

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

What a grand day last Sunday was in our great city. The procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place through our principal streets. Little girls and boys in first Communion costumes were very conspicuous, and the scene when all arrived at Notre Dame was magnificent in the extreme, where midst abundance of beautiful flowers, swinging censers, gorgeous decorations and inspiring singing, Benediction was imparted. I know all my little friends would have liked to have been present. See what liberty we enjoy in good old Montreal.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

This is my first letter to your corner. I like to read the letters and stories in the True Witness. I was thirteen years old the seventh of March. I go to school and am in grade eight. My studies are reading, history, geography, health, nature and grammar. We live in the country on a farm. We have four horses and a colt about a week old, four cows and a lot of young cattle. We live two miles from the church. There is Mass about every six weeks. I am glad holidays will soon be here. The strawberries will soon be ripe. There are lots of flowers in the fields now. I have two sisters and six brothers. I am the oldest. This is all I can think of for the present, so good-bye.

Your loving friend, TERESA C. Streets Ridge, Comb. Co., N.S.

Dear Aunt Becky:

This is the first letter I have written to the True Witness. I like to read the letters and stories. I live in the country ten miles from the nearest town and five miles from the nearest railway station. This is a very pretty place in summer. We get lots of wild strawberries in summer. I have six brothers and two sisters. I guess I have written enough for this time. Good-bye, from AMBER C. Street's Ridge, N.S.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I would like to see more letters from my cousins. I have a mile to walk to the post office to get the True Witness, and was very sorry to see no letters in our column. We have about one hour to ride to go to church, and I can only go in fine weather, but now it is just lovely, the fields are all so green and the orchards are in full bloom. We have to cross ever so many bridges and over steep hills. On the way we can see people driving in all directions to St. Anne's Church, which stands on a high hill. The children who are old enough are going to mass; their first Communion this week, and the next week we are going to have a great tea party, then I will write again. Your loving niece, MONICA. Prince Edward Island.

AFRAID IN THE DARK.

Who's afraid in the dark? "Oh, not I," said the owl, And he gave a great scowl, And he wiped his eye And fluffed his jowl—"To whoo!" Said the dog, "I bark Out loud in the dark—Boo-oo!" Said the cat, "Mew! I'll scratch any one who Dares say that I do Feel afraid—Mew!" "Oh, Miss Helen!" Marjorie said, throwing her arms about her friend, "I am so unhappy and so miserable. I got the prize, but it isn't mine. It was—it was your poem I sent in, and not mine at all. I tried to write one, I did truly; but I couldn't, and so I sent in yours. I don't know what made me do it. Oh, dear! oh, dear!" and she cried as though her heart would break. "Oh, my dearie, I am sorry," said Miss Helen, drawing her close. "Of course you have been unhappy, but you will feel better now. Don't cry so, Marjorie; don't dear. Try to stop, and we'll talk it over." "I knew you could help me," sobbed Marjorie, "but I was afraid to tell you I thought you would be so angry and so—so shocked. Oh, dear! I feel so bad," and the tears burst out afresh. Miss Helen let her cry. She saw that it was a long-sought relief, and she sat quiet, holding the poor child and touching her hair lovingly until the sobs began to cease.

THE PRIZE WINNER.

"Oh, Miss Helen!" said Marjorie, growing herself in the big Morris

chair, "what do you suppose they have asked us to do now?" "I'm sure I don't know. But it must be something terrible, I know, by the tone of your voice." "Do try to guess," urged Marjorie. "Well," said Miss Helen, putting down her paint brush and looking critically at her work, "I would suggest a map of North America." "No, you are wrong," Marjorie answered. "I know it was worse than anything you could imagine. It's poetry!" "Dear me!" said Miss Helen, "that isn't hard. Why, anybody can write poetry."

"The Cat Sat On the mat And all that."

"But, oh, Miss Helen, do be serious. This poetry has to make sense. It has to be ten lines long, and rhyme, of course, and be about Mr. Merriman's store. He has offered a prize, and Miss O'Chester is so anxious that everyone should try that we really can't refuse. I never wrote a poem in my life, and I don't see how I can. I haven't a notion," Marjorie said, dejectedly. "I have paper and pencil, and if you'll tell me I'll just write it down."

"That would be nice," said Miss Helen, "but then whose poem would it be?" "Oh, yours, of course. But you would lend it to me, wouldn't you, just for a pattern? You see, I haven't any notion how to begin."

So Miss Helen dictated, stopping at intervals to explain about feet and syllables, and rhythm and rhyme, and Marjorie wrote down the lines. "It's beautiful," said Marjorie in a glow of admiration; "and I believe I see exactly how poetry is written. I'm going to try to-night to write some myself, but of course it'll not be as good as yours."

"I wish you good luck," said Miss Helen. "The best way, remember, is to think of some good tune, and write the words to fit it. Then you will be pretty certain to get the metre right."

"Yes'm. Thank you ever so much," and Marjorie ran home across the garden. The next day Miss Helen went away on a visit and forgot, for the time being, all about the poem and prize. The morning after her return, three weeks later, she was glancing over the town paper, when the following notice caught her eye:

"The prizes offered by G. P. Merriman & Son for the best poems of ten lines, advertising their store, have been awarded to Marjorie Clarkson and Adele Wayne, the former winning the first prize of five dollars, and the latter the second prize of three dollars and a half."

Friday afternoon Miss Helen was in the laundry pressing out some ribbons, when she heard Marjorie's voice in the kitchen. "Marjorie," called Miss Helen, "are you in a hurry? I've been wanting to see you for ever so long. Come into the library for just a few minutes."

"I oughtn't to stay," Marjorie began, but nevertheless she followed her friend into the library, and stood uneasily by the window playing with the curtain cord.

"I hear you have won the prize. Aren't you delighted? What was your poem? Tell me all about it." Marjorie looked out into the street and made no reply. Surprised at her silence, Miss Helen looked up from the fancy work in her hands, and saw that the little girl was crying.

"Why, dearie," she said, going to her, "what is wrong? Tell me." "Oh, Miss Helen!" Marjorie said, throwing her arms about her friend, "I am so unhappy and so miserable. I got the prize, but it isn't mine. It was—it was your poem I sent in, and not mine at all. I tried to write one, I did truly; but I couldn't, and so I sent in yours. I don't know what made me do it. Oh, dear! oh, dear!" and she cried as though her heart would break.

"Oh, my dearie, I am sorry," said Miss Helen, drawing her close. "Of course you have been unhappy, but you will feel better now. Don't cry so, Marjorie; don't dear. Try to stop, and we'll talk it over." "I knew you could help me," sobbed Marjorie, "but I was afraid to tell you I thought you would be so angry and so—so shocked. Oh, dear! I feel so bad," and the tears burst out afresh. Miss Helen let her cry. She saw that it was a long-sought relief, and she sat quiet, holding the poor child and touching her hair

lovingly until the sobs began to cease. "What do you—what do you think I'd better do?" she asked at last. "I can't keep the money when I get it."

"Haven't you got it yet?" "No; Mr. Merriman is away, and he wants to give it out himself, so he's going to do it when he comes back next Wednesday. Oh, dear! I know I never could walk up the aisle to get it; never, never!"

"I think," said Miss Helen, slowly, "that if I wore you I should write a note to Mr. Merriman and tell him all about it, just as you told me. Don't you think that would be the best thing to do?"

"Yes," said Marjorie, faintly, "but you don't think he'd read it before the school, do you?"

"No, I am sure he would not." "Will you help me write it?" "Yes. Shall we do it now?" "Yes. The sooner the better."

They sat down at Miss Helen's desk, and Marjorie wrote, with an occasional help in spelling, this note: "Dear Mr. Merriman—I have an awful thing to tell you. I don't know what made me do it, but I sent a poem that was Miss Helen's and not mine, and I don't deserve a prize. I feel terribly about it, and I am sure I never will do such a thing again. Please try to forgive me. Your loving friend, Marjorie Clarkson."

"And now," said Miss Helen, as she kissed Marjorie good-bye, "there is just one thing more to do, Marjorie, dear, and that is to tell father and mother."

"Yes, I will as soon as I get home. Oh, I am so much happier! You can't imagine how I felt."

When Mr. Merriman entered Miss O'Chester's school room on Wednesday Marjorie's heart thumped so loud she was sure he could hear it, and she was white and red by turns. She had insisted to the other girls that it was all a mistake, the report that she had won the first prize, and that they would be sure of it when the time came. Still, they were surprised when, after a short preliminary speech, Mr. Merriman said:

"I regret that there was a mistake in the publication of the names of the two prize-winners. Miss Adele Wayne is entitled to the first prize, Miss Ruth Miller to the second, and Miss Marjorie Clarkson to the highest honorable mention."

Wasn't she a happy little girl? And she was more than repaid for her suffering when, after school, Mr. Merriman said to her: "My dear, you have done something much harder than writing poetry; you have conquered deceit, and your victory is a greater prize than the finest thing I could have given you."

ARTHUR'S BIG PENNY.

"Uncle Arthur gave me a penny, mamma, because I haven't missed a Sunday this month going to catechism," announced little Arthur with his small fists in his pockets. "Can't I spend it for candy?"

"You could, dearie, if there was anyone to take you to the grocery," said mamma, "I am very busy just now, but after dinner I may find time to take you."

"I could go all by myself if you'd let me," pleaded Arthur, but his mamma was afraid to risk it. "There goes Miss Marion! Can't I go with her?"

"I am afraid Miss Marion will not want to be bothered, Arthur," said mamma. But the pretty young lady had heard what Arthur said and came to the open door to say she would be delighted to have the pleasure of the little boy's company.

"I am not coming back this way," she said, "but I will watch from the corner to see that he gets home all right."

So Arthur found his cap and his new red wagon that he could not think of leaving at home and walked proudly away beside Miss Marion with his money in his tiny pocket. They didn't talk very much, for the wagon rattled a great deal over the stones and the grocery was not far away, but they had a good time in the sweet spring weather. Miss Marion stayed outside to watch the wagon while Arthur walked in to make his purchase.

"I want some candy," he said, laying the bright coin on the counter. "Some red and white sticks." "For all that!" said the clerk in astonishment.

"Yes, sir. My Uncle Arthur gave it to me for going every Sunday to Sunday school and he said I could spend it as I pleased."

The clerk saw the young lady at the door with the little wagon so he thought it must be all right and began to sack up the candy. "Do you want all one kind?" he asked politely as a large bundle was laid on the counter.



These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beat, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anæmia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog, General Debility and Lack of Vitality. They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood enricher, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body and restoring perfect health. Price 50c. a box, or \$ for \$1.25, at all druggists.

"Well, I guess I'll take some gum drops," said Arthur studying the rows of shining glass dishes filled with pink and red and white candies. A big sack of gum drops was laid on the counter beside the stick candy and still the clerk was asking what else Arthur wanted.

Miss Marion was chatting with a friend and never noticed the many bundles the clerk put in the little red wagon and soon they were walking toward home together. At the corner pretty Miss Marion waited to see the little boy turn in at his own gate before going on her errands. Arthur turned to wave a brown hand and then rushed into the sifting-room to show his load to his mother.

"All that for a penny!" said Mrs. Day, peeping into the many sacks. "Arthur, there is certainly some mistake."

"No, mamma, I'm sure it's all right," said Arthur proudly. "I gave my penny to the clerk and he kept asking me what I wanted till I got all this. You said I could spend the penny for anything I pleased, didn't you, Uncle Arthur?"

"Your penny? It was a new dollar, child. Did you get all this stuff for my dollar? I suppose you might as well let him invite in all his little friends to help eat this lot of good-dies, Mary," said Uncle Arthur.

So the little boys and girls flocked in just like bees where lots of flowers grow, and they sat on the grass under the elm trees and had a little party with nothing but candy to eat. As there were lots of the children no one ate too much and soon Arthur was ready to earn another penny for another feast.

HOW ELEPHANTS GATHER FRUITS.

The elephant does not bother to pick fruit singly off a tree, but will butt the trunk with such force that all the ripe fruit is shaken off. He then picks it off the ground with his trunk and pops it into his mouth. His favorite species is the wild plum though he will eat many other fruits.

BELMONT SCHOOL CLOSING.

(Continued from Page 2.)

4th Year, 1st Division. Special prize for English Catechism presented by Rev. J. E. Donnelly and awarded to Lawrence Vandette.

Special prize for History of Canada presented by Mr. H. Mondoux and awarded to Joseph Meloche.

Special prizes for application and good conduct—Lawrence Vandette, Joseph Meloche, Henri Savage, Ernest Cloutier, Edgar Therrien.

Special prizes for assiduity—Edmond Dussault, Hector Leroux, Alfred Teller, Ernest Deslauriers, Willie Poirier, Henri Savage, Real Montmarquette, Jules Douensard, Ernest Cloutier, Elphege Lague.

Special prize for English shorthand awarded to Lawrence Vandette.

Prizes and accessits—Lawrence Vandette, Henri Savage, Joseph Meloche, John Duggan, Edgar Therrien, Ernest Deslauriers, Thomas Roach, Ernest Cloutier, Arthur Warren, Jules Douensard, Rene Labrosse, Ernest Lariviere, Elphege Lague, Jean L. Bourassa, Hector Leroux, Martin McLean, Edmond Dussault, Alfred Teller.

Each one prize—Emile Decarie, Germain Sicotte, Rene Gregoire, Willie Poirier, Real Montmarquette.

Special prize for English Catechism, presented by Rev. J. E. Donnelly and awarded to Fred. O'Flaherty.

Special prize of excellence presented by the "Librairie Granger" and awarded to Leopold Larocque.

Special prizes for application and

good conduct—Alderic Lafèche, Henri Laurin, Henry Sinclair Couper, Jos. St. Onge, Joseph Painchaud.

Special prizes for assiduity—Alderic Lafèche, Ernest Kenny, Thomas McDonnell.

Prizes and accessits—Leopold Larocque, Thomas McDonnell, Henry S. Couper, Joseph St. Onge, Leon Demers, Ernest Kenny, Joseph Painchaud, Alderic Lafèche, Hector Duranceau, Edward Barry, Fred. O'Flaherty, Henri Laurin, Romeo Gregoire, Albert Wilson, Fred. Barry, Raoul Taillefer, Jos. Dollard Major.

3rd Year, 1st Division. Special prize for English Catechism presented by Rev. J. E. Donnelly and awarded to Hugh Fields.

Special prize for gentlemanly deportment presented by Mr. and Mrs. N. Limoges and awarded to Nahum Baker.

Special prizes for application and good conduct—Martin Callaghan, Emmanuel Dechantal.

Special prizes for assiduity Lucien Dussault, George E. Savage, Leandre Robert, Armand Couillard, Martin Callaghan, Arthur Lavoie, Joseph Monarque, Joseph Langevin, Theodore Limoges, George Labroche, Jas. O'Shaughnessy.

Prizes and accessits—Joseph Monarque, Albert O'Keefe, George E. Savage, Ivanhoe Duranseau, Theodore Limoges, Martin Callaghan, Emmanuel Dechantal, John McLaughlin, Lucien Dussault, John Bates, Armand Couillard, Ferdinand Desroches, Irene Milot, Arthur Gaumont, Arthur Lavoie, Leandre Robert, George Labroche, Joseph Langevin, Hugh Fields, Willie Wilson, James O'Shaughnessy, James Lindsay, Leo McElroy, Noel Archambault, Nahum Baker, Louis Gauthier.

3rd Year, 2nd Division. Special prize for English Catechism presented by Rev. J. E. Donnelly and awarded to Edgar Neville.

Special prize for application and good conduct—George McDonnell.

Special prize for assiduity—Louis Lafleur, Philippe Boyer, Leopold Rousseau, Ferdinand Brisebois, Oslas Lavigne, Armand Duchesne.

Prizes and accessits—Armand Duchesne, George McDonnell, Raoul Chartrand, Louis Lafleur, Armand Beautrand, Oslas Lavigne, Edgar Neville, Paul Rene Mailloux, Patrick McKough, Aime Cote, John Clarke, Rodolphe Decarie, Alcides Normand, Ferdinand Brisebois, Henry Stanley, Leopold Rousseau, Louis Leroux, Philippe Boyer, Thomas Burke, Eugene Hardy, Henri Dube, Joseph Beauvais, Omer Labourdierre, Wilfrid Durocher, Francis Traynor.

Each one prize—Oscar Dube, Willie Bean, Godfrey Lafaire, Frank Johns.

2nd Year, 1st Division. Special prize for English Catechism presented by Rev. J. E. Donnelly and awarded to John O'Brien.

Special prizes for application and good conduct—John O'Brien, Archie Orr, Frederick Hanna, Alfrida Charland, Henry Lacroix, Joseph Tier-

nan.

Special prizes for assiduity—Ernest Lavigne, Eugene Rousse, Ovilla Mainville, Eddie Casey, Joseph Armstrong, Elzear Lavolette, Alfrida Charland.

Prizes and accessits—John O'Brien, Alfrida Charland, Eugene Rousse, Albert Laduke, Fred. Hanna, Archie Orr, Joseph Tiernez, Ernest Lavigne, William G. Couper, Ovilla Mainville, Zotique Leroux, Henry Lacroix, Hugh McCleskey, Stephen Langevin, Romeo Drouin, Hector Houle, Leo McGivern, Eddie Casey, Joseph Armstrong, Elzear Lavolette, Eugene Presseau, Wm. Donoghue, Austin Collins, Donat Grenier, Robert Chas. Isaacson, Laurent Pessardins, George Porrotte.

Each one prize—Thomas McDonald, Florimond Demers, Ovilla Lagace, W. J. P. Burke.

2nd Year, 2nd Division. Special prize for English Catechism presented by Rev. J. E. Donnelly and awarded to John Ryan.

Special prize for the first Communion preparing boys, presented by Mr. and Madam N. Limoges and awarded to Charlemagne Limoges.

Special prizes for application and good conduct—Charlemagne Limoges, John Ryan.

Special prizes for assiduity—Donat Teller, Emile Lacoste, Harry Nevin, Wm. Hunneault, Ernest Leduc, Albert Quesnel, John Coffey, Jean Hugues Seguin.

Prizes and accessits—John Ryan, Albert Quesnel, Leo Nolan, Harry Nevin, Fred. Manning, Leopold Blache, Leo Milloy, Charlemagne Limoges, Emile Leduc, Charles Lacroix, John Flynn, Ernest Leduc, John Coffey, Frederick Bell, Jean Hugues Seguin, Emile Lacoste, Alphonse Hamel, Ovilla Terrault, Frank McIver, John Scott, William Honeault, Donat Teller, Julien St. Denis, Alfred Groulx, Stephen Furlong, Joseph Ferland.



Each one prize—Wilfrid Major, John Donoghue, Frank McDonnell, Hector Brown, Omer Lemieux, George Galarnau, Joseph Doherty, Joseph Brunneau, Leopold Lussier, Thomas Robertson, Nelson Gentleman.

1st Year, 1st Division. Special prize for French Catechism presented by Rev. J. E. Donnelly and awarded to Paul Barbe.

Special prize for English Catechism presented by Rev. J. E. Donnelly and awarded to Charles Piche.

Special prizes for application and good conduct—Rodolphe Desrochers, Paul Barbe.

Special prizes for assiduity—Emile Gaumont, Arthur Palardy, Albini Laboursodiere, Paul Barbe, Louis Bouchard.

Prizes and accessits—Paul Barbe, Charles Piche, Robert Smith, Albini Laboursodiere, Henry McLaughlin, George Palardy, Rodolphe Desrochers, Rene Hamel, William P. Duggan, William Orr, Arthur Palardy, Paul Demers, John Thomas Britt, Harold McEltheron, Donat Gregoire, Hugh O'Shaughnessy, Raoul Leroux, Louis Bouchard, Joachim McKenna, Isidore Douensard, Gustave Major, Georges Lafortune, Emile Gaumont, Gilbert Proulx, Anatole Montpetit, Aloysius Loughman, Joseph Vanlette, Leo Savard, Horace Raboin, Leo Fox, Michael Paquette, Rae Story, Albert Watson, Romeo Neveu, Wilfrid Couture, Edouard Cantin, John Davis, Albert Galarnau.

Each one prize—Lionel Depatie, Leo Clarke, Origene Brunet, Archie Sullivan.

1st Year, 2nd Division. Special prize for English Catechism presented by Rev. J. E. Donnelly and awarded to Harold Thornton.

Special prizes for application and good conduct—Georges Brault, John James McCloskey, Alfred Jutaville, Walter Lamontagne, Harold Thornton, John Brosman, Joseph Normandin, Maurice Barbe.

Special prizes for assiduity—George Dussault, John James McCloskey, Wilfrid Langevin, Hector Desroches.

Prizes and accessits—Maurice Barbe, John James McCloskey, Geo. Brault, Alfred Dufour, William McNally, Edward McMahon, Adrien Maillet, Walter Lamontagne, Harold Thornton, John Brosman, Alfred Laviolette, Walter O'Brien, Albert Jutaville, Hector Desroches, Joseph Normandin, Emile Lefebvre, Francis A. Walker, Thomas O'Shaughnessy, Walter Stanley, Wilfrid Langevin, Michael Brimmer, Gordon Filatrault, Ubalde Proulx, Alf. Geo. Sinel, Geo. Dussault, Henry McMahon, James Haynes, Russell Lavallee, Henri Demessy, Alphonse Cantin, Marcel Demessy, Emile Ladouceur, Leopold Belisle.

Each one prize—Ernest Langevin, Ernest Galarnau, Arthur Cadieux, Desire Belanger, Ulderice Belanger, Eddie Feeney, Robert Wm. Milloy, Michael Sullivan.

1st Year, 3rd Division. Special prize for English Catechism presented by Rev. J. E. Donnelly and awarded to Francis Harrison.

Special prizes for application and good conduct—Norman McHugh, Jas. O'Donoghue, Armand Savage, Jas. Henderson.

Special prize for assiduity—Francis Harrison.

Prizes and accessits—Armand Savage, Eugene Proulx, Norman McHugh, Francis Harrison, James Henderson, Angelo Bienjonnetti, Henri Lemieux, Anthony Filiatrault, Jos. Gleason, Oscar Lencir, Harold Kelly, Alfred Levesque, Gaston Charlebois, James O'Donoghue, Adrien Normandin, Francis Bannon, Ernest Lapierre, Joseph Bishop, Thomas Love, Alphonse Durocher, Rodolphe Laviolette.

Each one prize—Norman Collins, Walter McMahon, Richard Patterson, Arthur Harrison, James Fosbro, Albert Finnigan, Hermas Larocque, Napoleon Couturier, Gaspard Cadieux.

NO DRINKING MOTORMEN WANTED.

The company which operates the New York subway system owned by the city has taken a radical stand against drink. "Take a drink and you lose your job" is in effect the dictum that has just gone forth. The company is now employing large numbers of new men and taking back many of the old employees who went out in the recent strike. The company has made use of the opportunity to take a firm stand against intoxicants. All successful applicants for positions are required to sign a total abstinence pledge as a condition of their being employed. The company employs thousands of men.