

BOYS and GIRLS

Dear Little Friends:

It feels so good to see how I am remembered by so many of my girl and boy friends. Now that letters have begun to come in again, let us get right down in earnest and promise to keep straight on in touch with one another. The loveliest time of the year is almost with us, the glad springtime, the time of promise, when budding trees tell of the life within. We are slowly coming to the Easter time, with its festive air, its bright alleluias, its cheering as of gloom. I would like, then, that all my little friends would write and tell me what similarity there is between this budding time denoting the pulsating life within the ground and the day on which the risen Saviour arose triumphant from the tomb. You all know pretty stories in this connection, and your teachers, too, must have spoken frequently to you of the meaning of Easter day. So, to work, now, and let me see who is going to have the brightest letter in the column.

Your loving, AUNT BECKY.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

A fair little girl sat under a tree, Sewing as long as her eyes could see. Then smoothed her work and folded it right. And said, "Dear work, good-night! Such a number of rooks came over her head, Crying 'Caw! caw!' on their way to bed. She said, as she watched their curious flight, 'Little black things, good-night! good-night!'"

The horses neighed and the oxen lowed; The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road; All seeming to say, with a queer delight, "Good little girl, good-night! good-night!"

She did not say to the sun "Good-night!" Though she saw him there, like a ball of light; For she knew he had God's own time to keep All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head; The violets courted and went to bed; And good little Lucy tied up her hair. And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer,

And while on the pillow she softly lay, She knew nothing more till again it was day, And all things said to the beautiful sun, "Good-morning! good morning! our work is begun!"

TWO PET CROWS.

That birds are capable of exercising the faculty of memory, even if they are not able to reason, is shown by the actions of two crows away out in San Francisco. A grocer doing business in Mission street in San Francisco had two large and handsome crows. He caused a large cage to be fitted up for these feathered pets in one of his front show windows—in fact, the crows were occupied most of the space of the large window, so that they had abundant wing room to flit hither and thither at will.

These birds had been obtained by the grocer when they were very young—mere fledglings—and he had raised them. They were mates, male and female, and responded to the names of "Jack" and "Jill." They were unusually ebony-hued, and their plumage was very glossy. At all hours of the day a crowd, especially of women and children, was gathered in front of the show window watching these jolly birds.

As the grocer always fed the pets and cared for them, they grew very fond of him. He often turned them loose in the store, when they would fly about, perching on his shoulders and head, cawing joyfully all the time. In other ways the crows showed their affection for their owner.

At the time of the earthquake and great fire the windows were smashed by the shock, and the birds made their escape. They were terror-stricken, flying wildly about. Of course the grocer was too much en-

grossed with his own losses and troubles to pay any heed whatever to his winged pets. Later the awful fire swept over the place destroying everything.

The birds disappeared and the grocer very naturally supposed they had perished in the flames. Days, weeks, and months passed, and finally the grocer ceased to think about his lost birds. In the meantime he had built a temporary wooden building on the old site, and resumed his former business. However, he occasionally thought of his old pets, and lamented their fate.

Late one evening, while the grocer sat working at his desk, judge of his great surprise, and no less joy, when in flew the two crows just as if they had fallen suddenly from the skies! Both birds sailed into the room, made several circuits, cawing cheerily, and finally perched one on each shoulder of their old master. They joyously flapped their wings, and seemed perfectly delighted to be at home again. They were in excellent condition, plump, and their plumage sleek and glossy, as in the old days.

When the grocer figured up the time, he found that the birds had been absent about sixteen months. How they had escaped from the burning city, where they had been all the time, and why they had suddenly concluded to return are mysteries in the bird world. Probably they had flown to the mountains and forests and joined other wild crows. Evidently they had grown "home-sick," and, like the cat, "came back," but they had no difficulty in locating their old quarters.

The grocer has fitted up his show window and duly installed "Jack" and "Jill," to their great delight. The grocer has jocularly labeled the big cage and its occupants, "Fire." Larger crowds than ever now throng the window to read the sign and watch the happy pair.

RULES FOR BOYS.

Here are a few rules that our boys, both large and small, would do well to observe:

1. In the Street.—Hat lifted when saying "Good-bye" or "How do you do?" also when offering a lady a seat or acknowledging a favor.

Keep step with any one with whom you walk. Always precede a lady upstairs, but ask if you shall precede her in going through a crowd or public place.

2. At the Street Door.—Hat off the moment you step into a private hall or office.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

3. In the Parlor.—Stand till every lady in the room, also every elderly person, is seated.

Rise if a lady enters the room after you are seated, and stand till she takes a seat.

Look people straight in the face when they are speaking to you.

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

4. In the Dining-room.—Take your seat after ladies and elders. Do not take your napkin up in a bunch in your hand.

Eat as fast or as slow as others, and finish the course when they do. Do not ask to be excused before the others unless the reason is imperative.

Is Famous Walker.

"Corkey," Almost Seventy Often Tramps Around the Mountain.

He Likes It, Too.

"Corkey" came into the office and sat down. "Good morning," said he, and I responded by wishing him the same.

"Where have you been?" I asked. "I was just trotting around the two mountains," he answered. "Fine exercise is walking," commented "Corkey."

Now this requires explanation. Who is "Corkey?" you ask, and what is there wonderful about a tramp around the two mountains? Well, to begin with, the elder generation will recognize in "Corkey" William Gentleman, famous in his day as a pedestrian and winner of a six day go-as-you-please, and who later acted as trainer of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, when the headquarters of that organization were in St. Catherine street, west, on the location now occupied by the Baseball Club. Then "Corkey" is almost seventy years of age; at Christmas he will reach the three score and ten years of the Palmist, which explains why his tramp around the mountains is worthy of note. How many young men and your girl readers take a constitutional of that length? Not many, I think, but "Corkey" does it often and is healthy, while the easy-going youths who seldom get any exercise

beyond a slow jaunt along Sherbrooke street or St. Catherine street have ailments and troubles galore. "I like walking," said "Corkey." It does a man good to get out into the open; walking is a fine thing to drive away the rheumatics. Now that is good advice and should be followed by our young people, and their elders, too. There is too much of a lazy spirit about present-day people, and a considerable number fail to exercise the limbs that were given them for the purpose. It is not enough to saunter up and down the crowded streets, get out into the country and take long walks often. A long walk is the best remedy in the world for a lot of ills that flesh is heir to.

HANS.

Canada the Granary.

Italian Writer Predicts Dominion Will Feed the World.

A Great Development.

To what extent the wheat fields of Western Canada will affect the economic future of Europe is suggested by a writer in *Minerva*, a Roman publication, who assures his readers thus:

"Fortunately the cultivation of wheat has for the last few years been developed to a phenomenal degree in the fertile and boundless plains of Western Canada, and the production is all the while increasing. The day is not far distant when Canada, cultivated with eager industry by the robust arms of the immigrants who are crowding in, will become the granary of the world, as Egypt was of the Roman Empire."

These statements are supported by statistics which show that Canada herself does not consume a tithe of her wheat production. Railroads are being built or projected which will bring her cereals to the ports of the Atlantic and Pacific, and in a few years the Dominion, now tenth in the list, will reap more grain than any other single country in the world. This opinion is further warranted by the fact that at this present moment Western Canada, long abandoned to Indians, half-breeds, cowboys, and ranches occupied without a title, has recently been settled by sturdy farmers from

THE TREASURE OF HEALTH FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

Disease attacks the little ones through the digestive organs. Baby's Own Tablets are the best thing in the world for all stomach and bowel troubles of babies and young children. They act quickly and gently, and are absolutely safe to give any child. Mrs. S. E. Green, Dunville, Ont., says: "I would not be without Baby's Own Tablets in the house for I think they are an invaluable medicine for all little ones." Sold by medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

all lands, Swedes, Germans, English, and last, but by no means least, pioneers of experience from our own West. To quote figures given by this writer:

"When it is considered that 25,000,000 bushels suffice for the home consumption of Canada, it will be seen how vast a quantity of wheat is available for exportation. It has been calculated by Canadian statisticians and publicists that in twenty-five years the area of the wheat production of each acre is 18.98 bushels, which is 50 per cent. more than the average productivity of the rest of the world, Canada will be able to put upon the market an amount of grain equal to half of the world's total production, which at the present moment does not exceed 1,500,000,000 bushels."

The promise of the past harvest (1908) proves that these predictions may not be exaggerated. As this writer says:

"The harvest of last year brought \$100,000,000 to the farmers of Canada. This success in the cultivation of grains has inspired the movement which eventually must result in the abandonment of every other department of agriculture, in order that every effort may be concentrated on the production of wheat."

French Were Hosts.

An Old Time Dinner That Has Historical Interest.

Irish Were Guests.

Space, which so often limits good intention, precluded the publication of a complete report of the speech delivered by Hon. Charles Murphy at the dinner given by St. Patrick's Society on the night of the patronal festival. With a multiplicity of good matter to choose from, a friend was sacrificed in courtesy to visitors.

Mr. Murphy spoke in particular of a former dinner which had some effect in the early struggle for constitutional liberty in Canada. Of it he said:

"Upon looking at the handsome menu card provided for this evening, I notice that St. Patrick's Society was incorporated in 1863, and that this is its 37th annual dinner. It may possibly be news to some of you to learn that in this city, long before St. Patrick's Society was incorporated, and long before any of those dinners were held, the residents of Montreal, irrespective of creed and nationality, were the leaders in celebrating St. Patrick's Day. The character of these old-time functions did not differ materially from yours, but one of them, at least, differed in



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particular respect, that on this occasion to which I refer the Irish, instead of acting as hosts, were the guests of their French and Protestant friends.

"The St. Patrick's Day dinner at which the usual order of things was reversed was held on March 17th, 1835. Fortunately a record of it has been preserved, and the facts connected with that dinner are so interesting that I ask your permission to refer to them for a few moments. Before dealing with any of the details let me remind you that in the year 1835 there were signs in plenty of the rebellion that broke out two years later, and according to the evidence of the time the dinner of which I am about to speak was tendered the Irish of this city for the express purpose of identifying them with the leaders of the popular cause."

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

Let us first take a glance at the subscription list. It is headed "Liste Canadienne au Diner de la St. Patrice 1835," a free translation of which is "List of Canadian Subscribers to the St. Patrick's Day Dinner of 1835." Some names taken from the list at random are as follows: P. B. Blanchard, J. G. Vallee, L. Gustave de Lorimier, John Donegani, T. S. Brown, who later was the Patriot General at the engagement of St. Denis and St. Charles, Louis Perault, J. H. Lafontaine, the famous political leader and one of the founders of Responsible Government in Canada; L. Duverray, Edouard E. Rodin, F. St. Jean, C. O. Perrault, (who was killed in one of the first skirmishes of the rebellion), B. Franchere, Jean Brunseau, D. A. Laberge, Jos. Chevalier, J. L. Beauregard, (who I am informed was afterwards mayor of Montreal), A. Boulanger, Norbert Dumas, Sabrevois de Beuve, Leon Gosselin, Jo-

PEOPLE SAID SHE HAD CONSUMPTION



Was in Bed for Three Months. Read how Mrs. T. G. Back, Braesbridge, Ont., was cured (and also her little boy) by the use of

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

She writes: "I thought I would write and let you know the benefit I have received through the use of your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. A few years ago I was so badly troubled with my lungs people said I had Consumption and that I would not live through the fall. I had two doctors attending me and they were very much alarmed about me. I was in bed three months and when I got up I could not walk, so had to go on my hands and knees for three weeks, and my limbs seemed of no use to me. I gave up all hopes of ever getting better when I happened to see in B.B. Almanac that Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup was good for weak lungs. I thought I would try a bottle and by the time I had used it I was a lot better, so got more and it made a complete cure. My little boy was also troubled with weak lungs and it cured him. I keep it in the house all the time and would not be without it for anything."

Price 25 cents at all dealers. Beware of imitations of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Ask for it and insist on getting the original. Put up in a yellow wrapper and three pine trees the trade mark.

seph Donegani, Dr. Munro, (a prominent figure in rebellion times), and M. S. McKenzie.

Even the place where the dinner was given had significance, for we are told that it was held in the residence of Mr. E. E. Rodier, then one of the members in the Quebec Legislature from this district.

The decorations included: Picture of St. Patrick; beneath, one of O'Connell, supported on either side by portraits of Louis Joseph Papineau, Speaker of the Provincial House of Assembly, and the Hon. D. B. Viger, late agent of the Province in London, while among the mottoes were: "Home and the Reformers of England"; "Home and the Reformers of Scotland"; "O'Connell and Papineau"; The words "Pat and Jean Baptiste," surmounted by the motto, "Mon pays avant tout."

THE RACES UNITED.

C. O. Perrault, a Frenchman, explained the principals which were guarding the people in their present struggle for that political power which was their birthright, and which the enemies of the country had usurped. He was listened to with much attention, interrupted only by the most cordial applause.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S SPEECH.

Samuel Revans, an Englishman, responded to the toast, "Durham, Rebeck and the Reformers of England." He said: "Upon the English name invariably falls the whole weight of wrath, due to all the evil-doers of the Empire. Yet the confidence placed in Englishmen in all the Colonies, has convinced me that it is the bad men from all parts of the Empire, using the name only to abuse it, and not the people, whom you intend to accuse of tyranny. Believe me the contest which is raging in this Province at the present hour, is no quarrel between the speakers of the English language—but between those who advocate principles which will elevate and maintain the mental and moral condition of the mass of mankind, and those who advocate principles which, if carried out, tend to degrade man in the sight of his God by causing him to be guilty of all manner of wickedness."

J. McDonnell, a Scotchman, responded to "Hume and the Reformers of Scotland," and said: "In Scotland the people are proverbial for their hospitality, their love of liberty, and many other admirable qualities." He spoke in criticism of certain Scotchmen in Quebec, and added, "The sister province has its numerous band of Scotch Reformers, led on, in the good cause, by that admirable and industrious patriot, William Lyon McKenzie."

E. E. Rodier, M. P. P., responded to "Papineau and the House of Assembly of Lower Canada," closing a speech in French with the following words: "The people of Ireland have been called the tools of O'Connell because they have firmly supported him in all his measures for the emancipation of his country. The people of Canada have been called the tools of Papineau because they have with a unanimity almost without parallel steadfastly adhered to him; but gentlemen, neither the people of Ireland nor the people of Canada are the tools of any man. They support their great leaders, not for themselves, but for the immutable principles which they have invariably advocated, and with which their names are eternally identified."

T. S. Brown, an American, responded to the toast, "Bidwell, McKenzie, Perry, and the Reformers of Upper Canada," saying "The names of Bidwell, Perry and McKenzie have been drunk by you with hearty enthusiasm. Worthy as are the names, honorable as have been the

exertions of these gentlemen, they stood not alone in the proud cause of reform. I have the pleasure of knowing personally a great number of our fellow-subjects in Upper Canada, respectable by their wealth, honorable by their talents, and influential by their high character, who join with us heart and hand in the advocacy of our common rights as colonists. They are above the paltry prejudices of nationality, and are willing to applaud a good work, although it be the work of men speaking the French language."

And he concluded—"No more shall a man be called an Irishman, an Englishman, a Scotchman, a German, a Frenchman or an American, but we shall be all Canadians—and draw in unison, with a strong pull, a long pull, and a pull altogether, for the common good of our common country."

I am sure the speaker little realized how prophetic were his words. The several toasts were interspersed with a number of excellent songs, both in Irish, in English, and in French, and the company separated at a protracted hour in the best possible order and condition, having previously taken the Doeh au Durrais for their meeting on the 17th of March, 1835.

KELLY, BURKE AND SHEA.

Now, sir, with all those details before us it is not difficult for us, even at this distance of time, to imagine how "Kelly, Burke and Shea" spent their evenings in the months that succeeded that unique dinner. How easy it is to picture at many a Montreal fireside in the Irish circles of those distant days such a scene as that depicted by your chief guest's distinguished townsman, Mr. Joseph Clarke:

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy

Said, "We were at Ramillies; We left our bones at Fontenoy And up in the Pyrenees; Before Dunkirk, on London's plain, Cremona, Lille, and Ghent, We're all over Austria, France and Spain."

Wherever they pitched a tent, We've died for England from Waterloo

To Egypt and Dargal, And still there's enough for a corps or crew.

Kelly, Burke and Shea, "Well, here is to good honest fighting blood,"

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

Whatever may have been the motives that actuated the gentlemen who tendered that dinner to your forefathers in this city the mention of the names on the subscribers' list and the names of those who spoke on that occasion will doubtless suggest to you that you are but returning a compliment and helping to perpetuate an old and admirable custom in having your friends of other creeds and nationalities present at these annual dinners. In case there may be a desire on the part of your members to secure a copy of the list of subscribers to that memorable dinner of 74 years ago, I may say that the original is preserved in this city and that it is not by any means the least interesting of the many interesting things that are stored in that old building."

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