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And lovely views on every side. Away from danger it is set, No foes to fear, no cares to fret, In at the door the folks can fly waving branches

TO RENT-A BIRD HOUSE.

A tip-top, first class tenement;

house to rent! A house to rent!

With airy chambers sweet and wide

The rent is cheap-a song or two, When the green leaves are wet with

Swift, bright wings flitting in and

And happy chirping all about.

Come, little husband, bring your wife And take my pretty house for life, No better place, believe my words, Or healthier for baby birds.

The flying school is near the door And singing teachers many a score; And swings and teeters and such

things, To strengthen, if you wish, their

house to rent! A house to rent! A tip-top, first-class tienement With airy chambers, sweet and wide And lovely views on every side. -Mrs. M. F. Butts.

NO BUTTER FOR BREAKFAST.

"When I was a boy," said General Grant. "my mother one morning found herself without butter breakfast, and sent me to borrow some from a neighbor. Going into the house without knocking, I overheard a letter read from the son of Point, stating that he had failed in examination and was coming home. I got the butter, took it home, and without waiting for breakfast, ran to the office of the congressman from our district.

'Mr. Hammer,' I said, 'will you appoint me to West Point?'

'No; Davis is there, and has three years to serve.' 'But suppose he should fail-will

you send me?' 'Mr. Hammer laughed. 'If he does n't go through, it is no use for you

the chance, Mr. Hammer, anyhow.'
"Mr. Hammer promised. The next day the defeated lad came home, and

Now." said Grant, "it was mother's being without butter that nade me general and president." But he was mistaken. It was his own shrewdness to see the chance, and the promptness to seize it, that

Our Boys and Girls

BY AUNT BECKY

urged him upward. A GRATEFUL ROBIN

A robin used to come where a carpenter was at work; the man was very fond of birds, and he and the robin soon got to be the best When the carpenter had his dinner he would hold out some crumbs, and the robin was so tame that it would take them from his

to have great difficulty in picking up the crumbs.

'What is the matter with Dick. I wonder?" said the carpenter; "he not eat properly!"

Then he noticed that by some acdent a part of the lower bill was one, so that it was much shorter han the upper bill.

"Poor Dick," said the carpenter, 'what is to be done? If you can't pick up your food you will starve. Perhaps I had better cut the upper bill for you so as to make it ame length as the under bill!"

He took a sharp knife, held the bird's head firmly in his hand, and was just going to cut, when he noticed the robin's tongue. "Dear me," he said, "I hadn't thought of that. If I make the upper and lower bill the same length the tongue will stick out. I can't cut the tongue ! Perhaps the lower bill will grow again if I can manage to feed Dick meanwhile."

The bird really seemed as if it quite understood, for every day it came, and several times a day its friend the carpenter fed it cm soft food.

'And, sure enough, Dick's lower bill began to grow. It grew longer and longer, until at last it was the proper length, and the robin was able to pick up its food as well as it used to do.

One day, when it was quite recovered, it perked its head on one side, fixed its bright beady eyes on its friend, and sang a little song. Of course the carpenter did not understand the language of birds, and yet it seemed to him that the robin said -"I believe, I should have died but for you, dear friend; thank you very the congressman, laughing at my much for your great kindness to a sharpness, gave me the appointment.

## HER WILFUL WAY.

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

CHAPTER II-Continued. Oh, yes, the plan is yours, and indeed, she all but laid claim to it. I've a cousin Olive coming to live

"Indeed, dear. How delightful!" "I don't think 'tis quite delight-'cause delightful means very, very nice, and Cousin Olive will be nice, but not very, very nice, 'cause of something else,' faltered Ellie.

my plan." her son told her.

"Well, mamma, Ellie's papa says she and Olive will have to have lessons, and learn the pianc, and lots of things, and there's no one teach them."

Well, dear, what comes after that?" inquired mamma.

"I said perhaps you would." 'Yes, dear; I promised this morn-

ing to do so.' "Did you promise Dr. Wenley, mamma ?" inquired Guy. While Ellie piped, "Did my papa

tell you ?" "Yes, dear; and you are to com to me every morning as my little pupils "

"And may I sit here, side of the

bees, and watch them?" To which question Guy snorted "Stuft! How can people learn lessons and watch bees?"

And Ellie responded "Girls car

"I think if we try we able to manage to have

ways.

the secret is mine. Mrs. Rainsford, "My Niger," she called it, and Guy never contradicted her, because he loved her so. Then of the boy's two pet doves. Jack and Silverwing, Silverwing was the one she loved the better; nay, the gentle little thing seemed to know this, for she always came down when she her and alighted on her shoulder, as 'And that's our plan, mamma-

er. This last was Ellie's favorite-

she did this morning, to the great delight of the child, there to perch, 'Well, I hope it's a good one," and to feed from her hand with rumbs of bread. Such happy the two children had had together during their brief lives, the three Wenley boys coming home and making a pleasant break in their daily pursuits all through the holidays, and teaching Guy boyish pranks and

> A long, golden afternoon they had to-day, sitting in the summer-house a brief space to rest, and eat a second luncheon of bread and butter and early strawberries, gathered by Mrs. Rainsford. Then she kissed Ellie, her dear little pupil that was to be, as she called her, and bade Guy take her carefully home, as it

vas getting towards five o'clock. "When Olive comes you will have two little girls to take home, won't you ?" remarked Ellie, skipping and jumping over all the shadows which

lay in her path, yet still holding on "Oh, you won't want me then;
"Oh, you won't want me then;
you'll be able to take care of each I don't care for dolls, they're too

ther," returned Guy, rather , ruefully, as if already feeling himself a

little out in the cold.

"Oh, we shall, Guy; we shall be so afraid if we see a big boy or a

"Pooh! what cowards girls are!" keep up a conversation." I know
"No, girls are oot cowards only boy that has some."
they are so little, and great boys She wished Guy had been there

the days-won't you, Guy ?" pleaded boy. Ellie, when Guy said "Fudge!" right; loftily, and forgetting in her eagerness to spring over the shadows, so played with them," returned the her feet got into a sad tangle, like older feet of older people.

"All the days how you talk, Ellie! Yes, I'll come home with you, if you want me. But the little midge may not come yet," returned the boy, rather stiltishly, as Basil Wenley would have said.

"No, she may not come for days, and days, and days. But you must not call her a midge; she's a little girl, a little lady. like me," returned Ellie, with dignity.

"Two little girls and two little flies child.

Meet a big boy and a spider with eyes, Up comes a bumble bee, up somes a

cow. Up comes old Rover, bow-wow-wow.

The midges of girls got drowned in a puddle, The two little flies flew off in muddle.

sang Guy, snapping his fingers at her. She laughed.

"Sing it again," said she, like the child she was.

"I hope she won't come for days and days, don't you?" she asked, when the ditty came to a close the

"No, I don't wish anything at all about it," returned Guy, loftily; "for if she comes, she comes; and if she stays away for days and days 'twill make no difference to me "

"Twill to me, 'cause I shall have lessons and see the bees all the days," said Elie.

"All the days-you should every day." They were at Dr. Wenley's back gate now, through which the children passed.

"She may not come for days, and days, and days," sang Ellie, mounting the stairs, after she had said 'good-bye' to her cavalier; but when she entered the nursery there sat a little strange girl in her-Ellie's-chair, nursing her favorite doll, the Lady Bella-a thin slip of child, with long black curls floating down her back, bright, black, flashing eyes, that seemed to look her through and through. She wore a blue dress braided with gold; her hat, a pretty blue velvet one, with a gold feather twined about it, lay on a chair by her side. Nurse was there; Ellie was so glad she was there, for the little new lady made her feel so very, very shy and awkward. How was she to know whe ther this was Cousin Olive or some other little lady? She hoped nurse

would tell her. "Miss Ellie, this is your Olive, little Miss Olive Barclay. Won't you come and kiss her?" said as the child stood trembling at the door.

But when the mite stole across to her, like a shy sunbeam, a walking daisy, or any other shrinking. half-startled thing, Cousin Olive sprang from her chair, and came forward to meet her, holding out her hard, bowing the while with the easy grace of a duchess.

"How do you do, Cousin Ellie?" ignoring the kiss Ellie was pursin kiss Ellie was pursing

up her pretty lips to give her. She was taller than her shy little cousin—they must have made a mistake in her age, nurse thought-a willowy, graceful child was she, with dark, piquant, winsome face, all sparkle and glow. A "little touch and turn lady," nurse nounced her to be in her own mind. "I foresee stormy times for our Miss Ellie, for this city child has -temper of her own, and so has our Ellie, mild as milk as she is generally"-she said to herself.

Ay, a city child-such a contrast in her self-possession, standing by, to her small cousin, so dainty shy, in her holland dress and white sun-bonnet. But Ellie was erough of a lady to know that she ought to talk to ther guest-hers and her papa's, so she said, just a little awkwardly-

"That is my best doll. Cousin Olive-the Lady Bella."

"You may have her; I don't want her." said the other, tossing puppet into her small mamma's arms head downward.

"I don't want her; I didn't mean" -the child flushed very red, and was so near crying that she could finish her speech. Did cousin Olive think she grudged her her doll? did she think her so rude, so unkind?

"No " returned the fine lady, "but babyish for me;" and she kissed the discomfited little maiden right pat-

"Perhaps you'd like rabbits botter," suggested Ellie, reassured by the kiss, and courteously trying to

he always knew the right thing to "You will come home with us all say, but then Guy was such a big

thought people only ate rabbits, not

"Yes, so some people do them; we don't eat ours, we play with them."

"Are they yours?"

"I thought you said they were a boy's ?'

"Yes; but they are mine and Guy's, Guy lets me call anything of his mine—Niger is mine," Ellie informed

"Guy-who is Guy?"

"Only Guy," piped the silver-toned

Olive had a sweet voice, but Ellie's was like the tinkle of a silver bell compared with it.

"Don't you call him any other name? Hasn't he got another?' questioned Olive, in childish scorn. They were sitting down now, Ellie on the floor, still wearing sun-hood, and nursing the Lady Bella; Olive in Ellie's chair.

"Oh, yes, he's Guy Rainsford, and I'm Ellice Wenley; and he has mamma, who is going to teach us with the bees."

"With the bees what do you mean? Bees sting and buzz, do all sorts of nasty things, don't they?"

"Bees make honey," said the country child.
"And will the rabbits be there

too ?" "Where?" Ellie was all at sea

"Where we have our lessons." "Oh, no," with a wise shake the head; "they are out in the tool

shed, under the doves' house." "Doves-what are doves? And what's a doves' house?"

"Doves are doves, you know, birds, all pretty silver. Mine is Silver wing, 'cause that is all over silver -and there are doves in the copes, only-only they are anybody's."'
"Now, dear," interposed no

interposed nurse coming in from the night nursery, where she had been laying out Ellie's white frock and pink sash, making ready to dress for dinner, "you must come and be dressed. Mr. Wenley will soon be home, and it is almost dinner-time."

"Do you dine with your papa? I never dined with aunt," said Olive as the two followed nurse into the "Yes, I do; but I mustn't any

longer, now you are come," returned outspoken Ellie.
"Why?" a flush crept over the lit-

tle dark face. "'Cause we shall have a dinnertime of our own, and lessons, and grow into young ladies."

"Oh, we're ladies now," said Olive vith a toss of her shapely head. "Oh, we're note are we. Marjory?"

piped Ellie. "Not the young ladies that i hope you will be in a year's time, if you go to Mrs. Rainsford for dessons?" returned Marjory.

"Is Mrs. Rainsford nice?" inquired standing on tip-toe, viewing herself in the glass, after

the manner of some children. "Yes, and she loves me so: she is nicer than anything in the world,' said Ellie, nurse arraying her at the same time in her white frock and

pink sash. "She'll love me best when sees me," was Olive's remark

"Oh, she won't!" protested Ellie the color sweeping over her daisy

"She will."

"Miss Ellie, where are your man Whoever heard of one young lady contradicting another?" reproving Marjory, giving the last to the child's golden curls. 'Now, den't cry, or you'll spoil your face, and that will be naughty. Mrs. Rainsford has room for two loves in her kind heart. New, Miss

"Three best loves, you forget Guy," piped Ellie, rather dolefully, but keeping back her tears.

Tears at dinner-time meant banish-nent from the dinng-room, and the child had shed so few tears yet, for ner life had always been so full of happiness. But tearful times were coming on apace—what would the evening bring her?

CHAPTER III.—A LITTLE RIFT-THE BROKEN VASE.

"Papa," this is Cousin Olive," said Elie, leading the little lady to her father, when they had descended the stairs, and entered the diningroom hand in hand.

"Ah! so, my dear, you have come to us?" said Dr. Wenley, and took her in his arms and kissed her.

(To be continued.)

# Frank E. Donovan

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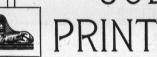
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