

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

Though vacation is on and the weather very warm, I must say I have not been neglected by my nieces and nephews. Berry picking is the general topic, which just makes me long to be out with you. Agnes McC. wonders where all the cousins are who used to write to us regularly. She is a very reasonable little girl, and quite understands when my letters are lacking in interest that I must be busy. Why, by all means I will take Fred McC. into the circle. I will always make room, even if I will need to put on an extra page. Fred intends to be a busy boy helping with the farm work. Annie O.N. seems to have spent a happy birthday and was kindly remembered by her papa and mamma. I feel certain all the cousins join me in wishing her many happy returns. Harry O.N. is a pretty smart boy, I think, for his eight years. He is in the second book and speaks of driving the horses with his papa. I am so pleased to read that Annie E. M. is going to continue writing to us. Well, it is a long time since Ethel T. wrote to me, but the nice long letter partly makes up. I hope she has a lovely time during her visit to Quebec. Joseph speaks of the hay season commencing. I suppose he will have to give a little help. With best wishes for a very happy vacation to all my little friends,

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is such a long time since I wrote to you that I thought I would write again. I am going on a trip to Quebec to see my grandma and aunts and uncle, so that I wanted to write to you before I go, for mamma says that she will send me the True Witness, and then I will see my letter in print. Papa brought me home a dear little pup last Tuesday. I call him "Gypsy," and I have such fun playing with him; he is spotted brown and white. I was down to Dominion Park with papa, mamma and my sister and brother. The electric lights are just lovely; there are thirty thousand lights. We went on the Scenic Railway. Oh! you cannot imagine how frightened I was, but papa had his arms around me. We went on Old Mill stream, Chutes, and many other things, but it started to rain so we had to go home. The next night we went to Riverside Park. It is very nice, but nothing like Dominion Park. Well, Aunt Becky, as my letter is getting long, I think I will close. Hoping to see my letter in print,

Your loving niece, ETHEL T. Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky:

How quickly the time passes. Here it is time to write again and not much news, only some have commenced haying. Papa will begin Monday if it is fine. Two of my cousins from the States are coming up next week to spend vacation with us. One of them I have never seen. She has not been here for nine years. The other one was here last summer. One is a trained nurse, the other is a school teacher. Of course I do not expect to have much fun with them for they are grown up ladies, but I shall be glad to see them. It is getting near bed time, I will have to say good night.

Your nephew, JOSEPH. Granby, July 13.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As berry picking time has come, and as it is very busy right at present, I cannot write much this week but hope to find a little more next week. My sister and I were picking berries Wednesday evening. We got about three quarts. They are going to be quite plentiful this year. This is the first week of harvest, and what a lovely week it has been. It did not rain any only Tuesday afternoon, but it did not prevent the men from working. There was no Sunday-school last Sunday. My sister and I went visiting to our uncle's. We had a lovely time. It looked like rain when we were there, so we

had to hurry home for fear of getting wet. We just got home about half an hour before it rained. I had to look for the turkeys then. I could not find them, so they had to stay out all night. I wonder what is the matter with my other cousins that they don't write to you more regularly. I suppose, dear Auntie, you are so busy that you cannot write to us, but we love you the same. Well dear auntie, as I have no more to tell you this time. Love to dear cousins and Aunt Becky.

Your loving niece, AGNES McC. Lonsdale, July 13.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Will you take me as one of your nephews? I would like to be one of them. School closed on the 29th of June, and I am glad, because we will have more time to play. The hay is pretty good here now. The men will soon be cutting it down, then we will have to work hard. We won't get much time to play. It is raining very heavy at present. I am ten years old and in the third grade. I made my first Communion two years ago and was confirmed last year. The Bishop comes around every three years. He will be here again the year after next. My brother expects to be confirmed when he comes around again. He was going to make his first Communion this year, but the priest said he was too young. Since this is my first letter I will close. Good bye.

Your loving nephew, FRED. McC. Mayo, Que., July 9.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As Tuesday was my birthday I thought I would write and tell you what fun I had. My cousin Loretta, Doyle was at our place all day. We played hide and seek and ball and had lots of fun. My papa gave me a prayer book and mamma gave me a new dress for my birthday presents. My sister and mother and I went picking berries. We got about five quarts. There are not many blackberries ripe just at present. I think the berries will be good this year. I think when we are home from school the time goes by more quickly than when we are at school. It is a busy time just now with the farmers cutting their hay. It will soon be time for the men to cut the grain. I like to see the binder work. There was a very sad death occurred in Deseronto the other day. An old gentleman went into a hardware store. The cellar door was open and he fell down backwards. He was so badly hurt he only lived an hour. There is no doubt his home was a sad one that night. He leaves a wife and family to mourn their loss. Well, Auntie, as we are so busy these days picking berries, I guess I will say good-bye for this time. Love from all to all and yourself.

Your loving niece, ANNIE O.N. Lonsdale, July 13.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I take so much pleasure in listening to the other little boys and girls' letters, I thought I would try and write also. I got in the second book at holidays. I am eight years old. I like when it is holidays, for I can drive the horses with my papa. As I am only a child I guess I will say good-bye.

Your loving nephew, HARRY O.N. Lonsdale, July 13.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was so well pleased to see my letter in print last week that I am going to continue writing. I am still visiting my aunt at Read, but I intend returning home Saturday, as there is so much work to be done it would be a profound absurdity for my sister to think of undertaking to do it all without my assistance. I spent one week with my aunt in Marysville and had a very enjoyable time. I was out picking berries today, and although it was rather warm I got enough to make a pie for dinner. The berries are not ripening very quickly. My cousins are working at the hay. They go to another farm about a mile away and my cousin Annie and I drive out every day with their dinner. I have just returned from one of our drives. Do you expect long letters

during the holidays, Aunt Becky? I'm afraid some of the cousins will be having such good times they will forget to write to their Auntie. Good-bye.

Your loving niece, ANNIE E. M. Stoco, July 12, 1906.

GRANDPA'S CHILDHOOD.

If I were a boy, I'd like the pockets of my coat lined with marbles, jackrocks, twine and knife and ball. Want a yellow dog or two, and a spotted goat. And a dandy cart to drive in—that would be the best of all. Drive out to an apple tree, the big one on the road. Eat up all I wanted, then I fetch me home a load. Swap some for tobacco tags, like "Peach" and "Golden Joy"—"Grandpa," put in Tommy, "spect you must er been a boy!"

THE GOLD STAR.

Herman was bending over his desk, although school would not be called to order for nearly half an hour. Some of the children were grouped together in one corner of the room and others were at their lessons. As Kenneth Gilmore went to his desk across the aisle from Herman, he said in a jocular manner, "Say, Hermie, the sun is shining on your knee." The patch in Herman's faded brown trousers was several shades brighter than the garment into which it had been set, which produced the sunny effect, and that was not the only place that Herman's trousers were patched.

His face turned red at the taunt of the largest boy in school, he put his knee farther under his desk and went on with his work. He knew that he must work diligently and made the best of his educational advantages, for he felt that his time in school would be short, although he was only twelve years old.

When Miss Fox called the children to order, with the tap of the small bell upon her desk, they were all eager to know who had won the gold star for the month. Norma Wilson was the only favored one that morning. She was one of half a dozen girls who always received the highest marks in the school. At recess she said to Herman, "You see you did not get the gold star after all!"

In utter astonishment the boy answered, "I didn't expect to get it!" "Oh, you didn't?" said Norma, laughingly. "Well, you tried hard enough, and now you try to make believe you don't care."

Herman's astonishment was becoming mingled with indignation as he retorted, "Why, Norma, I never thought of getting the star and never tried for it. I got ninety-five without studying extra hard. But since you act so smart about it, I'll tell you one thing, you'll never get the star again."

"I'd like to know what you have to do with it?" "I have just this much to do with it, I didn't work extra hard before, but now I will, and I'll show you that I can have my lessons perfect." True to his word, Herman applied himself to his studies more intently than ever, and at the end of another month stood higher than any one in his class, he being the only one who had reached the one hundred mark.

It was evident that Miss Fox was not satisfied when she read the report. After going through the list of names and giving the standing of each pupil, she said, "Now since there are five girls who have ninety-eight, and two have ninety-nine, and Herman has one hundred, I think we had better have a few oral questions and then see who comes out ahead."

Herman was on his feet in an instant. His face burned with indignation as he said, "Miss Fox, I don't want the gold star at all, you may keep it."

A wave of resentment swept over the children. Herman had no more than touched his patched trousers to the bench when another voice added, "O Miss Fox! you are unfair!" To be unfair was considered a base offense by the children in Franklin school. Pandemonium prevailed in the room over which Miss Fox attempted to preside, and one voice after another called out, "You are partial." "You like the rich children best." "The gold star belongs to Herman." "Yes, it belongs to Herman. If you give it to anyone else we will tear it down."

Miss Fox's face was flushed at first and then turned very white. The situation seemed a dangerous one. With livid lips she stood at her desk

and tapped the small bell endeavoring to restore order, but all in vain. Kenneth Gilmore, the largest boy in the room, and one of his chums, walked up to the desk and demanded, "Give up the gold star, Miss Fox and we will put it up where it belongs."

With trembling fingers Miss Fox opened the small box and complied with their demand. With resolute step Kenneth Gilmore walked to the blackboard and pasted the gold star after the name of Herman Foster and amid ringing applause went to his seat.

MRS. MURAL'S HIRED MAN.

"Please, Mrs. Mural, have you found a man to do your work yet?" asked Ben, in what he thought was a very grown-up tone.

"No, sonny," said the old lady, pleasantly. "men seem to be very scarce just now. Do you know of any one wanting such a place?" "Yes, Johnny Hilt and me," said the visitor, modestly. "You see, Johnny is awfully poor, and his mother cries all the time, so I thought I'd like to help him a little."

"How old is Johnny, and what sort of a man is he?" asked Mrs. Mural. "I want some one who will be kind to the dog, carry out ashes, and do Mary's errands, and all sorts of jobs."

"Johnny is ten, he's the nicest boy in our class," said Ben, promptly. "He's got a hundred in 'rithmetic most every day."

"But I want a man," said Mrs. Mural, "or a great big boy of seventeen or eighteen."

"I asked papa, and he said a boy was only half a man," explained Ben, "so I thought mebbe Johnny and I would do together. I don't want any of the money, because Johnny's mother needs it so much, but I'm willing to help a lot. I carry ashes at home, and mind the baby, and lots of other things. Johnny's ten, and me eight, so together we would be as good as an eighteen-year-old boy. Don't you think so?"

"Well, I really couldn't say about that," said Mrs. Mural. "I am very sorry for your little friend, and I want you to bring him up to me this very evening. I will not promise to hire you boys, but we'll talk it over."

So in the evening Johnny came in his patched clothes, and Mrs. Mural was very much pleased with him. "Do you think he could do the work, Mary?" she asked of her faithful maid.

"With me to help," put in Ben before Mary could say a word. "And me to help, too, said Mary, heartily. "Yes, I think he'll do, cap'on. He don't come in with his cap on, nor forget to wipe his shoes. I notice, so I think he'll get along all right."

So Johnny and Ben faithfully did the work about the big house as best they could. Mrs. Hilt soon had good food and a warm fire, through the efforts of the hired man, as her son and Ben always called themselves.

"It takes both of us to make Mrs. Mural a hired man," they always said, "but we try to be a good one." "We never had such clean walks and fine kindlings and good work all around before the hired man came, did we, Mary?" asked Mrs. Mural one day, looking at the porch newly scrubbed. "I didn't think those little chaps could do anything, but they are real workers."

"And worth all the rest that went before," said Mary, trying her iron to see if it was hot enough. "I thought sure they would soon give it up, but I guess they're going to stick."

And stick they did till Mrs. Hilt's father came to take her and Johnny to her old home. "I don't know how I am to get along without this half of my hired man," said Mrs. Mural, kissing Johnny good-bye with tears in her eyes. "I am glad you are to be so well taken care of, but we'll miss him, won't we, Bennie!"

"He was more than half of the hired man," said Ben, sadly. "He was most all of him. I'm sorry to see him go, but he's promised to come back and visit us as soon as he can. I suppose you'll have a hired man in one piece now, Mrs. Mural." "I think I'll have to," said the old lady, sadly. "I'd never find a better one than my two-piece man has been."

YOUR DUTY TO YOUR MOTHER.

It should be the daughter's joy as well as duty to bring a little recreation and pleasure into her mother's life.

Remember, girls, that all your lives your mothers have been sacrificing themselves for you. Your shoulders are young and strong; help lift the burden a little from the tired

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shoulders that have borne it so long. Let her see that you appreciate all that she has done for you. Take the heaviest part of the housework off her hands. Make her stay in bed in the morning while you get breakfast. Something pretty to wear will please her. She is a woman, you know, and likes pretty things as well as you do. A little love and petting is always appreciated by mothers; try it with yours and see if she don't thrive under it. The prettiest girl in the world is absolutely devoid of charm if she is impertinent to her mother.—Sacred Heart Review.

HOW TO GET ALONG.

- Most successful men have earned success by hard work and strict honesty. You can do the same. Here are a dozen rules for getting on in the world: 1. Be honest. Dishonesty seldom makes one rich, and when it does riches are a curse. There is no such thing as dishonest success. 2. Work. The world is not going to pay for nothing. Ninety per cent. of what men call genius is only talent for hard work. 3. Enter into that business you like best and for which nature seems to have fitted you, provided it is honorable. 4. Be independent. Do not lean on others to do your thinking or to conquer difficulties. 5. Be conscientious in the discharge of every duty. Do your work thoroughly. No boy can rise who slights his work. 6. Don't begin at the top. Begin at the bottom and you will have a chance to rise, and will be surer of reaching the top some time. 7. Trust to nothing but God and hard work. Inscribe on your banner, "Luck is a fool; pluck is a hero." 8. Be punctual. Keep your appointment. Be there a minute before time, even if you have to lose your dinner to do it. 9. Be polite. Every smile, every gentle bow is money in your pocket. 10. Be generous. Meanness makes enemies and breeds distrust. 11. Spend less than you earn.

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Devotion to Mary in a Lutheran Land

In the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith there is a letter from Bishop Fallize, Vicar Apostolic of Norway, which contains some remarkable facts about the reverence of the Norwegian Lutherans for the Blessed Virgin. The vast majority of the people of Norway are Lutherans; and, as Bishop Fallize points out, although they agree in theory with their fellow Protestants elsewhere in trying to minimize the glory due to the Mother of Christ for her place in the divine plan of the redemption of mankind, yet their practice does not at all harmonize with the religious doctrines which they profess. "Nearly every Norwegian city," the bishop writes, possesses its Dorfrue Kirke, and in the capital itself Protestants will conduct you with a certain pride to a church of the Blessed Virgin, the Gammel Akers Kirke, one of the oldest in the kingdom, telling you that their ancestors dedicated it to Mary. Moreover, in at least one-half of the houses in the city, as well as in the country as far as Lapland, you will find the statue of the Blessed Virgin in the place of honor beside that of our Divine Lord." Popular imagination, the bishop adds, has given the blessed name of Mary to the most remote fjords and valleys, and to an indefinite number of picturesque rocks; and a host of field flowers have been named after her. Though their ministers preach that the Blessed Virgin was sinful as any other mortal, the instinct of the people is Catholic, and they never designate her in any other way than as "the Virgin," and though theoretically rejecting devotion to her, they practise it upon occasion without hesitation. During the month of May they mix with the Catholics and join in the hymns of praise addressed to the Queen of Heaven. As the Sacred Heart Review says, this is certainly a most remarkable survival, despite the centuries of Protestantism which have passed, of a fragment of Catholic truth and devotion in Norway—a country where the Reformers and their descendants have had full sway. It surely promises the ultimate regaining by the Norwegian people of the true faith of Mary and of Mary's Son which was stolen from them at the great cataclysm which has been miscalled the Reformation.