

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

Only four letters this week. I suppose my nieces and nephews are having too good a time to write. Well, I can't blame them. Holidays will soon be over now, and they will have to work hard again. Of course we are glad to welcome you to our corner, Loretto. There is always room for more. Thanks for your kind invitation, Agnes. I am sure Annie O'N. deserves a holiday after working so hard. I am glad Joseph likes the stories in the corner. Next week I will expect to see a lot of letters.

Your loving  
AUNT BECKY.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

Will you accept me as one of your nieces. I should love to be one of them. School closed on the 29th. The examination was not very hard. Papa and my brother Daniel are cutting hay. The weather is very warm now. I made my first Communion three years ago and was confirmed last year. My youngest sister, Agnes, will receive this summer. My eldest sister died three months ago; we feel very lonesome without her. Well, dear Aunt, this being my first letter I will close. I hope my next one will be longer. Hoping to see my letter in print. Love to all my cousins, not omitting yours, dear Aunt Becky.

Your loving niece  
LORETTA H.

Mayo, Que.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

As I am all alone this morning and having a few moments at present, I thought I would write you a few lines and tell you what we are doing this week. I was picking berries a few days this week. I got a nice lot, but they are getting quite scarce now around here. I pick. My sister has gone picking them to my aunt's. They are quite plentiful there. While she is gone I have to mind house. In the hot afternoon my sister and myself take books with us and go out under a big shady tree and read. We have tea every evening at five o'clock, so that leaves us a long evening. I have to get the turkeys, geese and chickens in every night after tea. After I have them in I water my flowers else they would die, as it is real dry weather at present. Dear Auntie, if you go to visit your other nieces and nephews, would you not come and visit me also? I would certainly be glad to have you come. Guess this is all this time. Love to cousins and Aunt Becky.

Your loving niece,  
AGNES McC.

Lonsdale, July 20.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

I see all the cousins are busy picking berries and cutting hay and putting it in the barn. I sometimes think you don't find our letters very interesting, as we all have to write about the same thing. There has been a great deal of hay put in the barn in the last week, the weather was so fine. How badly that family in Deseronto must have felt to have their parent die in that way. How he must have suffered! I hope when I am eight years old I will be in the second book, too. I read quite a lot every day. When a boy can't help out doors he has to do something to take up his time. I like those stories, the Gold Star and Mrs. Mural's Hired Man. Good-bye.

Your loving nephew,  
JOSEPH.

Granby, July 20.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

As it is Friday I guess I will try and write. The harvest apples will soon be ripe. They are beginning to turn yellow. My poppies are all in bloom. Some are all red and others red and white. The berries are very good this season. We are very busy every day picking them. It is beautiful weather just now for the men to cut the hay and draw it in. It is bright and sunny and warm every day. The time is short now until we will have to go to school again. I don't like to go to school when it is so hot we cannot play. Well, Aunt,

I never got you the four subscribers for the True Witness. I tried but I could not get any just at present, as every one was taking so many papers. The markets are very good just now for the farmers; eggs are sixteen cents a dozen and butter twenty-five cents a pound. As my sister and I have been so busy this last week picking berries, I intend to take a few holidays next week in Hungerford with my cousins. Well, Aunt, as my letter is getting rather long I guess I will say good-bye for this time.

Your loving niece,  
ANNIE O'N.

Lonsdale, July 20.

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I'M NOT TOO YOUNG.

I'm not too young for God to see; He knows my name and nature, too: And all day long He looks at me, And sees my actions through and through. He listens to the words I say; He knows the thoughts I have within; And whether I'm at work or play, He's sure to see me if I sin.

If some one great and good is near, It makes us careful what we do; And how much more ought we to fear The Lord, who sees us through and through!

Thus, when inclined to do amiss, However pleasant it may be, I'll always try to think of this: I'm not too young for God to see. —S. M. O'Malley.

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THE GENEROUS STRANGER.

Once on a time Wendelin, a farmer's boy, was keeping cows in a wood. They were all provided with bells; the most beautiful cow had the prettiest bell. It chanced that a stranger came through the wood. "That is a splendid bell," he said, "How much did it cost?" "A crown," said Wendelin. "No more?" cried the stranger. "I will at once give two crowns for it."

Wendelin gave the man the bell and joyfully put the two crowns in his pocket. But when the cow had lost her bell Wendelin could no longer hear in what part of the thick wood she was. The cow strayed away from the rest, and the stranger, who had concealed himself in the bushes, seized her by the horn and led her away secretly.

It was only then that Wendelin perceived, for the first time, that the rogue had taken him in.

He who an undue price will freely pay, Seeks but to cheat you in some other way.

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ROADS TO NEATNESS.

Neatly kept nails. Gloves neatly mended. Smoothly brushed hair. Absolute cleanliness of the body. Waist and skirt snugly fastened together. Entire absence of the odor of perspiration.

The placket fastened firmly and invisibly. All garments carefully brushed free of dust. Shoes well polished and heels trimly built up.

Buttons, hooks and trimmings securely sewed. Whiteness of the scalp and freedom from dandruff.

The walking skirt to clear the ground by several inches. Attention to these details will earn for any woman the description of dainty and well groomed. Every one cannot be beautiful, and every one cannot dress expensively.

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MANLINESS OF A BOY.

Several days ago I happened to board a car which was crowded. A little man—perhaps he was twelve years old—offered me his seat with a charming bow and smile. He soon found a seat, but popped up when another woman entered, pulled off his cap, which was fringed with rags, and with such a jolly, wide smile made room for the newcomer. Five times in as many minutes that smile

broke over the face of the young traveller as he gave his seat again and again, and soon every one in the car was smiling in sympathy. No one thought whether his clothes were whole or ragged, but some one said: "I wish my boys enjoyed being gentlemanly as much as he does," and a fine-looking man remarked quite loudly to his neighbor, "That's the sort of manliness that makes the great and good men."

The boy heard the remark and looked around to see who was manly.

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TOMMY TOOLE AND WILLIE WISE. Said Tommy Toole: "I wish I knew As much as Willie Wise. He always has his arithmetic And wins the spelling prize."

Said Willie Wise, "If I could play Baseball like Tommy Toole, And win the tennis match I'd be The happiest boy in school."

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WHO CAN BOAST?

It had been a very rainy day, and the children had been kept in the house all day. There had been wars Joe would not play street car with Ned, because Ned would not let him be conductor all the time.

"I go with paper more than you do, so I know better what to do," said Joe; but Ned would not yield. "I know well enough," he said.

Then all tried to play school, but it was soon dismissed because Mabel persisted in being teacher.

"I'm the oldest, and I know the most," she declared. "I'm not going to school to any of you children."

So it had gone most of the day, and mamma was thankful that it was nearly supper time. There was a fire in the grate in the library, and they were all gathered there waiting for papa.

"Do tell us a story, mamma," they said; "a fairy story; one you've never told us before."

Mamma put on her thinking cap for a few minutes then, with a funny little twinkle in her eyes she told the following story:

"Once upon a time a sleek, fat rat in a farmer's barn woke up feeling very hungry. 'I must bestir myself and see what I can find to eat,' he said to himself. So he started out, and scurried here and there, through cracks and crevices and all sorts of holes, until at last he found himself in the farmer's granary. The first thing he saw was a bag of peas, all tied up as nice as you please. 'Humph!' said the rat, 'I can easily get at those; and in a twinkling he was gnawing a big hole in the bag. The peas were nice, fat ones, and the rat enjoyed them very much.

"How foolish it is for people to think that they can keep things from me," he said complacently to himself. "They may lock their doors and tie peas and corn up in bags as much as they please. When I want them I can get them easily enough." Here the rat gave his long tail a flit and tossed his head.

"I—' he began again, but before he could say another word, the farmer's cat, who had been crouching down in the corner watching him, suddenly sprang out and seized him fast by the throat. 'Ah, you miserable creature!' she cried, as she tossed him about, 'you made a mistake. I reign supreme here; you know!' Then she devoured the poor rat, and walked off, holding her head very high. But just as she head very high. But just as she turned the corner her master's greyhound bounded and pussy flew up a tree as lively as she knew how.

"There!" said the dog, "I guess you won't be so lofty when you come down. I'm the master's favorite and much stronger than you are. You know that you are afraid to come down and meet me fair and square."

"Then the dog, after he had frightened the poor cat nearly to death, ran out in the field, where his master's horse was pastured.

"Grass eater!" he cried, contemptuously, as he ran in front of the horse and barked furiously. "I am fed with the daintiest morsels from my master's table, while you are set out here in the field to eat grass." Then the dog sprang up, meaning to bite the horse, but he was too quick for him, and kicked him with his iron-shod hoof, so he fell dead on the ground.

"Ha, ha!" neighed the horse, tossing his head scornfully. "I go with my master to battle. I have saved his life more than once by my fleetness. I have much more cause to boast than you, poor cur!"

"The horse galloped away at full speed across the field into the forest beyond. Now, there was a lion in waiting there. He had been watching the horse for days, and he could hardly repress a roar of satisfaction

as he saw him come nearer and nearer. At last he gave one mighty spring and crushed him to death.

"Fool!" he roared, "you thought yourself a wonderful creature, but I am the king of beasts. By my great strength I reign supreme; there is none like unto me in the forest." But even as he spoke a bullet pierced his heart, and in his death-struggle he fell beside the body of his victim. The owner of the horse, who was riding through the forest, had seen him fall upon his favorite steed and had slain him with his well-aimed shot.

"King of beasts and monarch of the forest are you indeed?" he said. "Know you I am monarch, not you." And the man took the lion's skin, threw it over his shoulder, and rode proudly home.

"But, alas! before he reached there a thunderstorm came up, and a flash of lightning smote the man, and he fell dead upon the skin of the lion.

"What cause hast thou now to boast of thyself more than these?" rolled out the thunder, mightily.

"I know why you told us that," said Joe. "You think we've all been boasting too much what we could do, didn't you?"

"Perhaps," replied mamma. "It is nicer to let some one else praise us, and not our own lips, isn't it? And it is also well for us all to remember that while we may be cleverer in some one way, there are many others much cleverer. So we will just do the very best we can—in your small corner and I in mine."

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THE REAL THING.

Once upon a time there was a beautiful princess who lived in a palace, such as is invariably provided for folks of that class. As is also customary in the lives of beautiful princesses, the time came around when it occurred to her that it would be a good idea to get married. Suitors were, of course, flocking from all parts of the world, sitting around in groups in the front yard talking politics and waiting for an opening. And so she sent for the Lord High Chamberlain and said:

"Formulate me a question for these young men to answer, and the one who gives the best answer, of which you, O Lord High Chamberlain, shall be the judge, shall have me for a side partner all the rest of his days."

"And so the Lord High Chamberlain put on his thinking cap and flocked by himself for a while, until he made the following announcement:

"Know all men by these presents that the one who gives the best answer to the question, 'What are we here for?' shall annex her royal highness."

The first suitor, who had been standing in line three whole days, stepped up promptly. "We are here," he observed, "to satisfy our curiosity."

"Good!" exclaimed the Lord High Chamberlain. "There is much sense in your answer. Step lively, now, No. 2."

The second suitor lost no time. "We are here," he said, "to extract as much comfort as possible from the misery of others."

"First rate!" cried the Lord High Chamberlain. "There's wisdom condensed for you! I perceive that I'm going to have hard work to decide this important matter. Don't dally, No. 3. Plenty of room forward."

The third actor came to time. "We are here," he said, "to love, to hate and to be resigned."

"Now, wouldn't that interest you?" said the Lord High Chamberlain. "That was a great reply. Boys, you are running pretty close together. Well, No. 4, what have you to say?"

The fourth suitor came up promptly. "We are here," he said, "to hope and go unwarded."

"Great!" cried the Lord High Chamberlain. This is certainly a puzzler. Next."

The fifth suitor spoke. "We are here," he said, "because we can't help ourselves."

"Could anything be better?" exclaimed the Lord High Chamberlain. "There is philosophy, history, fate and all-round inevitableness crowded into that one answer. Your majesty, surely no answers can be better. Let's limit the contest to these five."

"Just one more," said the princess. "I have a kind of curiosity to know what the next fellow will say."

The sixth suitor came up. He was a quiet, modest, retiring looking chap. "We are here," he said slowly, "to run on errands, hand out the spot cash, walk the floor with baby, appear promptly at all receptions, keep our opinions to ourselves, and listen patiently."

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### CHATHAM WORKS.

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judge, and surely this fellow hasn't given the best answer."

"He may not have given the best answer," said the princess, as she beckoned No. 6 into the royal conservatory, "but I'll bet my Sunday crown to a doughnut that he will make the best husband."

### "Foot Elm" Satisfies Feet that yearn for Comfort.

Sweaty, tired, aching, tortured feet find quick relief in "Foot Elm."

MICHAEL DAVITT.

Farewell, great rebel, all the glorious ghosts Of all who loved and died for Ireland stand About your sepulchre, an angel band: The great, whose names are blown about the coasts Of the world's glory, and the noble hosts Of nameless martyrs for their Motherland,

Who gave green Erin heart and brain and hand, The captains and the soldiers at their posts. Rest, brother, in content, whose mortal eyes Saw, ere they slept, the triumph half achieved, And freedom nearer on a flowing tide:

For the long warfare wear the victor's prize— No lovelier life for Ireland ever lived, No happier death for Ireland ever died.

—Justin Huntly McCarthy.

### ROBSETT'S LAST WISH.

All lovers of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's beautiful poetry will be interested in the following paragraph from a recent sketch of his life by Father Kolbe:

In one point the lack of harmony in Rossetti's life is of pathetic interest to Catholics. He was a man of profound religious feelings, and both his paintings and his poems show how he hankered after his father's faith, in which he had not been brought up. The insidious lethargy of opium, probably, prevented his ever taking active steps to realize his hopes of grace. When he was dying he begged for the presence of a Catholic priest, but, perhaps because they thought he was not in his right mind, the bystanders refused his last request. It is well to bear this in mind in reading Rossetti; we like to feel that his frequent choice of Catholic themes was a sincere preference and not a mere making of "poetic copy" out of what other people reverence.

### CHILDHOOD DANGERS

Diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera infantum and stomach troubles are alarmingly frequent during the hot weather months. Too often these troubles become acute and a precious little life is lost after only a few hours illness. During the hot weather season every wise mother should keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house to check these ills if they come suddenly. Better still, an occasional dose of this medicine will keep the stomach and bowels clean and prevent these dangerous ailments coming. Mrs. John Lancaster, North Portal, Sask., says: "My baby was attacked with diarrhoea and severe vomiting. I at once gave Baby's Own Tablets and next day she was as well as ever. I find the Tablets are the only medicine a little one needs." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### CENTENARY OF ST. ANGELA MERICI.

On May 24, 1807, during the Pontificate of Pope Clement XIII., St. Angela Merici, foundress of the Ursuline nuns, was solemnly canonized. The celebration, next year, of the glorious centenary will be participated in by more than seven thousand members of the order, scattered in three hundred convents in Europe, Canada and the United States. Celebrated as thoroughly efficient educators in all parts of the world, the Ursuline nuns have preserved during the three hundred and seventy years which have elapsed since their approbation as a religious community, their original spirit, described by St. Charles Borromeo as being "replete with a relish for the things of God."

It may not be generally known that the Catholic boarding school, academy or convent for the education of girls owes its origin to St. Angela, who established the first one, specifically designed for this purpose, about the middle of the sixteenth century.

It is a Liver Pill.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there are none superior to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.