

Our Boys and Girls

BY AUNT BECKY

SPRING WAKING.

A snowdrop lay in the sweet, dark ground, "Come out," said the Sun, "come out!" But she lay quite still and she heard no sound; "Asleep," said the Sun, "no doubt!" The snowdrop heard, for she raised her head, "Look spry," said the Sun, "look spry!" "It's warm," said the Snowdrop, "here in bed." "O fie!" said the Sun, "O fie!" "You call too soon, Mr. Sun, you do!" "No, no," said the Sun, "Oh, no!" "There's something above and I can't see through," "It's snow," said the Sun, "just snow." "But I say, Mr. Sun, are the robins here?" "Maybe," said the Sun, "maybe." "There wasn't a bird when you called last year." "Come out," said the Sun, "and see!"

The Snowdrop sighed, for she liked her nap. And there wasn't a bird in sight. But she popped out of bed in her white night-cap; "That's right," said the Sun, "that's right!" And, soon as that small night-cap was seen, A robin began to sing. The air grew warm, and the grass turned green. "Tis spring!" laughed the Sun, "tis spring!" —Isabel Eccleston Mackay, in St. Nicholas.

BE COURTEOUS, BOYS.

"I treat him as well as he treats me," said Hal. His mother had just reproached him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had just gone home. "I often go in there, and he doesn't notice me," said Hal again. "Do you enjoy that?" "Oh, I don't mind! I don't stay long." "I should call myself a very sel-

fish person, if friends came to see me and I should pay no attention to them." "Well, that's different; you're grown up." "Then you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys?" Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that; but his father, who had listened, now spoke: "A boy or man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him has no character of his own. He will never be kind, or generous, or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature." And very earnestly the father added: "Remember this, my boy—you love your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down."

A DOG AND A PIG.

Here is a true tale of a dog and a pig. They were both passengers on the same ship and became warm friends. They used to eat their cold potatoes off the same plate, and but for one thing would never have had any trouble. This was the fact that the dog had a kennel, and the pig had none. Somehow the pig got it into his head that the kennel belonged to whichever could get into it first; so every night there was a race. One rainy afternoon the pig found it rather unpleasant slipping about the deck, and made up his mind to retire early. But when it reached the kennel it found the dog inside. Suddenly an idea flashed upon it; and trudging on to where their dinner plate was lying, it carried it to a part of the deck where the dog could see it and, turning his back to the kennel, began rattling the plate and munching as though at a feast. This was too much for Toby. A good dinner, and he not there? Piggy kept on until Toby had come around in front of him and lushed his nose into the empty plate. Then, like a shot, it turned and ran and was safe in the kennel before the dog knew whether there was any dinner on the plate or not.—Sunday Magazine.

"Did he?" The pretty lips pouted and said, "Naughty papa. I wanted to tell you myself." "Well," observed Guy, coolly, "the secret I know may not be the one you know." "Oh, it must be," said the little one, with conviction. "Well, tell me, then I shall know," suggested practical Guy. "Stoop down ever so low, and let me whisper it into your ear," and down went Guy's head, till the brown and gold of their hair mingled.

"Well, you are a goose not to know that three are better than two," observed Guy, comically. "I'm not a goose; two is nice, three isn't. And yours is only a piece of a secret. Papa told me more than that," said the small coquetish creature, drawing a little nearer to him. "Very likely," returned the boy, lightly, "because 'tis all yours—all coming to you, you know." "Tisn't a nice part that papa didn't tell you," she informed him, linking her hand in his again. "Isn't it? Let me hear it," and Guy smiled down patronizingly at the sober little face. "Papa says I mustn't be a baby any longer, but be a young lady, and have lessons."

"Well, that isn't half a bad plan; because you can't always be a baby." "I'm not a baby. I'm almost as big as you," and, by dint of standing on tip-toe, her head reached his shoulder. "Oh, are you?" laughed Guy; "you'll have to puff out a great deal before you'll be as big as I am, like the frog when he tried to be an ox." "I shan't puff; ladies don't do such things; they grow," protested little Ellie. "But about the lessons?" said the boy. "Yes, and about Cousin Olive—about both," agreed Ellie, and looked up into his face for him to say more. "Well, who is to teach you?" "I don't know," was the child's answer, with a sober shake of the head. "Marjory?" "No, I think not. Marjory has taught me my letters, you know, but papa says I must learn to play the piano, and Marjory doesn't know music, for I asked her before I came out, and she said no."

"And I should say taught if I were you, and not taught," suggested Guy. "That's because you are a boy," returned Ellie, slightly. "And is Miss Olive to have lessons, too? I say Miss Olive, because she comes from London—doesn't she?" "Yes; so papa said." "How old is she?" questioned Guy. "Just as old as me." "And that is five, isn't it?" "Yes; I was five when I had my last birthday party." "And that was the twenty-ninth of March," said Guy, with a boy's love of dates. "Yes, I think 'twas."

the outer world. Basil just Guy's age, Harold next older, and Duke—Marmaduke—rejoicing in his twelve years of schoolboy dignity, and bearing himself somewhat haughtily, as in keeping with his name, the younger people were wont to say, with sly shrugs of their shoulders, behind his back. As for Marjory, she told him, "If you want to play duke, Master Duke, be a true duke, and don't show your dukelike in lordling it over your inferiors in age and station."

Marjory had promised the children's mamma, when dying, that she would try to fill her place as well as another can fill a mother's place—which is never, perhaps, filled to the full—and not let them miss her. Right well had she fulfilled her trust, training them up in the way they should go, and ready, if need were, to lay down her life for them. That was four years ago she had taken this upon her: "When I was a wee toddling thing. And I can remember it" so Ellie was wont to say in the early days of her dawning powers of memory, and she clung to the belief now.

Guy was an only child, doing lessons as yet with his father, just stepping into Latin and other difficult lore and learning. His mother was just a sweet-faced lady, a feminine picture of what her boy would be some day—brown-eyed, brown-haired, ruling her household with the gentle sway of love. To this kind friend the children thought they should like to go with their secret, which was a secret no longer, because, as they said, four knew it—papa, Marjory, and their two selves. Only they must first run in and ask Marjory's leave to go; and perhaps she would have something nice for their luncheon: she often had. Little Ellie dined with her father at six o'clock, but now, as he told her that very morning, all would be changed: she and Olive must dine in the nursery at one, and come down to him in the evening.

This his small daughter told Guy as they went through the garden round by the drawing-room, the glass doors ajar to let the merry breezes wander in. "And I don't like it a bit. I shan't feel a bit big when I don't dine with papa," were her words. "Oh, you'll be growing bigger every day whether you feel it or not, you know," was Guy's response. "Perhaps Marjory may have some gooseberry fool for us, she has sometimes," suggested the little lady, going from topic to topic like a butterfly flitting from flower to flower. And she was right; Marjory had some gooseberry fool, and such delicious bread, ready on the nursery table, by the time they had mounted up the stairs and entered the room. "Oh! gooseberry fool! gooseberry fool!" cried Ellie, with a pretty jig on her feet, catching sight of the dainty. Then both children lay aside their hats, and, springing into the chairs, Marjory had placed for them, chatted and munched in high glee. "Ah, Miss Ellie, these brave times will have an end when Miss Olive comes," remarked the nurse. "I wish she wasn't coming," said outspoken Ellie. "Oh, fie, dear! she has no other home but here," returned nurse. "Then where has she lived always until now?" "With her aunt. Now her aunt is going abroad, and she is coming to us."

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HER WILFUL WAY.

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

CHAPTER I.—TWO LITTLE FRIENDS—COUSIN OLIVE.

Our story begins in an apple orchard, where a little fluffy-haired, daisy-faced girl of five, with blue eyes, very much the color of the sky above her head, was wandering, dressed in the whitest of white sun-bonnets, the cleanest of brown holland dresses, confined with a blue sash. All around her the petals of the apple blossoms were drifting down from the trees, very like pink snow, and the cuckoo was crying again and again, as if it would never tire of saying, how glad it was that summer time was come again, so it might fly across the seas once more, and visit its old friends and its old haunts. Ellie, or Ellie, as she was generally called, could only remember a cuckoo coming to the orchard this year and last; dear little mite of a sunbeam, her memory could carry her no farther back into the past. Her father was a doctor, living at the back of the small town of Marsdean, in a quaint old house with a bowery garden at the back, where white, miles, sweet-williams, and all sorts of old-fashioned flowers which Marjory loved grew and blossomed in all sorts of unlikely places, as if they were playing hide-and-seek with some one. Then there was the garden seat not far from the beehives, and a stile over which the little maiden could scramble into the orchard, and beyond the orchard a copse, a tangle of sunshines, shadows, and sweet sounds, where the doves cooed by day and the nightingales sang by night. But about Ellie herself—some one was calling her. "Ellie! Ellie! Come here, I want you." It was a boy's voice, clear and ringing as a bell. I came from the way of the bushes.

"If you want me you must come here," piped back the little maiden, with a pretty babyish toss of her small, white-hooded head. And in answer thereto, a boy of seven, brown-eyed, brown-haired, rosy-cheeked, and sunburnt, in a suit of grey and a straw hat, vaulted over the barrier stile from the garden, and came bounding through the shower of apple blossoms towards her. "Why didn't you come?" asked he, ere he reached her. "Because a gentleman ought not to ask a lady to come to him and do things," said the demure little puss. "Thow! You are high and mighty this morning," laughed the boy. "I wanted you to come and sit on the garden seat and be cosy." "And I wanted to walk about," she told him. "Well, come then, let's walk about," complied the other, essaying to take her hand. "No, not that hand; this one," said the fair wee thing, snatching away one rosy hand and offering him the other. The boy obediently took it, and together they went straying away. "I know a secret," remarked the little lady, pursing up her rosy lips mysteriously. "And so do I," said the boy. "We may as well call him Guy, for that was his name—Guy Rainsford, the only son of Mr. Guy Rainsford, of St. Edmund's parish, which included a scrap of the town of Marsdean, in which stood the home of Ellie, and was part town, part country. "Your secret can't be so nice as mine. Boys' secrets are so silly," returned the little wisp, nodding her head and giving a skip. "Well, mine isn't a boy's secret. It's a man's; your papa told it me."

"What am I in for?" "Wait, and you'll see," spoke the boy, out of his large experience. Then they linked hands together and sauntered here and there in the orchard, and Guy climbed an easy tree just to peep into a bird's nest—only to peep and come down again. Next they went and sat on the garden seat, and talked of Cousin Olive's coming, of lessons, and of the time that must elapse before Ellie's three brothers would be home for their holidays. That was a red-letter day to both children—the coming home of the three boys from

baby face. "Pshaw! Just as if a boy cared what a little chatterbox of a girl said of him," laughed Guy. But now, the gooseberry fool gone, they rose to go. "Bring her back before dinner-time, Master Guy," was Marjory's injunction. "All right, Marjory," was the boy's answer, as they trotted down the stairs. "Mamma, we have such a beautiful plan and secret to tell you," said Guy, leading his small companion in by the hand. Mrs. Rainsford was in the seat where Ellie liked to find her, sitting in the bay-window of the drawing-room, where the bees in their glass house were hard at work all this fine spring day. "Two beautiful things at once, dear; I am longing to hear them," and Mrs. Rainsford invited Ellie to come and climb up on the cushioned window-seat, where she could watch

the bees. As for Guy, he dropped down on the floor by fashion, at her side, and hugged his knees. "Now, Ellie, who is to tell?" he inquired, "you or I?" "I, of course," cause 'tis both mine," replied the little lady, throwing off her hood and laying bare her fair fluffy head. "No; Ellie; the first is mine, you know," objected Guy. (To be continued)