

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I guess the warm weather is telling on us all, as the letters are no so numerous. Mary E. D. must have a very hospitable home, as they seem to have entertained a great deal of company this summer. Winnifred E. makes enquiries about Winnifred D. I was wondering, also, what had happened that she had not written to us for such a long while. I wish I was with Agnes McC. when she was picking raspberries. They are so delicious fresh off the bush. Although we enjoy them in the city still we have to take along with them a certain amount of dust. Annie O.N. looks forward eagerly to write to the corner. I am glad to see that interest and know that our page really gives pleasure to those for whom it is intended. No, Anna I was not at Ste. Anne's this year. I was there two years ago, and enjoyed my visit to the famous shrine very much. Love to all the nieces and nephews.

AUNT BECKY.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

How are you this very warm weather? I am not very strong since this great heat. We have had a great deal of company this summer, and I would rather have people come to see us in the winter, as it is too hard to work these days. I am still busy with my music, and I like it very much. Do you know, Aunt Becky, I do not like to practice, but I like when I know a new piece and papa comes to hear me play it. That is better than practicing. Good-bye, dear auntie.

From your affectionate little niece, MARY E. D. Warden, P.Q.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

We were very sorry to see by one of your letters that you were very busy. We know you must have a great deal to do because you have such a large family. I wonder if the little cousins find the weather as warm as we do. We are going to see our auntie next week. She has been in the convent five years and we have not seen her for three years. I guess she will not know us, as we were quite small then. Where is the other Winnifred D. now? I hope it is cool where she is.

Your loving niece, WINNIFRED E. Warden, Que.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

Well, haying is nearly finished in this part, and it is a fair crop considering the dry weather. The grasshoppers are quite numerous, which makes it nice for young turkeys. They are very fond of them, and it makes them grow fast. Turkeys are a fowl that travel a lot in the day looking for such things and return when night comes. Mamma says they do not care much for grain when they can get such as that to eat. Time nor space will not permit me to write any longer.

Your loving nephew, JOSEPH. Granby, July 28.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

How quickly the time passes. Here it is the last Friday in July. It will not be long until holidays are over. The raspberries will soon be gone. I got about two quarts of black ones Wednesday morning. I only wish you were here to have some of them. We expect our sister home Sunday morning. We will be glad to have her home, as it is a busy time now. Two of my aunts are coming with her. We will be glad to see them. One of them I do not remember, but the other one was here four years ago. I was glad to see some new writers to the corner last week and hope they will keep writing every week. I hope Ethel T. will have a lovely visit to Quebec. This is all this

time. Love to cousins and auntie. Your loving niece

Lonsdale, July 27.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

I like very much to see Friday coming to write to the corner. My sister and I were away last Sunday to a little visiting party. We had lots of fun playing. As my papa is so busy at the hay, my sister and I have to help mamma to milk. The hay is a great crop in the country this season. There was so much rain and hot sun this summer that some of the barley is ripe already. Our turkeys and chickens are growing very nice. I have to keep them from going away. There was a terrible thunder and lightning storm here not long ago about 12 o'clock at night. It did not rain very much, but terrible thunder and lightning. But it is very nice weather here just now. Well, dear Auntie, as it is getting near supper time, I guess I will say good-bye.

Your loving niece, ANNIE O.N. Lonsdale, July 27.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

As I promised to write to you in my last letter, I must do so. I returned home Saturday and was welcomed back. My cousin and I started from Read about seven o'clock and didn't get to Stoco till Sunday morning. We got astray and went on the wrong road. Harvesting time has come and the farmers are very busy. Did you take in the trip to Ste. Anne's, Aunt Becky? I go picking berries now as there are plenty of them around here. Our school opens the first Monday in August. We are getting a new teacher, as the teacher we had before holidays left. I have a bicycle and I often wheel to the cemetery to visit mamma's grave. I am busily engaged taking care of the lawn and flowers at present. I have a lovely big dog and I call him Rover. My sister and I often go out rowing on Stoco lake, and enjoy looking at the magnificent scenery very much. Well, dear Auntie, as news is scarce at present, I will close with love to yourself and cousins. I remain,

Your loving niece, ANNA E. M. Stoco.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

It is vacation now, and I am going to write a letter to the True Witness. I hope all the little cousins are enjoying themselves. The weather is fine. The gardens are growing good. We picked some field strawberries and canned them up. We would like to get some raspberries; they will soon be ripe now. We have some red and black currants in our garden, and we will soon be picking them. We have our haying done. We have two cows and a heifer, and a horse to feed this winter. I am ten years old. I made my first Communion June 2, and was confirmed June 8. We have fourteen little ducks and twenty-seven little chickens. My sister may write a letter also. So hoping you are well, Aunt Becky, I will close now, so good-bye.

Your loving niece, Agnes L. Ogdensburg, N.Y.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

I often think of writing, and I have not written for so long. The little cousins all seem to write nice letters. I hope they and you are all well and enjoying the vacation. This is such a nice time, fine, a little warm, sometimes. We had a much needed rain yesterday, that freshened everything up to grow. It has been a good haying, and we all like to work in the sweet smelling new-made hay. Gardens seem to be good. We have some currants in our garden, black and red. Wild strawberries and raspberries are not plenty near us, so we will have only a few quarts of each to put up for the winter. This is a long letter now, so with love to you and good wishes to the True Witness, in which I hope to see this letter in print, I am, as ever,

Your niece, ANNE L. Ogdensburg, N.Y.

IN THE SCHOOL OF I'LL TRY.

Oh, there's many a smile and many a sigh In the school of I'll Try. And there's many a wish and there's many's a why, In the school of I'll Try.

But it's being and doing that win after all. Though many a failure and many a fall: For they never drop back very far beyond call In the school of I'll Try.

It's the truant and dullard that never get far In the school of I'll Try. But the wise and the willing keep safe above par In the school of I'll Try. And it's Hopeful that asks just a bit of a start.

And it's Purpose that knows every line of his part, And it's Caring and Daring that never lose heart In the school of I'll Try.

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A PRETTY LITTLE PLOTTER.

Thelma Winters sat at the window seat in her room, with a most interesting book lying, quite forgotten, in her lap. She was thinking busily. A scrap of conversation from the next room had drifted into her, and kept repeating itself over and over till she was forced to give it consideration. "You're not looking well, Marian; you ought to have a rest. Why don't you take a vacation?"

"Oh, pshaw! I'm all right; don't worry about me!" The questioner was Aunt Emily, and Marian was Thelma's mother. The remainder of her talk was not heard; but what had come to her would not be ignored.

Thelma had been studying hard her junior year at high school in a neighboring town. She was quite worn out, and a change was advised. So as soon as examinations were over, she was to go to visit her father's people in Boston. It would be an expensive trip, for there would have to be a good many new things bought. A guest in a large city must be well dressed. And so, while Thelma was away at school during the week, her busy mother planned new gowns and wraps, to be made by her own skillful fingers, and economized in every way possible, to meet the extra expense of the Boston visit. She did it willingly and gladly; a village lawyer's wife is not unused to economy.

Thelma had always taken it for granted that her mother should do her sewing; sometimes she pitied herself because she could not afford to have her best gowns made by a fashionable dressmaker, but it had never occurred to her to pity her mother. Someway Thelma's mother was not one who invited sympathy; she had a cheery, forceful way which seemed equal to any emergency. "Not looking well—need a rest," insistently the phrases repeated themselves to Thelma's consciousness. She well knew Mrs. Winters could not afford a vacation that year; one was all that could possibly be provided for. And yet—could not that one be divided? It was this suggestion that would not be downed.

And on the other hand, the fascination of the city, which Thelma but dimly remembered, urged themselves upon her. Uncle John and Aunt Eleanor were expecting her, and had made great plans for her entertainment. It was all settled about her going; would it be right to disappoint them? Perhaps it was all imagination, anyway, about her mother; she was her old cheery self, and Thelma had not noticed any change.

Nevertheless, at supper time, the anxious young girl looked at her mother critically. She discovered tired lines and a wearied pallor on the dear face. And all those weary weeks of sewing still to be done! "Mother, I'm going to do up the work," Thelma said briskly. "You go and lie down. I need exercise." "Oh, nonsense! I'm not tired. You need rest more than I." This reply had in days gone by often sent Thelma away with a clear conscience; but to-night it was different, she was a very determined young woman.

Lying back among the cushions of the divan too tired even to consider why, Mrs. Winters fell into a dreamless slumber. Thelma found her there, and a sudden pang seized her. What if anything happened to mother while she was gone? Suppose the pretty new gowns and the delightful vacation trip were bought at too dear a price? What would anything be without her mother. She went softly to her desk, wrote

Some of the Strong Features Brought Out at the Recent Investigation of

The Mutual Life of Canada

This Company Has Been Examined by the Royal Commission

and the investigation proved thoroughly honest management. The company is sound to the core and its affairs are conducted along scientific and popular lines, solely and economically in the best interests of its policyholders.

Gilt-edged Assets, Dec. 31st, 1905—\$9,296,092

Not a dollar of stocks. Not a dollar of unauthorized securities. Not a dollar of speculative investments. Not a dollar with subsidiary Companies. Not a dollar "written up" in its list of securities. Not a dollar for stockholders; every dollar for policyholders. The Company is in the enviable position that it can convert on demand its entire assets into gold and at the same time largely increase its surplus.

The Real Estate

held by the Company (outside of Head Office Building) IS LESS THAN \$1000.

Expense Rate Unusually Low

Being the LOWEST OF ALL Canadian Companies for the year 1905, notwithstanding that the LARGEST VOLUME OF NEW BUSINESS in the history of the Company was written in that year.

Remarkably Favorable Mortality Experience

The losses by death in 1905 were only 49 per cent. of the losses that were normally expected to occur. The fine quality of the Company's business is shown by the notable fact that during the past 15 years the death losses AVERAGED ONLY 53 P.C. OF THE EXPECTED.

The Rapid Growth of the Company's Income

The income for 1895 was \$735,079, while in 1905—ten years after—it reached the large sum of \$1,956,519. The interest income exceeded the death losses during the same period by \$568,945.

The Mutual Life of Canada

(Head Office, Waterloo, Ont.) is an Ideal Company, Furnishing Absolutely Perfect Protection to its Policyholders at the Lowest Possible Cost.

G. H. ALLEN, Provincial Manager

W. L. LEE, Financial Manager

Star Building, Montreal, Entrance 171 St. James Street

BELL TELEPHONE MAIN 1983 G. J. LUNN & CO. Machinists & Blacksmiths, SCREWS, PRESSES, REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS. CHATHAM WORKS. 134 Chatham Street, MONTREAL

But baby just worships her old rubber doll. A hundred times a day when our little one sighs for it, A hundred times a day our little one cries for it; A hundred times a day she lets it fall, Then she catches it and hugs it up, And drowsily she snugs it up, And then drops off to slumber with her old rubber doll. —Sunday Companion.

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ARMOR-PLATED BOYS.

One of the chief means of protection to great battleships are huge armor plates. It is important in these days that there should be armor-plated boys. A boy needs to be iron-clad on: His lips—against the first taste of liquor. His ears—against impure words. His hands—against wrongdoing. His feet—against going with bad company. His eyes—against dangerous books and pictures. His pockets—against dishonest money. His tongue—against evil speaking. The Christian armor on her citizens gives more security to the nation than all the armor plates that are on her ships.

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LIGHTNING FROM BROWN PAPER

Thoroughly dry before the fire a quarter of a sheet of rather strong

brown paper; place it on your thigh, holding it at the edge, while, with the cuff of your sleeve on the other hand you rub it smartly backward and forward for about a minute. If the knuckle be then placed near the paper it will emit a brilliant spark, accompanied by a snapping noise, the prongs of a fork similarly placed will produce three distinct streams of light. The experiment must, of course, be performed in the dark, and the trousers and coat be of woolen cloth.

HARVEST IN THE PROVINCE OF MANITOBA AND SASKATCHEWAN.

Twenty-five thousand men, women and young men are wanted for the harvest of some 200,000,000 bushels of grain in the extensive prairies of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Excursions have been arranged for transportation of those who would wish to go; that from Montreal will leave on the 30th of August next, Windsor station of the C.P.R. The fare going is \$12 from any of the stations in the Province of Quebec, as far as Winnipeg, and from there to any point east of Moose-jaw, Yorkton and Estevan, without extra charge. Return tickets will be issued prior to 30th November, to starting point at the rate of \$18, upon presentation of a certificate of having worked at least thirty days. For more information, about Manitoba in particular, apply or write to the office of the Commissioner for Manitoba, room 22, 107 St. James street, Montreal.