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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys: Well, we are really and truly enjoying winter weather. Now is the time for snowshoeing, to bogganing, skating and all sorts of sports that only the winter time can bring. Just three letters this week, but I was so pleased to hear from my little friends in Ogdesnburg, and thank them for their kind wishes. Holidays are now over, and I suppose you are all back her knee. to school, studying hard, but I hope you will all find time to write a 'et-

ter once in a while to Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky :

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It is a long time since I wrote a here to-day. The snow is not deep. got quite a few presents. Our school will open the 3rd of January. Santa Claus gave our baby a little stuffed dog, and baby has lots of fun with She got other presents too, and her name is Lucy. Hoping to see lots of letters in the children's corner next week from little cousins. I hope you have read in the Montreal papers Mgr. Larose. I and my two sisters sang at the sacred concert in his honor. It was just lovely. For now I will close, wishing you a happy

> From your niece, MARY M. L.

Ogdensburg, N.Y., Jan. 1, 1906. + + +

Dear Aunit Becky :

New Year.

This is the first of the new year so I will write to you. Hoping you enjoyed a merry Christmas and wishing you a happy New Year. Santa Claus was very good to me. I will te glad when school begins again. Lately there have been very few letters in the children's corner. Likely now many of the little cousins will be writing all about Christmas and their holiday fun. Yesterday ground was all ice and we had good time playing with our sleighs. It snowed some last night and it is snowing again this afternoon, Hoping" to see my letter in print, I will

Your loving niece, AGNES

Ogdensburg, Jan. 1, 1906. + + +

Dear Aunt Becky :

I think I will write to you. other two sisters are writing. I like the children's corner in the True Witness. We all had a good time and a fine day here Christmas. Santa Claus was good to us children. I have three sisters and two brothers We were to Mass and Vespers Christmas day. We do love to see the

Infant in the Crib. We were to Mass yesterday and to-day also. We have Catechism most every Sunday. hope the weather is good. Our baby sister is over a year old and we love her. She is so cumning for her age I wish to ask if any of the little cousins gather cancelled postage for the good St. Anthony. They are sent off to Switzerland for a missionary priest there.

My mamma is writing my letter for me, so hoping to see this letter in

New Year, I am,

Your loving niece, ANNE. Ogdensburg, N.Y., Jan. 1, 1906.

+++ PIGS. MIGHT FLY.

Dot was only a little girl of seven, but she had a big sister who was eighteen, and wasn't she proud of her? Just now Dot was very lone her? Just now Dot was very lonely, for her big sister, whose name was alice, was always so busy and so sad that she hardly ever seemed to have time to come and play ball or skipping rope as she used to do; and mother was very ill in bed, so that Dot sometimes felt very miserable.

able.

For a long time now, Dot and Alice and mother had lived in a preitty cottage in the courtry. It was only tage in the place, but mother and Alice had set to work when they first came there and made it look quits delightful with some of the beautiful things they had brought from the big house that Dot could just remember, where that Dot could just remember, where she used to have a beautiful big she used to have a beautiful nursery all to herself, and a mursey

to look after her. Dot didn't know why they had left the beautiful house so one day, when Alice was sewing in the little sitting-room in the cottage while mother was asleep upstairs, she said to her big sister:

"Alice, why don't we live in the big house now?"

"What big house Dot dear ?" "The one we used to live in."

"Do you really remember it, dear?" she asked, taking her little sister on quite well.

"Yes, I think I do, though-well-I don't remember it very well," said live in a big house again now,

Dot thoughtfully, "But wasn't it Alice?" ever such a nice big house, Alice?"

'Yes, dear,' "Then why didn't we stay there?" to pay the rent, dear-when daddy

Dot looked at her big sister just letter to the corner. It is snowing then, because her voice sounded so queer, and, oh! Alice-grown-up Sleighing is good. For Christmas I Alice—was crying! Dot fluing her arms round her sister's neck anid pressed her soft cheek against her prefty curly hair.

made vou cry

"It's all right, Dot, I was silly." And she gently kissed the anxious little face.

her little sister clasped in her arms, as he came in. "I wish we had some more money, so that mother could go away to the seaside. Then she'd get better, the doctor savs."

"P'r'aps someone might bring us some money," said little Dot hopefully

"P'r'aps pigs might fly," said Alice with a laugh that sounded just like crying. "There, Dot, I must run and put the kettle on for mother's tea." Dot went off into the garden very

thoughtfully after this. She squeeze herself into a corner by an apple tree, and sat down to think. What did Alice mean by saying that "pigs naight fly"? "They couldn't," said Dot to her-

self. "I'm sure no one ever had pigs that could fly." self.

Then Dot had a splendid idea. She jumped up, and hurried off as fast as her legs would carry her through the garden gate, across the meadow. to Squire Benton's farm. He was very, very rich gentleman who lived mised him that when he had finished had this farm because he liked "pre-tending to be a farmer," Alice said. Now, if anybody was likely to have pigs that could fly, it would certain ly be Squire Benton. Dot managed to find the part of the farmyard where the pigs were kept, and My stood anxiously looking over the wall that went all around their house. She was going to watch those pigs to see if they ever did fly.

She had been there rather a long time, and the only thing the pigs did was to grunt and sniff about, when suddenly she heard someone say:

"Well, little woman, how longer are you going to stay there watching those piggies?"

Dot turned round, and felt rathe Our school will open Wednesday. I frightened, for she knew that this gentleman was the squire, because she had often seen him on horseback. He walked up to her now, and putting his hand under her chin, gently lifted her face, and looked kindly

down into her blue eyes. "Oh, please, I'm very sorry if I'm in the way, but-but pigs don't fly -ever-do they, Mr. Squire ?"

Dot was angry when "Mr Squire" me, so hoping to see this letter in print I will close. Hoping you established at her, but he stopped muckloyed yourself Xmas and wishing you ly, and taking her hand very gently,

"Come over into my garden, little girl, and tell me what you mean." Dot trotted off with the squire to the big, big garden in front of his house, and they sat down together

on a comfortable garden seat.

"First of all," he said, "will you tell me your name ?"

Dot told him. "Oh, yes, and you and your sister

and your mother live at Woodbine Cottage, don't you, Dot?"
"Yes," she said, "and mother's very ill."

very ill."

'I'm so sorry, dear." And then, after a little while, he said: "Now tell me why you asked me about pigs

flying."

Then Dot told him all about it. As she went on, she felt his big. strong hand hold hers tighter and tighter, and when she had finished, his head was bent down so that she couldn't see his face.

Presently be got up, and said:
"Well, dear, I think it must be passour ton-time. May I walk home

ust have been very frightened, Dot asked, as he ram up the steps.

Well, after that the squire often bird's cage. It's door was open-came to tea at the cottage, and Alice "It was Billy," she said. "I opened ame to tea at the cottege, and Alice "It was Billy," she said. "I opened ing attention to the wonderful quali-used to go down to the garden gate the door and was going to take him ty of the phraseology employed by to see him off, and one night she out to clean the cage, when he flow came back with such bright eyes, and out of the doorway. He must have such a rosy face, that when she went such a rosy face, that when she went gone down by the creek where small up to Dot's room to say "Good-boys go to fish." night," Dot said :

face like you were when the squire appear in the bushes.

came home with me."

"Stanley" he ca

But Alice only laughed.

After that Dot was told that Alice as going to marry the squire, and hen all sorts of wonderful things then all sorts of happened. They all went to the sea

One day Dot said to Alice: "Have we got enough money

And Alice said "Yes."

Then Dot asked her not to laugh if she asked her something, and "Because we hadn't enough money sister promised that she wouldn't. "Why did you say 'pigs might fly when I asked you before about the

money? Pigs can't fly, can they?" "No, dear. This is what I meant When you said then that someone might give us enough money to liv in a big house, I thought it was just about as unlikely for that to happen as if was for pigs to fly, and "Don't cry, Alice. I'm so sorry I thought I been that no one could ever be good enough to give us all these lovely things. But someone has, you see.

"Although the pigs haven't begun "Oh, Dot," she said, as she held to fly yet, ch?" laughed the squire,

WHEN BILLY CALLED.

It was September. Seven year old Stanley was fishing. Sitting on the top of an old hemlock stub, his pink toes dabbling in the cool water, his straw hat on the back of his head he looked like a big sunflower. His hook was made from a pin, and waited with a fat worm, dug from under the pansy bed, bemeath the pantry window. Stanley tossed the out, and waited partently for a hite All at once down went the cork, bolb went the sinker, and with a jquick jerk from the small fisherman came a perch. Into the basket went the small fish

Once more he baited his book and waited for a bite. He listened to the song of the cat birds, busy with their housekeeping, and the drowsy hum of the locusts. What fun it was to go fishing.

pulling the beans in the garden he should spend a whole morning fishing. So after breakfast she had packed his lunch pail with bread and butter with jelly between, cold boiled eggs and apples. When Stanley had planted a kiss on her rosy cheek he started on his long journey to the foot of the home lot. He had hoped to catch enough fish for din-

One, two, three, four, five had been dropped into the basket, when eard his mother's voice calling : 'Stan-lev !"

He listened a moment before he stay until half past eleven, and it could not be more than ten.

"Stan-ley, Stan-ley!" this time there was no mistake He pulled in his line and started

on a run toward the house. "Stan-ley!" now it was plainer

than ever. "Coming, mother," he called as he ran up the path, through the bushes,

and into the sunlit pasture. Again he heard her calling-"Stanlev !"-loud and clear.

"Did you call me, mother?"

SUFFERING WOMEN who find life a burden, can have health and strength restored by the use of

Milburn's **Heart and Nerve** Pills.

The present generation of women and girls have more than their share of misery. With some it is nervousses and palpitstion, with others weak, disay and fainting spells, while with others weak is a general collapse of the system. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart and make it best strong and regular, create new red blood corpusales, and impart that sense of buoyancy to the spirits that is the result of renewed mental and physical visor.

Mr. D. O. Donoghue, Orllis, Ont., writes:
"For over a year I was troubled with nervous-mess and heart trouble. I decided to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and after using five boxes I found I was completaly cured. I always recommend them to my friends."

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

thought, for site went quite red in "No, dear son," and then she the face when she saw the squire. laughed, and pointed to the motking Well, after that the squire often bird's cage. It's door was open.

Stanley flew out of the door, and "Why, Alice, you're all red in the mother saw the big straw hat dis-"Stanley" he called, and sure

enough Billy answered. "Come home," called the boy.

"Come home," answered Billy And "come home" he did, and on Stanley's shoulder. He was a tame side together, and mother came back bird, and Stanley soon had him back in his cage-home.

That noon, as the family sat at the table eating the perch, mother said: We might have had more fish, but Billy interfered with the fisherman's plans.

* * *

AN ELEPHANT'S STRENGTH. elephant employed in the constructhe block with her forchead along the who stalked by them. It was that narrow embankment, and fitted it into its place. If it were not just even she would straighten it until it was right, and all more quickly than a stone mason would have done it visitors were watching the elephant when one of them asked if Bombera could break a large stone with

by. The rest of the party exclaimed that it was too much to ask, but the mahout said quietly "Bombera can do anything."

He gave a command, and the elephant swung up the hammer as if it were a feather and knocked the stone into bits.

it." continued the mahout. The animal stuck the sledge hammer in her mouth and walked off as line if enjoying a morning smoke.

+ + +

INNOCENCE OF THE HERON. "The herom is becoming scarcer each summer season about the marshes and lake shores," said an monster's heart. There was a lion old time hunter. "I remember drawing a bead on one while it was dis- brute was rolling around in the playing its delicacy and elegance of agonies of death, and his conqueror attitude, together with its majesty on his bleeding horse was surveying and graceful playfulness in all its these from a distance. There was

ing at it. respecting danger is exceptionally noticeable, and when it skips in the a lion in a net; a lion in a trap; four shallow water striking at fish with lions, yoked in harness, were drawits long, sharp pointed bill, it is di- ing the car of a Roman Emperor; rected by a keen watchfulness. The heron is the most beautiful of all the waders, and is said to be held which demolished him. sacred by the African tribes : should one happen to be killed, even by ac- not only triumphed over, mocked, cident, a calf or young cow must be slaughtered as an atonement.

BIRD HAWK TRAPPED BY GRASS.

A Bangor man while passing inswered, for she had said he could a peculiar experience with a hawk. Hearing a fluttering in the grass he investigated, thinking that a bird was his surprise to find a bird hawk half-lion, half-woman; there with a yellow hammer. The hawkilland lions rampant holding flags, head nearly to pieces, but in the struggle in the tall grass a number of stout pieces of grass had become tangled around one of the hawk's

> +++ MUSKRAT CAUGHT BY A TIN

A large muskrat, with its head fast n a rusty sardine box, was caught recently in the Susquehanna near the lower bridge at Milton. It was seen swimming around in the river without apparent purpose. It did not resemble any species of four-legged ani-mal known to the oldest inhabitant along the West Branch until it was caught and the sardine can was re-moved from its head. Then it looked like any other big muskrat.-Philadelphia Record.

Suffer No More.-There are thousnds who live miserable lives be cause dyspepsia dulls the faculties and shadows existence with the cloud depression. One way to dispel the Misorder is to order them a course "Your held was aye empty—that of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are among the best vegetable pills a bit."

"How could it ring," said the other, "seein" it was aye crackit?"—trial of them will prove this.

AN ARTIST IN WORDS.

In the Irish Monthly for November Cardinal Newman, reprints the New man version of the old fable, used to illustrate a controversial point, "th difference between the picture of Catholic doctrines as drawn by bigoted, ignorant Protestants and the picture that Catholics themselves would recognize as faithful." As Father Rus sell goes on to say, the story could be told badly in a couple of commonplace sentences; but listen to the way in which this mighty master of language puts it

"The man once invited the lion to be his guest, and received him with princely hospitality. The lion had the run o. a magnificent palace, which there were a vast number things to admire. Here were large saloons and long corridors, richly furnished and decorated, and filled with a profusion of fine specimens of Bombera was the name of a big sculpture and painting, the work of the first masters in either art. tion of a Ceylon dam. Bombera drew subjects represented were various, from the quarry the stone to be but the most prominent had an es used, unfastened the chain, rolled pecial interest for the noble animal of the lion himself, and as the owner of the mansion led him from apartment to another, he did fail to direct his attention to indirect homage which these various and nearly as accurate. Once some groups and tableaux paid to the importance of the lion tribe.

"There was, however, one remark able feature in all of them, to which heavy sledge hammer which lay near the host, silent as he was from politeress, seemed not at all insensible that, diverse as were these representations, in one point they all agreed, that the man was always victorious and the lion was always overcome The man had it all his own . way and the lion was but a fool served to make him sport. There "Now take your pipe and smoke were exquisite works in marble, of Sampson rending the lion like a kid, and young David taking the lion by the beard and choking him. There was the man who ran his arm down the lion's throat and held him fast by the tongue; and there was that other who, when carried off in his teeth, contrived to pull a penknife from his pocket and lodge it in the hunt, or what had been such, for the movements, that I refrained from fir- gladiator from the Roman amphitheater in mortal struggle with "The innocence of this water fowl tawny foe, and it was plain who was getting the mastery. There was and elsewhere stood Hercules all in the lion's skin and with the club

"Nor was this all; the lion was spurned, but he was tortured into extravagant forms, as if he were not only the slave and creature, but the very creation of man. He became an artistic decoration and an heraldic emblazonment. The feet of alabaster through a field near Brancr Pond had tables fell away into lions' paws, lions' faces grinned on each side of the shining mantelpiece, and lions mouths held tight the handles of the had become caught in a trap. What doors. There were sphinxes, too, lions killed the yellowhammer, pecking its couchant, lions passant, lions regardant; lions and unicorns; there were lions white, black and red. In short, there was no misconception or excess of indignity which was thought legs. Try as he would he could not too great for the lord of the forest ley!" loud and clear.

Now be could see her at the kitchen is as fine a specimen as one will often er asked him what he thought of the box by writing the Dr. Williams' Mewindow. But the voice seemed to see, as he has not a mark on him.— splendors it contained, and he, in dicine Co., Brockville, Ond. reply, did full justice to the riches of its owner and the skill of its de corators, but he added: Lions would have fared better had lions been the artists."

"Who else could have put the lion's cause of complaint so strongly ?' comments Father Itussell. "What heaping together of aggravating cir-cumstances! What easy knowledge of many things! What variety in the turns of the sentences! subtle harmony in the choosing and ordering of words !"

SCOTCH PLEASANTRIES.

Two Scotsmen turning a com came into collision. The shock stum-ned one of them. He pulled off has hat, and, laying his hand on his brow, said: "Sic a blow. My beid's a-ringing again."
"Nae wonder." said his companion.

"Your held was aye empty-makee it ring. My held disna

WONDERFUL EFFECT OF FRUIT.

"Fruit-a-tives" (Fruit Liver Tablets) are concentrated fruit juices. And it is these fruit juices that cure Constipation, Biliousness, Headaches, Indigestion, Palpitation of the Heart and all Troubles of the Stomach and Kidneys. A leading Ottawa physician discovered a process by which he could combine the juices of Apples, Oranges, Figs and Prunes and by adding another atom of bitter principle from the Orange peel, completely change the medicinal action of the fruit juices, giving the combination a far more powerful and more beneficial effect on the system. "Fruit-a-tives" are tablets made of this combination of fruit juices-and they have made most wonderful cures of Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles and of Blood and Skin Diseases. 50c a box.-Ask your druggist.

not FEET LARGEST IN THE AFTER-NOON.

> "I am going abroad," said the patron, "for two years. I want you to measure me for eight pairs of shoes. said the bootmaker, "I shall be glad, sir. But I would prefer to measure you in the afternoon, rather than the morning. Could you return to-day, or to-morrow, at three or four o'clock, say ?"

"I suppose so," said the patron. But why can't you measure me

... 'It is too early, sir. Your foot has not yet acquired its size for the day. If I measured you now the shoes would be a little too small.

"Walking about on our feet as we do, the feet grow, develop, swellwhatever you choose to call it-from rising time until about three in the afternoon. At three they have their full size for the day. They retain this size till we retire when they shrint up again for the night.

"Hence, to have well-fitting, comfortable shoes, it is necessary to be measured in the afternoon."-Providence Journal.

CHILDHOOD INDIGESTION.

Nothing is more common in childhood than indigestion. Nothing is more dangerous to proper growth, more weakening to the constitution, or more likely to pave the way to dangerous disease. Nothing is more easy to keep under control, for proper food and Baby's Own Tablets will cover the whole ground. strong proof. Mrs. G. G. Irving, Trout Brook, Que., says: "My baby boy was troubled with chronic indigestion and was a constant sufferer. Nothing helped him until I tried Baby's Own Tablets, promptly cured him, and he is now as healthy a little lad as you would care to see. I always keep the Tablets in the house, and they quickly were cure at the troubles of childhood. Every mother should keep these Tablets on hand. They cure all the minor ailments of children, and their prompt administration when trouble comes may save a precious little life They are guaranteed to contain no free himself, and the man easily so and the king of brutes. After he had get Baby's Own Tablets from any cured him. He will be mounted, and gone over the mansion, his entertaindruggist or by mail at 25 cents a

HOW HE WON HIS "RAISE."

This story is often told of Mark

The Senator often walked through his mill, examining this and that. One day while on such a tour he heard a boy say

"I wish I had Hanna's money and he was in the poor house." The Senator smiled grimly, and on

returning to his office sent for the boy. "Sp you wish you had my money and I was in the poor house, ch?" he said. "Now, supposing you had your wish what would you do?"

The youngster, one of the ready-witted Irish variety, said, with a droll grin, "Well, I guess I'd get you out of the poor house the first thing."
...This clever answer brought the lads in increase of pay the next work.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, safe, sure and effectual. Try it, and mark the im-provement in your child.