

Our Boys and Girls BY AUNT BECKY

TO RENT—A BIRD HOUSE.

A house to rent! A house to rent! A tip-top, first class tenement...

Away from danger it is set, No fess to fear, no cares to fret...

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

Come, little husband, bring your wife And take my pretty house for life...

The flying school is near the door, And singing teachers many a score...

A house to rent! A house to rent! A tip-top, first-class tenement...

—Mrs. M. F. Butts.

NO BUTTER FOR BREAKFAST.

"When I was a boy," said General Grant, "my mother one morning found herself without butter for breakfast..."

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

"But suppose he should fail—will you send me?"

"Mr. Hammer laughed. 'If he doesn't go through, it is no use for you to try, Uly.'"

"Promise me you will give me the chance, Mr. Hammer, anyhow."

"Mr. Hammer promised. The next day the defeated lad came home, and the congressman, laughing at my 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 the secret is mine. Mrs. Rainsford, I've a cousin Olive coming to live with me."

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

"And that's our plan, mamma—my plan," her son told her. "Well, I hope it's a good one," said his mamma.

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

"Well, dear, what comes after that?" inquired mamma. "I said perhaps you would."

"Yes, dear, I promised this morning 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 come 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, "Stuff! How can people learn lessons and watch bees?"

And Ellie responded, "Girls can do what boys can't—can't they, Mrs. Rainsford?"

"I think if we try we shall be able to manage to have lessons here with the bees," replied the lady guardedly, and after a little more talk Guy took Ellie out into the garden to see his pets—his pets.

These were two rabbits, one white with pink eyes, which they called Blanche; the other black, called Nig-

and cows are so big." "You will come home with us all the days—won't you, Guy?" pleaded Ellie, when Guy said "Fudge!" right loftily, and forgetting in her eagerness to spring over the shadows, so 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 Meet a big boy and a spider with eyes, Up comes a bumble bee, up comes 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 a muddle."

"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 the same 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 can 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 much for your great kindness to a little bird!"

"Miss Ellie, this is your cousin Olive, little Miss Olive Barclay. Won't you come and kiss her?" said nurse, 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 hand, bowing the while with the easy grace of a duchess.

"How do you do, Cousin Ellie?" ignoring the 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 pronounced her to be in her own mind.

"I foresee stormy times for our Miss Ellie, for this city child has a temper of her own, and so has our Miss Ellie, mild as milk as she is generally"—she said to herself.

As a city child—such a contrast in her self-possession, standing by, to her small cousin, so dainty and shy, in her holland-dress and white sun-bonnet. But Ellie was enough of a lady to know that she ought to talk to her 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 the 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 not 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 I don't care for dolls, they're too babyish for me," and she kissed the discomfited little maiden right patronizingly.

"Perhaps you'd like rabbits better," suggested Ellie, reassured by the kiss, and courteously trying to keep up a conversation. "I know a boy that has some."

She wished Guy had been there.

he always knew the right thing to say, but then Guy was such a big boy.

"Rabbits—what are they? I thought people only ate rabbits, not played with them," returned the city miss.

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

"Are they yours?" "Yes."

"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 her.

"Guy—who is Guy?" "Only Guy," piped the silver-toned child.

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 her sun-hood, and nursing the Lady Bella; Olive in Ellie's chair.

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

"With the bees—what do you mean? Bees sting and buzz, and 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 now.

"Where we have our lessons." "Oh, no," with a wise shake of 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 Silverwing, 'cause that is all over silver—and there are doves in the copes, only—only they are anybody's."

"Now, dear," 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 other room.

"Yes, I do; but I mustn't any longer, now you are come," returned outspoken Ellie.

"Why?" a flush crept over the little dark face.

"'Cause we shall have a dinner-time of our own, and lessons, and grow into young ladies."

"Oh, we're ladies now," said Olive with a toss of her shapely head.

"Oh, we're not, 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 lessons?" returned Marjory.

"Is Mrs. Rainsford nice?" inquired Olive, standing on tip-toe, and 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 she sees me," was Olive's remark to this.

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

"She will."

"She won't."

"Miss Ellie, where are your manners? Whoever heard of one young lady contradicting another?" said reproving Marjory, giving the last touch to the child's golden curls.

"Now, don't cry, or you'll spoil your face, and that will be naughty. Mrs. Rainsford has room for two best loves in her kind heart. Now, Miss Olive."

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