

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 peace, but not in war
My second is in licence but not in law.
My third is in urn, but not in tray.
My fourth is in minute but not in day.
My fifth is in pig but not in sty
My sixth is in nervous but not in try.
My seventh is in dog but not in cat.
My eighth is in dormouse but not in rat.
My ninth is in ink, but not in pen.
My tenth is in nest also in den.
My eleventh is in gong but not in bel
And now my whole I pray you tell.

2. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials read downward form
the name of a time of rejoicing and
festivity; my finals one of its
pleasures.
1. A flower.
2. An island.
3. An animal.
4. A kind of architecture.
5. Identical.
6. Not below.
7. A foreign tribe.
8. One.
9. Is plural of sense.

3. BURIED FLOWERS.

1. Hilda, is your father home yet?
2. Hero set that plant down.
3. Will you pin Kate's frock for her, please?
4. I saw the rope on your table.
5. The pans you have made are of copper.
6. What a shiny ewer that is.

4. BEHEADED WORDS.

1. My whole is a tomb; behead me and I am to be mad; behead me again, and I am the Latin for hail.
2. My whole is to hurt; behead me and I am a market; behead me again and I am music, painting, etc.
3. My whole is a band of leather; behead me, and I am a snare; behead me again, and I am to snap.

5. WHAT IS MY THOUGHT?

It is like a church because it has a name.
It is like a railway, because it has branches.
It is like a book because it has leaves.
It is like a lamp-post because it has a top.
It is like a hair because it has a root.
It is like an elephant because it has a trunk.
What is it?

6. REBUS.

We are a brave and jovial crew
As ever mess'd together.
We have hearts of oak in our bosoms
true
And we care not for wind or weather.

We are a mischievous thieving crew
If you rightly transpose our letters,
Our foes are many, our friends are few,
And we live by robbing our betters.

Restored as at first with plural sign
Before as well as behind us,
We gladden your path as we brightly shine
In the glorious space assigned us.

7. WORD SQUARE.

A young animal
Space.
Remained.
One's lot in life.

8. CHARADES.

1. My first is a vehicle.
My second is the latter part of life.
My whole is a vegetable.
2. My first is a preposition.
My second is the Latin for "is."
My whole is a wood.
3. My first is worn by ladies.
My second is a part.
My whole is in nearly every room.

9. RIDDLE.

Why is an elephant an unwelcome caller?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF NOVEMBER 15.

1. RIDDLE-ME-REE.

Badger.
Cat, pat, fat, mat, hat, bat.

2. METAGRAM.

1. Bee.
2. Midge.
3. Wasp.
4. Hornet.
5. Moth.
6. Gnat.

3. DECAPITATIONS.

1. Pain, rain, Cain, can, an.
2. Stone, tone, one, on, o.
3. Spout, pout, out.

4. GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADE.

1. Blackwater.
2. Middlesex.

5. SINGLE ACROSTIC.

Butt
Utter
Tamar
Tale
Emma
Robber
Charles
Union Jack
Phillip.
—Buttercup.

6. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Picture.
8. WORD SYNCOPATION.
Take "and" from "dandies," and leave "dies."

9. RIDDLE.

A sunbeam.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Harold O'Sullivan, Quebec 7
W. G. O'Sullivan, Quebec 7
Maude Creighton, Quebec 7
Emma F. Huntington 6
Mary E. Dunn, Warden, Q. 6
Winnifred Dunn, Warden Q. 6
Mary E. Sanders, City 5
W. Raymond, Kouchibouguac, N.B. 5

Letters to Aunt Becky

Dear Aunt Becky:

This is my first letter to the corner, and I hope it won't be the last. Well, dear Auntie, we had a great snow storm on Monday last, and we could not get to school for we live too far from it. My sister and I are staying in the school now with the teacher. There is a little French girl staying also, and so we have a good time at night after our lessons are learned. I have six sisters and two brothers, the youngest is 4 years old and I am the oldest. I am only 12. Well, dear Aunt Becky,

I will close. Love to you and cousins. Your little niece.

BRIDGET B.
Frampton, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was so glad to see my letter in print, and my little friends were also, and they are going to write every week. I haven't missed one day of school yet. I hope I will not miss any in the year. There was a lot of snow here, but I am afraid that Thomas Courtney didn't get his ears pinched by Jack Frost, because it was not cold enough. I have five brothers but one is dead, and I have not any sisters. Well, dear Aunt Becky, I close with love to you and all the cousins.

From your loving niece.

MARY E.

Dear Aunt Becky:

We were all so glad to see our letters in print, so I thought I would sign my name to the corner once more. I am in the fourth book in English, and I learn French also, but I don't like it very well, especially French grammar. Where are all the other cousins this week? The corner looked lonely with just our three letters. I hope they will all write next week. My uncle is going away Wednesday. Well, Aunt Becky, I think I will have to close now, for want of news.

Your little niece,

LIZZIE C.
Frampton West, Q.

LITTLE ODDITY

By the Author of "Served Out."

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Bad giants eat babies; I not a baby—I's a boy," and he struggled off the giant's knee. He flew to the giant's wife, who had stretched out her arms to him, and, burying his head in her lap, he cried, "Make the big giant go away, I's frightened." The big man tried to talk to him but he had his head so buried that he did not hear a word. Then the wife took him up in her arms and told him not to be afraid, for "Herr Papa" was not a giant, and would not hurt him, as he loved all little children and was a very kind, good "Herr Papa." She spoke so gently and sweetly that at last Bonny's fright began to disappear; and when the big man, who had gone away, came back with some cake and milk and fruit and bread and butter, Bonny, who was really hungry, felt bold enough to leave the knee of his kind protectress and allow himself to be given these nice things by the "Herr Papa."

Then while the "kind giant" was giving him cake, his wife went and fetched a bowl of steaming hot bread-and-milk, which made Bonny feel quite warm and comfortable. When he had finished it they put a little stool near the fire for him to sit on, and then, when he began to feel quite at home, and was pretty sure that the big man did not want to eat him up, they ventured to ask him some questions. "Do you know what place this is?" the Herr Papa asked, only he talked in rather a funny way, and said "vat" for what and "dis" for this; so that when Bonny stared at him and did not answer, he asked his question over again very slowly. Bonny looked all round, and then replied, "It isn't my house, it's your house."

"Yes, dat is so, 'tis vare goot answer," the big man replied, laughing; "but tell me, now, how did you come here?"

Bonny pondered awhile. "I think you brought me; that's what I tell you."

"Right again—I did bring you. Where did I find you?"

Bonny thought a long time over that; then suddenly his face brightened all over.

"It was the music," he said rapidly—"nice music; I did hear it, berry nice music; and it took me to see the music, berry near, and carried me quickly," then he stopped short, bewildered, for he was thinking of the dream.

Well, the big man couldn't make anything of that at all, so he asked another question, "You have von name; vat is it?"

Bonny had been thinking of something else. "The man with the music," he burst out. "Where's ever

gone? He runned away, he did. Bonny run too—nan go fast—Bonny go fast. He's a dear little music, he is. Where's the music nan, I tell you?"

They could not understand that very well either. Besides, they wanted to find out where he lived, so they asked him more questions. "What is your name, little boy?"

No answer, but a stare. "Where do you live, then?"

Still no answer. "Did you run away? Ah, did you run after some music and get lost?"

Bonny brightened up. He was thinking of the music all the time. "It was a nan with a music," he said again.

Presently they asked him his name again.

"It isn't a name; it's a music," he answered.

At last they began to think that he was a little bit stupid, and they did not know quite what to do. Little Bonny seemed very happy and contented himself.

Presently his eye fell on a hassock under the table. He jumped up, tugged it out, and seized the poker and began with a solemn face drawing it across.

"It's a music like this," he said gravely.

The man got up and went out of the room. Presently he came back, and in his hand he carried something that made Bonny jump up and fly to him with a gleeful laugh. It was the very, very thing the "music man" had held in his hand.

"Do the stick!" Bonny cried eagerly; "do the stick, I tell you!"

Then the good kind giant lifted the little music box on to his shoulder, and put his head down on one side just as the man had done (how excitedly Bonny watched him!) took the stick, and drew it slowly across.

To Bonny's rapture there came forth a beautiful voice out of the thing. Then the stick went backwards and forwards, up and down—now slow, now fast—and the whole room was filled with voices such as Bonny had never heard before. He crept close to the "Herr Papa," and watched him with round eyes fixed eagerly on those clever hands. It looked quite easy. The moment the big man had finished Bonny snatched the violin from his hands, put it on his shoulder, and laid the stick across the strings.

It only made a grunt for Bonny, however much he tried. Then he pushed it away in a rage and began to cry.

The man took it up and handed it to Bonny again, holding his hand while he drew the bow across. The beautiful voice came again, and Bonny's face was all aglow.

"There's a nice noise in the music," he said, with a deep sigh of happiness.

The big man caught him in his arms and kissed him.

"He haf von soul of music," he cried; "he lof it. I see it in his face. Now, my little one, take it and try again like this."

Bonny took the violin and drew the bow across as he had been shown. At first there came a shaky uncertain sound, but Bonny did not leave off until the sound was steady and clear.

"He haf von goot ear," the big man cried. "He shall be my little child. I will teach him myself. Come, now, we will begin at once."

But Bonny wanted to hear the beautiful music again, so Herr Papa played to him, and Bonny listened with bright eyes and eager face, till at last the wife said—

"Are you not going to take the little one back to his home?"

Then the big man put down his violin and looked very thoughtful, for that was a thing more easily said than done.

But the man said, "I must try to find out about my little child, but you shall keep him safe and snug while I go."

So he went out to see if anyone was inquiring for a lost child, and Bonny was laid down to sleep very contentedly, his little brain so full of delight that he had found the music for which he had been looking so long that everything else was forgotten.

CHAPTER VII.—NO SUCH CHILD.

It was into a cold, drizzling rain that the Herr Papa turned when he left his own fireside.

"Ach me!" he said to himself; "it is von goot thing that I found the little child. This bad night would have kilt him. The goot Gott sent me that way to find His little one and shelter him, and to find in him a soul of music. But his mother weeps for him, and many hearts are sad to lose him, and I must restore him quickly."

Frank E. Donovan

REAL ESTATE BROKER

Office: Temple Building

185 St. James St.,

Telephone Main 2091

Montreal

BELL TELEPHONE MAIN 1983

G. J. LUNN & CO.

Machinists & Blacksmiths.

SCREWS, PRESSES

REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS.

CHATHAM WORKS.

134 Chatham Street,

MONTREAL

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB

ALL SAILORS WELCOME
Concert every Wednesday Evening

All Local Talent invited. The finest in the City pay us a visit.
MASS at 9:30 a. m. on Sunday.
Sacred Concert on Sunday evening.
Open week days from 5 a. m. to 10 p. m.

On Sundays from 1 p. m. to 10 p. m.
ST. PETER and COMMON STS.

hair and dark eyes—that is, a fair child."

"Did you say dark or fair?"

"The child I would say fair and pale."

"Yes, fair—particulars of dress?"

"Well, shabbily dressed, like a poor woman's little child."

"Where found?"

"Asleep in an archway."

"Name?"

"That I cannot tell. The child seems not to know his name, but there is one thing to tell him by. He has a very bright, clever face, and a soul of music beyond what I have ever seen in such a baby."

The professor was thinking of Bonny's face as he watched him play, and indeed it had been bright and intelligent enough then.

"Any marks on the clothing?"

"No, my wife had found none. You must tell the mother, if she grieve, that her little one is safe and well."

Then the officer shut his book and said that would do, and the professor went his way sadly.

By-and-by the officer went off duty and another came and took his place. Very late that night a message was sent by telegraph, instructing the police at that station to look out for a child supposed to have been stolen, the son of Robert Cameron, Esq., of Horton House, St. Mildred's Hill. The description given was that of a dark thin child, seven years of age, slightly imbecile.

The superintendent looked through his books and found the description of Bonny. "That is not the child," he said decidedly, and telegraphed back that no news of any child answering description given had been brought there. The next morning each policeman who came on duty was told to look out for any trace of a dark, thin, imbecile child of seven years old, supposed to have been stolen from his father's house in order to get a reward for bringing him back.

Each man in turn asked what reward was offered for finding the child.

"He had not heard of any," the officer replied. "The father was a gentleman, and would no doubt be willing to pay something handsome for the recovery of his boy."

The men didn't think much of that. They often had to render people services without reward. Of course it was their duty to do so; but there were several other people they had to look out for, and the missing child was entered in their memories along with various other things and persons. Every one of them would have recollected had they come across a child answering the description given them, that Robert Cameron, Esq., of St. Mildred's Hill, had lost his son, supposed to have been stolen, and followed up the clue at once. But then they never did come across such a child. And after a little while they forgot pretty well all about it, except, of course, when they had occasion to look over the books.

(To be continued.)

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it and see what amount of pain is saved.