

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys: The letters came in so slowly that I was afraid the corner was going to have a very deserted appearance but the morning mail brought some encouragement. Maude C. says she can hardly find time to write. I can easily understand that, for studies do take up so much of the time. I do take up so much of the time. I wish to thank Maude for her kind invitation to visit her in Quebec. I was there some weeks ago en route to Roberval and enjoyed myself very much in the old historic city. Agnes McC. has just had a birthday. I feel that I am voicing the sentiments of all the cousins when I extend to her our united wishes for many happy returns of the day. Too bad that Agnes will be obliged to leave school in order to assist with the work. It is nice to be a little helper; but it does break one's interest in study when it has to be left aside and picked up as the occasion requires. How nice Ethel T. must look in her new frock and bonnet. She is a very lucky little girl to have a mamma who can teach her her lessons at home. Lillian T. is looking for a great many letters this week, but, like myself, she will be disappointed. What a splendid library her papa must have! I hope Agnes C., when she comes to Montreal for her holidays, will have a jolly visit with her little friends Lillian and Ethel. Surely Joseph will feel that more than one is thinking about him and will appreciate the kind thought of the little girls who would so like to take the place of his little sisters away at school, and for whom he is so lonely. Next week will be announced the winner of the book promised for the best and most regular correspondent. Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky: You cannot imagine the delight I took in reading all the letters of my little cousins. I can hardly find time now to write regularly, as we have settled down to our studies in earnest and my lessons keep me very busy. There is a grand bazaar open now in aid of the orphans' home, and we have a good deal of fun at it. I read Lily T.'s letter, and I am delighted to hear she has not forgotten the good old times we had together. I would love to visit her and Ethel, as I know I would be sure of enjoying myself with them. I was sorry to read Joseph's letter, as he said he could not go to see his sisters, and I know he must be lonesome. I would love to see him, as I hardly ever knew what it was to have a brother, as our family consists of eight girls. I am sorry to see the corner is hardly filling up with letters, as I thought there would be a great deal of writing once school had begun. I would like to see you, Aunt Becky, and you may be sure if you ever came to Quebec you would be a welcome visitor. Well, I think my letter is pretty long, dear Aunt Becky, and I don't want you to grow tired of me, so I will close with love to all my cousins. I remain, Your loving niece, MAUDE C. Quebec.

Dear Aunt Becky: As I have a few spare moments I thought I would write to you. I am going to have a birthday party to-morrow. I was thirteen years old Friday, and I am going to have the party on Sunday, for I could not have one on Friday as I had to go to school. We will soon be digging potatoes, and I think I will have to stay home from school. We have fun picking them, for whenever we get the bags full the men will draw them to the house and we have a ride up and down on the loads. Good-bye. Your loving niece, AGNES McC. Lonsdale, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky: I am going to Vespers this afternoon with sister Lili; I do so like to go to church. Mamma made me such a pretty blue dress and the cutest blue bonnet you could see. Dear Auntie, I am not going to school, as I am too young, but mamma teaches me at home. I learn Catechism, spelling, reading and counting. I am very anxious for my lessons to begin, as it gives me something to study every day. I will now close with love to all the cousins and Aunt Becky. Your loving niece, ETHEL T. Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky: Have you been to Dominion Park yet? I was very anxious to go this week, it being the last, but having so much home work it was impossible. I think it is lovely down at the Park. Coming up the river by boat at night you have a grand view of the illuminations from the Park. I hope to see letters from my cousins in Quebec this week, especially Flossie T. who promised to be a regular correspondent. Hurry up, Flossie, there is lots of room for you and Stella, eh Auntie? Papa has added such a fine collection of books to our library, thirty volumes of Ancient History, which I am looking forward to reading; in the near future when I am finished with school. I do so enjoy reading in especially history. I have no time to spare now with my lessons and my music. Hoping there will be a great many letters in the corner this week, and love to all my cousins and you, dear Aunt Becky. Your loving niece, LILLIAN T. Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky: I was very much pleased to see my letter in print last week, and I am exceedingly grateful to you for receiving me as your niece. I am afraid this letter will not reach you in time to be inserted in the True Witness this week, so I won't be disappointed if it fails to appear. I would have written before this, but I am very busy with my studies and the time passed faster than I realized. I think I will go to Montreal for my New Year's holidays and then I hope to have the pleasure of seeing my dear little friends, Lillian and Ethel T. They did not write last week. I wonder why. I am sorry Joseph will be lonesome for his sisters, and I wish I could take their places. We finished our retreat last Saturday and started school in earnest Monday. We are learning shorthand this year, and I find it very interesting. With best love to all my dear cousins, and in particular to your own dear self, I remain, as always, Your affectionate niece, AGNES C. Quebec, Sept. 12.

WORK AND WIN. The boy who works is the boy who wins.— The boy who finishes all he begins. The boy who cheerfully says, I'll try. The boy who smiles when the world's awry. The boy who shirks is the boy who fails.— The boy who falters when work entails. The boy who moodily whines, I can't. The boy whose vision is all aslant. To work or to shirk, boys—which shall it be? The paths are open, the choice is free. "We'll work and win!" is the cry I hear. And the poor little shirk has fled, I fear!

THE RIGHT TIME. "Mabel, wouldn't you like to go home with me and see my new dress?" So queried Eleanor Brown, as she and Mabel Wright were on their way home from school on a certain bright afternoon in the spring. "Indeed, I should like to," was the reply, "but you know it is time for us to write our graduating essays, and this seems to be the very

day for me to begin mine, because there is no Latin lesson to prepare for to-morrow. Professor Simpson is away, you know. When he comes back I suppose we will have to do double work to make up for lost time."

"I suppose so. I may as well follow your wise example and write on my essay, too. But I'm sorry you can't come home with me. Good-bye," said Eleanor.

The two girls parted. Eleanor was able to carry out the plan they had made, but Mabel had a different experience. She hurried into the house, put her coat and wrap in place, and was just about sitting down to write when she heard the sound of wheels before the door. Looking from her window she saw Uncle Jonas Wright with his family of six alighting from their large carryall. Mabel hastened to admit them, then went to inform her mother of their arrival.

Contrary to her expectations, Mrs. Wright looked rather troubled at the announcement.

"I'll be glad to see them all," she said, "but, of course, they've come to supper, and this is rather an inconvenient day. Nurse has gone out on a shopping expedition and is not to return until evening. Cook has just gone to bed with a headache, and so I was planning to have a very simple meal. But you and I will have to do the best we can, Mabel. I'll have to ask you to stay in the nursery with the children for a few moments."

So here was a decided interruption. No such thing as writing was to be thought of for the next few hours. Mabel's time must be divided between the children and the visitors, while her mother flitted from parlor to kitchen and from kitchen to parlor.

Finally supper was announced. Then as the children, all except baby and herself, were to go to the table, Mabel hoped that she might be able to do some writing. She would put baby in the cradle and rock him with her foot while, at the same time, she constructed her essay. But baby refused to sleep—Mabel herself was tired, and it was impossible to do more than attend to the wants of the infant. Afterwards she had her own supper to eat, and then the older children must be put to bed. When the visitors said "good night" Mabel felt almost too sleepy to respond.

"You are tired, aren't you, dear?" said her mother, "and I know how to sympathize with you so far as weariness goes. We both need rest now. I'm sorry that you've been unable to do any studying."

"That's the worst of it, mother. I had determined to work on my essay to-day, but my plan was all upset."

"Well, dear, you have been a brave, patient girl, and have helped me all you could. This has seemed to be the Lord's plan for to-day, and since you have tried to do the work set before you, you may safely trust that all will come right. Now, to bed, and sleep."

Mabel retired and slept the sleep of healthy girlhood. The next morning she awoke with a clear brain and fresh courage. The thoughts she needed for her essay came rushing in upon her. It seemed easy to arrange them, too. She wondered that she had not seen it before. The short rest from study which had come on her the previous afternoon had proved to be a blessing rather than a hindrance.

Quite to her own astonishment, it proved to be the best essay of the class, and the one which received most commendation.

So the Lord's time for Mabel was the right time, as it is for everyone else.—Pittsburg Observer.

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A VISIT TO A DOLLS' HOSPITAL.

A dolls' hospital! And why not? Doesn't dolly often sustain both internal and external injuries? And when injured, doesn't she need the assistance of a surgeon? Of course she does. And so it has come to pass that kindly disposed people have opened hospitals where dolly may be cured of her hurts—if the head has not been smashed.

The writer visited a dolls' hospital a few weeks ago and there saw—a room full of poor maimed things. Here in one corner lay a fine French dolly, with one eye gone, an unsightly scar on her piquant nose, and a broken ankle. Near this little French lady was another dolly, with hair gone, a maimed hand, and two legs missing. (These members, however, were wrapped up in a bit of paper waiting the surgical operation that would join them to their wanted places again).

But the saddest plight was that of a dear baby doll who had lost its cry. When one pinched its stomach the springs would not squeak; therefore the little thing had no way of expressing pain or anger, but must lie on a shelf and be still. And a serious operation would be performed upon her soon, for the doll doctor would cut her open down the back and put in another crying spring or fix up the one already in her body.

And that's the advantage of being a doll. Dolls undergo the most terrible accidents—are pulled limb from limb, hair from head—to be put together again without much trouble and no fuss whatever.

As I looked about the hospital, I wondered how the children who owned these maimed dolls could have been so careless, heartless—yes, cruel—in their treatment of the helpless things.

SCHOOL EXPERIENCE OF A PRINCE.

An amusing anecdote is related of the present little Prince Edward of Wales. The little Prince dislikes his arithmetic, and, in fact, mathematics in general.

His punishment for dereliction of duty is being put in the corner.

Some time ago, when he saw his governess taking out the book and slate to prepare for the day's lessons in the particular branch which he specially disliked, he said, very deliberately:

"I don't believe I care to do 'rithmetic to-day. I'll go into the corner again, if you don't mind."

Away he marched like a soldier, leaving an astonished teacher wondering what course was best to pursue.

READ THIS, GIRLS.

A writer, who may be known as English for her use of the word "boots" for shoes, says:

I have read many articles purporting to show how a lady may be known. In one of the articles it was asserted that "a lady may be known by her boots;" in another "that she may be known by her gloves, 'by her neckwear.'" A writer who claims to be a close observer said that if you gave him but a glimpse of a woman's handkerchief he would tell you whether or not the owner was worthy to bear the title of lady.

I once heard a gentleman say: "A lady is judged by her laugh." Again I have heard: "You can tell a lady by her voice, by the care of her hands and nails and by the letter she writes." So I began to put these things to the test, and I now tell you the result of my observations.

1. The Boot Test.—The last seat in the car was taken by a faultless-looking beauty. She had a pretty foot and wore an elegant shoe, which fitted her perfectly. Then a lited-looking mother, carrying a heavy, frolicsome baby, entered the car, and stood holding on to a strap until a very aged and trembling man—evidently a gentleman—insisted that she take his seat while he held to the strap. My beauty in

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the patent leather boots had never thought to offer her seat or to hold the baby for the mother.

2. The Handkerchief and Glove Test.—In a large drygoods store I saw a clerk cross the house to pick up a dainty cambric handkerchief for a customer. The handkerchief was accepted by a hand in a neat kid glove, but the owner did not thank the clerk, nor cast even a grateful or pleasant glance in acknowledgment of the favor she had received.

3. The Laugh Test.—I heard a merry, ringing laugh, which I would have declared came up from a pure as well as happy heart; and I afterwards heard the laughter say to her mother: "It's none of your business who my letters are from."

4. The Voice Test.—I heard a reader give in the sweetest, most musical voice that old but beautiful poem "Somebody's Mother," and the next day I saw the same reader laugh immoderately at an old woman who fell and scattered her marketing over the pavement.

5. The Hand Test.—Over the keys of the piano swiftly and gracefully moved hands that might well serve as models for sculptor or painter, but whose hands on a bitter cold day rudely closed the door in the face of a woman who was asking alms.

Then I concluded that while a lady should be scrupulously neat in her dress, she should be able to write an elegant letter; yet all these qualifications, if combined with selfishness or rudeness, would fail to constitute a lady, for one of the chief characteristics of a lady must be forgetfulness of self and consideration for the wants of others.

AN ANT FUNERAL.

A lady gives this account of some ants which she saw in Sydney. Having killed a number of soldier ants, she returned in half an hour to the spot where she had left their dead bodies, and in reference to what she then observed she says:

"I saw a large number of ants surrounding the dead ones; I determined to watch their proceedings closely. I followed four or five that started off from the rest toward a hillock a short distance away in which was an ants' nest. This they entered, and in about five minutes they reappeared, followed by others.

"All fell into rank, walking regularly and slowly two by two until

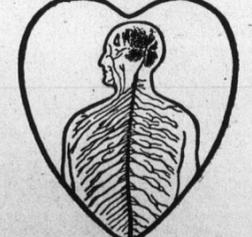
they arrived at the spot where lay the dead bodies of the soldier ants. In a few minutes two of the ants advanced and took up the dead body of one of their comrades; then two others, and so on until all were ready to march.

"First walked two ants bearing a body, then two without a burden, then two others with another dead ant, and so on until the line extended to about forty pairs, and the procession now moved slowly onward, followed by an irregular body of about two hundred ants.

"Occasionally the two laden ants stopped, and laying down the dead ant it was taken up by the two walking unburdened behind them, and thus by occasionally relieving each other they arrived at a sandy spot near the sea. The body of ants now commenced digging with their jaws a number of holes in the ground, into each of which a dead ant was laid. They now labored on until they filled up the ants' graves. This did not quite finish the remarkable circumstances attending their funeral.

"Some six or seven of the ants had attempted to run off without performing their share of the task of digging. These were caught and brought back, when they were at once killed upon the spot. A single grave was quickly dug, and they were all dropped in."—The Christian Work.

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WEAK SPELLS CURED. Mrs. J. Dorey, Hemford, N.S., writes us as follows:—"I was troubled with dizziness, weak spells and fluttering of the heart. I procured a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they did me so much good that I got two more boxes, and after finishing them I was completely cured. I must say that I cannot recommend them too highly."

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