad." There was nothing wrong with the melons. No one in the country ever raised a better crop; round watermelons and long watermelons, covering five acres.

"The trouble is," Grandpa Brown explained to little John, "there's no market. You can't give them away. Seems as if every farmer in the country planted melons this year. The grocery stores won't take them. Last season it was different. Melons scarce and prices high."

"Too bad," sympathized little John, echoing the sentiments of the community. Every one respected Grandpa Brown. He was a good man, a kind neighbor, always did what was right so far as he knew, and he made it his business to know what was right.

"I can't believe," said Grandpa Brown to Grandpa Brown, "that crop of fine melons is going to waste."
"But," commented little John as he trudged toward home, "it is because my father says so. Too bad."

Three days later Grandpa Brown asked little John over the telephone if he would do an errand for Grandpa Brown.

"Yes, a big yes," answered the child.

"Then let me speak to your mother, please," continued Grandpa Brown.
"This is what little John heard his mother say between pauses: 'Oh, good.' 'Oh, if my husband were only home instead of way out west.' 'To be sure.' 'A fair price?' 'Well, well!' 'Yes?' 'No, oh, no.' 'Possibly.' 'Yes, I will send John right over.' 'Indeed you did!' 'He will be so glad.' etc."

Little John was relieved when his mother hung up the receiver and stopped nodding and smiling at the telephone.

"Is it something about watermelons?" he inquired.
"Yes, dear. If he can get his melons to the freight house before six o'clock this afternoon he can sell his entire crop. Mr. Evans, the commission agent down town, has an order for all the melons he can get, if they are at the station in time to be delivered in the city to-morrow morning. There is a sudden demand for melons."

"Why, mama, Grandpa Brown can't take more than seven loads to town in one day, if he started yesterday and works all to-morrow. The thing can't be done."

"Possibly it may if you help him," little John laughed. He knew his mother was poking fun at him because he so often tried to help dear Grandpa Brown.

"What errand do they want me for?" he asked.

"You are to go to Isaac Underhill's and ask him if one of the Underhill boys can be spared for the day with a wagon and pair of horses. From there, they wish you to call at Mr. Burton's—Mr. Sam Burton's—and ask if he can come over with a wagon too. Grandpa Brown says they will call up as many of their friends as possible over the telephone."

"Oh, if every one will help a little," exclaimed the boy, "the thing can be done. Good-bye, mother."

"Good-bye, my son."

An hour later little John returned. "What luck?" asked his mother.
"No luck at all," grumbled the child. "Worst neighbors I ever saw. Every one of 'em too busy to help Grandpa Brown, every one 'cept Mr. William White and Mr. Green, and honestly, mamma, they were the really busiest of any. Both those men said they'd let their work go and turn in and help the old gentleman. So three loads of melons are on their way to town, and I came home for my little wagon!"

"Your little wagon, child?"

"Yes, sir, ma'am—yes, mamma! Every melon counts, and I'm going to haul as many loads to town as I can. I'll be worth about one cat power, but I'll help."

Mother could hardly keep her face straight, although she waged not to smile in the face of such earnestness. Truth is, she didn't feel like smiling when her small boy went trudging by in the hot sun with six melons in his express wagon.

"Poor little fellow," said she, "he will be so tired."

Ezra Mason, who was working in a field near the town road, tried to be funny when the boy passed his farm.

"You're a-goin' to help save the nation, hey, Bub?" he inquired. Afterwards Ezra wished he had kept still; it made him feel uncomfortable to think that he hadn't given Grandpa Brown help for at least half a day.

"The little fellow is right," he commented. "If we'd all turn in and help much as possible we'd make the melon patch look sick. I swan, I ain't goin' to be beat by 'no such little chap! I'm a-goin' to hitch up my team and join the procession!" And he did.

"Hey, there; where you going?" inquired Mr. Underhill of the small boy.

"Taking a load of melons to market for Grandpa Brown," was the reply.

"Why! Can't he get help enough to market them?" inquired the man.

"No, every one said 'Too bad!' but they're all too busy."

"Well, there now, that's a shame! Look here, Johnnie, you tell Grandpa that I believe I can spare one of my boys and a team for a day after all. I'll send him right over." And he did.

By the time little John reached town his dusty face was streaked with wet rivers of perspiration, but his smile was a joy. He realized, with triumph in his heart, that example is a powerful thing. He rode home on Mr. Lane's milk wagon.

"Pears to me, my lad," remarked Grandpa Brown some time later, "it pears to me that you don't need to make another trip to town, considering that the neighbors have kept the telephone busy since they saw you with your little red wagon. Result is so many teams have come to our assistance you better stay right here to superintend the loading!"

"What a joke!" exclaimed the boy who tried to help.

Grandpa Brown invited little John and his mother to tea that night, and she would give the child two pieces of custard pie; hers were the keep kind.

"I'd like to hire neighbor John by the year," remarked Grandpa Brown. "Best man on the farm to-day."

"Couldn't spare him," was mother's laughing response. "He always tries to help, and you know such a boy counts in a family."

"If I don't know it my melon patch does," acknowledged Grandpa Brown. "Not a ripe melon under the sun to-night, thanks to our little man and his small express wagon."

A GUARANTEE OF SAFETY.

Most of the "soothing" syrups and powders advertised to cure the ills of babies and young children contain poisonous opiates, and an overdose may kill the child. Baby's Own Tablets are sold under the guarantee of a government analyst that they contain no opiate or harmful drug. They can be given with absolute safety to a new born child. They cure all those minor ailments originating in disordered stomach or bowels. Mrs. F. Young, River Herbert, N.S., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation and stomach trouble and when my baby was teething and have found them the best medicine I know of for these troubles." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

OLD CHURCHMAN HAS PASSED AWAY.

DEATH OF BISHOP WILKINSON.

Was of Distinguished Family and Entered Church in His Early Years.

English exchanges announce the death, at the venerable age of eighty-four, of the Right Rev. Thomas William Wilkinson, Bishop of the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle. His Lordship passed peacefully away at an early hour on the morning of Saturday, the 17th inst., at Ushaw College. He had for some weeks past been confined to his bed.

The second son of Mr. George Huton Wilkinson, a former Recorder of Newcastle, the first County Court Judge for Northumberland, a revising barrister for Lancashire and Yorkshire, a commissioner in bankruptcy, and the author of "Harperly Papers," an imitation of the Odyssey, with local coloring. Thomas William Wilkinson was born at Harperly Park, Durham, on April 5th, 1825, and had therefore just survived his eighty-fourth anniversary. Of his four brothers, the eldest, the late Rev. G. P. Wilkinson, became a vicar of the Church of England, as did another brother, the Rev. Edward Abercrombie Wilkinson. The third brother joined the army and rose to the rank of a General, and the fourth, familiarly known as "Tiger" Wilkinson, had a commission in the navy and commanded H.M.S. Tiger in the Crimean War. Dr. Wilkinson had six sisters. The early student days of the future Bishop were spent at Harrow, whence he went to Durham University, where he took his degree. Brought up in the Church of England, he underwent a preparation for the Anglican ministry.

REMARKABLE INCIDENTS.

He early began to be troubled with doubts as to the true religion, and it is narrated of him that in the Galilee Chapel of Durham Cathedral he prostrated himself on the tomb of St. Bede, praying for help and guidance in the matter. It is recorded that finding himself alone, he threw himself on his knees at the tomb and prayed, "If you are a saint, and if you can hear me, and if the Roman religion is the true religion, help me to embrace it." On another occasion, when driving into Durham with his eldest sister, he stopped at the Presbytery in Old Elvet, saying that he could bear the suspense no longer and that he must see Mr. Fletcher; but his courage failed on opening the outer gate and he retired. In 1845 he proceeded to Leeds. There he attached himself to a community of young men, followers of Pusey, who were established at St. Saviour's. The life was monastic in its severity and simplicity. The Oxford movement, with its long train of conversions, and to these young men, earnest true seekers of the light, the light came that was to guide them to the true Church. On December 29th, 1846, the Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Mr. Wilkinson, with two companions from St. Saviour's, Messrs. Haigh and Macmullen, was received into the Church by the Rev. Henry Walmesley, the priest of St. Anne's. Other companions followed their example, including the Rev. Richard Ward, their former superior. On Ember Saturday, December 23rd, 1848, Father Wilkinson was ordained priest by Bishop Hogarth, Vicar Apostolic of the Northern district.

Only last year, on December 23rd, Dr. Wilkinson celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of his priesthood, having completed sixty years of continuous and unremitting labor in the service of his Divine Master. The aged prelate has now gone to his reward, and with his passing is snapped one of the few remaining links with those earlier days when to be a Catholic involved social disabilities of a very real kind, and the profession of the Faith called for a degree of moral courage perhaps not fully realized by a younger generation whose path has been made easy by the brave and patient labor of those of an older day.

PREDECESSORS IN THE SEE.

The late Bishop was the fifth who had occupied the See of Hexham and Newcastle. The first Bishop was the Right Rev. Wm. Hogarth, born at Dodding Green, March 25, 1786. He was consecrated at Ushaw, August 24, 1848, Bishop of Samosata and Vicar Apostolic of the Northern District; and translated to the See of Hexham (by Rescript of May 23, 1861, called Hexham and Newcastle) Sept. 29, 1860. He died at Darlington, January, 1866, in his 80th year. The second Bishop was the Right Rev. James Chadwick, who was born at Drogheda, April 24, 1813; consecrated at Ushaw by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, October 28, 1866; died May 14, 1882, in his 70th year. The third Bishop was the Right Rev. John William Dewick, born April 20, 1824. He was elected Bishop in 1882, and died in 1896. The fourth Bishop was the Right Rev. Henry O'Callaghan, born in London in 1827, nominated to the see in 1887. He was consecrated at Rome, and afterwards publicly enthroned at Newcastle.

"It didn't cost the old man much to get even with all his enemies," "How did he manage it?" "Bought an automobile and loaned it to each of 'em."—Atlanta Constitution.



For the Sailor Boy.

A Yarn of Fighting Life Told By a Canadian.

There are few boys who escape being sailors in their young lives; the younger, the more bold the sailor. First a chip sent out to navigate the bathtub, then a promotion to a real toyshop craft and a chance to send it cruising in a nearby pond. Meanwhile the boy has developed his love for the sea and things that float. He, probably, desires to become a new Red Rover, or a Brave Corsair. Perhaps, in springtime, he becomes so fortunate as to secure a couple of boards, and finds a flooded field. Then he builds him a shanty raft. If it floats he becomes a real captain courageous, but if he falls in, he usually runs home, wet and discouraged, welcomes a hot bed and a warm blanket. But he may be of real seafaring blood. If so he perseveres. The writer was born to the sea and knew by intuition the difference between a marlin spike and a topsail, and his nautical education was completed when he fell into the canal. True, I was born in a seafaring family and hard by the most beautiful bay in the world—it was not Naples, either—but that does not always make the sailor. The best sailor I know is a descendant of a Pennsylvania Dutch family, who was born in the heart of Canada. Yet he became a rare sailorman and an authority upon matters of fresh and salt water. He is C. H. J. Snider, of Toronto, known professionally as "Jerry." He has a mahogany finish that makes him a pirate role; not that he is piratical, not a bit of it. He is a mild-mannered sailorman, and in the time that he can spare from navigating Lake Ontario, he permits himself to take charge of a considerable department in a daily newspaper. Recently "Jerry" has been writing, and in the May Yachtsman he tells his readers that:

"There are skippers and skippers. There are the quiet ones, who drive you crazy by never getting mad enough; the noisy kind, that waste enough wind to split a storm trysail of OO duck; the swearing sort, that make you solemnly promise yourself that you will kill them just as soon as the race is over—but to win it first. But the most interesting sort it has been my luck to pull and haul for is William Fife, Jr., of Fairlie, Scotland." And this is the Fife whom every boy that ever sailed shingle ships on a millpond knows as the designer of Shamrocks. One does not expect a naval architect to be a master skipper any more than one looks for a prize carpenter in a land architect. But Fife is the unexpected; as a manipulator of racing

At a Nun's Grave.

Mashonaland Irishmen Revere Memory of Mother Patrick.

The members of the Mashonaland Irish Association, says The Rhodesia Herald, always find time on St. Patrick's Day to make the annual pilgrimage to Mother Patrick's grave to pay a tribute of love and respect to one who devoted a comparatively short life to the care of the sick and afflicted. The story of Mother Patrick's life is well known to those who have been in the country any length of time, but for the benefit of those who are not familiar with it, it may be here re-stated that the deceased lady, who died in 1900, at the early age of 36, came up with the Pioneer Column of 1890, in charge of the nursing staff, and in that capacity rendered valuable services during the hardships attending the expedition. In the rebellions of 1893 and 1896 Mother Patrick was again conspicuous for her wholehearted devotion to the sick and wounded, and the arduous work she then performed, it is thought, contributed to the causes resulting in her early death. Father Lickorish, in a brief address to a large gathering at the graveside, paid an eloquent tribute to the qualities of the deceased, and in the course of his remarks referred to that characteristic quality of the Irish race, which was so often ex-

emplified in personal sacrifice to assist others. Wreaths were placed on the grave by Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Kennedy, the members of the Mashonaland Irish Association, and other wreaths were from "her loving children," the children of the Convent School, and "C.M.H., in loving memory."

Internally and Externally it is Good.—The crowning property of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is that it can be used internally for many complaints as well as externally. For sore throat, cough, whooping cough, pains in the chest, colic, and many kindred ailments it has curative qualities that are unsurpassed. A bottle of it costs little and there is no loss in always having it at hand.

Judge—"You are charged with being the leader of an organized band of pickpockets!" Prisoner—"Well, yer'll have to impose a fine on de corporation den, yer know; yer can't punish me personally!"—Puck.

yachts or single cats, he is one of England's best. Mr. Snider's experiences under him will convince anybody of that who knows a bow-sprit from a bobstay. "As soon as he steps into the steering cockpit he is as salty as a herring and pungent as cayenne." Only a perfect sailor could stick through the following strategy:

He was in the weather berth once, on the port tack, dodging around the lize. "The enemy" to leeward, and close aboard, hadn't room to clear us; but he put his helm a-lee on the chance of forcing life to come about and then weather-bowing him. The yachts were side by side.

"I'm not coming about!" Fife sang out in warning to the other.

The headlines of the enemy fluttered. It looked like come about or a collision.

"I'm no' coming about!" thundered the Clyde man, dropping a "f" from the not for emphasis, and keeping his own tiller firm amidships.

The other man realized that his bluff was called. Hard-a-weather went his helm. His boat was almost in the wind's eye, sheets and sails slatting wildly, everything adrift. She had just enough way on her to pay off. She went clear, but you could have cracked an egg between the two boats as she did.

Then, of course, Fife had her nailed. Before she had gathered way again we were on her weather bow. The back draught from our mainsail killed her. Every time she tacked we did the same. Fife's position was as impracticable as a stone wall. There was no passing us in all the buck to windward and as it happened that we had the heels of her running, the race was ours from the start—and all due to the grit of the Scotchman.

Now, any one of the boys who has had the good fortune to sail aboard a racing, or any other blessed yacht, knows how it stirs the blood to waltz along in a whipping breeze. It is fine and free, and for the boy who loves the water it is far more enticing than any sport on land; and it is, too, because out there on the dancing lake is real life untouched by the dust of tiresome roads, and unconfined by cheerless stone and ruddy brick.

HANS.

ST. MICHAEL'S JUVENILES.

At a meeting of St. Michael's Juvenile League, held on Tuesday evening, Rev. Father McCrory presiding, Master Richard Guthrie was elected president in lieu of Master George, who had resigned. The pastor, Rev. Father Kiernan, and Rev. Father McCrory are very earnestly watching the progress of the league. The membership is increasing, and every encouragement is being given the boys to take an active interest in many sports. There will be barrier runs every Monday and Thursday nights.

As well as any regiment. The one that did die but destroyed."

When soldiers are have to go to the and it is easy to which kind of men easily—those who who do not drink.

By studying the f penter learned that he is three times ill and have to go than if he does not after he is in the no who drinks is far more than the man who n

Every year the offi mies in different cou world are finding ou er their soldiers go ie drinks the better and fight.

In 1898 Lord Kite soldiers on the longes anybody has ever v they marched across

than that, when they of the march they fo battle and they cong what people call a t army, which means t soldiers took any t whatever.

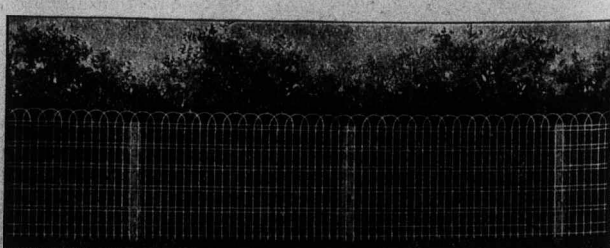
Mr. Stanley was in Africa, and he say warm countries no o to touch a drop of a daytime. Most peopl hunting in Africa an the same thing. The men is in the habit o not so strong for th and not so likely to and the tigers when

Thus we learn that man's enemy in cold hot countries, in w summer, when he is he is ill.

Salt and Drunk

That indigestion is chief cause of drunk salt in excess is a p indigestion are the t Dr. H. O. Beeson, of in the Journal of In Spring). He wastes the first, regarding it monstrated by observ medical standpoint, careful study of inebri necessity be a study, and "when the diges is performing its fun there is no distress a ly no call for drugs part of the article is clearing up the relati sality diet to the uni for alcohol. He writ

"The purpose of th call attention to a ve an entirely avoidabli gression, viz., the use in excess. This stand salt is an aid to di true. This statement qualified as to quanti prompted to make



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