

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky: This is my first letter to the corner. I am in the senior fourth reader. I am twelve years old. I am not going to school any more. I quit last June. I have two sisters and two brothers. Their names are Vergie, May, Stanley and Gilbert; the boys are twins. Vergie is sixteen. She is married. May is thirteen, and Stanley and Gilbert will be fifteen next month. They worked in the mill all summer and go to school in the winter. Well, dear Aunt Becky, I guess I will close. Hoping to see this letter in print. With love, I remain

Your loving niece, HELENA W. Fesserton, Ont., Jan. 16, 1907.

AN UNSELFISH BOY.

James Pettigrew was the smartest boy in our class. He was a praying boy, and we all liked him the better for that. Willie Hunter was a real good fellow, too, and Willie and James used to run neck and neck for the prizes. Either one or the other was always at the top of the class.

Examination day came around and we were asked such a lot of puzzling questions that, one by one, we all dropped off till, just as we expected, the first prize lay between Jamie and Willie.

I shall never forget how astonished we were when question after question was answered by Willie, while Jamie remained silent; and Willie took the prize.

I went home with Jamie that afternoon, for our roads lay together, but instead of being cast down at losing the prize he seemed rather to be mighty glad. I couldn't understand it.

"Why, Jamie," I said "you could have answered some of those questions; I know you could."

"Of course I could," he said, with a little laugh.

"Then why didn't you?" I asked. He wouldn't answer for a while, but I kept pressing and pressing him till at last he turned round with such a strange, kind look in his honest brown eyes.

"Look here," he said, "how could I help it? There's poor Willie—his mother died last week, and if it hadn't been examination day he wouldn't have been at school. Do you think I was going to be so mean as to take a prize from a fellow who had just lost his mother?"

THE TIMID MOUSE.

A mouse was kept in such distress by its fear of a cat that a magician taking pity on it, turned it into a cat. Immediately it began to suffer from fear of a dog, so the magician turned it into a dog. Then it began to suffer from fear of a tiger, and the magician, in disgust, said: "Be a mouse again. As you have only the heart of a mouse, it is impossible to help you by giving you the body of a noble animal."

It is hopeless to try to accomplish anything without pluck.

INNOCENCE.

Sometimes w'en papa has come home and wants to go an' w'ite, He pushes back his roll-top desk, an' nen turns on the light, An' my! he finds the ink is split all over on the floor, An' all his pencils 'ey ain't got no points on any more.

An' nen he calls us chinnern in, an' says, "I'd like to know Which one o' you has been in here amussin' things up so?" An' my! we're awful much s'prised at that, becuz, you see, Us chinnern, w'y, we're allus' ist as good as we can be.

But I dunno, An' Joe dunno, An' s'ister say 'at she dunno!

Sometimes, w'en ma has gone away an' left us by ourselves, When she gets home she finds a muss upon the pantry shelves,

An' my! the jelly's stuck around, an' lots of it's been eat, An' 'ey is crumbs of cakes an' pie upon the window seat, An' nen she calls us chinnern in an' asks if we been there,

An' what that empty jelly glass is doin' on 'at chair, An' my! we're awful much s'prised at that, becuz, you see, Us chinnern, w'y, we're allus' ist as good as we can be.

But I dunno, An' Joe dunno, An' s'ister say 'at she dunno!

Sometimes w'en Nora's washed an' scrubbed until the floors is clean,

W'y, but there in the kitchen 'ittle muddy tracks is seen, An' my! 'ey's ist dirt ever where around the dinin' room,

Where only ist a little while before she's used the broom.

An' nen she calls us chinnern in an' glares at us an' roars;

"Which one o' you has been in here a-muddyin' up my floors?" An' my! we're awful much s'prised at that, becuz, you see,

Us chinnern, w'y, we're allus' ist as good as we can be. But I dunno, An' Joe dunno, An' s'ister say 'at she dunno!

Kidneys Affected By Sudden Change Most Painful Ailments Follow—Prevention and Cure Obtained by Use of

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

The sudden lowering of the temperature causes the pores of the skin to close, and thus throws on to the kidneys much work which is ordinarily performed by the skin. This, no doubt, accounts for the great prevalence of kidney disease during the fall and winter.

There is no treatment which so quickly affords relief to overworked and deranged kidneys as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, because they act on the liver, as well as the kidneys, and when in healthful action the liver does much of the work of filtering the blood, which is otherwise left for the kidneys.

Bright's Disease, dropsy, uric acid, poisoning, stone in the bladder, and rheumatism are among the most painful forms of kidney disease and these ailments can always be prevented by the timely use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They can also usually be cured by this treatment, but if you are so fortunate as to be yet free of these dreadful ailments, keep so by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to keep the liver, kidneys and bowels in healthful working condition.

Mr. Donald McLean, Stornoway, Compton Co., Que., writes: "As the result of a severe cold settling on the kidneys, I contracted kidney disease which was accompanied by much suffering from pains in the back. For some time I was, entirely unable to work and though I tried several remedies I only obtained slight temporary relief. Hearing of the success of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in similar cases, I began to use them and after having taken four boxes was completely cured. I am fully convinced that the cure was entirely due to the use of this grand medicine which has cured several persons to whom I recommended it."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, by their direct and combined action on kidney, liver and bowels, positively cure biliousness, constipation, and diseases of the kidneys. One pill a dose, 25c a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

LITTLE ODDITY

By the Author of "Served Out."

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

For the rest of the day the professor remained in his own private apartment with madame, while Fritz took the children out to buy toys and goodies.

Of course, Bonny could not go to the concert, and Liese—who would dearly have loved to see all the great people—had offered to stay at home with him.

So they spent their evening alone with the toys they had bought, by way of amusement, but Bonny would not look at them. He sat by the fire looking dreadfully sulky, which Liese thought was too bad after having stayed at home with him. When the attendant came to see them to bed Bonny refused to go, and would not be induced by any bribe.

He sat by the fire, gazing into it, as he used to do in the old nursery, until the door opened and old Fritz came in with the professor leaning

on him. Bonny cast a long, searching glance at the face he loved so passionately, and then disappeared without a word.

Perhaps he had feared that the Herr Papa would never return. Of that fear he was relieved, but he might have seen much to alarm his passionate loving heart had he known all.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE GREAT CONCERT.

Herr Hausmann had really gone through agonies of apprehension on the day of the great concert before the evening arrived. He had ascertained that Herr Bruder was in Berlin, but found him looking so ill that he feared even now it might be impossible for him to play. He tried to console himself with the thought of the large sum of money he would make the professor pay for his loss, but nothing, he told himself, could make up to him for having his concert spoilt.

But after all, Herr Bruder was true to his appointment, and the anxiety depicted on the manager's countenance gave way to broad satisfied smiles. He ran on to the platform and made a speech in which he described the illness of Herr Bruder with such sorrowful earnestness that the audience quite made up their minds that they were not to hear the great player that night. Then, when he had filled them with apprehension, he went on to say that in spite of this, and although the great violinist was only just convalescent from a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, he had come that evening at great personal pain and inconvenience to fulfil his obligations to the distinguished visitors who had honored them that evening.

The applause that greeted Herr Bruder was so prolonged that he had to stand grasping the side of the big piano while he acknowledged it. Then he played a simple but beautiful melody, which touched the hearts of his hearers, and they were rapturous in their applause, and would have him back again and again, not realizing with what difficulty he had played for them. But the excitement was infectious, and he began to feel strong enough to play anything; so he did more than he had at first intended, and delighted his hearers with some of the intensely difficult music for playing which he was so famous.

When it was over the applause would never end, but Herr Bruder was exhausted, and could not come back any more to receive it. So some of the great people went after him to honor him with their thanks and favor; but they found him too worn out to care for anything but rest. As soon as he could escape from their presence he summoned Fritz to conduct him to his carriage, and gladly turned away from the brilliant scene.

Fatigued as he was, the night air struck him chilly, even through his wraps, when he left the brilliantly lighted and crowded hall. Madame Bruder saw with alarm that he shivered frequently, and that the brightness which the excitement had brought to his face had given away to a deadly pallor.

Poor Bonny's deaf ears did not hear the coming and going of messengers in the still dark hours of the early morning, but when he passed the door on his way to breakfast, and saw his friend the doctor coming out, he guessed directly.

The terror-stricken face of the child struck the doctor with intense pity for the little one, who, if he were robbed of his father as well as his hearing, would indeed be left desolate. To cheer Bonny up, he led him by the hand to the sitting-room, and by smiles and funny antics tried to divert his mind. But Bonny was not to be deceived. He watched for a few moments without a smile, and then asked suddenly—

"Won't he ever play again, like you that he Herr Hausmann that day?"

"He will be better soon," the doctor said slowly, in the hope of re-assuring Bonny.

He partially understood, but he was not comforted, for he remembered quite well what the doctor had said before, and he quite expected that the whole thing would come true.

"Herr Papa will never play any more," he went on, half to himself, "and I shall never play any more. I wouldn't play without him, if I had good ears again. I don't want any more ears now, but I dislike Herr Hausmann and all the princes, and I would like to kill everybody."

Bonny looked at him doubtfully. "If you are a good doctor you ought to make my Herr Papa well. Are not doctors to do that? People can die without doctors. If you do not make people well you are a bad doctor. I would make him, well directly."

The doctor smiled, but was not annoyed. He understood the way Bonny looked at the matter, and he also understood that the child's love for his supposed father was so great that no one else seemed of much consequence.

Pitying the loneliness of the children—for Madame Bruder did not appear—the good doctor invited them to come out with him in his carriage; and then he found an opportunity of taking the child to see the ear doctor of whom he had spoken. This gentleman made a careful examination of Bonny's ears, and arranged for the child to be brought again, when he intended to do something in which he evidently had great faith.

The rest of the day was sad enough. The children heaved about near the professor's door, but were not allowed to enter. Once the little mother came and told them that poor Herr Papa was very ill, and they must try to amuse themselves. Fritz took them out for a little while, but the shops did not please them now, and in the evening Liese could not help crying for sadness in this great gay city, where everything looked so bright and busy, and they only were lonely and sad.

Liese hardly knew what had come to Bonny; he was such a changed boy it gave her the humps, she said, to see him. He had to go to talk to, so he sat and thought over everything in his own young mind, and as he heard scarcely a sound, his life must have been dull and miserable enough during those wretched days, for as he ceased to hear he gradually left off talking.

Madame had no time to notice how pale he was growing, and how seldom he ate anything, nor did anyone know the passionate thoughts that filled his heart when he lay awake at night, and shook the little bed with his heavy stifled sobs.

The doctor took him often to see his friend. Bonny was patient and submitted to everything that was done to him, but the ear doctor complained that the child's general state of health was unfavorable to the success he hoped for. All this time Herr Bruder remained dangerously ill, and the return home which everyone so longed for could not even be mentioned.

One day Bonny's usual dull silence gave way to excitable chatter. The person he talked to principally was himself—which was convenient, for he was able to answer his own questions. He laughed, and even sang, and when Fritz took them out, ran and jumped and shouted, in a way that astonished the passers. Liese thought it funny that he seemed to forget how ill poor Herr Papa was, but she did not say anything, for it was so difficult to talk to Bonny since he had become deaf that they talked very little to each other except in short sentences, which Bonny already began to guess at pretty accurately by closely watching the speaker's lips.

A demon of restlessness seemed to have seized him. Liese began to be afraid he would do some mischief, for he was darting about into other people's rooms, and among the visitors in the great hall, chattering to them, turning up in all sorts of odd unexpected corners like a veritable will-o'-the-wisp.

She tried in vain to coax him with books and toys to sit quietly in their own apartment, and when at last bed-time arrived she was very thankful to be relieved of the task of watching his erratic movements without having had to worry Madame Bruder by calling her.

But Bonny was by no means got rid of, for when she was going to her own little room on the other side of her uncle's sick chamber, there was that dreadful boy capering about the corridor in his night-shirt.

"Johann," she cried, "some one will catch you. Do go to bed."

But Bonny only danced on laughing and chattering to himself.

Then Liese was frightened. She noticed that his eyes looked funny. They seemed not to look at her or at anything in particular, but to be more sparkling and bright than she had ever seen them look before. Fritz was somewhere away down stairs. In terror Liese flew to her uncle's room and turned the handle.

(To be continued.)

A Carefully Prepared Pill.—Much time and attention were expended in the experimenting with the ingredients that enter into the composition of Parnelee's Vegetable Pills before they were brought to the state in which they were first offered to the public. Whatever other pills may be, Parnelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of much expert study, and all persons suffering from dyspepsia or disordered liver and kidneys may confidently accept them as being what they are represented to be.

Frank E. Donovan

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TORTURING SCIATICA.

A Severe Case Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Fierce darting pains—pains like red hot needles being driven through the flesh—in the thigh; perhaps down the legs to the ankles—that's sciatica. None but the victim can realize the torture. But the sufferer need not grow discouraged for there is a cure—a sure cure in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make new blood, this new blood feeds and strengthens the nerves and frees them from pain. The pain is banished to stay banished—the cure is complete. Mr. Chas. B. Maclean, a prosperous farmer near Brockville, Ont., has been cured of a severe case of sciatica and wishes other sufferers to hear of his cure that they may benefit by his experience. He says:—"For upwards of five years I was a periodical sufferer from sciatica. In the morning while getting up I would be seized with agonizing pains in my hips. Sometimes these pains extended down one leg, sometimes down the other; often down both. The pain was terrible. Imagine the agony caused by a red hot spike being driven through the flesh. That was just my feeling when the sciatica was at its worst. Often while carrying water to the horses the pain became so acute I had to drop the pail in the middle of the yard. I followed doctor's treatment but with slight relief. I then tried rheumatic plasters and liniments but these did not help me at all. Then I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. At first they did not seem to help me, but as they had been so highly recommended I persisted in the treatment and gradually noticed a change in my condition. The pain became less severe. I felt stronger and my appetite improved. I think I used the pills about four or five months before I was completely cured, but though that was two years ago I have not since had the slightest return of sciatica. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a marvellous medicine and so does my wife, who used them as a blood builder. She says they have no equal and never wearies of praising them to her friends."

Good blood is the secret of health—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the secret of good blood. That is why they cure sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus dance, heart palpitation, indigestion and the ailments common to women and growing girls. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

St. Ann's Young Men attend 25th Anniversary Mass.

St. Ann's Young Men celebrated their annual religious celebration and 25th anniversary of the foundation of their society last Sunday. At eight o'clock Mass the members received Holy Communion in a body. Mass was celebrated by the spiritual director, Rev. Father Rioux.

In the evening the members marched from their hall in a body to the church. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather there was a large congregation. Rev. Father Flynn preached an eloquent sermon, part of which follows:

"Human life has often been compared to the vicissitudes of storms. I have been requested on this, the 25th anniversary of your society, to address a few words of edification to you, and I thought I could not do better to show my devotion as your former spiritual director than to speak to you on the storms of life.

The storms of life may be divided into three classes, storms of temptations, storms of tribulation, storms of anxiety. We are assailed with many storms of temptations, such passions as lust, gluttony, sloth, pride, passions which weigh heavy upon us and drag us along to destruction. The storms of tribulation bring us sickness, loss of fortune by which our hopes are ruined. The storms of anxiety bring us fear for our own affairs or those in which we are interested. We should train ourselves when young to weather those storms otherwise we will have a harder battle to fight when old, as the storms will increase. When you grow weak-hearted you have lost track of Christ. The rudeness of the boat in which your journey is your will. It is in your power to be faithful, true, loyal and steadfast. You need sound principles to enable you to apply them in turn. A firm grip on the truth is necessary. "They can because they think they can," says the poet. This has almost passed into a proverb, and it is the expression of thought which lies at the root of every strenuous effort and persevering endeavor. Our eternal destiny is at stake and such requires the effort worthy of our manhood. Do not grow remiss in your duties and obligations, for then you grow weaker in the hour of the storms of temptation. The foundation of your future lies in faithfulness to duty. The preacher brought a message from a dying member of the society to the young men which was as follows: "Tell them that the society was a source of happiness, joy and consolation to me. I would like to be with them to-night, but God's will must be done." In conclusion Father Flynn said: "I wish you years of happiness and prosperity and may each one of the members carry out in practice what my friendship and affection for them has dictated. Doing so they will prove an ornament to their society, and an example to their fellow-citizens. They will bring joy and happiness to their families and a consolation to Holy Mother Church." The main altar was beautifully illuminated with special electrical designs, and made a pretty scene. The choir, under the direction of Prof. P. J. Shea, rendered a special musical programme, including Riga's "Tantum Ergo," the whole being well rendered. Solemn Benediction was imparted by Rev. Father Rioux. You cannot be happy while you have corns. Then do not delay in getting a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure with it is unknown.