

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

PUZZLE COMPETITION

Rules for Puzzle Competition.

Only girls and boys whose family subscribes to the True Witness may compete.

Only boys and girls who have not yet passed their fourteenth birthday can compete.

Only answers which girls and boys have been able to find for themselves may be sent in.

Answers to be neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper.

Answers to be numbered properly.

Answers to be in before Saturday morning ten days after the puzzles are published, addressed to

Aunt Becky Puzzle Competition, True Witness Bldg.,

Montreal.

No paper which does not comply with every rule can be considered at all.

This Week's Puzzles.

1. RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in cat but not in dog
My second is in lathe but not in log
My third is in Norseman but not in Dane
My fourth is in aching but not in pain
My fifth is in rich and also in poor
My sixth is in my and also in your.
My whole is a creature that makes the house gay
That enlivens and cheers us and drives care away.

2. HIDDEN PROVERB.

1. Put away your books, it is time to go.
2. The boys and girls are snow-balling in the garden.
3. The tide is coming in fast.
4. Will you wait for me while I go back?
5. Are those beautiful flowers really for me?
6. No, Harry, you must not go out.
7. There is the man who sells those birds.

3. BEHEADED AND CURTAILED WORDS.

1. I am a large fish; behead me, and I am to listen; behead me again and I am a place of safety.
2. I am something to write upon; behead me and I am behind time; behead me again and I am part of the verb to eat; curtail me; and I am a preposition; curtail me again and I am an article.
3. I am to over-reach; behead me and I am a means of transport; behead me again and I am soft water.
4. I am a cold blooded creature; behead me, I am an iron pin; behead me again and something is wrong with me.

4. DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A vowel.
To enlarge.
Some one just married.
The whole number of copies of a book printed at once.
To urge on.
The friend of man.
A consonant.

5. SINGLE ACROSTIC.

1. A country of Europe.
2. One of the Hebrides.
3. A color.
4. A small animal.
5. A jewel.
6. A poisonous snake.
7. A number.
8. A country of England.
9. A country of Scotland.
My initials read downwards form the name of a river in Asia Minor.

6. CHARADE.

My first is a pronoun.
My second is often seen at sea.
My whole is a number.

7. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole is the name of a well known shrub.
My 5, 6, 7, 8 is the name of a girl.
My 1, 6, 5 is an animal.
My 8, 4, 6, is a body of water.
My 8, 4, 6, 7 is a period of time.
My 7, 2, 8, 4 is a well-known flower.
My 6, 7, 5 is part of the body.

WORD SQUARE.

Quiet enjoyment.
A girl's name.
To soil.
What most people like.

RIDDLE.

Why is the letter A like honey-suckle?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF NOVEMBER 22.

1. RIDDLE-ME-REE.

Keats.

2. TRANPOSITION PUZZLE.

Yokohama
Adelaide.
Rotterdam
Malmesbury
Orinoco
Utrecht
Tewkesbury.
Hanover.
—Yarmouth.

WORD SQUARE.

ROCK
OGRE
CREE
KEEN

MISSING LETTER PUZZLE.

Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, cradle and all.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

C
H O
B R E A D
C O M M A N D
C H E M I S T R Y
E P I S T L E
P A T T Y
A R C
Y

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

Tamarind.

CHARADE.

MAD—A—GAS—CAR.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Rivulet
Olive
Balm
Ebro
Rheims
Thatch
BananA
Unicorn
RaT
NetE
SeeR
Robert Burns—Tam O'Shanter.

RIDDLE.

What is the easiest thing in the world to break? — Silence.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Maude C. Quebec 8
Harold O'Sullivan, Quebec 8
Walter O'Sullivan, Quebec 8
Emma F., Huntingdon 6
Mary Sanders, Montreal 5
Washington Raymond,
Kouchibouguac, N.B. 4

Where can I get some of Holloway's Corn Cure? I was entirely cured of my corns by this remedy, and I wish some more of it for my friends. So writes Mr. J. W. Brown, Chicago.

FUR LINED AND FUR TRIMMED CLOTH OVERCOATS.

We invite comparison. We defy competition.

CHS. DESJARDINS & CIE.,
The largest retail Fur House in the World.

485 St. Catherine St. East.
Corner St. Timothy.

Bell Tel. East, 1536.
1537.

A Sure Cure for Headache.—Bilious headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted there. Par-mele's Vegetable Pills are a speedy alternative, and in neutralizing the effects of the intruding bile relieves the pressure on the nerves which cause the headache. Try them.

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills.



Are a specific for all diseases and disorders arising from a run-down condition of the heart or nervous system, such as Palpitation of the Heart, Nervous Prostration, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Faint and Dizzy Spells, Brain Fag, etc. They are especially beneficial to women troubled with irregular menstruation.

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.50.

All Dealers, or
THE T. MINNOCOS CO., LIMITED,
Toronto, Ont.

LITTLE ODDITY

By the Author of "Served Out."

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

The professor and his wife waited anxiously all the next day. No one came to claim the child. The following day they were to leave London; and now arose a fresh difficulty. In whose hands were they to leave the little foundling. There was but one place provided by the law—the workhouse; but they would never leave him there.

So they put off their journey from day to day, expecting always to hear something. But when the end of the week came, the professor said to his wife, "I can stay no longer, for I have to play in Berlin in three days more. What are we to do?"

Then the wife said, "No one comes to claim the little child; perhaps they have wished to lose him. We cannot leave the little one to pine in a rough home among careless people. We will take the little one back to our home with us, and leave at the police station the address in Germany to which we go."

"That is well said, my wife," the professor replied.
And a pretty little German girl named Liese, who was there, clapped her hands with glee.

CHAPTER VIII.

And now we must go back to Bonny's first night in his new home, for although no one thought of it then, his home was to be with these new friends for some time to come.

When the professor had gone out into the cold drizzling night to find out about the lost child, his wife took Bonny upstairs, and arranged a snug little bed for him in her own room, and sang some pretty child's hymns in a low voice to soothe him to sleep, for she considered him almost a baby, he was so small and fragile-looking.

At first Bonny only listened with a calm content to the soft voice and strange words, but gradually they slipped farther and farther away from him, and he slept.

When he woke the next morning and his new friend dressed him, Bonny took it all as a matter of course, of his usual surroundings.

Directly he saw the professor he ran up to him, and said, "You play the little music, I tell you," and catching hold of his hand, dragged him along to fetch it.

The professor was very ready to humour him, so they had music before breakfast. When the performance was ended Bonny stretched out his hand, exclaiming, "Now I'll do the little stick," and when the professor hesitated—for his violin was a very valuable one—Bonny grew impatient, and said, "You must give me that music, I tell you," which was not a pretty speech at all.

Then Madame Bruder tried to entice him away to the nice, hot breakfast waiting on the table, but Bonny was very obstinate, and would not leave the professor's side.

"I must play that music," he said doggedly. "It doesn't make me ill; it's berry good for me; that's 'co why I must have it," he added, bringing in an argument that Mary used when he was naughty about his food and which he seemed to think must carry full weight.

So he was not very well pleased when the professor carried the little box in which his "music" was kept away into another room.

They gave him nice food, but Bon-

ny was in a naughty mood, and would not eat, until the professor had promised him that when he had eaten nicely the "little music" should come back. Then he was silent and sulky, and did not answer when they spoke to him.

After a long silence he broke out suddenly. "I've got something to tell you," and he slipped down off his chair and ran round to the professor's side, tugging his coat as if to make him listen.

"Vel, go on, little one; tell me vat you say."

Bonny stretched himself on tip-toe and got as close to the big man's ear as he could. Then he said, with all the determination he could put into his baby voice, "I must play that music, that's what I tell you; she's my music, she is. Did I tell you? Yes, I did."

The professor laughed aloud. "It is a rare funny child," he said. "Yes, little one, you shall play dat music; you shall have von little fiddle all of your own, dat is vat I tell you. Now, will dat content you?"

Bonny stared for a second or two and then said slowly, "What you say to me?"

Madame Bruder watched him while he listened to the answer. "Do you notice anything about the little one, mine husband?" she asked.

"I notice many things, my wife. It is a strange child, but de genius is always strange. The more strange de child the more I look to find in it what I hoped to find in de little one that went from us to God."

"Ah, mine husband, you build big castles, and vare often they tumble to the ground! Beware, lest this one tumble too. Could the greatest genius play as you play without his ears?"

"It is a riddle I do not understand," the professor replied.

"The little one talks and acts to me as if he heard very indistinctly all you say."

"What?" the professor exclaimed hastily. Then he laughed. "Ah! no no. It is no deaf child. You forget our little one is but a baby."

Bonny was watching their faces. When the big man laughed, all his attention was fixed on his face, for he opened his mouth very wide and wrinkled his eyes up, and laughed all over his face. The people whom Bonny saw most of were not much given to laughing, so this was a sight that caught his fancy.

"My little one, I want you now to tell me by what name they call you?" Madame Bruder asked him.

Bonny did not reply, but kept his eyes fixed on the still laughing face of the professor.

She touched his arm. "Little one, I want you to tell me your name."

"Name? Yes, it is a name. It's a window-train, that's its name."

"Ah, but I mean your name?"

"Your name?" Bonny said after her, in exactly the same tone of voice. "Yes, it is your name it is," and this time he said the word "name" correctly, for Madame Bruder had raised her voice and spoken slowly.

"Now tell me what they call you in your own home?"

"Call you in your own home? Yes they do call you in your own home, that's what they do."

"You will nevare get round this little one; he is too deep for you," laughed the professor.

"I think," said his wife after a few minutes, "from the way he says over again what I ask him that he hears not very plainly, and if it is so he will not know so much as a child dat hears all."

"No, no; it is a way dat children all have of nevare saying what you want dem to say."

Madame Bruder tried again.

"Little one, listen to me. Shall I call you Villiam?"

"What you say? Say it again."

"The child's name is not Villiam."

CHAPTER IX.—LIESE.

When the professor went out of the room, instead of coming back, as

Frank E. Donovan

REAL ESTATE BROKER

Office: Temple Building

185 St. James St., Telephone Main 2901 Montreal

BELL TELEPHONE MAIN 1983

G. J. LUNN & CO.

Machinists & Blacksmiths.

SCREWS, PRESSES

REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS.

CHATHAM WORKS.

134 Chatham Street, MONTREAL

Madame Bruder remarked, "Charles?" she asked. "Is it Charles?"

"It is a Sharla," Bonny replied.

"Ah! that is not right. Shall it be Henry, or Robert, or Johnny, or Edward, I wonder?"

A ray of intelligence lighted Bonny's face for a moment. "I think I have said his name," Madame Bruder remarked, "but vich von, I wonder?"

So she went through one by one till she came to Johnny, when the child exclaimed excitedly, "You told me Bonny. I did say Bonny. Bonny's berry good, he is. Bonny's got beazles and window-trains, and they tumbles down and kills the peop-les, and go about and make a noise like this, and she say to Bonny, you mustn't play window-trains any more, Master Bonny, 'cos you make a noise and muver berry ill, and you berry naughty boy, Bonny, and that's what I tell you."

The professor went off into a big roar at this long speech of Bonny's, but Madame listened very intently, and though she could not make out what it was all about, she felt pretty sure of one thing.

"It is Johnny," she said. "I will dare say the little one is named Johnny," she said, "will you go to Herr Papa and give him a nice kiss, and then he shall play for you von little tune."

Bonny slipped down from his chair and ran to the professor directly. He was instantly caught up in a big pair of arms, and landed comfortably on the professor's knee.

"Ah!" she said, "it is Johnny, then. Little Johann, you have truly the name of our little one. It is a rare strange thing that."

"It is to show that this little child is sent to me by the good God for the little one He took. He is to be my little child; I feel that he has come to stay," the professor said solemnly. "Now, my little one, shall we get the music?"

But Bonny, who was feeling very snug in the big arms, with the contrariness of babyhood, did not want to move. Presently he tugged the professor's coat-sleeve, and asked him, "Is it a name? You tell me your name, then?"

"I think my name is Herr Papa," the professor replied, laughing.

"You tell me that one's name?" Bonny asked, pointing to Madame Bruder.

"(Mrs. Mother).
"It isn't a Mother, then. You tell me again."

"Suppose, then, we say 'little mudder'."

Bonny paused and thought. "It is muver," he said suddenly. "Yes, it is muver, 'cos I know it is, and you berry bad boy, 'cos you don't listen to what I tell you."

The professor was very much amused.

"And is you her papa?" Bonny asked.

"Yes."
"My papa and her papa too?"
"Ah, no, no, your Herr Papa, little one."

"Is you berry good, Herr Papa?"
"Well, we will say yes."
"Is she berry good too?"
"Yes."

"Then she asks krestions, so I'll be berry good and ask krestions. Why you berry good?"

"Look here, we'll get the music."
"Why you get the music?"
"No more questions, little Johann."

"She asked me krestions," Bonny said, very aggrieved.

"I think this little one can hear very well," the professor said, laughing.

Bonny expected, with the violin, he put on his hat and went straight from the house, banging the door behind him.

Bonny heard the bang, and looked up inquiringly. "Where's gone?" he asked.

"I t'nk Herr Papa's gone out," Madame Bruder replied.

Then Bonny showed that he could be very ill-tempered, for he stamped his little feet, and shook himself, and screwed up his eyes and his mouth, while angry tears raced down his cheeks. "You berry naughty boy," he cried wrathfully. "He did say he'd fetch the little music. He telled a story, and I do be berry angry."

"Come here, little Johann," Madame Bruder said gently. "Come to your little mudder."

"You bad boy too," Bonny cried stubbornly. "You go fetch the little music for me."

"I will tell you something," she said, taking hold of his hand and drawing him to her. "Herr Papa vill soon come back, and if he find Johann naughty he vill not play at all. Come with little mudder and she vill show you pretty things."

Bonny allowed her to take his hand and went quietly with her. Upstairs she unlocked a box, and out of its depths she brought some little garments and some quaint toys. The garments she put on Bonny. Then they went back again to the sitting room, and Bonny sat up on the table while Madame knelt by his side and showed him how to fit the puzzle together, and set out the little farmyard, and make a brown bear run along by itself.

Suddenly Bonny looked up, and found that the "little mudder" was crying.

"Herr Papa will soon come back," Bonny said reprovingly, "and if he find you naughty boy, he'll be angry and never play to you any more."

Madame Bruder wiped her eyes hastily, but the next time Bonny looked up she was crying again. He stopped playing for a few minutes, and wrinkled his little face into an appearance of deep thought.

"Did I pinch you?" he asked, much puzzled. "No, I didn't. Then why you cry. You isn't naughty, is you?"

"Ah, little one, it is because my heart is very sad," she cried hastily.

Suddenly Bonny twisted himself round and put his little arms round her neck. "I don't want you to cry, 'cos you isn't naughty; you berry good 'little mudder, and Bonny is berry good too; all good I tell you. Bonny not cry, 'little mudder not cry; that's what I say."

Madame caught the child off the chair and went and sat by the fire, holding him tight in her arms.

When the professor returned Bonny's cheek was pressed against her bosom as lovingly as if he had been her own Johann, and he did not move even when the Herr Papa called him.

"Go, my little one," Madame said, "Run to your Herr Papa. See what he has got for little Johann."

(To be continued.)

FUR LINED AND FUR TRIMMED CLOTH OVERCOATS.

Also fur trimmed cloth overcoats. This department is under the management of expert tailors in the art of cutting and fitting. If you need a stylish cloth overcoat, fur lined and trimmed or, fur trimmed only, see our assortment.

CHS. DESJARDINS & CIE.,
The largest retail Fur House in the World.

485 St. Catherine St. East.
Corner St. Timothy.

Bell Tel. East, 1536.
1537.