

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, tobogganing, skating and all sorts of sports that only the winter time can bring.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is a long time since I wrote a letter to the corner. It is snowing here to-day. The snow is not deep, sleighing is good.

MARY M. L. Ogdensburg, N.Y., Jan. 1, 1906.

Dear Aunt Becky:

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.

AGNES. Ogdensburg, Jan. 1, 1906.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I think I will write to you. My 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.

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?

For a long time now, Dot and Alice and mother had lived in a pretty cottage in the country. It was only a tiny place, but mother and Alice had set to work when they first came there and made it look quite delightful.

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."

Dot looked at her big sister just then, because her voice sounded so queer, and, oh! Alice—grown-up Alice—was crying!

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

"Pr'aps someone might bring us some money," said little Dot hopefully. "Pr'aps pigs might fly," said Alice with a laugh that sounded just like crying.

Dot went off into the garden very thoughtfully after this. She squeezed herself into a corner by an apple tree, and sat down to think. What did Alice mean by saying that "pigs might fly"?

"They couldn't," said Dot to herself. "I'm sure no one ever had pigs that could fly."

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.

"Oh, please, I'm very sorry if I'm in the way, but—pigs don't fly—ever—do they, Mr. Squire?"

Dot was angry when "Mr. Squire" laughed at her, but she stopped quickly, and taking her hand very gently, he said:

"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?"

must have been very frightened, Dot thought, for she went quite red in the face when she saw the squire.

Well, after that the squire often came to tea at the cottage, and Alice used to go down to the garden gate to see him off, and one night she came back with such bright eyes, and such a rosy face, that when she went up to Dot's room to say "Good-night," Dot said:

"Why, Alice, you're all red in the face like you were when the squire came home with me."

But Alice only laughed. After that Dot was told that Alice was going to marry the squire, and then all sorts of wonderful things happened. They all went to the seaside together, and mother came back quite well.

One day Dot said to Alice: "Have we got enough money to live in a big house again now, Alice?"

And Alice said "Yes." Then Dot asked her not to laugh if she asked her something, and her 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 live in a big house, I thought it was just about as unlikely for that to happen as if it was for pigs to fly, and I thought I knew 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 to fly yet, eh?" laughed the squire, as he came in.

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 baited with a fat worm, dug from under the pansy bed, beneath the pantry window. Stanley tossed the line out, and waited patiently for a bite.

All at once down went the cork, bob went the sinker, and with a quick jerk from the small fisherman up came a perch. Into the basket went the small fish.

Once more he baited his hook 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.

Many days ago his mother had promised him that when he had finished 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 dinner.

One, two, three, four, five had been dropped into the basket, when he heard his mother's voice calling: "Stanley!"

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

"Stanley, Stanley!" this time there was no mistake. He pulled in his line and started on a run toward the house.

"Stanley!" now it was plain that he heard her.

asked, as he ran up the steps. "No, dear son," and then she laughed, and pointed to the mocking bird's cage. It's door was open.

"It was Billy," she said. "I opened the door and was going to take him out to clean the cage, when he flew out of the doorway. He must have gone down by the creek where small boys go to fish."

Stanley flew out of the door, and mother saw the big straw hat disappear in the bushes.

"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 bird, and Stanley soon had him tucked 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. Bombera was the name of a big elephant employed in the construction of a Ceylon dam.

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INNOCENCE OF THE HERON. "The heron is becoming scarcer each summer season about the marshes and lake shores," said an old time hunter.

BIRD HAWK TRAPPED BY GRASS. A Bangor man while passing through a field near Bracer Pond had a peculiar experience with a hawk.

MUSKRAT CAUGHT BY A TIN BOX. A large muskrat, with its head fast in a rusty sardine box, was caught recently in the Susquehanna near the lower bridge at Milton.

SCOTCH PLEASANTRIES. Two Scotsmen turning a corner came into collision. The shock stunned one of them.

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 nervousness and palpitation, with others weak, dizzy and fainting spells, while with others there is a general collapse of the system.

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

Suffer No More.—There are thousands who live miserable lives because dyspepsia dulls the faculties and shadows existence with the cloud of depression.

AN ARTIST IN WORDS.

In the Irish Monthly for November, Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., in calling attention to the wonderful quality of the phrasology employed by Cardinal Newman, reprints the Newman version of the old fable, used to illustrate a controversial point.

The man once invited the lion to be his guest, and received him with princely hospitality. The lion had the run of a magnificent palace, in which there were a vast number of things to admire.

There was, however, one remarkable feature in all of them, to which the host, silent as he was from politeness, 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.

There 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 monster's heart.

There was the lion hunt, or what had been such, for the brute was rolling around in the agonies of death, and his conqueror on his bleeding horse was surveying these from a distance.

There was the lion in mortal struggle with his tawny foe, and it was plain who was getting the mastery. There was a lion in a net; a lion in a trap; four lions, yoked in harness, were drawing the car of a Roman Emperor; and elsewhere stood Hercules clad in the lion's skin and with the club which demolished him.

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HOW HE WON HIS "RAISE." This story is often told of Mark Hanna:

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. "So you wish you had my money and I was in the poor house, eh?" he said.

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "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 now?"

"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, swell—whatever 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 shrink up again for the night."

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.

FEET LARGEST IN THE AFTERNOON.

"I am going abroad," said the patron, "for two years. I want you to measure me for eight pairs of shoes."

"Yes, sir," 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?"

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

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