

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

How the week does run around. It is no time until I have to begin to think of the corner. I fancy sometimes that the corner means more to me than it does to some of my nieces and nephews, and little readers in general. Most of you, no doubt, are already out getting your gardens in order for a later display. Even though you have no available ground it is so easy to have a window garden that will lend its brightness to one room, at least, in the house. And none will be too busy to help, for who of us does not dearly love flowers? There should be some interesting experiences.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

You said in your last letter that you might tell how we spent Easter. Well, it was just a lovely day, and our church looked so pretty. Our teachers asked all the little girls to help decorate. So we all joined together and got ever so many lilies and tulips and daffodils and teacher said she was sure no church could look nicer than ours did. This is my first letter. I would like to see more letters in the corner, so made up my mind to write.

Your little friend, LOIS H.

Montreal, April 1905.

(What a pretty idea, Lois. I am sure your church was second to none. How flowers do add to the beauty of everything.—Ed.)

Dear Aunt Becky:

I got a present of a dear little kokak for my birthday, and am learning to take pictures and will send you some. Ain't you glad the lovely weather is here? I live in the country and hope I will go to Montreal this summer and see all the places and ride in the electric cars. My little brother, who wrote to the corner, fell and cut his hand, and can't write just now, but sends you his love. Good-bye.

MIRIAM B. Stewiacke, N.S.

(Hope you will come and see me if you come to the city. Tell brother I am so sorry to hear of his accident and sincerely appreciate him sending his love.—Ed.)

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was pleased to see my other letter in the True Witness and I am going to write again. There are not many letters some weeks, and we like to read them. I hope my little cousins will write some letters to the Witness. They live in Vermont. It is curious weather. It keeps cold, and we are having quite a lot of snow. We hope the air warms up soon. We would like to be working in the garden. I would like to write something about the birds only I have not read much that I can write about them, only we love to see all the birds around. The dear robin comes so near the house to sing. I hope some of the other girls and boys will write something about the birds. The month of May will soon come. We will be looking for the beautiful May flowers. Then it will be short until June, when school will close for vacation. How glad teachers and children will be then. Now I think this will do for this time. With best wishes to Aunt Becky and the True Witness

From your niece AGNES. Ogdensburg, N.Y.

(I am sure we are all anxious to see the May flowers. If Agnes only observes closely she will find something to write about the birds.—Ed.)

Dear Aunt Becky:

This is my second letter to the True Witness. I like to read the cousins' letters. Some weeks there are not many, so I and my two sisters will write. I wish to know if this was a good maple sugar year. There is not much syrup or sugar made here. In school I have English, French, arithmetic and writing. We set a hen and she had only three chickens. Our papa works in the lumber yard now. We had snow last week; it is cold yet. We have nothing in our garden yet. We have no school this week. It looks some like rain. We have high winds most of the time. Easter Sunday it was

nice in the churches here. It was nice in Montreal, too, I expect. There are four hospitals in this place; in one there are quite a lot of poor orphan children and old people cared for by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. We will soon be looking for the May flowers. We hope this will be a good fruit year. Our baby creeps now and gets up on her feet by the chairs. She will be a year old in June. Mamma's birthday is in May. There are six of us children, four girls and two boys. This is all for now. As ever

Your loving niece, MARY. Ogdensburg, N.Y.

(This has not been a record year for sugar, still we have had some pretty good stuff, just the same. Glad to hear from you again, May.—Ed.)

Dear Aunt Becky:

As my other sisters are writing, I will write a short letter too. I am seven years old, and go to school quite steady. We have one cow, two calves of last year, and two pigs. Just got them to-day. It is nice to get out after the long cold winter. I hope we can get something into our garden soon. I hope to see my letter and lots of other letters in the True Witness next week and every week. We look for the letters in the children's corner. We like also the other short stories. We like to read. With good wishes to you and the True Witness, for this time, good-bye.

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

(Many thanks for kind wishes. When your garden is in order I hope you will tell us about it.—Ed.)

Dear Aunt Becky:

I think I will try another letter again, as the other got on well. Wash is 11 years old. I cannot get so much news. May is in the convent. She is my eldest sister. We play every day. Nellie is not going to school yet, and I am in the first reader. The lesson was "Sleepy Harry." Well, Aunt Becky, I will close saying good-bye from

CHRISTINA J. R. Kouchibouguac, Kent Co., N.B.

(Glad to hear again from you, Christina.—Ed.)

THIS IS WHAT THE MOTHERS DO

Playing with the little people Sweet old games forever new; Coaxing, cuddling, cooing, kissing, Baby's every grief dismissing, Laughing, sighing, soothing, singing, While the happy days are winging— This is what the mothers do.

Planning for the little people That they may grow brave and true Active brain and busy fingers While the precious seedtime lingers, Guiding, guarding, hoping, fearing, Waiting for the harvest near— This is what the mothers do.

Praying for the little people (Closed are eyes of brown and blue). By the quiet bedside kneeling With a trustful, sure appealing; All the Spirit's guidance needing, Seeking in the earnest pleading— This is what the mothers do.

Parting from the little people (Heart of mine, how fast they grow!) Fashioning the wedding dresses Treasuring the last caresses; Waiting then as years fly faster For the summons of the Master, This is what the mothers do. —Mary L. C. Robinson.

WHO ATE THE RING?

Harold was having a birthday party because he was six years old, and Aunt Helen and grandma and Miss Nellie and ever so many big people were there, helping all the little people to have a splendid time. They played games and sat in the darkened parlor to look at the magic lantern pictures till the clock struck five, and then Harold knew what was coming.

Out in the dining room the table was set with mamma's prettiest china, and there were candles and flowers and bonbons just like a grown-up party. Harold was very anxious to have all the children see the table, so he was glad when Aunt Helen said: "Now we are going to march to the dining room."

Miss Nellie played a bright little march, and the boys and girls form-

ed a long line through the parlor, and out on the piazza. "Just like a long white ribbon," said grandma, for most of the girls wore white dresses and the boys white waists.

The tiny sandwiches and wee pickles vanished like magic and all the grown-up people were kept busy waiting on the little folks. Playing games makes one hungry you know, and most of the guests had been too excited to eat much dinner that day. Altogether it was a very jolly supper, and when mamma wanted to make a little speech she had to ring the tea bell several times.

"Now, children," she said, "I am going to pass some little cakes, and one of them has a ring baked in it. You must eat them very slowly and carefully, so someone does not swallow it. You must not break up the cakes to find the ring but just nibble away till some little boy or girl says 'I've got the ring.'"

Aunt Helen brought in ice cream made to look like dear little chickens, and the children ate the cakes and the cream very slowly. At last all had been eaten, and still no one had said, "I've got the ring."

"That is very strange," said mamma. "I will ask Mary if anyone took one of the cakes."

"No, ma'am," said the maid, positively. "There has been no one but me in the dining room since I put the cakes on the table."

"I just know I swallowed it," sobbed a little girl. "I felt it going down."

"So do I," said a tiny boy, and he had to cry, too.

"There! there!" said Mrs. Clifford, much perplexed. "Two of you couldn't have eaten it, so don't cry."

"I feel bad, too," said another little girl, "I think it must have been in my cake."

I really don't know what would have happened just then if papa had not come in. He was so surprised to see tears at a birthday party that he had to inquire the cause, though he was in a big hurry.

"Well, well," he laughed. "I didn't know what a commotion I would cause by taking one cake. I was on my way to see a little patient who has been in bed a long time with a lame limb and I wanted to take her some of the goodies. I slipped softly in here a little while ago, and took some of the nice things without disturbing the party a bit. Even Mary didn't see me. Now I just wonder if little Bess Ryan isn't wearing that ring this minute?"

"O papa, won't you go right over and see?" begged Harold.

"I hope she did get it," cried all the children, and sure enough, in a few minutes Dr. Clifford came back to tell how happy the little girl was with her treasure.

"She is sitting propped up in her old bed looking at the pretty green stone in the gold band," said papa, "and I didn't get in at all. Are you all glad poor Bess got it?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" cried all the children.

HOW HERMAN SAVED THE TRAIN.

"Hermie!" Now Herman did hate to go! He was setting up a little water-wheel in the ditch, and it was the greatest trial to leave it.

"Hermie!" Hermie's face drew up into a scowl. Then he remembered what father had said to him. "Take good care of your mother, Herman, for she is sick and nervous, and any excitement may upset her."

He dropped the water-wheel and ran to the porch where mother was calling.

"Hermie," said mother, in a worried tone, "look off there toward the railroad track. Do you see that smoke? That ought not to be there."

Herman looked. Mother was so apt to be worried. "It's only a little grass burning along the track. That's all right," he urged, eager to get back to the water-wheel.

"Oh, but, Hermie, please go down and see that there isn't anything wrong," begged mother. "And, Hermie, don't you get hurt," she added, in fresh terror.

"All right, mother. I'll see to it," he answered, and started off toward the track.

First he ran to please mother. Then he walked, for really it was foolish to make such a fuss over a common thing. Then as the flames came in sight he began to run again. What was it? No grass fire along the track could look like that. The long wooden bridge was burning. And in five minutes the train would be due!

"What shall I do?" panted poor Hermie, as he hurried up the steep railroad grade. "I must wave a red flag."

But he had nothing to flag the train with, and it was too far to run home. He stood a moment helplessly. Then the boy who could make water-wheels had ingenuity enough to think of a way out of worse difficulties. He pulled off his red blouse and waved it vigorously at the speck which approached in the distance. The engineer caught sight of the dancing little figure that waved the red blouse so frantically and brought the train to a standstill. The trainmen came clamoring down to fight the fire. The passengers followed after, and the very first to come out of the coach was Herman's father.

"Oh, what would have happened if I had not come quick when mamma called!" thought Herman, with a shudder, as, happy in the possession of enough money to buy a steam engine that would really run, he went back to his water-wheel.

WHAT MAKES A BOY POPULAR?

What makes a boy popular? Surely it is manliness. During the war how many schools and colleges followed popular boys whose hearts could be trusted. The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word, and who will pledge his honor to his own hurt and change not, will have the confidence of his fellows. The boy who will never hurt the feelings of any will one day find himself possessing all sympathy.

If you want to be a popular boy be too manly and generous and unselfish to seek to be popular; be the soul of honor; love others better than yourself, and people will give you their hearts, and try to make you happy. This is what makes a popular boy.

IT'S A DISGRACE

To be lazy, indolent, indifferent. To do poor, slipshod, botched work. To give a bad example to young people.

To have crude, brutish, repulsive manners.

To hide a talent because you have only one.

To live a half life when a whole life is possible.

To go through life a pigmy when nature intended you for a giant.

To kick over the ladder upon which we have climbed to our position.

Not to have an intelligent idea of the country in which we live, not to know its history, its industries and the conditions of the people.

Not to know anything of the movements for human betterment and not to help them along to the extent of our ability in time or money.

LITTLE SINS.

Little sins often lead to serious consequences. Their influence gives color to the character. They have a way of hanging on, of staying right with us, and playing Bo-peep with our religious awakenings in the days when we are striving to be better. They are like certain injurious plants which seem almost impossible of destruction. You may pull them up or plow them under, but before the summer is gone you find them growing green in the field. When we have tried to undo the wrong and prayed for forgiveness for the sin, memory has sometimes returned bearing the old sins in its arms, as if God had purposely preserved the remembrance of it just to keep us humble and remind us that we should be charitable toward others.

RALLYING POWERS.

How do you meet your disappointments? Have you the rebounding power—the spiritual resilience which quickly lifts you out of discouragement and gives you fresh hope and ambition?

Can you, after a particularly hard slap of fate, rally your forces, pull yourself together again, and turn a smiling face to the world?

If you can do this, you are a successful man, or successful woman, no matter what your present circumstances may be. You have in you the prime qualities that make success. You have the very substance of which success is woven. And I tell you that if you will but keep up this practice of refusing to accept defeat you can never really know what defeat is. Not only this, but you are sure to know what success is—success in its most substantial form.—Angela Morgan.

THE PROGRESS OF RAPHAEL.

Raphael had just finished the cherubs.

"Yes," he said sadly. "I shall have to move; they aren't allowed in this flat."

Tucking the canvases under his arm, he went out to seek other quarters.

MONTH OF MARY.

The Church once more summons all her devout children around Mary's shrines that occupy an honored place in the Catholic churches the world all over. True, there is no day in the year that the Virgin Mary is not appropriately honored by her devout clients, and that her intercession is not solicited for private and public needs. But the month of May has been chosen as a most suitable time for the Church to give special honors to Heaven's Queen. Not only one or the other portion of the Church is engaged in the effort, but the prayers that will ascend during this month to the throne of God's mercy under Mary's patronage and invocation are as universal as the Church herself.

The Church recommends this devotion with a full conviction of Mary's dignity and her powerful intercession in revering the Mother of God we but imitate the example of the angel Gabriel and of Christ Himself. This should suggest to all Catholics a faithful observance of the pious devotions so universally observed during the month of May. Such as reside within reasonable distance of a church should be present at the evening devotions as often as their daily avocations permit, and those who cannot visit a church, let them offer up some short prayers to the Blessed Virgin beneath the family roof.

Hundreds of sinners have been reconciled with the offended God through Mary's intercession; thousands of her devoted children find daily strength and consolation in their trials of life by flying to the patronage of the ever-glorious and Immaculate Mother of God. Let every Catholic, then, renew within his heart a profound devotion to Mary, the Mother of the King of kings, and present to her a wreath of fragrant prayer during this month to secure her cherished protection in life and death.

Why smiles the land, why laughs the sea? Before the breeze the ripples flee; From off the skies the mists are driven, And beams the sun from cloudless heaven.

Why falls the bloom in rosy showers? Why spring so fair the myriad flowers? The trees, in softest green arrayed, O'er freshest verdure cast their shade.

Wherefore this joy? 'Tis May, 'tis May, Rejoicing Nature seems to say: 'Tis Mary's month, of Heaven Queen.

Hence wave the trees in tender green, Hence o'er earth and sea and sky There rings a universal cry.— A gladsome song the livelong day To Mary, peerless Queen of May.

"The Old Man" and "The Kid"

Lack of Reverence in Our Day and Generation.

From the Catholic Universe.

There is not much reverence in our day and generation. This is quite evident from the conduct, the talk, and the terms we hear on all sides. The young man refers in an off-hand way to his father as "the old man," "the governor," etc. He forgets the respect and reverence that he should have for his parents. The Lord promises a long and happy life to children who properly obey and reverence their parents. The terms used by the strutting young man when he refers to his father show that he has inhaled too much of the irreverence that is so common in this "land of the free." Much could be learned from "the heathen Chinese" as to the respect and reverence due to parents.

We heard lately of a young man, "smart as a whip," and "up to snuff," who "knew the ropes," and yet was out of a job. He went to a wholesale grocer and said: "The old man" told me to call here, and to ask you for a position." "If I had 100 positions," said the proprietor, "I would not give one to a young fellow who refers to his father as 'the old man.'"

The young man "as smart as a whip" had been taught a lesson. The custom of the country may atone for much, but the free and easy manners in vogue are offensive to men of good taste and of solid sense.

Then children are frequently referred to even by the parents as "the kids." Such slang produces similar fruit and creates disrespect for parents and for those who refer in that way to children. We do not understand how children can be designated, at least by those of a household, as though they were no more than young goats. As people grow so shall they reap. If the old respect themselves, they will inculcate, by ex-

ample, proper respect on the part of others. Our Lord, in referring to the young, said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

"The old man," "the governor" and "the kids" are terms that should not be heard or used except in their original and proper signification.

"Son, support the old age of thy father, and grieve him not in his life. And if his understanding fail, have patience with him, and despise him not when thou art in thy strength; for the relieving of the father shall not be forgotten."

WHEN DOCTORS FAILED

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Brought New Health and Strength.

From The Post, Thorold, Ont.

Mr. Reuben Lindsay, a fruit grower at Ridgeville, Ont., is one of the best known men in that section, having lived in the village or its vicinity all his life. All Mr. Lindsay's neighbors know that about a year ago his condition of health was very serious. To use his own words, he "began to go to pieces—was all wasting away." When a reporter of the Thorold Post called on Mr. Lindsay recently, he found him again enjoying the best of health, and when asked what had wrought his cure, he replied very emphatically "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills: they did for me what medical treatment and other medicines failed to do. In the spring of 1903," continued Mr. Lindsay, "I grew so weak that I could hardly move about. My appetite completely failed me, and I seemed to be wasting away to a mere shadow. I grew so weak that I could not work, and could scarcely look after my horses without resting. I doctored with two or three good physicians, but got no permanent benefit. In fact they seemed doubtful as to what my trouble was. One said liver trouble, another kidney disease; but whatever the trouble was it was rapidly using me up. A neighbor who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with benefit, advised me to try them, but I felt somewhat skeptical. However, I was finally induced to try them, and before I had finished the second box I could note an improvement. I continued using the pills until I had taken some twelve boxes, when I was again enjoying robust health—in fact I have no hesitation in saying that I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. Remembering my former unbelief in these pills, I gladly give this testimonial, in the hope that it may induce some other sufferer to try this great health-giving medicine."

Other ailing people will speedily find new health and strength through a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose sends new, rich, red blood coursing through the veins, and that is the reason these pills cure anaemia, neurasthenia, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, rheumatism, and all other diseases having their origin in poor or watery blood—including the special ailments that make the lives of so many growing girls and women of all ages miserable. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt, you can get the pills by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

GENIUS IN THE BUD. A lady who was "Aunt Kate" to James MacNeill Whistler all his life, although not a relative, gives in a London journal a glimpse of Whistler the boy. She had known him ever since he was a child of two years. She was a neighbor of the Whistlers, and after a long absence from home she called upon them and asked at once:

"Where is Jemmie?" "He was in the room a few minutes ago," was the answer, "I think he must be here still." Presently Jemmie's tiny form was discovered stretched on the under-shelf of a table. The visitor went to secure the prize and asked: "What are you doing there, Jemmie?" "I 'se dworin'."

In one small hand was a pencil, perhaps two inches long, and in the other a morsel of paper about three inches square. Yet in these tiny proportions the little artist was even then doing work that showed an exquisite promise.

HER REVENGE.

Papa—I hear you were a bad girl to-day, and had to be whipped.

Small Daughter—Mamma is awful strict. If I'd a' known she used to be a school teacher I'd a' told you not to marry her."