You surely could not have counted

among your New Year resolutions

that of writing to the corner. But,

then, I know school is the all-import-

ant subject for little people : still,

the class list, and I am sure if you

would practice writing to the corner

you would all stand a chance of a

my little friends, so write me when

...

THE FAIRLES' FRIEND.

down under a chestnut tree to rest,

He was a very little fellow-so lit

him their choicest secrets, for fairles,

begun to grow up, and the elfin peo-

But the boy under the chestnu

at the most unexpected times,

they were always welcome.

Oh! how he loved them.

his face beaming with joy:

will be a great poet.'

twick, tome twick : my fairies is here

Don't oo see dem? Don't oo see

more," his father would answer. "He

But, oh! how disappointed the

very much, till he remembered that

So, of course, his father and mothe

one as tiny and transparent as

Since no one understood, the small

boy stopped talking of his visitors.

But his mother always knew who

they came; for, if mother sight is

sometimes poor, mother hearts can

When his big blue eyes grew dreamy

The mischievous sprites from Nid-

nod land were the most frequent vi

sitors, but the water kelpie came al-

most as often. Indeed, when they

stayed away, then the small boy's

bath was a very stupid affair; but

when they came, what a splashing and spluttering there was. Then

there were the golden-haired fairies,

who lived in the heart of the roses

or deep down in the white depths o

lilies, who used such a wonderful,

fragrant perfume, and the sprites dressed in rainbow color, who danced

on the small boy's soap bubbles, and

the little black imps who floated on

To-day, as the small boy lay under

the chestnut tree, he was sad at

with a faraway look, then his mo-

ther never disturbed him, for

knew his fairies were with him.

see a great deal.

eyes of the aged are very dim.

needs to play with other boys

not see his friends. It puzzled

could not be expected to see

knock the nonsense out of him."

There are none an

any

with him.

Once upon a time a small boy lay

AUNT BECKY.

Your loving .

Dear Girls and Boys :

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

orner.

the realm of e in limitles pell of necro-

7 18, 1906.

IG.

from heartquiet lanes T sides its mea

land of Way eyond the pur-

e is most proare those of t covered and

in speech and ought go the ibute or exac-

eyond the pur-

building known

ere with all of e roses twine eside me, brave

is magicry of et, my foolish ecstacies and the land of

beyond the pur-

nurch or state arone, or what ook of fate. he highest still.

MIGHTY.

air, there sits usand mills ; he permits as he wills ed bench, where

pleads to save, light from life the grave. power, behold mighty land ! htly told.

of his hand.

r each must be reckonomes to teach is but second. gn begun

the helpless one of the ruled. or seats of state hrone, or what

ne highest still ! ooke, in St. Ni-ESS.

at him with endillions yield obsand whose will

pes Omnipotence

at him with flat-

the vastness of

t treasure calls

triumphs calls

one who rules is

that hew and

it for all, is just

souls of men

Only that morning he had heard his father say, "That boy springs up like a bad weed." Then the father sighed. "I fear I

their naughty kinswoman.

will soon lose my baby, he is growing up so fast " Now the small boy had not bee

intimate so long with the fairy folk without lenowing their dislike of grown people. He was filled with a terrible dread that he, too, would soon be placed on their black books.

What could be do to be to be to be the could be dead to be dea What could be do to keep from growing up 2

He thought and thought, There were the hated crue

nurse said made boys grow—he would never eat another. But there wer also the good roast beef and chicken, that nurse called regular "man sprouters"—they were harder to give

Could be do it?

Could be do it?

Just as he had decided to sacrify the court of th

overhanging bough; the shell opened and a veiled figure stepped forth.

"Small boy," she whispered in tempting voice, "do you, unlike most boys, wish to keep from growing up? I will tell you what to do-smoke Get one of your father's cigars and smoke as hard as you can. composition is one of the items on

"How can that he ?" said the small "Nurse says bad boys smoke because they are grown up." "Did you not hear your nurse say

prize for letter writing at the end Smoking stunted a boy's growth' of the term. I hope you are all Do it, and you need not give up the other nice things to keep your fairy well, enjoying the lovely winter weafriends " ther, and not studying too hard. I

With this, the veiled figure sudden ther, and not stream any of am always glad to hear from any of ly departed, saying es she left:
"Take my advice and smoke."

Then the small boy ran into his father's library and took a big cigar. But because, somehow, his conscience did not feel very clear, he went down in the garden back of the stone wall before he lighted it.

Ugh, what a bad taste it had ! The small boy had to say over and over, "Now, I won't grow." or tle that the fairies still whispered to he never could have taken another The cigar was almost burned out

you know, would much rather talk to children than to grown people. When when the small boy's parents walked a boy starts to say there are no faiby: ries, you can be very sure he has "My son! my son! what are you doing ?" cried mother, horrified. "Can

ple will have nothing more to do this be my good little hoy whom the fairies love?" "This is putting away childish tree was still on their visiting list. things with a vengeance," said father.

He had many callers from Fairyland The small boy hegan to feel queer but He turned a sickly green, and oh, how ill he felt ! "I'm smoking so as not to grow When the small boy was littler he

up and lose my fairies," he cried. would cry to his father and mother. Mother ceased to scold, and hegan to coddle, while father said, "He'll not want another smoke soon. That night, as the small boy lay in

his little white bed, thinking mourn-Then his mother would say: "He fully, that he would not see his elfin friends again, suddenly the queen of the Nid-nods perched on his pillow. "Oh, queenie, queenie; then I'm

to not too grown up for you to love?" he said, in delight.

"Boy," answered the queen, "you small boy was that his parents could have at last met the bad fairy, though she was veiled, so you saw not her wicked face. Jealous of our love for you, she tempted you to do what will soonest drive the good fairies away. Fear not, boy, as long as you keep your child's heart the fairies will be true; but remember, that child's heart can be lost in surer way than to follow our wicked cousin's advice.'

> +++ BEATRICE'S SUN-PARLORS.

When Sara came in from school, her cheeks rosy with her brisk walk in the crisp air, she found Beatrice her chin in her hands, in a brown

"What is it now?" questioned Sara, laughing. "I know you planning something. I can always tell.

Beatrice laughed, too. "You are a regular wizard, Sara, my dear. Well, this time it's sun-parlors." "Sun-parlors !!"

"Exactly. You know what they are. The Evanses have one,—a sort of piazza, only enclosed in glass. It is fitted up with comfortable chairs and palms and things, as pretty as can be. The sun just pours in three sides, and it is the loveliest place to get warmed up and cheered Strange to say, the small boy had up! Well, now listen to what I read never met the bad fairy. He was just now: 'A mother said of her very glad of this, for the good fairies had many dreadful tales to tell of climate for me." A great many people go South to escape the winter winds. Others build them parlors and make a kindlier cli-mate around them.' That set me to thinking, and I've decided to build

sun-parlors for at least three people I know." "Where will you get the money? nded Sara incredulously.

"It will not take money-at least, ot much. It's the 'kindler cfimate I'm after. There's that young Ben nett girl on the next street. I've ged to send her South ever since I heard she had consumption. She sn't know it, for I've never even called on her. But now I'm going to start a sun-parlor for her here."

'You will First thing I'm goin "You will First thing I'm going to give her that year of magezines I have laid up. They are light to hold and the stories are as good as if they were not a year old. Then I intend to buy flowers for her instead of casely for myself, once in a while. The I've thought of lots of brightening on things for the parlor."

Sara nodded gravely: "I see. You we going to let a little sunshine in by doing nice things for her."

sure that little Mrs. Black needs a sun-parlor—at any rate her three children do. She is as busy as a bee-a I think it is because she is nearly distracted, trying to take care of

I can't take them downtown some of them. Every night she conducted times, or over here. If mother will the gander to the corner of the barr think I'll make a regular thing of it, one afterneon a week or something like that. I think that would make a better climate for all of them. My third parlor is for Miss as in his goslin days. One evening Price. Do you know, Sara, she is getting real bitter and sour, she has had so much trouble, and now she has to work so hard to support herself. I think she feels as if nobody I'd like to show her that somebody does. You know we have his wings hanging at his sides as h an extra ticket to the concert Friday night; would you mind very much if I asked her to go with us?" 'Mind, you blessed girl ! Of course wouldn't! You needn't think you are going into the sunshine business without me. We'll do all these things together, and think up a lot If the people don't get quite more.

cured and thawed out they will certainly be a little healthier and happier for sitting in the kindly climate of our sun-parlors a while, and I am sure we will ourselves. Let's go and tell mother about it." And off the two went, singing in a sweet 'Let a little sunshine in,

Let a little sunshine in Clear the darkened windows open wide the door,

Let a little sunshine in."

EARN CASH

In Your Leisure Time

If you could 'tart at once in a business which would add a good round sum to your present earnings—with-OUT INVESTING A DOLLAR—wouldn't

you do it?
Well, we are willing to start you in a profitable business and we don't ask you to put up any kind of a dollar.
Our proposition is this: We will ship you the Chatham Incubator and ship you the Chatham Incuba Brooder, freight prepaid, and

You Pay No Cash Until After 1906 Harvest.

After 1900 marvest.

Poultry raising pays.

People who tell you that there is no money in raising chicks may have tried to make money in the business by using setting hens as hatchers, and they might as well have tried to locate a gold mine in the cabbage patch. The business of a hen is—to lay eggs. As a hatcher and brooder she is outclassed. That's the business of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, and they do it perfectly and successfully.

Chatham Incubator and Brooder, at they do it perfectly and successfully. The poultry business, properly conducted, pays far better than any othe business for the amount of time an money invested.

Thousands of poultry-raisers—me and women all over Canada and the United States—have proved to their satisfaction that it. canted States—have proved to their satisfaction that it is profitable to raise chicks with the



AND BROODER. "Yours is the first incubator I have used, and I wish to state I had 62 chicks out to 62 eggs. This was my first lot; truly a 100 per cent. hatch. I am well pleased with my incubator and brooder. Thus. MONAUGHTON, Challwack, B.C.

"My first hatch came off. I got 170 fine chicks from 190 eggs. Who can best that for the first trial, and so early in the spring. I am well pleased with incubator, and if I could not get another money could not get a first money could not get another money could not get a first mon

ont."

"The incubator you furnished me works exceedingly well. It is easily operated, and only needs about 10 perated, and only needs about 10 perated, and only needs about 10 perated, and one of the perated is thoroughly tested, the machine is thoroughly tested, the machine is built on right principles, the insulation perfect, thermometer reliable, and the workmanship the best.

The Chatham incubator and Broode is simple as well as scientific in construction—a woman or girl can operat the machine in their leisure moments.

You pay us no cash until after 1906 harvest.

post card to-day.
We can supply you quickly from our stributing warehouses at Calgary, Brann, Ragina, Winnipeg, New Westminster, C., Montreal, Hailfax, Chatham. Address correspondence to Chatham.

son Campbell Co., Lin Dept. 299, CHATHAM, CANADA

Let us quote you prices on a good Fauning Mill or good Farm Scale.

"That's it. In the meentime, I'm THE LITTLE HEN WHO HATCHED A GOOSE EGG.

A small brown hen, whose materna instincts were remarkable, one day bumble-bee, I should think. She bumbles at them all the time, and the mother of the mo the mother of what eventually prov I'm afraid she stings sometimes. But ed to be an abnormally large gander The little hen was immensely proud them and work at the same time. fore her neighbors with broods o Two of them are too small for school. There isn't any reason why who had some one better than earn where her nest had been, and, hop ping on his back, she would spread her wings over as much of him she could cover, brooding over him the gander was given some cake soaked in sherry, and, strang to state, he became so disgracefully intoxicated that when brown mother came to take him to bed he waddled unsteadily beside her, made feeble pecks at her, uttering a maudlin sort of cackle. This seemed to be more than the little hen could stand. She walked with her inebriated son to the barn, then left him, and went to the herfroost, and from that night she has never taken the faintest notice of him

+ + +

LESSONS OF LIFE.

The meditative mind finds lesson of life and beauty everywhere, just as the robin finds its breakfast in the grass where eyes of superior discernnent see nothing. William Cullen Bryant saw a waterfowl cleaving its way through the sky and it inspired one of his finest poems. As the flying creature melted away until became a mere speck and then van ished, it brought a beautiful thought What will you do in the New Year? into the poet's soul :

Thou'rt gone ! the abyss of heaver Hath swallowed up thy form, yet or my heart

Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast And shall not soon depart:

'He who, from zone to zone, Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight, In the long way that I must tread

alone Will lead my steps aright."

If the flight of a waterfowl led the gifted poet's thoughts to note merciful providence of God in his own life, surely it needs only a soul We stand on a towering mountain, in touch with God to find rich symbolism in His goodness everywhere.

* * *

A CREEPING TREE. This curious tree is an oak near Monterey, California, locally known as "The Creeping Oak," It has made an extraordinary growth in former years, and appears to have been de pressed by the winds until its many branches reach out from the trunk and appear to be creeping along the ground, while other branches fill the air above them, presenting an appearance d'ficult to describe, ' bu esembling a mass of snakes more than anything else. The tree covers an acre of ground, and has resisted for many years the vandal woodchoppers who covet the mass of tim-

> * * * HIDDEN BEAUTY.

Beauty does not always lie on the face of things. The microscope is the discoverer of a thousand erets which the field-glass knows nothing of. We learn the hidden beauty of another soul by stress of trial and fellowship of a common heart-ache. It is then the human eye becomes microscopic and discloses what the lens of prosperity is to have the nervous system well. could never have uncovered. "Beauty is the best that God invents"-but it takes God to bring it out. ***

JACK'S LESSON.

Jack was cross: nothing pleased him. His mother gave him the choicest morsels for his breakfast, and the nicest toys, but he did nothing but fret and complain. At last hi mother said :

Jack, I want you to go right up to your room, and put on all your clothes wrong side out." Jack started. He thought his mo-

ther must be out of her wits. "I mean it, Jack," she repeated,

looking earnestly at him.

Jack had to obey; he had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his coat and trousers and his ollar wrong side out. When his mother came up to him there he stoo a forlorn, funny-tooking boy, al nings and seams and ravelings beother meant; but he was not quite ar in his conscience.

THREE Trying Times in A WOMAN'S LIFE

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

ture health.

The first when she is just budding from girlood into the full bloom of womahood.

The second period that constitutes a special

heartand nervetroubles induring "change of life."
In all three periods Milbura'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 came being to. 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."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto Ont.

of everything. You have been turn ing everything wrong side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack ?'

"No, mamma," answered Jack shamefacedly. "Can't I turn them right ?"

"Yes, you may, if you will try to speak what is leasant. You must do with your temper and manners as you prefer to do with your clotheswear them right side out. be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning them wrong side out."

A QUESTION FOR 1906.

What have you done in the Old? Shall it come like a benediction,

Shall it leave, you callous, cold? Shall it leave like the solemn tolling Of a gruesome funeral knell? See! It comes like the joyous chiming

Of a merry marriage bell.

Have you lifted a load of trouble, By a kindly word or smile, From the shoulders of some one

stumbling O'er the shards of life's long mile? Will you whisper a word of comfort, Will you laugh a tear away, And glad the heart of a brother

Far below us sings the sea. Straight down o'er the crags and

Forever and a day?

bowlders Lies the path for you and me. Straight down through the thorns

and briers, And the way is hard and long. Come, give me your hand, my bro-

ther. Let us seek the sea's soft song.

Let us find the surf's low crooning, And rest when the journey's done Let us dream of the tempting trials And smile at the vict'ries won, There, down o'er the crags and bowl-

ders. Lies our rough and thorny way; Come, let us depart rejoicing
This blessed New Year's Day.

What shall we do in the New Year What have we done in the Old ? Set! it comes like a benediction! Shall it leave us callous, cold? Shall we turn, when it is dying, To its hours regretfully? God grant a happier ending And sweeter for you and me. -John Ferguson.

Good Digestion Should Wait on Appetite.-To have the stomach well Very delicate are the digestive gans. In some so sensitive are they that atmospheric changes affect them When they become disarranged better regulator is procurable than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenienc and will derive all the benefits of his food.

We mourn our dead beneath the sod Yet those we mourn will never die Their spirits safe at last with God, Immortal wait, beyond the sky.



LEIBIGS FIT CURE

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY-Estab lished March 6th, 1856; 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. SO-CIETY-Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30 p.m. Committee of Manage ment 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 Valled

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 Ybung 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: Chancel or, J. M. Kennedy; President J. H. Maiden ; 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. Urbain 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 Medical Officers, Dr. H. J. Harrison, Dr. G. H. Herrill and Dr. E. J.

Be Sure

and examine a copy of our catalogue if you have an y idea o f taking a pre-paratory cours e for a

GOOD PAYING FOSITION

We believe there is no school equal to ours for methodical business train-ing and for producing good results. We solicit investigation and com-

Enter any time,

No vacations Central

Business College W. H. SHAW, . . . Principal,

OHUROH BELLS

Church Bells in Chimes
or Singly. None in Peals
so satisfactory as McShane's
RESHANE'S BELL FOUNDET, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A

WENEELY RETTERNITALIA TROY, N.Y., and

177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK OHY

Manufacture Superior CHURCH BELLS SELF RAISING FLOUR.

DRODIE'S CELEBRATED SELF-RAISING FLUOR

Is the Original and the Best. A PREMIUM given for the empty beg

IO BLEURY St., Montreal.

DATENT

TE TRUE WITNESS is printed and publish No. 25 St. Antoine street, Mon-Canada. The Taun Wirness P. & P. Istrick F. Gronin, proprietor.