

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I think it is pretty mean that so many have gone back on me. I am pleased, though, to hear from Winnifred and Harold. They write such nice letters. At this time especially there is a great deal to write about. You have all had your summer vacation, and many of you have been in the country or at the seaside. Well, you must have seen things that surprised you and picked up shells and other mementoes of your summer outing. Now, nothing time is on, and I am sure not many of you are letting it pass without laying in stores. Let us all hear about the fun. Do not let me be alone in the corner next week.

Your loving,

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I see we are too late with our letters this week, but Harold was sick yesterday with a headache, and I had to wait for him to write. We just received the True Witness and I see a nice letter from M. Edna. I send her my love and hope she will write again. We read all the little stories in the corner. Some are funny. I have a dear little cat called Blondie, she came all the way from Port Daniel, from grandpa's, in a basket. Our old cat, Tabby, was jealous of her at first, but they are more friendly now. Good-night, Aunt Becky. Love to yourself and all the little cousins.

Your niece,

WINNIFRED D.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Winnifred and I were pleased to see our letters in the corner, and hope there will be letters from some little cousins this week. The weather is getting cold here now, the lovely summer is gone, and we will soon be looking forward to another visit from Santa Claus. We are feeling very lonely, for our Aunt Stacey, who had to go to the hospital last week to undergo treatment. We hope she will soon be with us again. She taught me music, and I like it. With love, I remain

Your nephew,

HAROLD D.

West Frampton.

DAISY AND GEORGE RUN AWAY.

"I think I'll buy a freckled hen with my dime," said Daisy, inclining so far back in her little red chair her brown boots were high in the air, "then I needn't eat a single mortal thing but eggs unless I want to."

"Aw, who cares for an old freckled egg hen?" retorted George scornfully. "Our fathers and mothers will get us all the eggs we want. With my dime and a little more I am going to get a few things not good for me, a dark cave with a gypsy man and another robber in it, two cannons, a real live locomotive little enough for me to run, a fireworks store and a motor patrol wagon. Whoopie!" he yelled, so electrified by the thought of the last item, he fairly bounced up and down.

"And lots of toy balloons," added Daisy.

"No, I've changed my mind on that now; I'll have a real balloon, not a toy one. How much money must I have to buy all that? As much as \$2 do you think? I have 17 cents, and I am going to earn the rest. Come on, we might as well start now."

"Oh, George, am I going with you? Goody, goody!"

"Yes, and maybe I'll let you get the hen, too," said George, in a burst of generosity, "now come on."

On adventure bent from the moment he had got out of bed, George had prepared himself by putting on his father's evening vest, and Daisy was no less equipped, as she wore her mother's best hat and the pink and white opera bag to match it hung on her arm, stuffed with bursting with oil currant cookies. They slipped through the yard and went quickly down the street.

"I think I shall go to work in an ice cream factory first," said George. "It is getting pretty warm now, and by being there I can save most of the money I earn to buy other things for us."

"Hatches and boy! Knives and the freckled hen," suggested Daisy sweetly.

"No, stree," corrected George. "It's to be something with lectricity in it. Oh, say, I know what I'll do."

I'll wait until the fourth of July before I go to work in the ice cream or fireworks stores, and start right in now on the lectricity. Then we can have all the rides we want on automobiles."

"In nice little red ones like that?" asked Daisy, indicating with her hand a motor carriage drawn up to the curb near by.

"Oh, yes. I didn't see that, but it is the very one we want. Come on and get in. We might as well start now."

"Let us sit in and eat a few cookies first," said Daisy in a cautious tone, "and afterward, we can put the lectricity on and go just a teeny bit because, George, I'm—I'm—I'm 'traided to go fast without our fathers and mothers along."

"I wouldn't be a girl! I wouldn't be a girl!" cried George in disdain.

"I would," said Daisy, "and now, George, go nice and easy and not a bit fast or runny or anything scary."

"No, sir, I'm going as fast as I can because I don't like half-fast going. I'm going to race, I am!"

"All right for you, George Young, but if we were killed I'll never speak to you as long as I live, now you see if I do."

"You'd better, or I'll not let you play with my rabbits or see me eat four cookies at once."

Thus threatened Daisy gave in and George began laying about him for something to make the "lectricity" go. There were several puzzling knobs and handles in view, and George pulled this one and pushed that, his brow knitted and an earnest tightness about his mouth, when, lo and behold, presently the motor carriage moved and they were gliding along, dodging vehicles and pedestrians as adroitly as could be. It was perfectly grand! Corner after corner was safely rounded, street after street flowed under them, and before they knew it they were through the lake, but, oh, horror upon horror, they were in it.

Daisy screamed in terror and clung to George, crying, "Mamma, mamma, I want my mamma!"

"Stop hollerin' or we'll be arrested," commanded George.

"Stop, oh, please do stop, George. I want to go to my mother. I—I don't want to be drowned to-day!"

Manfully George tugged and yanked at the handles, purple with fear and excitement, but the car jumped along swishing in and out of the water viciously, and the children, crouched together in the bottom of the carriage, realized that they were at its mercy. George at last ceasing in his efforts to control it. Suddenly Daisy lifted her head.

"We must pray, George, we must pray, and then maybe it will stop. Oh, please, sweet, good angels in heaven make it stand still so we can go home to our mothers. Oh, kind angels, please let it, and we will always be good after!"

"Yes, angels, please do," added George, "and I will help all I can by pulling the handles awful hard and by being a good boy forever and ever amen."

As he finished the car slowed down and soon came to a standstill, and the children climbed out, too bewildered to know which way to turn.

"We are lost all right enough," said George, "and now you will have to pray for the way to go home. I'm bad, and the angels don't like me. You go on and pray, and when we get home I'll give you one of my rabbits."

"Please, angels, take us home," prayed Daisy on her knees in the sand and gravel. "Our fathers and mothers love us, and don't want us killed or lost or anything. Please take us home."

"All right, just you climb back in the choo-choo wagon again, and I'll have you in two toots and a whizz. All aboard!"

The startled children looked up and saw a great, stout, smiling young fellow half-hidden in the rear of the car, and it was evident that he had been there all the time. Daisy grasped the situation quickly, and lifted her arms to him with a joyful cry, but doughty George drew back with a pout, exclaiming:

"And it was you all the time, and wasn't I doing it at all?"

"Not for a second," replied the jolly motorman, "and you can be glad of it, for if you had been you would both have been in the lake by this time. Boys can't run these things unless they want to kill themselves."

"We were almost killed, weren't we?" asked Daisy.

"Well, I prayed too, and helped all I could, and I was pulling the handles awful and maybe I helped the most, for I am the strongest."

"Yes, he is the strongest," assented Daisy, "and he pulled the handles awful much."

"The prayers stopped the machine, all right," said the motorman, "and if it hadn't stopped you two wouldn't be here now, and I am going to take you home on condition that you promise me you will never as long as you live run away with another choo-choo wagon, and you've both got to promise good and hard before I stir a step out of this."

He was so earnest the children were quite frightened and cried:

"We promise, we promise, and now take us right home quick!"

"All aboard, then, and I'll have you there in a whiff. Now, here we are—one, two, three—off we go for home and popper and mommer, and a whole pantry full of cookies and goodies!"

And the now happy children were whirled away under the safe guidance of the jolly motorman.—Alvan Ary, in Western Watchman.

THE BORROWED SKIN.

In a very interesting article on Wild Beast Doctors in the current issue of "T. A. T." the writer tells of a remarkable story of skin grafting which he avers took place in the London Zoo. A big female elephant

so injured her shoulder by falling against a projecting iron spike that a huge abscess formed, and her life was despaired of.

Temporary relief was experienced by the beast when the morbid growth was excised (an operation which required, by the way, more than two gallons of chloroform), but the wound refused to heal, although syringed daily with several quarts of powerful antiseptic lotion.

Eventually Dr. Jules Gregory, the eminent expert in pachydermatous dermatology, was called in, and (the elephant having some weeks previously given birth to a young one) he decided to graft some of the tender growing skin of the baby on to the raw surface of the open sore.

And, amazing though it may sound, this was actually done. The mother was chained on her side to the ground, and a bit of skin off her baby's leg was grafted on. Success attended the first experiment, so, bit by bit, more skin was transferred from the one animal to the other, and in a few weeks both mother and baby were perfectly sound and whole.

THE WAY TO ADVANCE.

An employe has something at stake besides his salary, says a writer in "Success." He has character. There is manhood involved compared with which salary is nothing. The way one does his work enters into the very fibre of his character. It is a matter of conscience, and no one can afford to sell himself because his salary is meagre. Besides, if one puts his very best self into every little thing he does—puts his heart and conscience into it and tries to see how much, and not how little, he can give his employer—he will not be likely to be underpaid very long. He will be advanced.

FORCE OF HABIT.

Ned was watching grandpa put on his shoes. "Why do you turn 'em over to shake 'em before you put 'em on?" he asked.

"Did I?" said grandpa.

"Why, yes, you did, but I didn't see anything come out. I have to shake the sand out of my shoes most every morning."

Grandpa laughed. "I didn't notice that I shook my shoes, Ned, but I got the habit of shaking my shoes every time before putting them on when I was in India."

"Why did you do that?"

"To shake out scorpions or centipedes or other vermin that might be hidden in them."

"But you don't seem to do it here, for we don't have such things."

"I know, but I formed the habit, and now I do it without thinking."

"Habit is a queer thing, isn't it?" said Ned.

"It's a very strong thing," said grandpa. "Remember that, my boy. A habit is a chain that grows stronger every day, and it seems as if a bad habit grows stronger faster than a good one. If you want to have good habits when you are old, form them while you are young and let them be growing strong all the while you live."—Mayflower.

MOTHER NATURE'S CHILDREN.

One of the most wonderful things Mother Nature does is to teach her children how to accomplish things with means and appliances that seem entirely inadequate for the purpose. A bird will build an intricate and beautiful nest with no better tool than her beak (birds do not use their claws for this purpose), a caterpillar can shape a symmetrical cocoon and bees the sharp angled cells of their combs. These are familiar instances of this, but by no means as wonderful as those shown in the work of some sea animals that live in shells.

—St. Nicholas.

Spalding says: "The chief value of a man lies in the thought and love his life embodies and reveals, and not in the office he fills nor wealth he accumulates."

The quiet activity of mind required to adjust ourselves to difficult surroundings gives a zest and interest to life which we can find in no other way and adds a certain strength to the character which cannot be found elsewhere.—Annie Payson Call.

## EARS OF ANIMALS.

The British long-eared bat has a body only two inches long from the tip of its nose to the base of its tail, but its ears are an inch and a half long and three-quarters of an inch broad. When the owner of these vast ears proposes to go to sleep it bends them outward and then backward, folding them down on each side of its head and shoulders before bringing up its wings to cover its sides. When the little bat awakes it is quite a business to straighten these cumbersome ears into position again. In fact, he holds them for some time half-cock before he is able to erect them fully. Bats are very sensitive to draughts, and on that account this little mammal puts itself to bed in such careful wraps.—Pearson's Weekly.

WHY AUGUST HAS 31 DAYS.

Not every person, even of those having some knowledge of astronomy, knows why August has 31 days. The reason has nothing astronomical about it. It is simply the gratification of a whim. July, which takes its name from Julius Caesar, has 31 days, and Augustus, who completed the calendar, declined to submit to the indignity of seeing his own month branded with the inferiority of one day less. The astronomers had, accordingly, to reshuffle the lunar cards, and after some perplexity hit upon the expedient of shearing 24 hours from February's glory in order that August might face the world on a footing of perfect equality with July.—Ex.

THE VALUE OF COMPANIONS.

It is pleasant and helpful to have congenial associates and companions. In the home, in social and business circles and in public service it conduces to one's happiness and success to have close and continuous relations with those whose characteristics harmonize with one's own. The current of life flows smoothly under such circumstances, or at least it has fewer rough places to meet than it would have in other and less agreeable surroundings.

This being the case, it would be well for each one to do her best to make herself as agreeable to others as she wishes them to be to her.

ROME AND OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

We don't wish to allow this opportunity to pass without noticing one of the feasts observed in Rome a few days ago, it being one of those that never fail to throw that quaint charm over Roman life which is always noticed by the foreigner. It is known as the Feast of Our Lady of the Snow, celebrated in the Basilica of St. Mary Major.

We must go back to the fourth century, when the first stone of the basilica was laid, for the origin of this rather curious feast. In that year Pope Liberius and John, a Roman patrician, had a vision of the Blessed Virgin, in which she expressed a desire to have a church built in honor of her name. At once the Pontiff and the nobleman commenced to lay their plans for the future church, but were perplexed as to where a suitable site was to be obtained. Pagans were still strong, and its adherents were as fierce, though more relenting, in their opposition to the one true Church as anti-clerical bodies of our own day. Heaven, however, pointed out the site in a decisive manner. In August, the hottest month of a Roman summer, Christian and pagan Rome awoke to find part of one of the seven hills covered miraculously with snow. The snow, lying to a depth of several inches, covered the site required, and remained long enough for the dimensions pointed out to be taken.

Though the ravages of time have made renovated rebuilding and restoring of the original edifice necessary, the limits covered by the miraculous snow so many centuries ago have never been exceeded. Year by

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## ARCHBISHOP AND RABBI

An Interesting Letter One of the Last Written by the Late Mgr. Chapelle

The Young Men's Hebrew Association Magazine, of New Orleans, publishes the following:

One of Archbishop Chapelle's last letters was written to a Jewish rabbi, the Rev. Louis Schrieber, of Jackson, Tenn. When the beloved and lamented prelate was at the head of the See of Santa Fe, the rabbi was also a religious teacher in New Mexico, and he admired the strong personality of the Catholic leader.

They spoke from the same platform in Las Vegas during that period. The rabbi's oration came first and struck the keynote of fraternity. In responding the Archbishop said that it "raised his high hopes for that universal brotherhood which he so longed to see established in all its spiritual beauty between man and man and the churches of God."

The mon lived as friends, and when distance divided them the memory of their mutual esteem remained fresh and fragrant.

Not long ago Rabbi Schrieber, also transferred to the Southern field, read of the success of the mission of his former confere, and wrote him a message to show he still delighted in the other's welfare. The reply from the Archbishop read:

"Rev. and Dear Friend: Please accept my heartfelt thanks for the very kind words of congratulation which you have so kindly addressed to me. The sentiments which your letter conveys touched me deeply. May the Lord God hear your prayer, for I know that I shall have a heavy burden to carry. I do not deserve the application of the words of David except in so much that my intentions are pure in striving to nourish a true love for righteousness and hatred of iniquity and to communicate these sentiments to others, but alas! the performance often falls short of the aim."

"Permit me to say that I account it a great blessing to have met you, and I trust that I may have the privilege of knowing you still better, for you have in your soul the spirit of a Gamaliel, a far-reaching intellect and wide sympathies. I pray God that He may bless you in all your undertakings for His glory, and that He may grant you length of days. Your sincere friend,

"P. L. CHAPPELLE."

A BABY CHANGED.

"One could hardly believe the change Baby's Own Tablets have wrought in my child," says Mrs. Angus Morrison, Port Caldwell, Ont. "He suffered terribly while teething, vomited his food and was weak and puny. One box of Baby's Own Tablets made him a changed child. They eased the pain of teething, strengthened his stomach, and he is now a big, healthy child, growing finely and never sick a day." The experience of Mrs. Morrison is that of thousands of other mothers who have found health for their little ones and comfort for themselves in the use of Baby's Own Tablets. Mothers need not be afraid of this medicine, it is guaranteed not to contain an atom of opiate or strong drug. They could not harm a child of any age, and they are good for them at all ages. Ask your druggist for Baby's Own Tablets, or send 25 cents to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get them by mail.

A Protestant Canadian Praises His French Fellow-Countrymen.

When the new church of St. Charles, Winnipeg, was blessed the other day, there was a banquet in the afternoon in honor of Archbishop Langevin and the visiting clergy, at which some excellent speeches were made. Perhaps the most interesting from one viewpoint was that of Mr. Parker, a Protestant farmer who has been lying in the neighborhood for nearly thirty years, and who, when called upon to speak, complained that his tongue did not respond to his feelings in church matters. He wished, however, to say that the Protestants of the district had always highly appreciated their French countrymen. They have never had, in public or private matters, any disagreement worth mentioning. Far from being an unprogressive people, the French were the first to build a church there, although the Protestants preceded them in the district by fifteen years. Mr. Parker had already attended one dedication of a French church; it was at Lasalle, and he never heard a more liberal sermon than was preached that day by the late lamented Archbishop Tache. In a word, the Protestants of the district had received the most valuable help from their French neighbors. He regretted that he had been informed of the day's ceremony too late to hear the sermons of His Grace and Father Drummond, but he was glad to hear Archbishop Langevin speak so eloquently of the greatness of Canada. He was glad to hear those sentiments from the French people, who were the pioneers there.



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