

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.

This Week's Puzzles.

- 1. RIDDLE-ME-REE. My first is in baby, but not in child. My second is in tame, but not in wild.

WORD SYNCOPATION.

Take a conjunction from another word for "tops" and leave what every one does.

RIDDLE.

What is the right kind of timber for castles in the air?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF NOVEMBER 1.

RIDDLE-ME-REE.

Chestnut. Answer to No. 2, Double Acrostic, is omitted, as there was a mistake in the puzzle.

GEOGRAPHICAL SINGLE ACROSTIC.

Liverpool. 1. Lucerne; 2. Ionian. 3. Venice, 4. Ecuador. 5. Rangoon.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Drink, rink, ink, kin, in, n. 2. Chair, hair, air. 3. Mouse, ouse, use.

BURIED BIRDS.

1. Linnet. 2. Robin. 3. Hawk. 4. Dove. 5. Lark. 6. Bat.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

In London there lived a gentleman called Mr. Lewes, who had a little daughter called Alice. Amongst other pets she had a monkey and a fine cat.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Caterpillar. And if I should live to be The last leaf upon the tree In the spring— Let them smile, as I do now, At the old forsaken bough Where I cling.

RIDDLE.

Because his gait is broken and his locks are few.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

- M. E. Dunn 6 W. E. Dunn 6 H. O'Sullivan 5 Emma F. 5 W. G. O'Sullivan 4 Annie L. 2 M. E. Sanders 2 Maude Creighton 1

THE CHILD AT MARY'S ALTAR.

Sweet Mary, thou the Mother art Of children everywhere, How dear was one unto thy heart— The Infant Jesus fair! Jesus who for our sins so died Upon the cruel Tree, While thou wert at His blessed side— Oh, Mother pray for me!

I bring sweet flowers as e'er were seen In any woodland way, To deck the altar of our Queen— Sweet Mary, Queen of May!

Mother, each morning when I wake, To Jesus dear I pray, That He will keep me for thy sake, From dark temptation's way; And ere I go to rest at night, I ask Him, in thy name, To make me ever love the right, And keep me far from shame.

I bring sweet flowers as e'er were seen In any woodland way, To deck the altar of our Queen— Sweet Mary, Queen of May— William MacDonald, in Austral Light.

WHO IS SHE?

I know the dearest little girl, About as big as you, Her eyes are black or brown or gray, Or maybe they are blue; But, anyway, her hands are clean: Her teeth were white as snow; Her little dress is always neat; She goes to school, you know. This little girl—I love her, well, And see her often, too— If I to-day her name should tell— She—might—be—you.

Letters to Aunt Becky

Dear Aunt Becky: It is a long time since I wrote but I must try and write regularly. We were talking about the letters in the corner and some of my little school friends said they would write if I would let them read the letters out of our paper every week as they do not get the True Witness, so here we are a whole crowd of us writing to-day.

Your loving niece, MARY E. Frampton, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky: I heard of some very nice little letters in the True Witness, so I thought I would write also, but perhaps I am only writing for the waste basket. I am living with my grandpa. I am going to school, but can not go very regular so I must try and make the most of my time. I am learning French also. I am in the fourth book in English. Winter will soon be here. I will be glad to see the snow coming, for then we can slide. I like winter for that reason, but Jack Frost sometimes nips my ears unless I keep them covered.

Well, Aunt Becky, this is long enough for the first time. Hoping to see my letter in print. I am Your nephew, THOMAS C. Frampton, Nov. 6.

Dear Aunt Becky: This is the first time that I tried to write to you, but I found the letters so nice in the True Witness that I decided to try, and I hope to see my letter in print. I write to my mamma almost every week. She lives in Montreal, but comes to see us every summer. My dear papa is dead. I live at my grandpa's with my brother and my two little sisters. My youngest sister is only two years old; her name is Theresa. I am going to the same school as Mary Enright. The teacher is a cousin of mine. We made our monthly compositions last week and I won the prize. Last month it was Mary Enright. I am ten years old. I did not make my first Communion yet, but I will next year. Well, Aunt Becky, I will say goodbye.

Your little niece, LIZZIE C. Frampton, Que.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

LITTLE ODDITY

By the Author of "Served Out."

CHAPTER III.—HIDE AND SEEK.

Old Mary was in terrible consternation when she went up to the nursery with Bonny's tea and could find him nowhere. She called him, she looked all round the rooms, she went downstairs, she came up again, and yet no Bonny was to be seen.

It wasn't as if he went out by himself ever; he never did. Besides, there were his hat and jacket in their usual place. Nothing had disappeared but Bonny himself.

It was most mysterious. Suddenly a dreadful idea occurred to her. She ran to the window, and threw it up hastily, and stretched her head out. To her intense relief there was no sign of Bonny lying in the bit of front garden beneath; so he had not fallen out of the window.

"But where is he?" said Mary to herself. "He is a little imp of mischief when he takes it into his head, and he is hidden up in some odd corner; but you'll soon have to come out of that, Master Bonny, and so I tell you."

But if Bonny were hidden he had done it pretty cleverly, for Mary could not discover his hiding-place, try as she would. She looked in the funniest places. Under all the beds, in the cupboards, behind the curtains, under the chairs, in all the beds, behind every door, and in every odd corner where a child could squeeze. Then she opened all the drawers, and peeped into all the boxes upstairs, under the washstands, and moved everything on the shelves and tops of the cupboards. Then she patted all the pillows and unrolled all the bolsters, and by that time she must have been beginning to think that witches or fairies had been at work, for she turned up the carpets, shook the curtains, stripped the beds, and peeped into the chimneys. In none of those places, however, did she find the least trace of Bonny.

So she slowly abandoned the bed-rooms and went downstairs—not until she had made an excuse for searching in her mistress's room under a pretext that she had dropped something. She looked out of every window, turned out the side-board cupboards and drawers, shook all the curtains downstairs; turned out Mr. Cameron's waste-paper basket, and looked into the coal-scuttles. Then she descended to the kitchen and narrowly inspected every hole and corner, not omitting the dustbin, but still no Bonny was to be found. And then Mary began to grow very nervous, for it was getting dark, and presently Mr. Cameron would be home.

"I know," she said suddenly. "He's dodging me about. While I'm looking in one place he slips into another. It wants two to look for him. And with this idea Mary was tolerably satisfied, for in the house she knew he must be. She did not dare say a word to her mistress, who was too ill to be worried by any alarming news; and as she could not sit still she went up to the top of the house and began the search over again, looking as people do when they keep on searching and searching and cannot find a thing, in every place possible and impossible.

At last she heard Mr. Cameron's footstep in the hall. "Please, sir," she said, in much trepidation, for everybody was more or less frightened of him, "Master Bonny's hiding up somewhere and I cannot find him." "Then look again," Mr. Cameron said shortly. It seemed to him an absurd piece of impertinence on Mary's part to come and ask him to play hide-and-seek with Bonny the moment he entered the house. "Please, sir, I have looked again," Mary replied. "Well, then, look further." "But I've looked everywhere, and he's just dodging me." "Nonsense, as if a woman of your age could be bamboozled by a baby like that. I tell you, woman, you're talking nonsense. The child's in the house, then find him. That's enough." Mary departed crestfallen. She knew, of course, that he must be in the house, and she was getting very

Frank E. Donovan REAL ESTATE BROKER Office: Temple Building 185 St. James St., Montreal Telephone Main 2091

BELL TELEPHONE MAIN 1983 G. J. LUNN & CO. Machinists & Blacksmiths. SCREWS, PRESSES REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS. CHATHAM WORKS. 134 Chatham Street, MONTREAL

angry to be led such a chase. Mr. Cameron's words had stung her self-importance. She was in the habit of thinking she could manage everything and everybody, and to be beaten by this bit of a boy was too much.

But Mr. Cameron's dinner had to be sent up. While she was doing it she kept on peeping about, which made her rather slow. While she was dishing up the potatoes she ran and took the copper lid, peering in there, and another time the meat-screen had to be pulled out of its place against the wall.

As soon as Mr. Cameron had finished his solitary meal he went as usual to his wife's room. When at last he came out he rang the bell and said, "If Master Bonny's not, in bed I'll have him now for a few minutes."

"Master Bonny's not found yet, sir." "Not found," thundered Mr. Cameron, "whatever do you mean?" "I've looked everywhere. Where that child's hid himself I'd just like to know."

"Goodness me, woman, what are you trying to say?" Mr. Cameron cried, in his abrupt manner when put out. "Do you mean to tell me that you've not found that child yet? The woman must be mad."

"I think, sir, you'd better look yourself," Mary said, with much haughtiness. "Tell me this. Is the child in the house?" "Why, yes, sir. Of course he is. He's never allowed out alone."

"Never allowed" is all very well. How do you know he hasn't gone out without being allowed?" "Because his hat and jacket hasn't been touched. Besides," added Mary, feeling that her sagacity had been shamefully impugned, and that her reputation was at stake, "do you suppose, sir, that child could leave this house without me knowing it, what has my eye on him the whole day long; besides, a timid bit of a thing like him, what's terrified at the sight of a dog, wouldn't dare go out into the streets in the dark, you'll be sure."

the child must be in the house, but for that one strange fact that, look as they would, they could find no trace of him. So it was clear that he was not in the house. But, then, where was he?

The only thing he could think of was that the child must have been stolen. Some tramp had, perhaps, come to the door while Mary was out of the way, and, seeing the child alone, had carried him off. That was a strange thing, too, for Bonny could scream loudly enough when he chose. Moreover, when he came to question Mary, she declared, in the first place, that she had never gone away out of hearing, and left Bonny alone in the kitchen, although he did sometimes come down with her for a change; and, in the second place, she knew London ways too well to go upstairs, and leave her doors unlocked for tramps to walk in. Not she.

Something must be done, so Mr. Cameron went out, charging Mary on no account to breathe a word to her mistress. He started forth pretty hopelessly, and after a few minutes' consideration made straight for the police station.

"If the child has been taken away the police will be sure to find him," he said to himself. At the same time he stopped at several shops where he was known, to inquire if anything had been seen or heard of Bonny, and also asked every policeman he met, but without result. It was already nine o'clock, quite dark, and a drizzling, wretched evening.

At the police station he met with no better success. In fact, if Bonny had been a golden coin, which if you drop out of doors you know you will never find again, he could not have disappeared more completely. Mr. Cameron was now not only perplexed, but seriously uneasy. He asked the superintendent who waited upon him what he thought could have become of the child. Had he ever heard of children being stolen away from their homes?

Oh, yes, he had heard of such things. "Were they easily found again?" "Well, yes; they were generally found in a few days; but it was a pity the child had not been missed at once. Three or four hours was a great loss of time. Mr. Cameron had better describe the child that the police might know what to look for."

Now Mr. Cameron was a man who took very little notice of children, and he hesitated, wondering what there was about Bonny different from other children by which he could be known. The man brought a pen and paper and stood waiting. "Girl or boy?" he asked, thinking Mr. Cameron a slow sort of individual. "Boy." "How dressed?" "I couldn't say. Like other children, I expect." "What age?" "Nearly seven." "Name?" "Robert Douglas Cameron." "Well, now, please describe the child: dark or fair, stout or thin, quick or slow, any marks, or scars, and so forth." Mr. Cameron pondered. "I never noticed that he was particularly dark or fair; very much like other children of his age, I should say; perhaps more dark than fair; not fat, certainly not fat; rather a plain child, I suppose, and certainly not quick; no I couldn't say he is a particularly intelligent child."

CHAPTER IV.—BONNY'S FATHER IS FRIGHTENED.

Mr. Cameron was seriously perplexed. Like Mary he would have been ready to declare positively that

(To be continued.)