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## BOYS and GIRLS

Dear Aunt Becky:  
As I have not written to you for some time, or I have not seen any letters from my little cousins in the "Girls and Boys" corner, I thought I would write you. I go to school every day. I am in the fourth school. My studies are British and Canadian history, grammar, geography, and arithmetic. Our teacher's name is Miss K. S. Robertson. There was good skating here, but it snowed and spoiled it. There is not much news here, so I guess I will close saying good-bye.

From your niece,  
LENA RAYMOND,  
Kouchibouguac, Kent Co., N.B.

Dear Aunt Becky:  
It is so long since I have written to you that I suppose you are thinking I have forgotten you, but I have not. I was very pleased to see that some of your nieces still remember you. Although I like to read the nice verses and stories, I think I would rather see some letters a little often.

I go to school every day. It is a public school, as there are not enough Catholics around here to build a Catholic School. Easter will soon be here now. I will be glad when summer comes so I can go out in the fields and pick flowers.

Well, dear Auntie, I think I have said enough for this time. Hoping to see my letter in print, I remain  
Your loving niece,  
HELENA WILSON,  
Fesserton, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky:  
I have not written to you since last spring. We have a new baby. His name is Gerald Redmond. Enright. He is very fat and healthy. I have three brothers now, and I am the only girl. My grandmother died a few weeks ago. We miss her very much. I go to school every day. Our teacher is my cousin. Her name is Miss Annie May Gagnon. I am to make my first Communion next summer. Good-bye for to-day.  
Your affectionate niece,  
ADA ENRIGHT,  
Port Daniel.

A HINDU LULLABY.

Where does the Cuckoo sleep, Baby?  
Down by the great stone tank.  
Where the lizards bask in the sun-  
shine,  
And the monkeys play on the bank.

Where does the peacock sleep, Baby?  
Out in the jungle grass,  
Where the jackals howl in the even-  
ing,  
And parrots scream as they pass.

What does the peacock drink, Baby?  
Cream from somebody's cup;  
And if somebody isn't careful,  
The peacock will drink it all up.  
What does the Cuckoo drink, Baby?  
Milk from somebody's pan;  
So run and stop the rascal, as quick  
as  
Ever you can.

What does the Cuckoo eat, Baby?  
Candy and all that's nice,  
And great round balls of brown  
sugar  
Speckled with sugar and spice.  
What does the peacock eat, Baby?  
Lollipops all day long;  
But Baby must go to sleep now, for  
This is the end of the song.

LOTTIE'S REWARD.

The Griswold cranberry bog lay broiling in the hot September sun-  
shine, not even the suggestion of a  
breeze stirred the heavy air over the  
meadow, though on the hillside in  
the distance Lottie Baker could see  
the green grass waving, as every  
now and then the wind swept gently  
along the sloping field.

The line of busy pickers on the bog  
had grown irregular as the forenoon  
advanced, until now the uninitiated  
would never have imagined they had  
started together at the edge at the  
commencement of the morning's la-  
bor. Lottie herself had started out  
by the side of a woman who was in  
the very van of the pickers. Twice  
already she had passed Lottie, carry-  
ing her pail filled with berries to be  
emptied into the boxes, and the girl  
knew that she had come back  
with another blue ticket each time—  
a precious ticket which she had  
probably tied safely in the corner  
of her handkerchief.

And Lottie, struggling for the first  
time to pick the large ripe berries  
from among their slender vines, wish-  
ed she could work as fast as Sarah  
Cummings; for Lottie had not yet  
filled her first pail with the red  
fruit.

"You're in among the pitchforks,  
Lottie Baker," called a girl a couple  
of rows away.

"Yes," said Lottie, "I am."  
And the girl laughingly held up her  
arms for inspection. Now one pec-  
uliarity of a cranberry picker's cos-  
tume is the manner in which she

manages to protect her arms and  
hands by pulling on a pair of old  
stockings with holes cut in the feet  
for her thumbs and fingers to come  
through, for the cranberry plants  
are scratchy, and troublesome weeds  
frequently get into the bog.

One particularly miserable weed  
there is, too, more troublesome in a  
bog than all the rest; a weed with  
brown seeds that are just ripe at  
picking time, and which are furnish-  
ed with two sharp points apiece to  
hold fast to whatever they may come  
in contact with by way of clothing.  
And Lottie Baker's black stocking  
mits were full of the noxious brown  
pitchforks.

"Why are cranberry bogs always  
in such hot places?" asked the other  
girl in a discontented voice.

"I don't know," replied Lottie.

"Grumbling?" asked a tall man  
who was walking among the pick-  
ers.

"It's terribly hot here, Mr. Gris-  
wold," returned Myra Simmons.  
She was the girl who had been talk-  
ing to Lottie.

But Lottie Baker only laughed.  
"See the grass waving up there on  
the hill. It makes me feel cooler,"  
she said brightly.

"Why don't they put cranberry  
bogs on hills, Mr. Griswold?" asked  
Myra.

"Nature of the berry to grow in  
sand in low places, so we have to  
plant on the lowland. Don't forget  
that the bogs have to be flooded be-  
fore the frost comes," explained the  
man.

"And then when winter comes we  
have such lovely times skating here,"  
cried Lottie, and her eyes shone with  
the pleasure of the remembrance.

The tall man smiled pleasantly. He  
was the owner of the bog.

"You give us a chance to earn  
money in the fall, Mr. Griswold, and  
then in winter you give us a good  
time," continued the girl.

"That's one of the ways I have of  
adding my mite to make up the  
world's happiness," said Mr.  
Griswold, as he passed along.

With the laugh on her lips, Lottie  
went back to her picking, and soon  
had the ten-quart pail filled to the  
brim with shining berries.

Mrs. Thomas Griswold, keeping  
tally under a big elm by the side  
of the bog, gave an exclamation of  
delight when she saw Lottie's pail.

"How full your pail is, Lottie!"  
she cried. "Good Scripture measure,  
'pressed down, and shaken together  
and running over,' and not a misera-  
ble, scrimpy pailful that I have to  
frown over."

"Haven't I picked them right, Mrs.  
Griswold?" asked Lottie earnestly.

"Just right, my dear. Don't stop  
bringing them in this way, and com-  
mence to put in vines and weeds  
and half fill your pails. Just let  
me keep out that pailful as it is, in-  
stead of turning it into a box; or  
else I will put it in a box by it-  
self. It's a beautiful pail of ber-  
ries," returned Mrs. Griswold heart-  
ily.

Lottie looked the pail over criti-  
cally.

"I didn't do anything unusual. I  
just tried to pick clean and get a  
good pailful," she said slowly.

"Picking cranberries is like other  
things in life, Lottie. It's just do-  
ing right the thing that comes to  
your hand to do, and then taking up  
the next thing and doing that  
right, too. These are beautiful!"

And Mrs. Griswold passed Lottie  
an empty pail and a precious blue  
ticket.

Now that blue ticket was good for  
a cash value of twenty cents, or  
two cents per quart for a ten-quart  
pail filled with berries. When one  
had earned ten blue tickets, one ex-  
changed them for a red ticket worth  
two dollars at paying time, and  
when one had gained five red tickets  
they would be replaced by Mrs.  
Griswold giving one a brown slip of  
pasteboard having a cash value of  
ten dollars. That had been the code  
of reckoning each year on the Gris-  
wold meadows.

It was the brown slip of paste-  
board representing ten dollars that  
Lottie Baker had started out de-  
termined to earn on the cranberry  
bog during that autumn harvest. For  
ten dollars would help along mar-  
velously at the Baker home, where  
there were five smaller mouths than  
Lottie's to keep filled, and none  
but the father to supply them with  
bread.

But the coveted brown slip of  
pasteboard looked pretty far away  
to Lottie as she bent once more over  
the heated bog. Mentally she reck-  
oned it all out: ten pails before she  
could get even one red ticket, and  
then for four times more that same  
task must be gone over with before  
she would have the slip of brown  
pasteboard. Fifty pails filled with  
those little berries that came up a  
pail so slowly! Lottie dropped a  
couple of handfuls of the berries into  
her empty pail as she concluded her  
arithmetical process.

The sound of the berries striking  
berries half assured the girl, and her  
courage came back.

"There are only forty-nine more  
pails to be picked, Lottie Baker,"  
she said cheerily, "and you can cer-  
tainly try to do that!"

It was at the ending of the cran-  
berry harvest. The days had grown  
cooler and there had even been dan-  
ger from frost one night, so that  
Mr. Griswold had sat up and watch-  
ed with anxious eyes his partially  
harvested crop.

To Lottie Baker had come disap-  
pointment. Four red tickets lay  
safely in her bureau drawer at home,  
accompanied by seven blue ones—just  
three short of the brown slip of  
pasteboard. Pay day at the bog  
had come, and Lottie choked back  
the tears as she took the tickets out  
and started for Mr. Griswold's cran-  
berry house to get them turned into  
cash.

Mrs. Griswold was there counting  
out money and checking off as the  
pickers presented their tickets and  
were paid.

"Nine dollars and forty cents for  
you, Lottie Baker," she said to the  
girl.

"Yes," said Lottie.

"And then some more," added Mrs.  
Griswold.

Lottie looked up instantly, and  
the woman caught sight of the tears  
that were standing in the girl's blue  
eyes.

"What's the trouble, child?" she  
asked.

"I wanted to earn ten dollars cran-  
berrying, and I came so little short.  
Mother has to pinch to make both  
ends meet, and there isn't any other  
work I can find all winter. If I  
hadn't picked so clean I could have  
made it."

"You aren't sorry you picked clean,  
are you?" and Mrs. Griswold played  
as she looked at Lottie.

"No," said Lottie, and the honest-  
y was in her eyes. "I was doing  
what was right. Only I'm sorry  
about mother's having to get along

A RELIABLE MEDICINE  
FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

On the word of thousands of moth-  
ers in all parts of Canada who have  
used Baby's Own Tablets there is no  
other medicine so good in curing all  
the minor ills of babyhood and child-  
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of a government analyst, that the  
medicine is safe and contains no  
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Mrs. L. Murphy, St. Sylvester, Que., says:  
"I find Baby's Own Tablets, the safe-  
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commend them to other mothers." Sold  
by medicine dealers or by mail at  
25 cents a box from The Dr. Wil-  
liams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

without the sixty cents.  
"What Mother Baker couldn't get  
along without is her straight girl.  
I'll warrant," said Mrs. Griswold.  
"And Mr. Griswold left this envelope  
for you."

Lottie took the little envelope and  
saw that her name was written on  
the front in Mr. Griswold's firm  
hand.

"Open it," said Mrs. Griswold,  
quietly.

A brand new dollar bill and two  
shining dimes fell out of a folded  
sheet of notepaper.

"Oh!" cried Lottie.

"For Lottie Baker, in fulfillment  
of an old promise. Thomas Gris-  
wold," Lottie read on the paper.

"Isn't it all right, child?" asked  
Mrs. Griswold, as Lottie did not  
speak.

"I can't take what I didn't earn,"  
said Lottie.

"But you did earn it. There are  
your berries over there in them bar-  
rels in the corner," insisted the wo-  
man.

Lottie looked over and saw four  
barrels standing there alone, filled  
with shining berries, and another  
near by about three-quarters full.

"I don't understand anything  
about it," faltered Lottie, after a  
time.

"I'll tell you how it is, Lottie.  
When Mr. Griswold first started in  
the cranberry business," he said that  
if ever anyone came onto his bog  
and picked so clean that he did not  
have to screen the berries after them  
he would pay them the cost of the  
screening, which is on an average of  
twenty-five cents a barrel.

"You've done it, Lottie Baker," ex-  
plained the woman kindly.

"Then it is honestly earned?"  
"Bless you, child, yes! If ever  
money was honest, that money is."  
Lottie put the new bill back into  
the envelope, and then the shining  
dimes, and her face was fairly beam-  
ing with happiness.

"Thank you ever so much, Mrs.  
Griswold," she said brightly. "Mo-  
ther will be so pleased."  
"Mother's straight girl always  
pleases her, I'll warrant," said the  
woman sincerely as she turned to  
deal with a new comer.

The Condition of Ireland.

Following on the debate in the  
House of Lords, a debate on the  
condition of Ireland was commenced  
in the Commons upon an amendment  
to the Address moved by Earl Percy.  
Mr. Birrell replied in a vigorous  
speech. He gave a summary of the  
police reports from the various coun-  
ties, from which it appears that the  
state of Ireland as a whole is quite  
satisfactory. He said he did not in-  
tend to resort to coercion. He would  
not, for the sake of getting a few  
more convicts, break up the great  
Liberal tradition and break up his  
own great hopes of the future of Ire-  
land. Mr. John Redmond compared  
crime in England and crime in Ire-  
land, giving figures which showed  
that relatively the condition of Eng-  
land is far more serious than that of  
Ireland. Yet no one, he said, propos-  
ed coercion for England.

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MAGIC BAKING POWDER  
GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE  
GILLETT'S CREAM TARTAR.

When your dealer, in filling your order for  
any of above goods, reaches for a substitute,  
**STOP HIM.** That is the time to do it. It  
is too late when you get home, and the package  
opened, partially used and found wanting, as is  
generally the case with substitutes.

There are many reasons why you should  
ask for the above well advertised articles, but  
absolutely none why you should let a substitut-  
ing dealer palm off something which he claims  
to be "just as good," or "better" or "the  
same thing" as the article you ask for.

The buying public recognize the superior  
quality of well advertised and standard articles  
like Gillett's goods. The substituter realizes  
this fact and tries to sell inferior goods on the  
advertiser's reputation.

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## Old Age Pensions.

Lloyd-George Concedes to His Critics  
in Keen Debate.

No Fraud in Ireland.

Mr. Lloyd George conceded little to  
his critics in the debate on the sup-  
plementary vote of £910,000 for old  
age pensions and the administrative  
expenses of the scheme, com-  
ments the Dublin Freeman. He claim-  
ed that, considering the difficulties,  
the Government estimate was "re-  
markably accurate." In the case of  
Great Britain it was wrong only to  
the extent of about ten thousand  
pensions; while the cost of adminis-  
tration was rather less than had  
been anticipated. But he agreed with  
the mover of the amendment, that as  
far as Ireland was concerned the cal-  
culations of the Government had en-  
tirely broken down. He also al-  
lowed that the exceeding popularity of  
the scheme generally had not been  
anticipated. For the rest he stands  
by the Act in spirit and letter, in  
motive and administration. Here at  
all events, he does not palter with  
the persons who on the platform  
and in the Press have been denoun-  
cing the scheme as thriftless and de-  
moralising, a badly botched piece of  
legislation rushed through for the  
purpose of capturing the masses. The  
moving for an additional £900,000  
for such a purpose out of the wealthy  
British Exchequer has given not un-  
nerved a statesman who faces with  
pleasure the difficulty of finding the  
eight or nine millions which the  
scheme may eventually cost, because  
he is confident that the well-to-do  
will appreciate with him that the  
greatness of the cost shows the  
depth of the need. It is a strong  
and admirable attitude. A few  
months ago the Government calcu-  
lated that the scheme would cost  
about six millions a year. When  
claims came tumbling in, the esti-  
mate was increased to seven and a  
half millions. To-day Mr. Lloyd  
George cheerfully agrees with Mr.  
Chaplin, who has been one of the  
crouching critics of the measure, that  
it will involve an annual outlay of  
nine millions, more or less.

TO DISCREDIT IRELAND.

But the real interest of this debate  
lies in the fact that it was to have

exposed wholesale fraud on the Act  
in Ireland. It was to have been a  
kind of a Carrion Crow effort to  
discredit this country. Mr. Balfour  
had already given hint of this plan  
for defaming the people of Ireland,  
while having a slap at the Govern-  
ment. The attempt has failed, for  
the same reason that the formal de-  
bate promoted by the anti-Irish  
brigade failed. In the most striking  
way, by lessons that will go home  
everywhere, the debate was an indict-  
ment of British rule in Ireland a so-  
cial condition undreamt of by Treas-  
ury experts and the statesmen, to  
whom the destinies of the country  
are entrusted. The English member  
who exclaimed last night that he  
was never more impressed by the con-  
sequences of attempting to govern  
Ireland according to English ideas  
voiced an opinion which ought to be  
more general in England to-day than  
it was before Mr. Davies and his  
friends in the House of Commons  
and in the Unionist Press—in Ireland  
as well as in England—initiated a  
campaign for the purpose of showing  
that dishonesty is among the offences  
rampant in this lawless land.

IRISH INQUISITION  
Meanwhile the Somerset House de-  
fectives are pursuing their secret in-  
quiries in Ireland. Certain investi-  
gations have, according to Mr. Lloyd  
George, warranted the suspicion that  
a number of pensioners have not  
reached the