Cije 653)

the gates of

Dear Girls and Boys:

storm but did not mind it. Too bad

Fred B. does not go to school re-

gularly; but he says he has to stay

Your loving,

++ ++ ++

to you I thought I would write also

and tell how I am getting along. I

don't go to school much in the sum

mer. I have to stay home and help

and all God's ll this doubt could find a en be content, ies, pure and the close-shut ne calyxes of t toil we reach

h sandals loosly know and all say: "God

-Y HAND.

him who toils him the home hou find his h in garb un-

his love will hand.

r of the world en build with

, O sweet twilight dim! ye shall com-

on the sand. hand. ere shall walk ring Morn-

they ?

Dear Aunt Becky:

a, the flame of pose, struggle-

r futures grand I's strength to hand. , in the New

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E DO.

the ill we do." ose words are o rung out, and blind with and brightness

I did. arned to see that we ker, hide,

s true, good we do." good we do," he silent dew, the roots be-

n grown

11 I do;"

lon, too;

t of me

have done,

only Thee.

ay and do,

the light

t some poor

nd make me

earth's path-

seen, and un-

ones." These

strongly in Sold by all

y mail at 25

ng The Dr. Brockville,

now it not.

and unseen; and untold, dred fold.

good we do," ve view Dear Aunt Becky: ole and see stery;



Our numbers seem to be keeping up thought I would write you another nd now that school closing will be letter. All the boys and girls who so soon my girls and boys will have are going to get first communion evenue for not writing to me. I here are going out to church Saturday to be examined. I was to am pleased to learn that Joseph is show last night in Lonsdale. It was a great deal better. I hope he will there all week, so far and will be be able to go to Ste. Anne de Beauthere some of next week. It was pre this summer. Annie O'N. seems thundering and lightning when we to take real pleasure in writing. I were there but we did not mind it. It is free every night. There are am so glad that she and her brother did not take the birds' nests they prizes given to the baby who gets the most votes.' There are discovered. That is about the meanfive babies in the contest. There was est thing to do. Just think what a prize last night given to the homesorrow the poor little mother bird liest man, and one to-night for the must feel when she returns to the laziest. There was one given Wedtree top and finds that the tiny nest nesday night for the boy who could eat pie the fastest, and one Tuesday she was so diligent in building had night for the boy who put on his been taken away. Clare B. has boots first. There was no prize quite a nice little family of turkeys yet for the girls, but I think there

and goslings. Agnes McC. is braver will be one to-night or to-morrow night. Good-bye, than I would be in a thunder storm, Your loving niece, . which is a pet terror of mine. She says they were all out in a bad

AGNES McC. Lonsdale, Ont.

++ ++ ++

at home to help in the fields. I am Dear Aunt Becky:

sure Winnifred D. would be delighted I am feeling much better this sure Winnifred E. and the other week. The farmers around here are nearly all done sowing and planting. Grass and grain look well. The vege ly. Poor little girlie, I am sure we tables in the garden are going well, too. Our goslings are growing fast; all hope she is getting better and are anxiously awaiting news from the old geese take them down to a brook that is in the pasture not very far from the barn and come novation of her church. It must, back in the evening. The convent indeed, look very well. John D. closes 25th of this month. I will be sends his first letter. He has a very so glad for my sisters will be at fair number of studies for a little home with me then all the time. If boy of his age. There are some I get strong enough this summer I names missing. Which ones are de Beaupre. I have been saving my will go on a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne pennies for St. Anthony's shrine of the South. I have one more card to AUNT BECKY. fill then I will be a life member of

the Union. We had a hard thunder storm last night; it did no damage in our neighborhood. Good-bye for this time. As my two brothers have written

Your nephew, JOSEPH.

Granby, June 9.

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come and see us too. Good-bye.

++ ++ ++

Warden, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky:

my father in the fields. We had bad thunder and lightning storms this Dear Aunt Becky: year already. We only have three How many new cousins we are re weeks to go to school and it

getting. I am very sorry for the other Winnifred D. I am sure she will be holidays. Then we can go to the river fishing. This last week there has been a concert in the vilmust be lonesome in the hospital. If lage and I was down one night but she were near me, how glad I should

be to go see her every day. I wish did not win any prize. she could have some of our lovely flowers. We have about fifty kinds. Your loving nephew, FRED B.

Lonsdale. Ont. ++ ++ ++

Dear Aunt Becky: I am going to tell you I have fifteen little turkeys and I have four more little goslings. So you see I am having better luck. We had a heavy storm last night. We were going to plant potatoes to-day, but it

was so wet we could not plant them, but to-morrow they will plant them. I guess this is all for this time.

Your loving nephew, CLARE B. Lonsdale, Ont.

the tot it.

ONE, TWO, THREE. It was an old, old, old, old lady, And a boy that was half-past three And the way they played together

Was beautiful to see She couldn't go running and jump-

And the boy, no more could he: As this is a beautiful day I For he was a thin little fellow, With a thin little twisted knee. They sat in the yellow twilight,

Out under the maple tree; And the game they played I'll tell doing that, it includes a great many you,

Just as it was told to me.

It was hide and go seek they were plaving. Though you'd never have known it quickly. to be

With an old, old, old, old lady, And the boy with the twisted knee

The boy would bend his face down On his one little sound right knee And he'd guess where she was hiding,

In guesses one, two, three! You are in the china closet!" He would cryand laugh with glee-

It wasn't the china closet, But he still had two and three.

You are up in papa's bedroom, In the chest with the queer old

key !" And she said: "you are warm and warmer, But you're not quite right," said

'It can't be the little cupboard Where mamma's things used to be-So it must be the clothespress,

gran'ma!" And he found her with his three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,

That were wrinkled and white and wee. And she guessed where the boy was

hiding, With a one, and a two and a three.

And they never had stirred from their places, Right under the maple tree-

This old, old, old, old lady, And the boy with the lame little knee-

This dear, dear, dear old lady, And the boy who was half past three.

-H. C. Bunner.

++ ++ ++ MADGE'S FUDGE.

Tilly had finished her work and gone upstairs for the night. kitchen table had been scrubbed until it was as white as snow, the floor was spotless. That was , the

way Tilly always kept it. "I wonder if there's any fire," remarked Madge in the sitting-room, pushing her algebra back. "If there I like to sit in the front garden and s, I believe I'll make some fudge." sew where I can watch the flowers

and hear so many birds singing. I her easy-chair. "You make it better think we never had so many sweet than anyone I know." singing birds as we have this year. Every night a whip-poor-will comes

near our home. When you come to see Joseph and Kit, will you not WINNIFRED A. E. . weakness for fudge ?"

ly.

There were only these two, Madge and grandma, and how they did love one another! Seventy and seventeen and yet they were such good com-There was a fire, for Tilly, like the

and very nice walks on all sides. How I wish you could see it. I

"Tilly's a treasure," said Madge, as she measured the sugar. "There's a fine fire, grandma."

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

Grandma had risen and came into the kitchen, too. "Isn't she!" she answered in "so faithful and honest, and, in-deed, everything that is good." .-"I wish, Madge," she added thoughtfully, "that you'd let her know you appreciate her just a little Young people are apt to be thoughtless, and I want my Madge to grow up straight for God, and in

things-kindness, patience, unselfish ness toward everyone about us, whether high or low." "But, grandma, I never said anything to her," protested Madge,

"Ah," protested grandma, "that is just the, trouble, dearest. She , took such pains with your shirt-waists last week, yet you never thanked her. She made you your favorite pudding yesterday, but you forgot to tell her how you enjoyed it. swept your room for you on Fri-

day, but you remember yod did not tell her how well it was done. Re-member, dear, that though Tilly works for a living, she is but little older than you. Only a girl, too. And though you are so differently situated, yet the cases might have been reversed. Put yourself once in a while in her place, dear, and imagine how you would feel. And, Madge, she is as fond of you as possible. 1 wish you could have seen her face

when you came down dressed for the party at Wallace's last week. It was so full of admiration and love. It quite surprised me. Perhaps, dear, when you think of it, you will try to be a little kinder.'

Madge was stirring her fudge energetically, but her face was thought-ful. "I will, grandma," she cried earnestly; "and to prove it to you, I'll take her up some candy as soon as it is done."

Madge was as good as her word. Armed with a little china plate full of her own delicious fudge, she mounted the steep steps to Tilly's oom. She knocked.

There was a moment of silence. then Tilly opened the door. Madge gasped, for Tilly was

raved in an old white dress, a blue bow peeped coquettishly from out the soft, pretty hair, and there were slippers on the small feet, and about her neck was a circlet of beads.

"Why. Tilly," cried Madge, "are you going out !" I didn't know it." Tilly blushed. "No," she answered "I just thought I'd see how I looked dressed up like you were the other

night for the party, you know. never thought of you coming up The my room to find me out. "I don't go any place, you know and it came to me that I'd like to

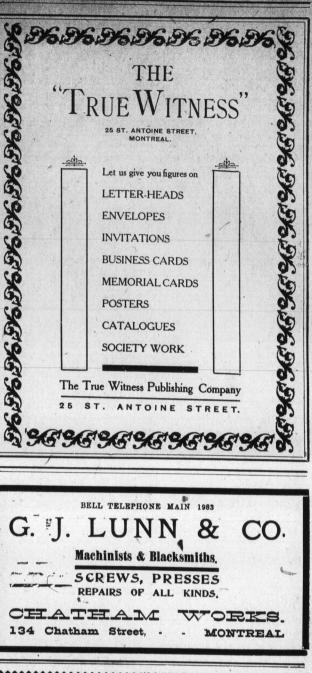
know, for once, how it felt to be pretty and happy, like you, and have things, and go to parties. Mother's dead, and I've always had to work, but it's hard, sometimes, though I do try to do my well.

Madge reached impulsively and took the rough little hand.

"My mother is dead, too, Tilly," she she said softly, "and I know just how it feels-that part of it, I mean. And as to the work, you're the best little worker in the world. Grandma and I were talking about it only this evening. Tilly, perhaps I never said so, but I do appreciate all you do for me, even if I don't show it. And, Tilly, I've brought you up some fudge, and after this I'm going to do better to you. You shall have

my ticket to the concert for next And Tilly-"

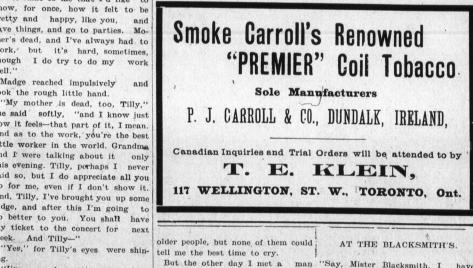
"I've a much prettier white dress older and wiser than any of the, rest.



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nices, Piping, Corrugated Iron, Etc., and want the best, call on

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But the other day I met a man "Say, Mister Blacksmith, I have

I've brought my shoe-that's got all

"Do," said grandma, smiling from

Madge went over and kissed , the wrinkled cheek. "Grandma," she wrinkled cheek. cried merrily, "is it possible, really possible, that you, with a big grandddaughter like myself, own to

Grandma laughed, "Yes, I'll confess, Madge," she answered smiling-"I'll make it, then," said Madge.

"that is, if there's any fire." It is a lovely day and I have just come from church. Such a sweet little church we have. It has been painted and made to look ever so We nave trees in front of it rades.

