ER 9, 1905, ner, Ont.

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Kensington, Que. hich Thon Dear Aunt Becky:

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delay,

not less me,

paint, away

to have two more nieces ?

youngest of the family. I was at Montreal and Quebec this year, but I find Ottawa is the nicest. I think I will close now. Good-bya Your loving niece,

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BBCKY.

Dear Girls and Boys :

I am glad to see the letters grow-

ing. I cannot get too many. Winni-fred M. svidently had a jolly time on

Hallowe'en. May E. asks if I would

like more nieces. Why, yes, dear, I

have room for ever and ever so many

+ + +

Your loving niece,

Your loving niece,

+ + +

live on a farm, and my papa has

twenty-two cows, four horses and

der and learn geography, history, spelling, writing and arithmetic. Sis-

ter's name in Winnifred D., and we

have a cousin Harold. Some think we must be cousins to the little girls

who write to the True Witness. If

they write to us we will answer their

letters. Aunt Becky, would you like

ne calves. I read in the fourth rea-

WINNIFRED M.

Kensington, Que. * * *

Dear Aunt Becky:

Dear Aunt Becky:

AMY McC. BOBBY'S NEST.

I hope to hear again from Winifred "Mother," said Bobby Boy, who D. Amy McC is a new-comer, and she kissed him good-night, "I wish I was a little bird and lived in a lit-tle nest?" very welcome she is. I am sure we

would all like to see the little tea-drinking dog, M. Edna M. says she "Isn't this bed a nice little nest?" asked Bobby Boy's mother. She knick on the floor beside him, and put her head on his white pillow. "Isn't this enjoys thecorner. How funny so many little folks are becoming acquainted. Real little cousins, too, have come nice soft little bed and pretty blue comfort, and plump white pillows together through reading the letters in the corner, I understand. You in the corner, I understand, so leaves and paper, woven together as eannot send too many letters, so leaves and paper, woven together as write as often as you like. the robin in the little like bush makes its little house ?' nicer than sticks and straws and

"Not quite, mother," said Bobby Boy. "I want to sleep just one night AUNT BECKY. in a nest."

Bobby Boy's mother laughed and kissed him good-night again and cuddled the blue comfort about him have received the True Witness and was glad to see such a nice lot and was give to be one. We are hav-ing pretty cold weather here; it is patted the yellow curls and told him snowing to-day. Winnifred D. said snowing to-day. Winnifred D. said to go to sleep. He lay thinking in her last letter that Harold wished about how nice it was for little birds to know how many brothers I have. to know how many brothers is have, who didn t go to kindergarten, and 1 have two brothers, Ray and John-nie. Ray is seventeen the 13th of December, and Johnnie is seven. 1 must thank Winnifred very much for ittle blue conforts in them and lite who didn't go to kindergarten, and must thank winning. I would like the brass knobs all round the edge very much to go to Frampton to see of them and funny pillows made of her, and would also like if Winnifred moss.

and Harold could come to see their Next day hoppy boy was very cousins in Kensington, for we would busy. His mother found him build-be glad to see them and have them ing a bird's next in the closet. It spend a few weeks with us. I will was bigger than the next in the lilac and Harold could come to see their Next day Bobby Boy was very spend a row weeks when us the base of the next in the line next in the line new finish by sending my love to all bush, for Bobby Boy was five years old. It was made of pine branche he had brought in from the woods, M. EDNA M.

and the feathers he had picked from an old duster, and bits of moss and paper and string. Night came again, and Bobby Boy's

As Edna is writing I will write mother tucked him in the blue comalso. I was very much pleased to see the letter from my cousin in smoothed the vellow here put smoothed the yellow hair and kissen Frampton, also send her my love and Bobby Boy good-night after she had sung a little "go-to-sleep" song for hope she will write again. I like very much to see Winnifred's letters him. in the corner. Last night was Hal- Bobby Boy did not go to sleep. He

in the corner. Last night was Hal-lowe'en and we made toffee and play-ef games. The Hallowe'en boys were in and they looked very comical with their false faces. We have no school to-day, as this is All Saints' day, but will go to-morrow. I will now finish by sending my love to all the little consine not forgetting yourself. finish by sending my love to all the boury crawled out of bear. He put on little cousins, not forgetting yourself. I remain. tle bed and ticd it into a bundle. There were sticks in the bundle, and moss and paper, and the feathers from the feather duster. Boibby Boy opened the window and crept out on a little piazza.

We receive the True Witness and like it very much. I like to read the frightened little bird in the tree; then it flew away and screamed, for it tree ?" had never before seen a little boy "I be looking down into its tree when the mcon was shining. The apple tree threw one big branch up on the piaz-Z8.

There was the nicest place where There was the plotet place where the five big limbs branched out. It end of h was just big enough to hold a little boy's nest, and Bobby Boy had been thinking about it for a long time. He ly. climbed out on the branch and put his legs around it, exactly as he did

then writing), w ctions to allow free examination and, if found O.K. 1 Write for Our Bar-gain List. It's Free for the Asking.

warmer and I can eat apples all night."

again. "Go to bed." "All right, sir, I will," said Bobby gotten most of the remarks I wanted

he could hardly hold on to the old bel's envelope,'

tree.

and a long ladder went up to the very heart of the old apple tree, and Bobby Boy crept into his father's arms. He went to sleep in his own little bed, with a hot water bottle at his feet and a hot woolly blanket wrapped about him and soft white pillows under his head; and the last thing he remembered was the big moon looking at him through the apple tree and saying: "Bobby Boy, you're a goose. Isn't that lovely bed better than a nest in the apple

"I believe it is, sir," said Bobby Boy, sleepily.

ISABEL'S ENVELOPE.

"Good-bye !" said Isabel, at the Youth's Companion. end of her visit. "Please don't write

"Don't write !" echoed Lois, blank-

ave read letters from Winnifred b. That is my name tow. I have a brother Wilfrid, twelve years old, and a sister, eight years old. Wilfrid is going to the college in Marieville at. New Yop's, Mary and I are going to the convent acts Sptember. We are going to the convent wack that almost knocked him ware nice, firm be odd there for 's minute, bundle street in the main the pulled the whack that almost knocked him were nice, firm be odd there in wery day. to

Bobby Boy through the branches. Bobby Boy didn't feel comfortable in his nest; a scraggy old branch ket pushing his head out of the way, so he turned around and tried to curl up in a new way, but another branch weuldn't let him. It poked into his back. It began to grow very cold, and the wind whistled through the branches, and the moon stared at to write again."

increageose, chimp up the treet and if I don't do any better than I have go to bed." "I don't believe I like sleeping in the tree to-night," said Bobby Boy to the moon. "It is too cold. It tell you and to ask you before the will be lovely, though, when it grows week is gone, but the trouble with me is I always have so much to say that I keep putting off the letter un-"You're a goose," said the moon til there's time to write a long one, and when I do get at it, I've

"All right, sir, I will, said booby gotten most of the remarks I wanted Boy. He began to crawl up the to make." branch that led to his room. When "Lois, here's a plan " proposed he was half way up he slipped right Isabel, suddenly. "It has just come back, and slid away down into the to me. Will you take a good-sized heart of the tree. He would have envelope and address it to me, and failen to the ground if it had not keep it lying on your desk? Then, been for his shirt catching in a sharp whenever you think of something that branch. Bobby Boy was frightened. belongs especially to me, scribble it The blue comfort had fallent to the on any scrap of paper that happens ground, and his hands were 'so cold to be handy, and slip it into 'Isa-

tree. "Father ! mother !" he screamed. ending: You don't say 'My dear Isa-"Come and get me ! Come and get bel,' and 'Your loving Lois' every "It needn't have any beginning or

little room, and he heard his mother thought you'd like to whisper to me, that drug children into guiotness give such a cry it nearly made him write it on the margin of your pro-"Bobby Boy !" cried his father, get the idea ?

"Bobby Boy, where are you?" "You may see something funny on "Here in my nest," called Bobby the car, or think something serious Boy. Then father and mother climb- while you're at luncheon down-town, Boy. Then father and mother climb-ed out on the piazza. His mother was crying, and his father was bend-back of an old envelope. You might action promotes sleep and repose. It date the messages, but no other for-makies little ones well and keeps them well. Mrs. W. E. Ansell, Ayer's Flat. One says: "I would advise the envelope is full, seal it up and Flat, Que., says: "I would advise send it off. I'll do the same, and every mother with sick or fretful chilwe'll just see if we can't keep touch this year without feeling that They are the most satisfactory mediwe have spent more time and cine I have ever tried, and almost magical in their effects." You can get

worst correspondent in the world' at Co., Brockville, Ont. that time has formed the habit of keeping half a dozen envelopes, each addressed to one of her friends, according to Isahel's suggestion; and not the least interesting point about it is that every one of these friends

declares that the mail never brings a letter which compares in delight with these packages of fresh every-day bits from the life of busy Lois.-

+ + +

TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL. Sweet Angel, let me cling to thee;

 $^{\prime\prime}$ OV

We we use commenced handling Guns, and, in order to get our share of the business right from the start, we in goine to sell for a time at cut prices. Here are our first two specials, each one a decided limited. Get your order is any and be sure of your ren.

Some Remarkable Offers' in- Guns

and the wind whistled through the branches, and the moon stared at him and said: "Bobby Boy, cou're a little goose, climb up the treet and if I don't do any better than I have ro to bed."

thorough and honest count for anything.'

man or boy who is ashamed of an possible. It is no easy matter to honest calling, dishonors that calling obtain permission to attend a recepand will never do good work in it." All pride is out of place when , it males one ashamed of an honest orsent.

success in a calling that is not honorable,

"Set your pride

Then, Of any honest calling." -The Angelus.

> HELP FOR LITTLE ONES. It is a recognized fact that babies

-and indeed all children-need a medicine of their own. Medical men know, too, that most baby medicines time you speak when I'm here. But do more harm than good-that most He could see the lamp, lit in his if a play, for instance, suggests a of them contain poisonous opiates,

dren to use Baby's Own Tablets. This was two years ago, and the or by mail at 25 cents a box by result is that the girl who was "the context of the trans" Medicine writing the Dr. * Williams' Medicine

DONAHOE'S FOR NOVEMBER. "President Roosevelt's Third Term" is the title of an interesting article by Herbert Young in Donaboe's Magazine, in which he discusses many vital issues in national government Susan Gavan Duffy has a charming paper on the celebration "The Fete Des Vignerons" in Vevey; and Beatrice Oulton writes of Thanksgiving Day in New England.

"The Autumn Drama" is the subject of the monthly dramatic review Xavier's College.

Xavier's College. Other notable contributions are Irishment. We have a duke of the "The Ninth in the Civil War," and Papal states, Duc de Stacpoole of "The Jolly Monk"-the latter a time-| Mount ly and forceful protest against the Dasterot, de Salis, Magawli-Cerati grossly insulting pictures exhibited in of the Holy Roman Empire; Count de "The Glamor of a Queen," by ant to the barony of Le Power and Frances Maitland, is concluded, and Curraghmore, created so far back as "Not a Judgment" is reaching the 1535. and Counts Moore and Plunfinal chapters. Anne Elizabeth kett of Rome. O'Hare, in "The Interpreter" has The Knights "Hare, in "The Interpreter" has The Knights of Glin of Kerry are produced one of the best stories of holders of Irish hereditary titles, the year. "To Avoid the Curse," by while many ancient Irish chieftains the year. To Avoid the class, by while many ancient Irish chieftains Ben Hurst, and "Four Kinds of a wretch," by Marion Brunowe, are other short stories that add much to the interest of the November number. O'Conor Don, The MacGillicuidy of = the Reeks. Under the ancient Trish the Recks. Under the ancient Trish law of Tanistry the Irish chieftains were elective, and required formal in-vestiture by their class, and the titles did not descend hereditarily. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries these chieftainries were surrendered to the crown by their holders and case of the ergin. Shout the beginning of the crown by their holders and c ed to exist. About the beginnin the nineteenth contury, howe some of the representatives of last holders of the chieftdincies sumed the titles, and these title If you, your friends or relatives suffer ris, Epilepy, St. Vitus' Dance, or Fal Sickness, while for a trial Bottle and value ruline on each dis LEIBIGS FITCURE

THE POPE AND THE IEW

Mr. Isaac Jackson, of the well known Pittsburg men's and boys' clothing firm, has just returned if on an extended trip to Europe. His itinerary included Rome; and as soon as he reached the Eternal City he.re-

solved to try to see Pope Pius X. "When I contemplated including occupation." "Well, he certainly does, if being intended to visit," said Mr. Jackson

to a representative of the Pittsburg Observer, "I made up my mind to "It counts for everything. And the pay a visit to the Pope, if it were tion given by the Pope. Happily, however, I succeeded in being

cupation. It is a far worse form of "It was on Sunday, August 6, the pride to vaumt one's self because of first Sunday of the month, that I was accorded this pleasure and privilege. A general reception was held by Pope Pius that day. I was In its proper place and never be introduced by a gentleman named zama Settimlo.

My impressions ? They were vivid. and will never be effaced. Before we entered the Pope's reception room, I was deeply impressed with the appearance of the armed. attendants, the Swiss guards and the pages, and the Cardinals, all dressed in red damask. In the midst of these red uniforms and vestments, the Pope, dressed in pure white, presented most interesting figure. We all knelt. There was a benign paternal smile on his face as he walked up so that we could kiss his Pontifical ring, and then he turned round, and bestowed upon us his Apostolic Blessing. Nobody could take part in such 8 solemn and impressive ceremony without feeling considerable emotion. I shall never forget that event in the Pope's audience chamber. The idea that the Pope's face conveys is that of piety and goodness, and a love which embraces all mankind.

"Next day, accompanied by Chevalier Pio Filippini, one of the Pope's courtiers, I paid a long visit to the Vatican, seeing all the priceless collections, and entering practically every hall and chamber in it except the Pope's private apartments. Ther, accompanied by Mr. A. Guedalia, we visited St. Peter's Cathedral and afterwards that of St. Paul, where there are to be seen paintings of the 258 Popes who have occuried Papal See: They present a magni-ficent spectacle. The one in which most interest is taken is that Pope Linus, the second Pope."

SOME TITLED IRISHMEN.

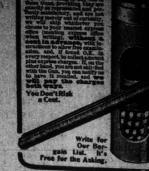
The death of Count O'Byrne, whose devotion to the Irish National cause by the Rev. John Talbot Smith. Philip J. McKenna tells of the or-ganization of the Catholic Order of ed at his seat, Corville, till health Foresters; and J. Angus MacDonald compelled him to live abroad, will describes the recent celebration of remind us that titles of the Papal the Golden Jubilee of St. Francis court are borne by several residents

in Ireland, of whom the majority are

Army Rifle Converted to Shotgun-\$5,95 This arm was a trie of was able to be and the state of the state was a bring of the state of th www.acd. The herer indication of these runs are on now be relied upon for reliable and accurate work an encount whole gun. Introductory free out with the second work of the second second second second second for the second barry of the second bar IC DEFICI, I GARG D'OTTENT value at the price. They have never been wholesaled for ion than \$12:00 and in a set the price. They have never offered by someout else, a we to us at practically cost. You'll save get another chance like this. Durit m or to us at practically cost. You'll save get another chance in don't full to Read our Liberal Offer in the upper left hand corner, and don't fail to send for our Bargain List anyway. JOHNSTON & CO., DEPT 1140, TORONTO, ONT.

BIG GUN BAR- Free Trial GAIN

ETT OFFICE



Name. Jesu, aid dear, paid

De sa lver, living; dead 1

fitting; of his na--dead 1

is a crue t men and like it do

a like it do nal instinct a they keep with in their we three up playing the playing the play of the

school. It is about a mile and a quarter from our house. We drove every day. If I see my letter in print I will write again. Good-bye, from

Warden, Que, * * * My Dear Aunt Becky:

writing, cotechism and deswine an ten years old. Two got two tes and three brothers. Two ear little dog named Tiny, suc will thick it funny to know that will thick it funny to know that which is a wory day. I an

WINNIFRED D.

letters from the children in Ottawa so I thought I would write

go to St. Joseph's the second reader. writing, catechism

Every time I read the True With mes I notice that there are not an

which that almost knocked him which that almost knocked him down. It was a good thing there were nice, firm branches like a wall all around him, or Bobby Boy would have tumbled to the ground. He wated for a minute to get his branth back, then he began to build his nest. It was not as easy to build a most as in the closet, because things tumbled to the ground. All the sticks full, and a puf of wind carried the paper and feathers away. The most wouldn't stay put, and nothing seemed to want to be made into a seemed to feet could, so he spread it round him and crouched down in his nest. It was very longly and quiet. The Hells bird came back and fiew into the top of this free and said, "Gheep weep, obcep weep," as if it was slippy and tired.

DOAN'S **KIDNEY PILLS** OURED HIM.

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. Meln farice, Bridge, N.S., has for Doan's Kidd, his. (He writes u.): "For the past three ye have suffered terrible agony from pain acro band. I consulted and had several docto bend. I consulted and had several docto at me, but could get no relief. On the advi-strined, I procured to box of your valuabil strined, I procured to box of your valuabil strined, and deligne, I immediately and the in my option."

"Set your pride In its proper place and never ashamed Of any honest calling."

Where do you suppose I saw these ords for the first time? I saw words for the

words for the first time? I saw them in a place that gave them a special significance, and that place was the shop of a blacksmith. The words were crudely painted in black letters on a bit of pine board nailed above the door of his shop. I was visiting in the neighborhood, and I said to the farmer friend with whom I was sharper

as staying: That man is a good blacksmith.

st we ever had in this to en he nets a shoe or a whoon tire stave. I know farmers who go of by two or three blacksmith