

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

We are getting a taste of real winter at last. So much the better, for there was nearly being no skating, and what a disappointment that would be to the boys and girls to whom Santa Claus brought skates for Christmas. Two old friends are heard from this week. If you all knew what a pleasure it is to receive your letters you would all write at least every week.

Your loving

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is a long time since I wrote to you, so I thought I would write today. We have lovely weather down here, there is hardly any snow. The fields and roads are all bare and the waggon and sleighs are going together; we have no coasting at all this winter. It is raining to-day. My sister and brother and I were in school and my father had to come after us. We have a long piece to go to school. My father is kept busy shoeing horses all the time, he has no rest only on Sundays and holidays. I think I will stop for this time. I will write soon again. So good-bye, Aunt Becky, from

Your sincere friend,

JOHANNA McU.

Sturgeon, P.E.I.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is quite a long time since I wrote to the Corner. We get the True Witness all the time, and I enjoy the boys' and girls' letters. We are having a fine mild winter down here in Newfoundland. I go to school every day. I am studying for the Council examinations. There are six others from our school preparing for the primary exam. We have great fun skating and riding. I hope all the boys and girls spent a happy Xmas and received lots of presents from Santa Claus. We had it very lonely here, for our priest removed to another parish about a week from Xmas, and we had not one until a few days ago. With love to all, I remain, dear Aunt Becky,

Your loving niece,

TERESA M. W.

Jan 26th, 1906.

A TALE OF TAILS.

Everybody knows that doggy uses his tail to say "I'm glad," and that tabby, near the doggy, uses her's to say "I'm mad."

Strange to say, the monkey uses his tail to help him climb a tree, while the peacock seems to have his just to show his vanity.

Squirrels hopping through the tree-tops have theirs simply for a show; Fishes in the purring brooklet need theirs just to make them go.

Birds also have one, and it serves to keep the flies away; Bobby put one on his kite to make it fly the other day.

Scores of animals possess them, from a lion to a mouse—Or a beaver, strange to say, who uses his to build a house.

Still, 'tis puzzling, look at buffy his is small, very, very small. Then consider why a bullfrog hasn't one at all, at all.

So it seems almost a riddle, little girls, little men, Why these tails are all so different, guess and tell us, if you can.

THE RESCUE OF THE BROWN TWINS.

They sat on the edge of the porch, stretching out their chubby bare legs that the rain from the eaves might fall on them. It had been raining steadily all morning. Snapper, the fox terrier, made spasmodic dashes from one side to the other, barking at the drops—sniffing and sneezing when one splashed on his snout.

The Brown boys—and country life had made them literally brown boys—were twins, and seven years old. Theodore and Edward they had been christened, but no one ever thought of calling them anything but Teddy and Eddy.

"Mother won't let us go swimmin' while the creek's so high, and I just know it won't go down for long enough, after all this rain."

Eddy nodded his head. He had been thinking deeply for three solid minutes. Now he dropped back on the floor, waving his dripping limbs in the air.

"Believe I'll go swimmin' now," he remarked, with an assumed air of carelessness.

"You'll what?—where?" gasped Teddy, in surprise. His brother rolled over on his side, that Teddy might observe what was intended to be a knowing wink.

As he opened his mouth to reply, Snapper—in the course of his gambols—scrambled unceremoniously over the lad's head, causing him to sit suddenly erect, spluttering.

"Where?" repeated Teddy. But he was not to learn too easily—"I went into the house," drawled the other twin; "what did I see?—nawthin! I went up one flight of stairs; what did I see—nawthin! I went up two flights of stairs; what did I see? A door! I opened the door; what did I see? A tank!"

Teddy understood. "The water-tank!" he exclaimed. "Go swimmin' in the water-tank upstairs—do you mean it?"

"Course I mean it, but don't yell so mother and Aunt Debbie and everybody can hear you!"

"Aunt Debbie took some herbs down to old Miss Hughes for her rheumatiz and mother is back in the kitchen. But dare we do it?"

"Come along!" was the reply. Eddy was always the leader in their escapades. The two entered the house—or rather the three—for Snapper just managed to squeeze through the screen door after them, wagging his stump of a tail. He seemed to say, "That was a close shave. I had no idea you were going in till I heard the door creak. Why couldn't you tell a fellow?"

Cautiously the trio mounted to the top floor, after they had stopped at their bedroom to don bathing suits. Soon they arrived at the room containing the cistern which supplied the house with water. This was a huge cask, eight or nine feet high and perhaps as wide. A wind-mill pumped water to it from the stream, but rain-water from the roof was also emptied into it, so that now it was filled to the brim. The boys knew very well that even if the tank were considered a safe natorium there would be serious objections to its use as such, for it was this tank that supplied the water for the bath room below. Of course, it could hardly be called clean water after two little grimy urchins had immersed themselves in it.

Snapper sniffed around in the dark corners delightedly. It was a new field for him. A chair was placed close to the side of the tank, and Teddy standing upon it helped Eddy clamber upon his shoulders. "Here goes!" he whispered, and over he went with a faint splash that caused Snapper to cock one ear and look up in surprise.

In a few seconds his fingers appeared on the rim of the tank, followed by his dripping head. "Oh, Teddy!" he gasped, "it's great. Catch hold of my hands and climb up!" A stiff struggle ended by Teddy popping in head-first so suddenly that both went to the bottom. They rose to the surface puffing, but happy. Both were thoroughly at home in the water, and for ten or fifteen minutes they disappeared like a couple of seals. Finally, becoming rather tired, they perched themselves on the rim for a moment's rest. The rain had ceased or was falling so lightly that not any was flowing into the tank. Eddy's observing eye noted something else.

"Someone is taking a bath!" he said. "See how the water is lowering. They must be filling the bath-tub. Come on in again."

Over they flopped, much to Snapper's disgust. He was hoping this game in which he could not participate was about finished.

"But I can't tread water longer than you," challenged one; and they merrily entered upon the test.

They had about reached the limit of their strength when Teddy happened to glance up and saw that the surface of the water was nearly two feet below the top of the tank. "Oh, brother!" he shouted, "see how low we are! I can't reach the top. Oh, we'll be drowned!"

Try as they might, their efforts, single and combined, were of no avail. The water remained at that level—too high to stand on the bottom and too low for them to

reach the top. Some one had evidently drawn off not only a tub-full, but afterwards used the shower bath, which consumed as much more.

Of course the poor little fellows abounded with all their might, but their voices were muffled and they were in an unoccupied part of the house. But their shouting had one good effect; it started Snapper barking. He became wildly excited, seeming to know they were in trouble, and ran back and forth from the room to the head of the stairs, yelping his very loudest.

Down the lane trudged Aunt Debbie, returning from her visit to the sick (it took more than rain to interfere with her errands of mercy), her big umbrella with its crooked handle still dripping. As she entered the door the distant barking smote her ears.

"For goodness sake! if that dog can't in the house again, and tracking all our new crash with its muddy paws, I'll warrant." Bent upon vengeance, she mounted the stairs, grimly holding the umbrella, which she intended to use on the offending canine.

"Why, bless my soul! that sounds like the twins. You, Snapper, you! Where's them boys?"

"Auntie, Auntie, get us out quick!" "Merciful heavens, the tank!" She wasted no time in words, but standing on the chair peered over at the white, frightened faces of her nephews. The curved handle of her umbrella hauled them out, and it was none too soon. Their limp, dripping forms sank to the floor—too weak even to ward off the demonstrative Snapper.

No, they were not made ill by their experience; neither were they spanked or scolded. Aunt Debbie considered they had had their lesson and—loyal soul—never breathed a word about it. But she put them to bed for a nap from which they awoke perfectly well. They were, however, unusually subdued for at least two days.

EXPERIMENTING WITH A COIN.

An experiment which will be found extremely diverting is to place an inverted tumbler upon a plate and place a coin also upon the plate. You then proceed to pour a little water, enough to well cover the coin, upon it, and then assert to the onlookers that you will take up the coin without wetting your fingers.

This, unless they are in the secret, they will not consider possible, and, to prove the truth of your words, you place a slice of cork in the water. This, of course, will float on the surface, and you then place a piece of lighted paper on the cork, covering all quickly with the inverted glass.

As the burning paper consumes the oxygen in the air the pressure of the atmosphere outside the glass becomes greater than that within, and in this way the water is forced into the glass, and you are enabled to take up the coin without damping your fingers.

THE CHRIST-FLOWER.

In the black forest of Germany there once dwelt a poor man who had many children. The winter had been very cold and frequently there was not enough bread to feed all the hungry little mouths.

One evening as a man was returning from his work, he found a beautiful child shivering in the cold. He thought of the hard struggle to keep the wolf from his door; but the little one seemed to be lost and he could not leave it to perish in the forest. So he wrapped it in his rough coat and carried it to his home. The good wife was dismayed at the thought of another one to feed and clothe; but they would do their best for the Christ-child's sake; and they fed and warmed the little stranger and gave him their humble cheer. When lo!

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AN IRISH ELECTION: OLD STYLE.

A lively account of an Irish election in the first half of the last century is given in "Further Recollections of Old Galway Life" in Blackwood's for January. One of the candidates was a Dublin barrister and the other a local man, Sir Valentine Blake, of Menlo Castle, who was what was known as a "Sunday boy"—in other words, owing to financial embarrassments, he was unable to appear abroad except upon the Sunday, and had to spend the other six days of the week in close seclusion in his own dwelling. A member of Parliament could not be arrested for debt, which, among other reasons, made it exceedingly desirable that Sir Valentine should become member for Galway town. A local orator in supporting him did not try to conceal this motive: quite the reverse.

"Will you," he asked passionately, "leave Sir Valentine to pine in his seclusion at Menlo? Or will you bid the Councillor (his opponent) begone whence he came, and make Sir Valentine by your votes a free man this day?" This appeal succeeded, and Sir Valentine was elected. Sir Valentine himself awaited the result of the election in a boat on Loch Corrib, where he was safe from arrest, as a writ could only be executed on human control.

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wonderful thing happened. The child raised his tiny hands in blessing and disappeared. And they know that the Christ-child had been among them, and they fell upon their knees to thank God for the favor.

The next morning, as the man returned to his work, he saw a beautiful white flower blooming in the snow where he had found the Child; and he called it Christ-flower or Chrysanthemum.

HOW SWALLOWS DRINK.

Of course, we know that swallows drink as they swim over the surface of the water. We have seen how here and there the water ripples on a pond when swallows are gracefully skimming to and fro.

One day I sat down beside a small pond where every evening many barn swallows came to bathe and drink on the surface of the glassy water. With sketch book and pencil in hand, I closely watched the birds, and you may imagine my delight to see just how they managed to touch and dip up the water as they came within a few steps of me.

You see, the swallow takes up water in its lower bill just as you would dip up a little water in a spoon or in the hollow of your hand while you glided over the surface in a boat. Only the under half of the open bill touches the water. If the upper half were to touch also, the water would be forced out or either side instead of being scooped up in the bill.

YOUR DUTY TO YOUR MOTHER.

It should be the daughter's joy, as well as duty, to bring a little recreation and pleasure into her mother's life.

Remember, girls, that all your lives your mothers have been sacrificing themselves for you. Your shoulders are young and strong; help lift the burden a little from the tired shoulders that have borne it so long.

Let her see that you appreciate all that she has done for you. Take the heaviest part of the housework off her hands. Make her stay in bed in the morning while you get breakfast.

Something pretty to wear will please her. She is a woman, you know, and likes pretty things as well as you do.

A little love and petting is always appreciated by mothers; try it with yours and see if she don't thrive under it.

The prettiest girl in the world is absolutely devoid of charm if she be impertinent to her mother.

THE EARS OF INSECTS AND ANIMALS.

It would be quite natural, of course to look on the side of the head of any living creature, provided he had a living, for the organs of hearing. Such investigation, however, no matter how thorough, would be void of results in many instances. In the clam it is found in the base of his "foot," or feeler. In most of the grasshoppers it is in the fore leg, while several species of insects have it in the wing. Lobsters and crabs all have the auditory sac at the base of the antennae, or feelers.

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FIVE GOLDEN RULES.

First—Eat only 3 meals a day, 5 hours apart. It requires 4 to 4½ hours to digest a meal. This leaves ½ to 1 hour for the stomach to rest.

Second—Eat nothing between meals. If anything is taken into the stomach while digestion is going on, digestion stops and may not start again for an hour.

Third—Eat slowly and chew food thoroughly. This insures food being well mixed with saliva and partially digested before it reaches the stomach.

Fourth—Drink little fluid with meals. The stomach gives out about a pint of gastric juice to digest each meal. If you take another pint of tea, wine or water, then the digestive juices are too diluted to properly digest the food.

Fifth—Take one "Fruit-a-tives" tablet about twenty minutes before meals. "Fruit-a-tives" tone up and sweeten the stomach—insure an abundant flow of digestive juices—and cure Dyspepsia. Follow these directions for a month and see how much better you are in every way.

See a box. At all druggists.

AN IRISHMAN'S REASON.

While a travelling man was making his trip through Ohio recently he met an Irishman at one of the small towns, whom he engaged to help carry his grips from the depot. The traveling man, being of a very jovial disposition, asked the Irishman a number of questions, and invariably received answers that made him smile. After they had traversed a couple of blocks from the station, and having passed a Catholic church, the traveling man noticed that his friend raised his hat when he passed the front of the edifice. He said nothing of the incident until a few minutes later, when they passed a Protestant church or the same kind of structure, the following conversation ensued:

"Pat, did you raise your hat when we passed that church back there, before we turned on this street?"

Pat, looking up in his face, answered: "Faith, and I did, sir."

His friend said: "Well, Pat, you just passed one here which was made of the same material. Why didn't you raise your hat when you passed it?"

The Irishman looked at him for several minutes as they walked along, and finally said:

"Say, Mister Man, are you married?"

To which the traveling man answered: "Yes."

"And I suppose you love your wife?"

To which he made a like reply, "Yes."

"And I suppose you kiss her sometimes?"

He also replied, "Yes."

"Well, where do you kiss her?"

"Why, I kiss her in the mouth, of course."

"Well, why in the devil don't you kiss the back of her neck? It is made out of the same material."

"WHEN I'M BIG."

Some children were recently overheard discussing that interesting matter of "what we'll do when we get big." One, a very small boy from a Western village, outlined his dream of future power by stating that he would be a milkman, ride around in a wagon and ring a bell for folks to come out for their milk.

The second boy, a little older, explained how he wanted to be the man to ride on the freight cars and "make the round things go like this"—illustrating with his hands the brakeman's action.

The third, also a boy, still older than the others, laughing a little at their childish notions—stated that he could not decide whether to be a minister or a grocer. In the place where they were all spending the summer the grocer has candy to sell, and a young clergyman was the object of much feminine devotion.

The fourth child, a girl of 11, was seen to smile enigmatically. She did not care to tell what she would do, she said.

"Aw, yar!" contemptuously cried he for whom the ministry and confectionery had equal attraction. "Yur want to get married!" he said, with the traditional blindness of his sex.

When the boys with these ignoble aims had run off to play ball, the girl's ambition came out, confided to her favorite aunt.

"I wouldn't tell before them," she said, solemnly. "They couldn't understand. But, auntie, I want to be a justice of the Supreme Court, and—her voice became solemn—"beyond human control."

SOCIETY DIRECTORS.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1866; incorporated 1863; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, J. H. Kelly; Rec. Sec., J. D'Arcy Kelly; 13 Vallee street.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; Treasurer, M. J. Ryan, 18 St. Augustine street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 3.30 p.m.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26—Organized 13th November, 1883. Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month at 8 o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, J. M. Kennedy; President, J. H. Malden; 1st Vice-President, W. A. Hodgson; 2nd Vice-President, J. B. McCabe; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Ave.; Asst. Rec. Sec., E. J. Lynch; Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 325 St. Urban st.; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, M. J. O'Regan; Guard, J. A. Hartenstein. Trustees, W. A. Hodgson, T. R. Stevens, D. J. McGillis, John Walsh and G. E. Delaney; Jack was cross; nothing pleased Medical Officers, Dr. H. J. Harrison, Dr. G. H. Herrill and Dr. E. J. O'Connor.

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