

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

What a nice long letter May O'M sends this week. I am very sorry to learn of her father's death, and I am sure all the cousins join with me in presenting kind sympathy. Perhaps May will call at my office when she comes to Montreal. Amy McC. actually says she will not be sorry when school commences. Little girls—and little boys, too—generally find vacation too short. I hope Annie O'N. will enjoy the visit she intends making with her cousins. Even though Joseph is not able to run about like other little boys, he seems to be a very happy little chap. What jolly fun there must have been out haying and coming riding home on a great big load. I am afraid uncle intends killing his plants with kindness. What do you think? Agnes McC. has just had her first ride on the train and was delighted with it. What a glorious time she is having in the country. So Ethel has returned from Quebec and how happy she is to be home again. Very true, little girls, home is best after all. I guess Tippy was as lonely for his little mistress as she was for him. Where are those cousins who used to write so regularly? We miss them.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I would have liked to have written you long before now, but you see vacation is such a joyous time that sometimes even without willing we take a little too much liberty. How are you this summer, dear Auntie? For my part I am feeling well, but as there is no pleasure without sorrow, I am left fatherless since the 18th May; my dear papa died leaving mamma and five children to mourn his loss. We all feel the house very big since he is gone. One of my little friends, Lucienne Asselin, who is our parish priest's niece, spent part of last week with me; we had a great time together. I go out picking raspberries pretty often; there has been a great many this year. I expect to go to visit at Montreal very soon. I will go to see my uncle, Rev. F. O'Meara, and several of my other friends. I intend to have a good time if nothing happens. We are having a nice rain just now. The farmers are all glad to see it come on account of the soil being so destitute of moisture. We will soon be eating corn, one of my favorite dishes. I guess you will find that my letter is rather long, but I will tell you, I am going to a boarding school in Montreal when vacation is over, and I don't think I will be allowed to write, unless on the sly, and that would not do at all. I wish you would come and spend a few weeks in the country before I go. I am certain you would have a nice jolly time. With love to you, dear Auntie, and all the dear little cousins, Your loving little niece, MAY O'M. Sherrington, Aug. 7th.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is so long since I have written to you I thought I would write. It has been raining all day long, but it is fine now. We had a big fire this morning in Hull; three streets were burned. I suppose Ethel T. is enjoying herself very much in Quebec. I think it is a lovely place. School will soon begin and I won't be sorry, as there is no fun here. Well, dear Auntie, as my letter is getting long I think I will say good-night. Love to all my cousins. I remain Your loving niece, AMY McC.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It has been beautiful harvest weather here this last week. The fields are covered with grain cut and shocked up. As my sister is away this last week visiting, I have nobody to play with. There were two of my cousins visiting at our place last Sunday and Monday. I had lots of fun while they were at our place playing. We went for a walk Sunday evening. I am going to their place next week of holidays.

We did not get any teacher for our school yet, but I hope soon will. Well, dear Auntie, as I have not much news to tell you I guess I will say good-bye. Love to the cousins and Aunt Becky. Your loving niece, ANNIE O'N. Lonsdale, Aug. 10.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Oh, you are just lovely to say I am improving in my writing. I tried very hard to write a long letter so my cousin would read it in the paper. Papa finished haying last Monday; he was very glad. You ought to see the crowd on that last load—my three sisters and my cousin and a man rode up on it. Most everybody is happy when haying is over, but I think I am sorry because the girls are out with the horses all the time. I can't go, so I'm lonesome while they are away. I have just been laughing at my uncle. He has some tobacco plants growing out in the garden. He is watering them now after a big shower. Don't you think he is wasting time? Good-bye. JOSEPH. Granby, August 10.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I am visiting at my aunt's I thought I would try and write to you. My cousins and myself have lots of fun playing. We have to hunt the eggs first and then we play hide and seek. There are quite a number of hiding places around where we hide. It is always nine o'clock when we get in from playing. We have to go to bed then. My cousin and myself went to Napanee Thursday. We went down on the train. It was my first ride on the train, and how I enjoyed it! It went so fast and it was so cool that I couldn't help but enjoy it. We went down early in the morning and got back at night. It was not as nice coming home as it was going down. It looks so strange to see that all the grain is ripe and the corn fit to use. Well, dear Auntie, as I have no more to tell you this week, love to all the cousins and yourself. Your loving niece, AGNES McC. Lonsdale, Aug. 10.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I came home on Tuesday after a month's visit to Quebec. Papa and mamma met sister and I at the train, and, oh, it was so good to see our dear ones waiting for us, and there is no place like home, and dear mamma had such a spread for us; everything she thought we would like, and dear papa did not say much, but I know he was very pleased to have me home. Tippy, my little dog, was so glad to see me home. I don't think I will go away for so long a time again. I am so glad to be home. Trusting that all my dear cousins and Aunt Becky are well, and hoping to see my letter in print. Your loving little niece, ETHEL T.

A LULLABY.

Rockaby, baby, the sun has set, The world has gone to rest; The robin has ended his sunset hymn And lies asleep in his nest. The heavens are dark but the golden stars Shine forth to brighten the sky. So rockaby, baby, and lullaby, love; My dear one, rockaby.

The leaves are asleep on the forest trees, The bees have gone to rest; The sun is asleep behind the clouds, And you on your mother's breast.

Hark, how clearly the night wind sings, As he goes rushing by; Rockaby, baby, and lullaby, love; Dear lambkin, rockaby.

The owls are awake and clearly hoot, From their perches on the trees, Singing their night song shrill and loud To the tickle evening breeze. But the breeze speeds by and listens ne'er

So they sing to the stars in the sky, While mother holds her babe to her breast And sings a lullaby.

The stars they list to the owls' shrill shrill hoots, Caressing them with their beams, While troops of fays steal down to earth And weave 'round you their dreams. But the moon shines on serene and fair On her starry throne on high, While mother sings her sleeping babe Her evening lullaby. —Brooklyn Eagle.

WATCH YOUR OWN WAYS.

Nettie Graves, coming into the house on a beautiful summer day, sank wearily into a chair, and her mother, looking up from the book she was reading, asked: "Tired, dear, and warm?" "Yes; both," Nettie answered, "and the worst of it is, I feel that my visit to Stella's, instead of having refreshed me as I hoped it would, has only made me feel more the heat of the day."

JOSEPH.

"I think it is Stella's ways that tire one so," Nettie said thoughtfully. "When one goes to see her one ought to take a cool day and be ready to stand a great deal. Have you ever felt, mamma, the difference between being with a restful and un-restful person?" "I think I have, dear," Mrs. Graves answered. "Well, the first thing that Stella did after having jumped up twice—the first time to take my hat, the second my parasol—was to interrupt herself in a description of an interesting account of her trip as a delegate to the society's council, by leaving her chair and adjusting a tidy on the back of the lounge. A minute later it was to re-arrange a piece of bric-a-brac on the side-board. And all the time she was talking her eyes wandered restlessly around the room as though in search of something to straighten, until finally I said—"

"Stella, how I wish you'd leave off fidgeting, and tell me the remainder of your trip without breaking off to arrange things in the room. I should enjoy it so much more."

"Of course you would, dear," she answered laughingly. "I don't wonder this dreadful habit of mine tires you; mamma is so anxious I should try and break myself off it. I am glad you spoke as you did; I'll give you my whole attention now."

"And so she did, mamma, for a while. Then she interrupted herself again to pick up a pin she saw on the carpet beneath my chair, and I had to move in order to allow her to reach it. Of course they were just trifles that broke in upon our pleasant time, but I could not help wishing that Stella was more restful."

"It would be a comfort if she were," Mrs. Graves responded sympathizingly. "But it may be, dear, that it is within your power to help Stella to overcome this habit of hers. At any rate, you should watch and try. It may also prove a lesson to you and teach you to be careful of your own manner. If Stella sees that you give her your undivided attention when she is in your presence, it may have the effect of teaching her to return the compliment. So do not think that your afternoon has been wasted, but rather that you have profited in two ways."

"You find good in everything, mamma," Nettie said gratefully, as she arose to lay aside her hat. "I shall remember what you have said and try to be helpful to Stella, and also to be watchful of my own ways."

BEAUTY THAT LASTS.

"Mamma," said Nelly Brown to her mother one day, "do you think I am really beautiful? Mrs. Wilson said to me this morning, 'Nelly, you are very handsome, and you will be and by be a very beautiful woman.' Do you think so too, mamma?"

Mrs. Brown gazed at her daughter in silence for a few moments, as if at a loss for a fitting answer to Nelly's question. She knew that Nelly was indeed beautiful; yet she regretted that Mrs. Wilson had praised her beauty so unsparingly, because she feared that such praise tended to feed vanity in her daughter's heart. At last she replied: "See yonder little people," he said, "do you hear what they are saying

a beautiful face, and you no doubt found its praise by Mrs. Wilson was like a sweet morsel under the tongue; but let me repeat to you the words of a thoughtful old writer who said, 'As amber attracts straw, so does beauty admiration, which only lasts while the warmth lasts; but virtue, wisdom, goodness, real worth, like the loadstone, never lose their power. These are true graces.' You know that beauty may be defaced by disease and lose its power to attract admiration; but beauty of the soul outlasts the life of the body and commands the lasting admiration of men, of angels, and of the King of moral beauty Himself. Therefore, dear Nelly, be grateful to God, who has given you a lovely face; but don't fail to ask Him to adorn your soul with a beauty like his own."

A BIRD LESSON.

All around us the birds are fluttering cheerily back and forth. Now they are in the garden, the meadow, or by the river-side. But they do not linger long in any one spot. As soon as their bright, watchful eyes spy a fat worm or grub, they snatch it up and are off, generally to some tree or thicket where a nestful of small fledgelings open wide, hungry mouths at their coming. How very seldom a discordant note mars the beauty of their happy warble and bits of bird-talk! Have you ever thought what a sunny language most of our feathered friends have, anyway? Their vocabulary of grumbly, fault-finding words is small indeed. But how many ways they have of expressing their delight at living in such a beautiful world.

Yesterday, on the lawn, there was a little chirp from a robin, that was not at all expressive of disappointment, or worry, when an angleworm eluded his bill. "That fellow got away from me, but I'll be more successful next time," he seemed to say. "There must be a lot of worms in this thick sod."

"Wouldn't it be funny," laughed a small girl one day, "if the birds fussed about doing things the way we girls do? What a lot of music we'd miss! They seem to have such good times in spite of the cats, and having to hustle out early after their breakfasts." The speaker was watching three young robins perched on a bough waiting expectantly for their mother. "I wonder if they ever hate to do things?" she added.

Ever since early spring there have been dazzling shimmers of violet and blue blending with the green of the elm leaves screen our study window. What a lively, insistent family that brown, canopied dwelling shelters! Mother Bluebird, do you ever worry? Two cats were driven from your tree last night, that were watching with fierce, greedy eyes. Suppose one of your family, the dearest and naughtiest, should stretch his wings a little too wide—and oh! little mother, do you ever suppose? There is a soft whirr and a flash, and the nest mother swings on the tip of a bough in a moment's breathing spell, and, with a cheery note, is gone.

If she could give us an answer, do you not fancy it would be something like this: "Why, don't you know, I'm too busy looking after my family to worry. I'm on the wing the most of the time getting worms, to make them strong—then they can care for themselves. If I stopped to fret, they might get hungry and fall out of the nest; then the cat would get them." And with a spread of her wings, she is skimming lightly over the treetops.

"Now, girls, is not vacation a good time to emulate your bird neighbors? You may be disappointed in your plans for the summer, there may be unexpected duties and small trials to test your patience, but if you try to get above them, into the world of wings and song, where in a sweeter, higher atmosphere you can stoop to take up gently, and with loving patience, the duties that come to you, the singing birds will not all be outside your home. And the summertime will pass all too quickly for yourself and the dear home folks."

He lets me play at making bread. We laugh and try to fool each other— Making believe we don't miss mother! I play the flour is artie snows, And my two hands are Eskimos. Building a little hut or trail, Then we take water from the pail. And make a soft and plumpy dough; I pat it, and I knead it—so.

Then father laughs, and shakes his head, And says, "That's funny looking bread!" Father and I are truly chums; But my! we're glad when mother comes! —Carolyn Wells, in St. Nicholas.

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The King looked down and saw an ant hill in the path before them. "See yonder little people," he said, "do you hear what they are saying

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as they run about so wildly? They say, 'Here comes the King men call wise and good and great. He will trample us under his cruel feet. 'They should be proud to die under the feet of such a King,' said the Queen. 'How dare they complain?' 'Not so, great Queen,' replied the King. He turned his horse aside, and all his followers did the same. When the great company had passed there was the ant hill, unharmed, in the path. The Queen said, 'Happy, indeed, must be your people, wise King, I shall remember the lesson.' 'He only is noble and great who cares for the helpless and weak.'

A JOLLY GAME. Sometimes when mother goes away. Father and I have such good play. Why, even when it's time for bed, He lets me play at making bread. We laugh and try to fool each other— Making believe we don't miss mother! I play the flour is artie snows, And my two hands are Eskimos. Building a little hut or trail, Then we take water from the pail. And make a soft and plumpy dough; I pat it, and I knead it—so.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Post Office Building, at St. Johns, P. Q.," will be received at this office until Monday, August 27, 1906, inclusively, for the construction of a Post Office Building at St. Johns, P. Q. Plans and specifications can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and at the office of J. A. H. Benoit, Esq., Architect, St. Johns, P. Q. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent of amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By Order, FRED. GELINAS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, August 2, 1906. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department, will not be paid for it.

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Province of Quebec, District of Montreal, Superior Court, No. 2065. Dame Philomène Martin, of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Joseph Mantel, formerly shoe manufacturer, and now foreman of the same place, has this day, instituted an action for separation as to property against her husband. Montreal, 8th August, 1906. L. E. BEAULIEU, Attorney for Plaintiff.