

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

Our circle has diminished. Well, I suppose I must not be too severe during holiday time, still I did want you all to keep up your interest in the corner. I appreciate very much Annie O'N's invitation to visit with her this summer, but so many of my little nieces and nephews having already done the same I would have to divide myself in pieces, as holiday time would not be long enough to let me get around to all the little folks. I am sure it is gratifying to Annie and Agnes's teacher to feel her little pupils were attached to her and to witness their regret at her departure from them. She must have been delighted with the pretty remembrance given her.

I am not surprised Joseph was disappointed at the non-appearance of letters in the issue of June 28. I guess others looked in vain, too. Well, we must all keep up our reputation of being regular writers to the corner, and keep our little club from being broken up.

Happy holidays, dear little friends.

Your loving

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As this is the last day of school, I thought I would write you another letter, for I don't know whether I can write to you every week in vacation, but I would like to, as I enjoy writing to you very much. There is only the part second class preparing for promotion, for we were all promoted last year. We do not play at school now. As it is so sultry we do not feel like playing. We sit under shade trees. There are quite a number of trees in the yard. The school is nice and cool now, for the teacher opens the windows and the wind blows through the room. The flowers at school now are in bloom and it looks so nice to see the flowers in school. My flowers at home are very nice. I have morning glories, asters, wild cucumbers and St. Joseph's lily. The cucumbers are up to the window on sills and the asters will soon be in blossom. I used to water them every night but when there is so much rain I need not water them. The days are very nice now, but very hot. I am glad it is vacation, for we can get a rest. I did not miss a day only the day we went to confession. I hope Winifred is feeling much better for I think if she could go out in the sun she would be able to write to you often. Well dear Aunt Becky, I guess I will say good-bye for this time. Hoping that all my dear cousins will spend a merry vacation.

Your loving niece,

AGNES McC.

Lonsdale, June 29.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As it is holidays I guess I will write and tell you the news of this week. We expect to go away Sunday to visit our cousins. We are going to Mass in the morning, and then going to visit our cousins in the afternoon. I hope it will be a nice day. We felt very sorry last Friday when our teacher left us. We presented her with a ladies' toilet case. We did not get any teacher for our school yet. My sister was away Monday for a visit to her cousin. I did not go away any place to visit yet. My sister and I are going to mind house to-morrow. My mother is going away from home to see my grandmother, for she is sick. Our garden is very nice now. We put our tomato plants out in the garden this week. Last Friday afternoon my sister and brother and I went picking wild strawberries. We got a nice lot in our paddock. Well, Auntie, how nice it would be if you would come and visit us in vacation while we are home from school. We are having very warm weather here just at present and a lot of rain. Well Auntie, I guess I will say good-bye; love to all the cousins and also yourself.

Your loving niece,

ANNIE O'N.

Lonsdale, July 6.

Dear Aunt Becky:

The beautiful vacation time has come and how glad we all are to get a rest from school. I do not think I will go to Belleville this summer, for one of my sisters is gone to Rochester and is going to stay about four weeks, and I would not like to leave my other sister all alone for it will soon be harvest time and she would be very busy. Our teacher left us at vacation. We were all very sorry to see her leave. We got her a toilet case as a token of remembrance. The teacher gave me a nice book, "Little Women, Good Wives." It is a very nice story. I did not read it all yet, but what I read of it I liked very well. It will not be long until the harvest apples are ripe and until we go picking raspberries. I got a few the other day, but they were not altogether ripe. The strawberries will soon be gone. We did not get any tame ones this year. There are not many berry fields around here. We go picking them about three miles. It is quite a distance, but we do not mind it, for we leave in the cool of the morning. We take a lunch with us. There are always quite a number there. When we get our pails full, we all sit under a big shady tree and eat our lunch. When we get our lunch eaten we start for home. It is always very hot when we are coming home, but we come through the fields and there are a lot of shady trees in them so that we can get a rest at times. Well, dear Auntie, as it is near dinner time, I will say bye-bye.

Your loving niece,

AGNES McC.

Lonsdale, July 6.

Dear Aunt Becky:

When the True Witness came last Friday it seemed rather strange not to see a letter from any one, but there were so many pictures and nice reading in place of them. I hope the corner will be well filled with letters this week. What a grand time you folks in Montreal must have had. The farmers will soon begin haying; it is rather a light crop in some places, still hay is doing well now. The strawberries are nearly all gone, and the raspberries are getting ripe. Hoping to have more news next week.

Your nephew,

JOSEPH.

Granby, July 5.

"LITTLE THINGS."

By M. M. Stratner.

A drink to-day; to-morrow more.— A drunkard reels from door to door. A fault to-day; to-morrow, sin; And manhood out, a fiend's within. An unchaste thought; a vulgar song— A soul, tight-bound by vice's throng. A little theft; a penny's gain; The link's anneal of felon's chain. A little doubt—the devil's toll To pave the way for loss of soul.

No self-restraint, nor chast'ning rod— Forgotten, then, is even God. And man, on that dread Judgment morn, May rue the day that he was born.

As "Little Things" done recklessly, Shall seal his doom eternally.

ONLY A FEW ROSES.

The roses were fresh with dew and sweet with fragrance as Madge Burton gathered them hastily that fair summer morning. Pinning them quickly to her girdle, she entered the carriage that was waiting for her, and was driven to the station, where she took the train for a city fifty miles distant.

Money was not plentiful with the Burtons, so the young girl contented herself with riding in the ordinary car. She made a very sweet picture in the dusty car, and I do not think there was one person present who did not admire it. Her bright, sunny face, her dignified yet gentle bearing, her winsome smile upon tired and fretful children, who had travelled many a weary mile, her tasteful, neat attire, with the bunch of roses in her girdle, we all noticed in a quiet way.

"Would you mind if I should sit by you just a little while?" "Not at all. I should be happy to have you do so," was the ready answer, given as courteously as if speaking to a young princess.

The child, leaning upon her crutches, took her place beside Madge. "You don't look a bit tired," was her first observation. Madge smiled into the questioning face.

"I am not tired," she said, "I have just begun my day."

"I am tired. I've come a long way—way from Denver. I couldn't sleep last night, my knees pained me so. What beautiful roses you've got! We used to have roses in our garden before we went to Denver. We're going to the town where we used to live—pa and I. Pa's in the smoking car."

"Isn't your mother with you?" "Ma's dead," was the reply; and the thin little lips quivered. "We had to bury her away out in Colorado." "You poor, dear child!" said Madge, not wondering that the lonely little girl had begged to sit beside her.

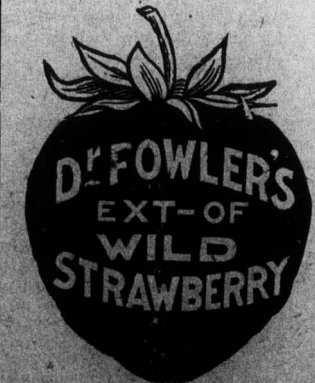
She unfastened the rosebuds from her girdle, and, taking out half of them, gave them to the child, whose face grew jubilant with surprise. She held them to her cheek, and pressed them to her lips; and very soon, with the flowers held close to her breast, she fell asleep.

Madge put her arm about her gently, and drew her head to her shoulder. The child slept peacefully for half an hour; then, as the cars stopped at a small town, a man came in hurriedly. It was the cripple's father. A mist crept over his eyes at the sight of the sleeping child; and as he stooped and gathered her in his strong arms, he said, in a low voice, full of feeling: "I'm not a prayin' mon, Miss, but may the Lord's blessin' rest on ye forever for your kindness to me poor, mitherless bairn!"

The travellers from Colorado had reached their destination. The sleeping child, who had suffered all through the previous night, did not thoroughly awaken, only arousing a little as she was carried through the car, murmuring: "I've — been — in — heaven,—pa; —I've—got—some—roses."

A HEARTY LAUGH.

The cold, chilling atmosphere which sometimes pervades a reception or other social gathering is often entirely dissipated by the hearty, ringing laughter of some simple, genuine soul who is bubbling over with fun. The stiffness and constraint which a minute before embarrassed the whole company are relieved as if by magic. There is something in genuine, spontaneous humor which removes all restraint, scatters embarrassment, relieves tension and welds souls together as no introduction or conversation can. It puts the shy at ease, dissipates prejudice, gives confidence to the timid and reassures the shrinking soul. The cheery smile or the spontaneous laugh awakens sympathy and arouses feelings of friendliness. It seems to melt all barriers. Oh, what riches live in a sunny soul! What a blessed heritage is a sunny face, to be able to fling out sunshine wherever one goes, to be able to scatter the shadows and to lighten sorrow laden hearts, to have power to send cheer into despairing souls through a sunny and a radiant heart! And if, haply, this heritage is combined with a superb manner and exquisite personality, no money wealth can compare with its value. This blessing is not very difficult of acquisition, for a sunny face is but a reflection of a warm, generous heart. The sunshine does not appear first upon the face, but



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flight of the mother bird, through the air. He decided finally it would be great fun to see how near he could send a stone without really hitting her with the aid of his sling-shot. He tried it several times, and was greatly delighted to see the bluebird turn swiftly and dodge the stones as they whistled through the air. Joe continued the sport till at last the bird became accustomed to the stones passing by her and no longer dodged them.

A grasshopper flew by, and the bluebird darted after it with a swoop. Joe fitted a smooth pebble in his sling, twirled it round his head and sent the missile humming in her direction.

The whistling pebble struck her upon the head with a crack. Over and over she turned till she fell at Joe's feet with a thud, gasped once or twice, and lay still; and as Joe stared at her body in horror he heard the young ones in the nest crying loudly for their mother, who was now long overdue.

Joe is a grown man now, and has boys of his own, and whenever he finds them shooting or trapping the birds about the house he tells them the story of the bluebird.

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A DISPUTED QUESTION.

On one occasion a Scotch minister knocked at the door of a house where a husband and wife were quarrelling. When admitted he inquired, "Wha's the head of this house?"

The man quietly replied, "Sit yersel' doon, mon; sit yersel' doon. We're just trying to settle that noo."

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HAD GREAT ANCESTORS.

A little girl of aristocratic parentage, whose illustrious lineage was often the topic of family conversation, was rebuking her kitten one day for misdemeanour. "Tittums, my dear," said she, with great solemnity, "I see really s'prised at you—and your great-grandfather a prize Persian, too!"

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