

BER 6, 1906.

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Dear Girls and Boys: Vacation is over, and once again my little nieces and nephews will have to take up their studies, but I am glad to see that they have been looking forward with pleasure to the opening of school. Lina McN. says she is going up classes in everything. That is right, Lina; it shows that you are making good use of your time. Agnes McC. and Annie O'N. evidently enjoyed themselves at the picnic. I am glad to hear that Dear Aunt Becky: they like their new teacher. Angela O'N. writes a very short letter. I hope her mamma enjoyed her trip. I am glad to hear that Maude C. has taken a resolution to write regularly. I hope that my other nieces and nephews will do likewise. I am sure Joseph will be pleased to hear that you like 'to read his letters. Of course, Agnes, we will be very glad to welcome you among us. I hope you will write often to the corner. You see what a good example did in your case. Perhaps you may prove to an inspiration to others to follow your example. Agnes also likes to see Joseph's letters. I am sure Joseph will find it lonesome when his sisters go to school, but I suppose his papa will bring him to see them often. Joseph is the only little nephew I have who writes regularly. I won-

Your loving,

der what has become of the others.

Perhaps now that school has com-

menced I shall hear from them. Let

AUNT BECKY

Dear Aunt Becky:

As this is the last week of my holidays I am taking the opportunity of writing to you. Our school pens Sept. 6th. I am going up. classe in everything this year. My English teacher's name is Rev. Sister of the Blessed Sacrament. I spent most of my holidays at my grandma's and a week in Montreal. I intend going to my grandma's to-

I will close now, hoping to see my letter in print.

Your niece,

LINA McN. Farnham, Aug. 27.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As our school opened last Monday, We were all glad to see our teacher but it seemed strange not to know hope you will, as I would like to We like her very well this There was no school last Wednesday as we all went to the picnic. Some of the people went in home until about one o'clock, so got some ice cream. and watched them play the games. When we came back it was suppertime, so we went and got our sup-We did not leave the grove intil dark. It was a lovely bright

Your loving niece,

AGNES McC. Lonsdale, Sept. 1

Dear Aunt Becky:

As our school opened last Monday, I thought I would write and tell you the news. Our teacher's name is Miss O'Connor. She is a very nice teacher. We all were at a picnic last Wednesday and had lots fun. We did not leave home ntil nearly one o'clock, and we left the picnic grounds about seven o'clock. When we went there my sister and I went for a walk with our schoolmates. We then went and got some candies and peaches. After awhile I got some chocolate candies.

We then went and watched them play baseball. We got candies and peanuts and oranges before we came home. We had a lovely drive coming home, it was so cool. We had about four miles to go. Well, dear Aunty, I guess as my letter is get-ting long I will say good-bye.

Your loving niece ANNIE O'N. Lonsdale, Aug. 31.

School begins next Tuesday. I will be in the fifth grade. Mamma, grandma and grandpa have been in Frampton, Quebec and Montreal visiting, and then she went to St. Ann's. We are having cool weather here now. Hoping to see my letter in print, I will close. Good-bye.

From ANGELA O'N. Grand Rapids, Sept. 1.

Dear Aunt Becky:

You must have a very poor opinion of me, as I leave off writing to you now and then, but I assure you I have formed the resolution tio write to you constantly. Our holidays are over now, and although they were very pleasant we are nevertheless glad to return once more to school. It is pretty dull now, as the frigates have departed, and there are no amusements sports going on. I was delighted to see Lily T.'s letter in the paper last week, and I hope she will write constantly, as I take great interest in reading her letters, and I can never forget the lovely time we spent together down here, and hope she has not forgotten those good old times. Ethel T. never told us about her dear little dog, and I would love to see it much. I take great interest also in reading Joseph's letter, as he appears to be the only little boy that writes to the corner. I expect to see a great number of Quebec writers this week and will be disappointed if their letters fail to appear. I suppose it is cold in Montreal now, as it is very cold here. My eldest sister went to Moncold treal for Labor Day, and is returning on Tuesday. I would love to

Well, dear Aunt Becky, as my letter is already long, I will close with love to all my cousins and you, dear Aunt Becky. I remain,

Your loving niece

MAUDE C. Quebec, Sept. 3.

I wonder if you will accept an-

\*\* \*\* \*\*

Dear Aunt Becky

become your niece, dear Aunt Becky. and gain so many interesting cousins most inquisitive flirt of their long whose names I see every week in the True Witness. Although I have best in the world to stop and find the morning, but most of them went never written, I always take the out where he was going and where in the afternoon. We did not leave greatest interest in the letters which he came from, if they just had the appear in print, and by now I al- time. As for the butterflies, and that it was about two when we got most feel personally acquainted with dragonflies, and mosquito-hawks, there. As soon as I got there I the letter writers. I was delighted and bluebottle flies, who bumped up met all my schoolmates. we all got to see Lillian T.'s letter last Thursagainst his nose, and dared him to the second of met all my schoolmates. we all got to see Lillian T.'s letter last Thurstogether and walked around the day, and I think it was she who grove for awhile, then we went and set the example, for as soon as I gave them a wink out of his left called his comment aloud:

the see Lillian T.'s letter last Thurstogether and dared him to once, though they could why. Presently one of them off in a hurry! You see if I don't."

She marched into the pantry, and We then went saw her letter I decided to write. We had a great deal of fun during vacation this year, but I am not sorry it is over and we can re turn once more to our dear old condear Auntie, I guess this is all this time. Good-bye.

Yent school. I have a special influence of the service o vent school. I have a special inat home, and only one brother, but he is a grown-up young gentleman.

had a little brother nine years old, but he died last year, leaving a he would get there are a be kept, until he grew so tired cond youngest and special favorite Being a boy, you may imagine how he was loved with so many sisters. I am glad Ethel T. is so happy

with her "Tippy," as she is the dearest little girl I ever knew. Now, dear Aunt Becky, I would love to keep on writing, but my let-ter is already too long, I think, as I must not be selfish and take up

too much space. With best love to yourself, dear Aunt Becky, and all my little cou-sins, I remain

It is getting rather lonesome as the time draws near for my sisters to go to school. They start Tuesday next. They are going to the convent in Waterloo. I suppose won't be home till Christmas. It is about twelve miles from home. Papa and mamma will drive up to see them sometimes. Well, dear Auntie I will say good-bye for this time. JOSEPH.

Granby, August 1.

.. .. .. NOBODY'S DOG.

He was only a forlorn little dog with soft, brown eyes, that asked you to please love him just a little bit. Once upon a time he had been baby puppy. and downy and roly poly, who played all day long at "Catch my Tail," or "Nibble My Toes," and at night lay cuddled close to his mamma's side in a big box, lined with soft blankets, to keep them nice warm, that was pushed up against the warm chimney under the house where Jack Frost couldn't possibly

Such a great, big comfortable house it was, and in it lived a dear little mistress, who came out to play with him every day, when he grew big enough to waddle along behind her, and, if he grew too shaky on his fat, sturdy legs, why he just caught hold of her sash rib bons with his sharp little teeth to steady himself.

one awful day the little mistress' papa gave him to a dreadful man, who took him away off where everything was strange, and where he grew so dreadfully homesick that at last he determined to find his little mistress himself. So drizzly day, when all the world looked gloomy and seemed as sad as he was, he started off and walked until he grew so starved and poor, and looked so forlorn, that people whom he met on the way called him "Nobosy's Dog." that made no difference to him, as on he went, for he knew there was a little mistress who dearly loved him, if he could only find her. Sometimes bad boys would tie tin cans to his tail as he passed through a village, or would chunk him with stones and lumps of mud, but he kept bravely on, never stopping on the way, except when he grew very hungry he would linger by the way to ask for a crust of bread, or beg a bone from some kind-hearted person, who looked as though he might love a little dog. When he grew thirsty, he would drink from a gurgling brook, as it laughed and rippled over smooth, shining pebbles, and now and then would laugh so hard that cool, clear drops of water would splash up into the air and fall on the pretty ferns that grew along the mossy banks, and kiss the

Sometimes he would forget that he was Nobody's Dog and chase an impertinent squirrel, who dared swish his tail right in his face. But he never for one moment forgot that he had to find his dear little mistress, so he did not chase the squirother niece, will you? I earnestly rel long, and paid no attention whatever to the rabbits, who hopped smiled as she watched the three solemnly across his path with a best in the world to stop and find eye and kept straight on.

dust away.

But one sad day he lost his way, and after vainly trying to find he finally stopped and asked a Mr. Blue Jay if he would please tell him how to find the right road. manner, and told him, with a very rude yawn, that if he would keep straight on and follow his nose he would get there all right. So on was ready to drop, but st could not find the right road, but still he meeting a Mr. Woodpecker, he asked him if he could help him find it, but that disagreeable person wouldn't so old pine tree he was working on, long enough to acknowledge the polite wag of his poor, stubby tail which he tried his best to wave in Angry a his most insinuating manner, to let
Mr. Woodpecker know that he was
a harmless little dog, who only
wanted a little bit of information.

Angry and learned of losing there
ball altogether, the young visitors
hurried into the house with the
story of their wrongs.

"They're spoiling all our fun, and

## Does Your FOOD Digest Well?

at, and in their place come duliness, loss potite, depression and langour. It takes a great kno wiedge to know when one has digestion, some of the following sympms generally exist, viz.: constipation, uur stomach, variable appetite, headache, sartburn, gas in the stomach, etc. The great point is to cure it, to get back ounding health and vigor.

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Those were wonderful times, but of lavender gray, and, walking up to her, he lifted his left paw and gently touched his right ear, while putting his right paw over his poor tired little heart, he asked her in the saddest voice if she would please tell him how to find his little mistress, and she told him in soft, sweet tones just to follow the faithful love of his knightly heart, and he would surely find the little mistress who, she had no doubt, was watching and watting for him.

So on he went again, with newed courage, and one bright morning, just as the sun was peeping above the tops of the far-off trees, he came to a broad and beautiful road, over which hung great trees, while long trailing vines talked and gossiped to each other, as he passed by, about a Screech Owl that had serenaded his sweetheart the night before in the neighborhood. But he didn't stop to listen, but keeping straight on he finally came to two white gateposts between which hung a huge gate, and squeezing through this (he was so thin he could creep through any place a sunbeam could slip through) he still kept on little further, when he saw the dear little mistress coming to greet him with flying feet, and, as she gathered Nobody's Dog up into her soft, pitying, loving arms, and bathed the poor, tired, bruised and bleeding tired, feet with her tears, he was no longer Nobody's Dog, but a happy little dog who had found his home last .- Kate J. Massie, in Morning Star.

WHEN GRANDMA TOOK A.HAND. There was a game of ball in progress in the back yard. Grandma,

town boys from the window. She was not the only one who watched them, however. Out in the and threw things at 'em and everyroad were three or four boys, who, thing." attracted by the shouting and laugh-

Guy.

outside. boys inside.

sharp words flew, and, of course, it missile she sent over the fance. was only a few minutes before an occasional stick or stone was flying and see what they will do," she Why day and night and a ball went over, and that ended the step. game, for the boys refused to give

"Oh, no, we won't throw it back play with it anyway, so 'tain't no use to you," they answered, mock-

"You didn't have to throw over; and we don't have to throw

Angry and fearful of losing their

So turning sadly away, he started on again, and presently he met a little quaker dove, in a dainty dress "And you can't make them go

# We Hate to Remind the Boys and Girls

that the vacation season is nearing to a close, but like all good things it must end, and soon they will be back at

### They will Need New Boots

and we have the kinds that stand hard wear, are neat in appearance and comfortable to the feet.

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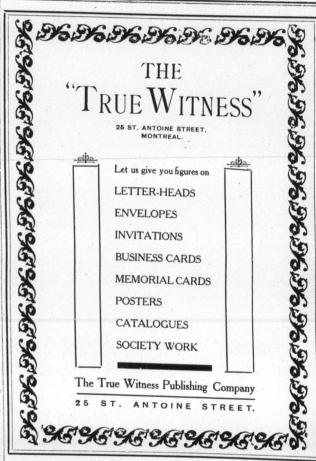
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away and let you alone?" asked nearly always make people peaceable grandma.

"No'm! We talked to 'em and-

ing in a yard usually so quiet, were looking through the fence. "Town the right place," said grandma, set the other would say: "Better throw looking through the lenter. Like Fight place, said granding, so the other would say: Better takids," muttered one to another, beverly. "I won't have them tor- a doughnut."—The True Voice. ginning to dislike the ball players at menting you in any such way. I'll once, though they could not have throw something that will send them

the boys looked at each other with I'm worried 'bout my dolly; "Rag-bag!" promptly responded much surprise mingling with their satisfaction. They wanted the in- But exactly what the matter is "Such playing!" sneered the boys truders driven off; but the idea of sweet-faced grandma, throwing "If you don't like it you needn't stones! Or had she gone for bricks" She hasn't any appetite, watch it. Clear out!" shouted the or hot water? She hurried out of the door, and they followed her, but No matter what a feast you spread Back and forth over the fence the they could not distinctly see what

also. Then, by an unlucky toss, the said to the wondering boys on the She sits and stares before her,

But after a few minutes of silence they could not resist the temptation Unless I take her in my arms "Oh, no, we won't throw it back, to tiptoe over the grass and peep Or lay her on her bed sonny! You don't know how to through into the road. There sat With her toes so high she's nearly the enemy around a torn paper sack, Standing straight upon her head. eating at some of grandma's delicious doughnuts.

"Humph!" said Charlie. "Here's your ball," said a rather I'm getting very anxious, subdued voice outside, and the treasure dropped at Chrlie's feet. "We didn't mean to keep it anyway. We If he hasn't got a medicine

by throwing at them, if you only throw the right thing."

The boys laughed, though they looked a little ashamed; for, often "Well, well!" Maybe you didn't afterward, when there was danger

I'm afraid she isn't well,

She never eats a thing, Or tempting dainty bring.

she Why day and night and all And to sleep she'll never fall.

Like my mamma does for me

was only foolin'. We're goin'
fishing''
As strong anf plump and hearty fishing."

"They've gone, have they?" inquired grandma, as the three boys came back to the house. "You can a strong and plump and hearty

As her mother is, you know.

—Mary E. De Bermardi, in Kansas

City Star.