

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls: What a nice birthday Harold D. must have had. I am glad he liked the story. That is just what I want to know, what pleases my little friends. I am pleased to make Margaret's acquaintance. Hope she will be a regular contributor. Katie F. is a welcome visitor. Always glad to hear from the old friends. Jean thought she would write as a sort of encouragement to other little ones. A very good idea, Jean. Myrtle Victoria is also a newcomer. Am very happy to have her join our circle. More letters, little folks.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky: I suppose you will be surprised to hear from one of your old friends. I intended to write before, but I never got around to it. I am going to school now; we are preparing for a concert and I am going to sing a solo. The snow is all gone around here and the birds are nearly all back again. We had a lot of snow this winter. In some places the snow was up to the telephone wires. There was very good coasting and skating this winter, but it did not last very long. Well, I guess I will close for this time. Hoping to see my letter in print, I remain,

Your loving niece, KATIE F. Pugwash, N.S.

Dear Aunt Becky: I thought as I have not written to you for some time and have not seen many letters in the True Witness, I would write one. I hope the boys and girls are not forgetting the corner so soon. My birthday is on November 8. My sister Katie had a party two years ago; we had a fine time. We played ball, we had two swings up, and we had our tea in the garden. She got quite a few presents. Her birthday is on May 19. Well, Aunt Becky, I have not got much news to tell you, so I guess I will close.

Your loving niece, JEAN E. F. Pugwash, N.S.

Dear Aunt Becky: As my sister was writing to you I thought I would write too, as I have not written before. I did not go to school while the roads were bad, as I have a mile and a quarter to go, but I am going to begin now and try and not miss a day. I have a little sister six years old, who is going to begin school this summer. She took the prize three years ago for being the prettiest girl in Pugwash. The prize was a very pretty parlor lamp. We have the lamp yet. My birthday is on the 24th of May, and my name is

MYRTLE VICTORIA F. Pugwash, N.S.

Dear Aunt Becky: As I have not written to you before, and have read so many letters in the True Witness, I thought I would write one myself. I live by the sea shore, and it is a very pretty place in summer. There is fine skating on the river in winter, and in the summer we have great sport boat-sailing and bathing. I suppose all the boys and girls are glad that spring has come again, with May flowers and other enjoyments. I love to pick May flowers, and go picnicking every spring. This is quite a small place, but it is quite busy in summer. There is a flour mill, saw-mill, tannery, brick yard, eight or nine stores, and a few others. There is also ship building here. Papa is a carpenter and helps to build them. It is great sport to watch them launch them. Great crowds of people come to watch it. The last ship that was launched stuck in the sand and they had an awful hard time to get it out. I think they worked at it for two days before they got it started. The railroad track runs through here, and the bridge has to be turned before the ship goes through. I do not go to school this spring as I have to stay home to help my sister who keeps house. My mother has been dead for three years, and we are very lonesome without her. Well, Aunt Becky, I am afraid I have written too much, so I will close now.

Hoping to see my letter in print this week, I remain Your loving niece, MARGARET F. Aged 14 years. Pugwash, N.S.

Dear Aunt Becky: I did not write to the corner since some time because I did not have enough of news. My birthday was Sunday, the 7th of May; I was 9 years old. I got a mug, a pocket knife, a handkerchief, and box of colored crayons. Mamma gave us a little tea-party, and we had lots of sure a la creme. I wish my birthday would come oftener. I read the little story in the corner last week about Harold's birthday. That little fellow must have felt good. My teacher, Mother St. Ann, put me in the fourth reader to-day; I was delighted. I did not go to any sugar party this spring, but I got lots of sugar taffy. My little sisters are well and join me in sending you love. Your little nephew,

HAROLD D. West Frampton, Que.

FOLLOW THE GAME. (A Harrow School Song.) When time is up and lesson is due, And youth has got to learn, I creep to school, if needs must be, And masters soft and stern. And one will give me good marks, And one will give me bad; For all the pains I had, But good come, bad come, For what you must you can, So! heigh ho! follow the game Till boy shall grow to man.

The worse the time the better the end, And under sky and sun I go to play the cricketer's part, And turn the bowlers on. And one will bowl me fast balls, And one will bowl me slow; And one will bowl me cunning and straight, And then the bails will go. But fast come, slow come, The winds and grass are free, So! heigh ho! follow the game; The world is fair to me.

They glide, the months of worry and work, Of desk and floor and grass; And till you trust them, fright the soul, And as you trust them pass. For one will bring me bright days, And one will bring me dull; And one will bring me trouble enough Till all the days be full. But bright come, dull come, They came the same before, So! heigh ho! follow the game, And show the way to more.

THE MEASURING PARTY. If they weren't having such a jolly time themselves, they never would have thought of it! There were Tom, Mary, Daniel and Beth—all at Grandpa Longley's spending such a rollicking, happy vacation! How delightful they found it, away from the hot city pavement and glare, among the woods and the fields, where there were "enough bouquets," as Daniel said, "for everybody."

"And you don't have to pay a single thing or have a complimentary ticket to hear just the loveliest orchestra in the world!" exclaimed Beth. "And they're everywhere, the darling little bird musicians, with their 'peep, peep, peep,' and their merry 'chirp, chirp, chirp!'" "I wish Bennie Ames could see the country!" exclaimed Tom. "And have some of grandma's hot biscuits and honey and milk and berries—and everything most that's nice," interrupted Daniel.

Bennie Ames was the little fellow who came every week to the children's city home for the washing his mother did each week for the Longley family. He was always cheerful—that's why he was such a favorite—in spite of the pathetic life he led, so destitute of pleasure. "He's never been in the country," continued Tom. "My! how his eyes would shine if he could see real apples and pears and plums growing!" "And he's so pale and thin I shouldn't wonder but he felt sick sometimes," added Mary sympathetically. "Don't you s'pose there's any way we could get him here? Wonder if grandma'd care?" "I'm not 'fraid to ask!" declared warm-hearted Daniel. "He could have my part of the bed and I'd sleep on the floor."

Grandma heartily favored Bennie's coming. "But the money," she added thoughtfully. "I'll take quite a bit to get him here and back—\$3, at least. Let-me-see: If you children can in any way get \$2 I'll see to the rest." "I've got 10 cents!" exclaimed Daniel. "And I 5. O, dear, I wish 'twere more!" mourned Beth. "Mary and I've got 35 together," added Tom, soberly, "but all we've got won't buy half Bennie's ticket!" "I'll tell you what you can do, children," suggested grandpa, cheerfully; "just have a measuring party, and that'll fetch the funds; see if it doesn't."

"Measuring party," repeated Mary, greatly perplexed. "To measure that big woodpile up by the road?" asked Tom, doubtfully. "How'd we get money from that? That would cost money instead, to get some one to measure it."

"Why, bless you! I didn't mean that," laughed grandpa, heartily. "Measuring party—didn't you ever hear of one?" "Never!" and all four children shook their heads. "Well, what you want to do is to go this afternoon 'round the neighborhood—you know all the children by this time—and get them interested in your scheme. Tell them about Bennie, and see how many of them would like to help in—why, it's a sort of fresh air fund benefit, to be sure. And tell all who wish to come over to our measuring party to-morrow afternoon. Two o'clock's early enough—suppose we say from two to six. Tell them to be sure to bring their pennies."

"No—no questions! I'll tell you the rest when they get here." All the children were anxious to help, and everyone promised to be on hand by two o'clock. Very mysterious preparations were all the while being made by Grandpa and Grandma Longley—grandpa in the ice-house and grandma bustling about from pantry to cellar.

After dinner grandpa asked Tom to help him carry grandma's sewing table out to the little white gate. How he did want to ask questions, but then he remembered what grandpa said. Grandma hunted up her tape measure and by half-past one everything was ready for the little guests. Grandpa took his place by the sewing table, and called for Mary and Tom to help him—Mary with a notebook and pencil and Tom with a tape measure. Marian and Ray Hall were the first to arrive. Marian was short and "chubby," while Ray was very tall for a boy of his age.

As soon as grandpa saw them he whisked from his pocket a card on which was clearly printed: "Admission, Two cents a foot and one cent an inch. Good things to eat inside." This he tacked on the gate-post. "Here, Tom," called grandpa, "measure Marian's height—be sure to get the full amount."

"Three feet and one inch," announced Tom, laughing, now fully understanding the nature of the gay party. "Seven cents admission!" demanded grandpa, jovially, and he enjoyed the fun just as much as the children. "Next," called Tom. "Five feet exactly!" he called, as Ray stepped aside to make room for another. "Ten cents—even change!" laughed grandpa.

The Downings, the Floods, the Newcombs—in fact, all the families in the neighborhood who had children were represented. What a jolly time they had, too! After the measuring was done and recorded by Mary and the fines collected (grandpa, didn't forget that), there were games and a straw-ride in grandpa's large hayrack, and then such a surprise—candy, cakes, cherries and delicious ice cream. "My! I wish I were taller!" exclaimed Ray. "I'd gladly pay for twice my height if I could eat 'cord-ingly, too!'"

And when it was all over Mary reckoned up the admissions and they amounted to over \$4. "Enough for Bennie's return ticket and \$1 besides!" declared grandpa, gladly. "And the extra will buy him some little thing he needs."

"Hurrah for grandpa's measuring party!" and the happy children followed Tom's lead in three rousing cheers, with a "tiger" for grandpa. And Bennie? For him 'twas a week of endless wonders, and his mother wrote the children on his return that it was the happiest time he ever spent, and that she herself was having a continual vacation in living again her own childhood in Bennie's country experience—Adelbert F. Caldwell.

MYSTERY OF THE CHIMES.

Here is a simple experiment by which you may imitate the sound of cathedral bells in your own room, and no one but yourself will be able to hear them ringing. Get a yard of twine, and loop it about in the middle. Slip the loop around the handle of a poker and draw it taut. Grasp each free end of the string in either hand. Wind some of it around each of your first fingers. Now press these fingers against your ears, shutting out all sound, and swing the dangling poker until it dashes against the wall. You will be surprised to perceive a series of heavy tones such as ring out from a cathedral clock as it booms out the hour.

HOW BIRDS DRESS WOUNDS.

Many birds, particularly those that are prey for sportsmen, possess the faculty of skillfully dressing wounds. Some will even set bones, taking their own feathers to form the proper bandages. A French naturalist writes that on a number of occasions he has killed woodcocks that were, when shot, convalescing from wounds previously received. In every instance he found the old injury neatly dressed with down plucked from the stem feathers and skillfully arranged over the wound, evidently by the long beak of the bird. In some instances a solid plaster was thus formed, and in others bandages had been applied to wounds or broken limbs.

One day he killed a bird that evidently had been severely wounded at some recent period. The wound was covered and protected by a sort of network of feathers, which had been plucked by the bird from its own body and so arranged as to form a plaster, completely covering and protecting the wounded surface. The feathers were fairly netted together, passing alternately under and above each other and forming a textile fabric of great protective power.

Receives Daughter's Vows.

An unusual ceremony, and one probably unique in the history of the Church, took place in Rome last week, when a priest received the vows of his own daughter as a religious. He is the Duke de Sora, and some years ago when his wife died, he studied for the priesthood and shortly after entered a monastery. He is now one of the canons of St. Peter's. When his daughter, Donna Elvira, decided to consecrate her life to religion, her father was delegated to receive her vows. Father and daughter were visibly moved during the ceremony.

BABY'S BATTLES.

"Baby's Battles" is the title of a valuable little book on the care of infants and young children, published by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., which will be sent post free to any mother who asks for it. It tells you also something about Baby's Own Tablets, a medicine that cures all the minor ailments of infants and young children—a medicine praised by every mother who has used it. Mrs. Richard Smiley, Leonard, Ont., says: "We had a very sick baby in our house until we got Baby's Own Tablets. They were the first thing that did her any good, and I think they were the means of saving our little one's life. I praise them to all mothers." All medicine dealers sell these Tablets, or you can get them at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE MENU TRANSLATED.

Mr. Quidsy, with newly acquired wealth, found that the chef always sent up the menu written in his own language, French, to which the master of the household was a stranger. "I should like to know what I am eating, for once, M. Alfonso," said Mr. Quidsy to his chef on one occasion. "Let me have the menu in English to-day." "Oui, monsieur," was the reply "it is ver' difficile, but I veel do it so if you veel gif me ze dictionary."

A small, but select party came to dinner that evening, and was met with the following bill of fare: Soups at the tail of the calf. Salmon in curl papers. Chest of mutton to the little peas. Potatoes jumped. Duck savage at sharp sauce. Charlotte at the apples. Turkey at the devil. Fruits variegated. Quidsy and Mrs. Quidsy agreed afterward that they had never presided over a more hilarious dinner party.—London Answers.

Biliousness

You can't cure Biliousness with calomel, liver pills, or "purely vegetable" purgatives. They "stir up" the liver, but after their effects are gone, the trouble returns worse than ever.

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are fruit juices in tablet form. The corrective and curative effects are, however, increased many times by the secret method of making them. They tone up the liver—enable it to give out more bile—and help it to get strong and well. While "Fruit-a-tives" are curing the Biliousness, they set the stomach to rights, prevent Constipation and relieve all Kidney Diseases.

Put up only in 50 cents boxes. At all druggists. FRUITATIVES Limited OTTAWA

Why Right Handed Folks Are So Largely in Majority.

That the great majority of persons use the right hand with greater skill than the left is doubtless due to two influences—an innate proclivity and constant practice. The preference shown by most infants at the age of one year for the use of the right hand proves that there is an inherited tendency. Further evidence of it is found in the greater ease with which any entirely new act is performed by the right than by the left hand. Training, however, is an important factor. A mature person, having lost the right hand by accident, can achieve wonders with the other if he only exercises patience, perseverance and a strong will.

The more mysterious of the two factors in this problem is the innate tendency. How did it arise? There are exceptions to the rule. Perhaps two out of every hundred babies are left handed. But when you stop to think of it the natural inclination of the other ninety-eight is remarkable. A great many physiologists have speculated in regard to its cause without reaching any conclusion upon which all could agree. Dr. George M. Gould says in the Popular Science Monthly that right handedness is so thoroughly ingrained in human nature that it must have been partially developed in the savage ancestors of the race. Primitive man, in his opinion, must have felt a definite need for the exercise of his right hand in preference to his left, and that necessity must have been recognized and obeyed for a long period continuously. The impulse could not well have dictated his habits in eating, for knives and forks are of recent origin, the modern gun had not been invented, and writing was practically unknown. Moreover, in such operations as chipping arrowheads, weaving baskets and welding clubs, hoes and arrows it could not have mattered much which hand was employed.

When warfare had been carried to such a stage of advancement as to involve the use of a shield, however, that object was probably held on the left side in order to protect the heart. Then as a matter of convenience the right arm was left free for the more active function of fighting with spear and sword, and with habitual exercise came special skill. An attendant phenomenon was a finer organization of that particular centre in the brain which controlled these movements and which was situated in the left half of the organ. The brain is the real seat of all dexterity, and something takes place there in correspondence with external efficiency. With an increased use of the right hand, Dr. Gould thinks, there must be greater demands upon the right eye, because vision must precede the order to strike or to give peaceful signals. In this way there may have been developed a keener power of vision in the right eye than in the left. Dr. Gould assumes that there was and declares that "right-handed persons are right eyed" and that in their brains the centre of vision is on the left side, in close proximity to that governing the right arm.

While civilization was still at low level communication was carried on, especially with strangers, largely in the sign language. Barter laid the foundations of arithmetic and called into play the digits. The preference already given to the right hand in battle may have guided men in the choice for this service and also in official and social ceremonies. Compunction, Dr. Gould points out, was an intellectual process which was conducted in the speech centre of the brain. Nature was compelled to take sides in locating the latter, and she placed it to the left of the middle. Dr. Gould thinks that the choice was governed by the employment of the right hand for giving signals. So intimately related are the functions of speech and vision and the control of the muscular efforts with the right arm that action would be quicker if the cerebral centres controlling them were closely associated.

Before discussing the cause of left handedness Dr. Gould calls attention to the fact that with right handed people the left hand is occasionally called upon to perform a task of greater importance than its mate. In loading the fork is used more than the knife. In playing a violin or violoncello the fingering is done with the left hand and the bowing with the right. It is suggested that some of these operations may result from the superiority of the right eye. Perhaps the latter can watch and guide them better when they are performed with the left than with the right hand. Left handedness is considered by Dr. Gould an inheritance from ancestors savage or civilized, who were obliged by some misfortune to abandon the use of the right hand. An even more influential injury, he thinks, would have been as to the right eye. With the cultivation of skill with the left hand, he believes, there followed a change in the organization of the brain. Owing to disease the centre, which had formerly controlled action, lost its vigor, and that on the opposite side acquired increased power. Dr. Gould says that the speech centre was also transferred from the left side to the right of the brain in consequence. In the transmission of the cerebral peculiarity to offspring he finds the key to the manifestation of left-handedness at a tender age.—New York Tribune.

A LAND OF LAKES AND ISLANDS.

At a point 145 miles north of the city of Toronto, Canada, on the Grand Trunk Railway System is reached one of the most magnificent districts in the "Highlands of Ontario," known as the "Lake of Bays" District. The region comprises a series of connected lakes, over which large steamers are navigated. What greatly adds to the Lake of Bays value as a health-giving and sportsman's resort is the unmatched purity of the air one breathes upon its heights. The visitor forgets his ills under its reviving influence in less than a week. Its bracing morning breeze, which rivals the celebrated atmosphere of Pike's Peak, Col., imparts new lung power and fresh vitality. Handsome illustrated publications sent free on application to G. T. Bell, G.P.A., G.T.Ry. System, Montreal.

HEALTH

Dr. Williams' New Blood.

and blood—is the complaints as at heart palpitation, matian, kidney of other evay-blood makes ease of every ighness and stis in the body to that may at- is the secret of good, rich, red Pink Pills for little blood-ved lives that we despaired of. sands of others oo. Mrs. Wm. t, says: "For daughter Meta She complain- distressing weak- e rapidly go- consu.ed sever- ed not help ently bloodless, e would not re- petitive and was flesh. At this me to give her ills, and in a ed some im- dition, and that proving. We ant for a couple by that time best of health. -two pounds in or, and was in do not think strongly when I ans' Pink Pills Pills do only do that well: in the bowels with mere sym- p- the now, goes right to e and drives it you must get the full name, Pills for Pal- a the wrapper all medicine dea- you can get cents a box or by writing the ne Co., Brock- KLET. ailway System every handsome "The Royal beautiful resort the Muskoka Ontario." The a full des- that may popular resort, with colored and scenery, the of the special found there. A booklet makes here, and the bridge has to be turned before the ship goes through. I do not go to school this spring as I have to stay home to help my sister who keeps house. My mother has been dead for three years, and we are very lonesome without her. Well, Aunt Becky, I am afraid I have written too much, so I will close now.