

# Our Boys and Girls

## BY AUNT BECKY

### GOOD-MORNING.

The world grew brighter to aged Tim  
When a well-dressed gentleman  
said to him,  
"Good-morning, sonny!" then passed  
along.  
And was lost in the busy city  
throng;  
It was not much for the man to  
say,  
But the world grew brighter to  
Tim that day.

The world grew brighter for Mother  
Gray,  
As Tim sang out in a cheerful way,  
"Good-morning, mother!" then passed  
along.  
With a lighter step and heart,  
of song;  
It was not much for Tim to say,  
But the world grew brighter to  
Mother Gray.

A bright "Good-morning," a cheery  
song,  
Or a kind word spoken can not go  
wrong;  
Into some heart they are sure to  
throw  
A ray of light that will thrive and  
grow,  
Ever increasing from day to day,  
Till the earth and its people have  
passed away.

### SPIDERS CAST OUT LIFE LINES.

I took a large spider from his web  
under the basement of a mill, put  
him on a chip of wood, and set  
him afloat on the quiet waters of  
the pond. He immediately began to  
cast a web for the shore. He threw  
it as far as possible in the air with  
the wind. It soon reached the shore  
and made fast to the spires of grass.  
Then he turned himself about and, in  
true sailor fashion, began to haul  
in hand over hand his cable. Care-  
fully he drew it until his bark be-  
gan to move toward shore. As it  
moved the faster he the faster drew  
upon it to keep his bawser taut,  
and from touching the water. Soon  
he reached the shore and quickly sped  
his way homeward. I tried several  
spiders and they all came to shore  
in like manner.

### SHE FILLED A GAP.

"Amy, Amy," called Mildred, the  
10-year-old. Her sister, a high  
school girl, appeared to answer.  
"Oh, Amy, we need somebody to  
help in the game—just one more. Do  
come and play, or we can't go on."  
The young girl laughed pleasantly  
and made believe that she was 10,  
with such success that the children  
cried after her. "Wish you'd always  
help us out."  
"Daughter," called a gentle voice.  
It was mother this time. "Will you  
please take this sample and get a  
half-yard more silk as soon as you  
can? There was a mistake made  
and the edges won't come together.  
We must have another piece at  
once."  
Any took the sample and hurried  
off to match it while the light was  
good. She had planned something  
different for that bit of time, but

## HER WILFUL WAY.

By the Author of "Dolly's Golden Slippers," "Claimed at Last," etc.

### CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Oh, Guy, what shall we do?" she  
gasped in her misery.  
But Guy's heart was heavy with  
another misery and fear. He seemed  
to see, as in a vision, a little mite  
of a girl down in mid-ocean, tossed  
hither and tither as in strong arms,  
twined about with seaweed—a mite  
with golden hair and seaweed—a mite  
He seemed to see how the arm-like  
wave had snatched her from her  
rocky prison, and borne her down  
to a more terrible captivity than  
that of the make-believe dragon of  
their afternoon play.  
"Think of Ellie! she has nothing,  
not even the rock can save her when  
'tis washed with water," said he.  
"Nor the dragon hurt her?"  
"No, nor the dragon hurt her."  
Then they both laughed a little, sob-  
bing laugh; for it was ludicrous to  
think of their innocent play of only  
one little afternoon before.

Who shall say how long was the  
night to the children, or how short?  
The hours would run their course  
without let or hindrance, the rain  
would pour down till the windows  
of heaven were shut, the darkness  
would hold them as in the hollow of  
some giant hand. A great terror  
came swooping down upon Olive.  
"Oh, Guy, there is Leviathan com-  
ing up out of the deep," cried the  
poetic little maiden.  
"No, Olive, no," said reassuring  
Guy. "Leviathan doesn't live in our  
sea, nor in anybody's seas now,"  
so he tried to soothe her.  
But the child persisted in saying  
that it was making for the boat—  
clutching at it; and Guy had much  
to do to keep her in the boat, to keep  
her from overturning it.

Soon after this the rain ceased, the  
clouds cleared, and the stars came  
out. The silver lamps, and while the  
children almost held their breath,  
waiting for what would follow, a  
light broke in the east, above the  
sea, and the lights of heaven were  
put out as by invisible hands. Then

dear mother, in the rush of dress-  
making in the house, must not  
know that.

On the way home Agatha Ward  
overtook Amy. "You are just the  
one I wanted most to see," she ex-  
claimed. "Grace Wells has had to  
go away with her aunt, and that  
leaves a gap in our class entertain-  
ment. You can fill it better than  
anybody if you only will. It will  
not be hard for you to learn the  
lines, if the time is short. Do tell  
me you will."

"If it will help," said Amy slowly.  
She had had other plans, but  
they could give way, if those lines  
must be learned. Agatha's thanks  
repaid the little self-denial. "You  
are always so ready to pick up  
things that drop," Agatha said.  
Do you remember that a prophet  
once said he looked for a man  
"stand in the gap," and could not  
find one? What a pity. A gap-  
filler, one who will come to help in  
emergencies, when the edges cannot  
be brought together, otherwise, one  
who fills chinks, is a valuable mem-  
ber of society. Amy was a gap-  
filler. There is room for more like  
her.

## Don'ts for Working Girls.

A list of "don'ts" for the benefit  
of the working girls of his parish  
was made public by St. Rev. Mgr.  
Teeling, pastor of St. Mary's Church,  
Lynn, Mass., says the Boston Her-  
ald. They are:

- Don't go to public dances, and
- Don't go to Saturday night dances.
- Don't miss your prayers in the  
morning. Shorten your talk with  
Celia or Jim by ten minutes with  
night before and have this time to  
spare in the morning.
- Don't read yellow journals going  
to and coming from work.
- Don't read them at any time. Im-  
prove your mind; don't help its dis-  
casses.
- Don't be late for work, and
- Don't give less labor than is due  
for what you receive. Hence,
- Don't gossip about Tillie and Ma-  
mie and Jim, and some others, un-  
till their characters are buried to a  
crisp, and, moreover, your work is  
still waiting.
- Don't give your employer a chance  
to be a benefactor. Rather beg  
your bread. Take a favor from any  
man and you are on most teacher-  
ous ground, thereafter.
- Don't permit the least bit of fami-  
liarity from your employer, whether  
he be married or unmarried. You are  
there to work, not to start a honey-  
moon or to fill the demands of a  
sensualist.
- Don't live to eat but eat to live.  
You cannot stand the indigestion of  
eating nothing but candy and ice  
cream and tea for lunch.
- Don't break into a conversation.  
It's far better to be poor and polite  
than rich and impolite.
- Don't be jealous. It will hurt you  
not the one of whom you are jeal-  
ous.

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### CHAPTER VI.—MISSED AT HOME—A DRIFTING SUN-HOOD—GRANT'S BOAT A WRECK.

At Elm Lodge the afternoon glid-  
ed away very like other afternoons,  
save that Marjory was busy going  
here and there, preparing for her  
boys. Tom, too, the boot boy, and  
general running footman of the es-  
tablishment, was in an unwonted  
state of elation and excitement at  
the prospect of the three young  
masters' home-coming, and his own  
adventurous journey to the station,  
with a certain donkey and cart, to  
meet them, and bring home their  
luggage.

The two little ladies were to  
drive with him in the said donkey-  
cart. Miss Ellie always did on these  
occasions. Oh, such a grooming of  
old Jack went on in that noble ani-  
mal's stable, and such a scrubbing  
and polishing of his harness! and,  
soon, the old stable clock pointed to  
five, and it was time for Tom to be  
off.

"Please, Mrs. Marjory, be the  
young ladies a-comin'!" he inquired  
nervously, at the back door, his equip-  
age in the yard.  
But Marjory had to tell him with-  
out a shadow of misgiving.

"No, Tom, they're not come in  
yet. Master Guy Rainsford has tak-  
en them down to the shore, and  
they're not come in—they must have  
forgotten the time."  
"Then please what am I to do?"  
he inquired; "go on without 'em,  
or wait for 'em, and lose the young  
gentlemen's train?"  
"Wait for them a few minutes,"  
commanded Marjory; "you can do  
that, and still be in time; the train  
isn't due till six."  
"Five fifty-five," said precise  
Tom; "so there ain't much time to  
wait, for Jack won't go no faster  
than a trot."

"No, I should think not," return-  
ed Marjory; "still, all the same,  
you can wait a little time."  
So Tom went back to the donkey,  
and amused himself with whisking  
off the flies from his ears; lifting  
snow one hoof, now the other, to  
see that his shoes were as they  
should be, and no stone therein;  
tightening and loosening the lar-  
ners; and, in fact, tormenting the  
poor creature with his fidgets, as  
Marjory would have said, till he was  
as impatient to be off as the boy  
himself.

"Please, Mrs. Marjory, I'd best be  
goin'," said he, presenting himself  
once more at the back door, after  
the lapse of a few minutes.  
"Well, I see you're on thorns  
to be off," returned she.  
" 'Tis the donkey I'm thinkin' of—  
he won't stand still," said Tom in-  
nocently.

"Oh! ay, such a donkey, such a  
driver—go along." Thus she dis-  
missed him, and away went the char-  
iot and charioteer.  
A very Jehu equipage it was for  
speed and noise as it tore along the  
good mile and a half to the station.  
Whow! the train came sweeping in  
as Tom drew rein, just in time to  
avoid a collision with a certain  
barrier gate, which shut off the  
platform from such mad-cap drivers.  
There they were, Duke, Harold and  
Basil, popping out, springing out,  
and now they were tugging at Tom's  
hand.

"Well, Tom, glad to see you," and  
then they patted old Jack; Duke  
marched off to see after the luggage,  
Tom at his heels, the other two  
standing by the donkey.  
"Why, where's Miss Ellie and the  
other little lady?" inquired Duke,  
when a porter had landed their  
trunks safe in the cart.  
"They were down on the shore,  
and hadn't come back, Master Duke,"  
said Tom, giving Jack the word to  
move forward.

"Ah! my lady is forgetting old  
friends for new ones," remarked Bas-  
il, and trilled, as they all marched  
along:  
"Old friends, old chums, old boots,  
and clothes,  
Must change for new ones, I sup-  
pose;  
But dear old tatter'd loves, I say,  
It grieves me sore to cast away,"  
which the others said was his own  
impromptu composition, and he did  
not deny it. They were pleasant-  
looking boys, though Duke was a  
little high and mighty, carrying his  
head stiffly, as became one with so  
high-sounding a name. The mile and  
a half along lanes and field-ways,  
bordered with ripening blackberries  
and tall honeysuckles, were soon  
traversed by the cavalcade, and then  
they stood in the yard, announcing  
their arrival with an Indian war-  
whoop which brought out Marjory  
to the door. The young ladies had  
not yet come home, the good nurse  
told them, as they hugged and kissed  
her, patting her on the back, boy  
fashion, and telling her she was the  
jolliest dame in Christendom, after  
all.

"Not come home, well,  
"Leave them alone, and they'll  
come home,  
And bring their tales behind them."

seng Basil, as if fain to pour out  
his heart in song at this lappety  
home-coming.

"I've a mind to send Tom to look  
for them," suggested Marjory.  
Ah, if they had only known, if  
Marjory had but known, sitting in  
the nursery at her tea, her two  
nurslings' places empty! As for  
Tom, he came back no wiser than  
he had gone; he saw no trace of  
the little ladies anywhere on the  
beach, and none of the children there  
seemed to know that they had been  
there; so Marjory next despatched  
him to Mr. Rainsford's to make in-  
quiries there.

That was when the boys were  
making tour of the place among  
their pots and belongings left in Guy  
Rainsford's care. Nothing had been  
seen or heard of them there, was  
the blank announcement he brought,  
followed shortly after by Mr. Rains-  
ford himself.

"I can't think where they are. I'm  
going myself now to see after them,"  
said he to Marjory, after he had  
shaken hands with the three lads,  
and they had volunteered to go with  
him.

Away down the old familiar way  
they went, thinking every minute  
they would meet the three belated  
ones; but no such good fortune be-  
fell them; they stood by the sea,  
now a grey mystery, and still they  
had not seen them. Lap, lap, lap,  
how fast the tide was coming in,  
how cold came the wind from over  
the sea, as Mr. Rainsford and the  
boys paced along on its margin,  
shouting their three names, and the  
echoes among the rocky cliffs shout-  
ing them again!

"Well, we'd better go home. Mar-  
jory must be told," sighed he, draw-  
ing a long breath, and turning from  
the sea with a shudder. "But we  
needn't tell her the worst; just say  
we can't find them, and Mr. Rains-  
ford is gone out in a boat to look  
for them—and Mrs. Rainsford must  
bear nothing."  
So with this they turned home-  
ward, carrying the relic of a sun-  
hood. At the back gates they met  
Tom.

waters were sweeping into the cave  
itself with sullen roar, the make-  
believe dragon stood half-submerged;  
but where was its tiny victim?—had  
she been rescued? or had the sea,  
like another monster, stolen her?  
"Where can the children be?" said  
Mr. Rainsford, as they all stood on  
the high shelving path, the waters  
seething beneath, and sending up  
spray from time to time to where  
they stood as in defiance, where  
And even as he put the question  
something came in sight which seem-  
ed to answer it.

"See, what is that?"  
It was Duke spoke, his boyish  
cheek turning pale in the already  
waning light, though a lurid glow  
was still in the west. That was  
something heaving and tossing on  
the restless waters beating around  
the dragon's stronghold—a white  
something, a child's sun-hood they  
believed, looking a little lower, and  
with the aid of Mr. Rainsford's stick,  
the boy fished it up, a white beca-  
bled sun-hood, which seemed to tell  
its own tale. Mr. Rainsford knew  
it well—the little white hood, with  
its blue ribbon bow and strings; it  
was Ellie's! But where, oh where  
was the wee golden-haired child who  
had so lately worn it?

"Heaven help us!" he said, and  
his hand trembled as he took it.  
"Whose is it?" asked Duke husk-  
ily, divining the answer.  
"It is little Ellie's—your sister's,"  
A hush fell upon them all as they  
looked into each other's eyes.  
"What do you think?—what do  
you fear?" questioned Duke, scarce  
above a whisper. Basil was al-  
ready sobbing, apart by himself.  
"I fear they are washed out to  
sea," and the waves, lapping and  
dashing in, seemed to echo the  
words, "Washed out to sea, washed  
out to sea."

"What can be done?"  
"Well, Duke, we mustn't stand here  
or we shall share the same fate,"  
said Mr. Rainsford—where they then  
stood was below high-water mark—  
thinking of his wife at home, their  
only son even now mayhap in a  
watery grave.  
"We must go and get a boat to  
put out in search of them," he ad-  
ded, scanning the wide waste of sea,  
and seeing nothing to give him  
hope; and yet, hope he must.  
Along their eerie path they retrac-  
ed their steps, and soon they were  
on the old familiar beach where  
fishermen lounged and children play-  
ed. Put out to sea in search of the  
three children? there was not a  
brave fellow there that would not  
do it. A boat was soon manned,  
Mr. Rainsford himself one of the  
crew.

"Don't carry the news to Mrs.  
Rainsford," said he to the three boys  
who, with white faces, watched him  
off. They pledged to join the ex-  
pedition, but Mr. Rainsford told  
them "No; go home and tell Mar-  
jory what we fear, but don't say  
anything about the finding of the  
hood, and don't carry any word to  
my wife—better suspense than miser-  
able certainty, before we are sure."  
And the boys answered, "All right  
sir," with full hearts.

"Old Grant's boat be gone," spoke  
an urchin of nine at their elbows, as  
the three stood watching the boat  
leap out on its sorrowful quest.  
"Eh! what?" Duke grasped the  
speaker's shoulder.  
"Old Grant's boat be gone and  
lost, and I see us go."  
"When?" spoke the three boys in  
a breath.  
"This afternoon."  
"Who in it?"  
"I couldn't rightly see, but I think  
twere Master Rainsford and one  
little lady as sailed away, and left  
t'other one on the rock, to be  
drowned."

"Why didn't you tell this before?"  
questioned Duke sternly—Duke could  
be stern when he liked.  
"Because I was afraid."  
"Is this true?"  
"Yes, where's the use o' tellin' lies  
about drowned folk. I wish 'twere  
n't true."  
"And what became of the little  
lady left behind?" asked Duke.  
"I don't know."  
"Did the boat come back?"  
"I didn't see 'un."  
"What did you see?"  
"Nothin' cept what I've said."  
The boys looked at one another.  
Old Grant's boat was generally  
moored high and dry in a little cove  
of a shelter among the rocks at high  
tide, as has been said; the boys  
could not discover whether it was  
there or gone till the tide turned,  
and then their cheeks turned pale as  
they thought of what the outgoing  
tide might reveal. They scarcely  
thought Guy Rainsford would be mad  
enough to put out to sea in a boat,  
docile, obedient, trustworthy little  
fellow as he was, and yet Jimmy  
Green affirmed it by saying, "I see  
'em go out—Master Guy and one  
of the little ladies."

"Well, I don't see any use of stay-  
ing here any longer," said Duke.  
"Nor yet in Mr. Rainsford and the  
others going out to look for them,"  
added Basil, "for I believe they are  
drowned."  
Now, we who know better can but  
hope that there would be use in  
their going out—that there was even  
a Providence in their doing so, for  
the rescue of the small castaways.  
As for the fate of Ellie, our hearts  
sink within us, with that white sun-  
hood as a token before our eyes,  
which Duke holds so tenderly, like  
something belonging to the dead and  
gone.

"Well, we'd better go home. Mar-  
jory must be told," sighed he, draw-  
ing a long breath, and turning from  
the sea with a shudder. "But we  
needn't tell her the worst; just say  
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**The Lord's Day.**  
The Lord's day is a day of rest,  
but it is also a home-day for seal-  
ing the sweet domestic ties between  
the members of the family. It is a  
special day of religion, devotion and  
prayer. Remember—that word "re-  
member" seems to ring in our ears  
—remember that you keep holy the  
Sabbath day.  
The Sunday is a day of reflection.  
Not long will the scrupulous rever-  
ence for its sanctity prevail if loud  
and large gatherings during the  
greater part of the day are encourag-  
ed, ostensibly for an elevating pur-  
pose, but in truth, only for the pur-  
pose of amusement.—Bishop McClos-  
key, Louisville, Ky.

**For All the Little Tafts.**  
Secretary Taft, hugest of states-  
man of his time, took a yellow  
car in Washington to go to the Ca-  
pitol.  
He nearly filled the seat, but at  
Thirteenth street and Pennsylvania  
avenue a small boy got on and  
timidly sat down beside the gigantic  
Secretary.  
The small boy wore what was ob-  
viously a suit of clothes made over  
for him from his father's clothes. He  
was rather proud of it, too, for af-  
ter riding a block or two he said to  
the Secretary:  
"My mamma made me this suit  
out of one of papa's."  
"Indeed," said the Secretary, "I  
think it is a very pretty suit."  
The small boy looked the big Sec-  
retary over. "Say, mister," he  
said, after the survey was complet-  
ed, "how many of your little boys  
has to wear your clothes?"—Sat-  
urday Evening Post.