

BOYS AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

"IT DIDN'T HURT MUCH."

Whet, ho! little fellow upon my knee; Telling your story of trouble to me— A finger swollen, a cut and a bruise, You wonder what mother will say to your shoes; A brave, bright purpose to hold the tears 'Mid all the pain and the doubt and fears; Though lips may quiver and sobs may rise, No telltale drops in those brave, bright eyes, As, tender with valor of childhood's touch, He whispers: "It don't hurt very much."

There, little lad, with the wounds of fray, Scared and stained in the light-hearted play, A kiss will heal—with a kind word blent— Far better than all of the liniment. I used to come for a bandage, too, When I built castles of life like you; I used to fall and I used to know The stinging pain of the bruise and blow, The terrible gulping of doubts and fears, And the brave, bright battle to hold the tears.

What ho! little fellow, just wait a while, Till the years of care and the years of trial Carry you ever so far away From the golden valleys of dream and play, Please God the wounds and the bruises then, In the hard, cruel battle of men with men, Will find you stalwart and staunch and fine To fight back sorrow with faith divine; To hold back the tears with a brave, tight clutch And echo: "It don't hurt very much!" —The Bentztown Bard, in the Baltimore Sun.

NATIONAL FLOWERS.

The fleur-de-lis is the emblem of France. The violet is the national flower of Athens. The sugar maple is the national emblem of Canada. The shamrock is emblematic of the Emerald Isle. The linden is the national emblem of Prussia. England's national flower is the rose. Italy's emblem is the lily. Germany's emblem is the corn flower.

NO BLACK FLOWERS.

Did it ever strike you there is no such thing as a black flower in nature and hardly any green ones? The reason is not far to seek. Plants produce flowers which must be fertilized by insects before seed can be produced; therefore both scent

and color are used as baits for bees, etc. Black being unattractive to insects and green being too much like ordinary leaves, both have simply disappeared by the process of what is called natural selection.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

One morning, about the middle of June, a robin, seemingly in great distress, came into the vine near my chair. When I started up, expecting to see a cat about, the bird flew to her nest at the other end of the veranda and then back to me. Placing a chair under the nest, I climbed up and looked into it. Half in and half out of that nest hung a young robin! In some way a piece of string had become twisted about its neck. I hastened to get my scissors and cut him down, to the great joy of his mother, who kept close at hand while I released her child and placed him safely back in the nest. She seemed to know I was doing her a good turn. The young bird, after he got his breath again, appeared to have suffered no great harm.

WHERE THE SMILE CAME FROM.

"Well, grandma," said a little boy, resting his elbows on the old lady's stuffed chair arm, "what have you been doing here at the window all day by yourself?" "All I could," answered dear grandma, cheerily. "I have read a little, and prayed a good deal, and then looked out at the people. There is one I watch for. Arthur, I have learned to watch for. She has sun-brown hair, her blue eyes have the same sunny look in them; and I wonder every day what makes her look so bright. Ah, there she comes now."

Arthur took his elbows off the stuffed arm and planted them on the window sill. "That girl with the brown apron on?" he cried. "Why, I know that girl. That's Susie Moore, and she has a dreadful hard time, grandma." "Has she?" said grandma. "Oh, little boy, wouldn't you give anything to know where she gets all that brightness from, then?" "I'll ask her," said Arthur promptly, and to grandma's surprise he raised the window and called: "Susie, O Susie, come up here a minute, grandma wants to see you!" The blue eyes opened wide in surprise, but the little maid turned at once and came in.

"Grandma wants to know, Susie Moore," explained the boy, "what makes you look so bright all the time?" "Why I have to," said Susie. "You see papa's been ill a long while, and mamma is tired out with nursing, and baby's cross with her teeth, and if I didn't be bright, who would be?" "Yes, yes, I see," said dear old grandma, putting her arms around this little streak of sunshine. "That's God's reason for things; they are because somebody needs them. Smile on, little sun; there couldn't be a better reason for smiling than because it is dark at home."

only do as I tell you. You will, Molly, because you know; but just look here, Hilda—"and he marched off to another path a few yards distant and also leading down to the sea, though by a much gentler slope than the one at the top of which they had been standing—"all those penguins you see there live on the island and make their nests among the roots of the tussock; and if you look down this path you will see it is all padded with the marks of their feet coming up and down. That shows it's one they're in the habit of using, and I know their ways; they're most awfully precise old bodies, and always like to use the same paths and keep to the same places. Now I'm going to put you and Molly just at the bend here, one at each side, and so you'll be out of sight of any bird coming up."

"And with our handkerchiefs knotted together to make a 'trip-up?'" cried Molly, anxious to show that she did know.

"No such thing!" retorted Gordon, who disapproved of people being too clever; "I've got something better than that to-day. Look what I brought from the dairy!" and he proceeded to unroll a parcel containing an old sack and a piece of rope which he had been carrying under his arm, and the latter of which he handed to the girls, telling them to hold it stretched tight across the path about five or six inches from the ground so as to trip up any penguin coming that way.

"I'm going to creep down to the beach by another path and out to that point of rocks beyond them," he added, "I can do it without their seeing me if I take care; and a stone or two chucked into the water from there will frighten them back to land fast enough; and then you see if some of them aren't sure to scuttle up this path. Of course directly I see them making for it I will rush back and follow them; and then if you'll only keep still so as not to frighten them too soon, and keep a tight hold on the cord to prevent their getting past you, I'll come up behind and throw my sack over one of them at any rate. Now, Molly, be careful! I'll never forgive you if you aren't."

Molly promised eagerly, and as soon as he was gone the girls crouched down as he had told them, each grasping one end of the rope, and not daring even to peep round the tussock roots which sheltered them from sight, as they waited, full of excitement, to see what would next happen.

Once Hilda thought she heard a distant splash, and whispered breathlessly—

"Oh! is that 'the stone?'" but Molly shook her head doubtfully, and again they waited until started by a sudden harsh braying voice which made Hilda start and stoop forward just in time to hear a shout from the beach and see a stout little black and white penguin waddling quickly towards them, with the air of a gentleman too fat and important to run, and very angry at being hurried.

CHAPTER XI.—KING DARIUS.—BEGINNING TO AWAKEN.

"Hold tight!" cried Molly, instinctively taking a firmer grip of her end of the cord; but, alas! the warning came too late. Hilda, in her excitement had slackened her clasp; and Molly's pull, added to the weight of the penguin (as, spurred by the knowledge of an enemy in his rear, he came blundering on to the rope), not only dragged it from her fingers, but tumbled her backwards in an ignominious heap on the sand, from which she only picked herself up in time to see their hoped-for captive scuttling cheerfully away to the sea; while Molly, in an equally ungraceful attitude on her hands and knees, and very red in the face, exclaimed dolefully—

"He did tumble down, and I made a grab at him, but his flipper was so oily it slipped through my fingers! Oh! what will Gordon say to me?" "It was my fault," said Hilda honestly, and the more ready to say so because Molly hadn't blamed her; but in the same moment Gordon's voice was heard shouting to them—

"Look sharp, girls! A king! a king!" and both sprang back to their respective positions, cord in hand, and had barely time to double the ends round their wrists for extra security when a stately-looking penguin—much taller than the last, with a beautiful silvery-white breast and broad golden stripe on either side of his cheek—came striding majestically along with his beak in the air, and never seeing the rope, ran bang against it, and toppled over. He was up again in a moment; but both girls were before him, shrieking with excitement, and with an angry slap at them with his flippers he turned hastily and tried to waddle back the way he had come; only to be met, however, by Gordon, who tripped him up adroitly with a stick he was carrying and flung his sack over him; unfortunately, however, catching his own foot in a stone as he did so, and tumbling forward on the top of his prisoner.

A most amusing struggle ensued, all three trying to hold the king down, so that Gordon might get hold of a leg and tie the cord to it; and all three continually baffled by the uncomprehending slaps his majesty dealt them, with flippers not at all unlike very wet and slippery cricket-bats, and the fierce attempts he made to bite at any hand imprudent enough to come within his reach. Poor Molly did get a snap which drew the blood, and made her scream and jump out of his reach very quickly; but, in the same moment, Gordon succeeded in twisting one end of the sack over the bird's head and eyes, which confused it and enabled him to lay hold of the beak and keep it shut by main force, while Molly knotted her handkerchief round it and so prevented the risk of any more bites; after which it was easy enough to tie his

legs with the cord, even though he did kick a good deal over the operation.

That was the end, however. He was a prisoner now, at any rate; and Mr. Burnett coming to look for his young people and tell them it was time to return—was met by a most comical cavalcade, consisting of a fine king penguin with his beak tied up in a pocket handkerchief, like a gentleman with the tooth-ache, and a rope knotted to one leg, the other end of which was held by Gordon, who marched in his rear, occasionally assisting him along by a shove from the toe of his boot, while Molly and Hilda, wild with excitement, danced along at either side.

This question now was how to get him home; but Mr. Burnett settled this by desiring one of the dairymen to bring him over next day in a cart; and as soon as the poor king had been delivered to his new jailer's care the young people remounted their ponies and rode home in high spirits.

The prisoner arrived safely next morning, and was tethered out to a peg driven into the lawn, where he condescended to make himself at home almost at once, appearing to be in excellent spirits, and taking beef cut up in small pieces with which the children fed him, that he not only gobbled it all up without any shyness or hesitation, but very soon got into the way of opening his beak wide in the hope of more whenever any of them came near him. Indeed I grieve to say that like some of the Roman emperors of old—he was rather greedy; for even when he had eaten so much that he couldn't stoop to pick up any more from his plate, he would continue to hold his beak stretched open, and allow Charlie to poke pieces of beef down his throat till it stuck out like a well-filled money-bag, and the wonder was he didn't choke or burst.

The king was Hilda's own pet. Molly had insisted on that, reminding Gordon that it was only fair, because they had had penguins before, and this was the first Hilda had ever seen; and certainly Hilda had never felt so near loving her cousin as when, on the strength of this, Darius—as the penguin had been christened—was declared to be her own. Something told her that she did not deserve the untiring patience and kindness with which Molly always treated her, and that if, as Meta said, "poor old Polly was so queer she didn't care about having things of her own," Meta herself cared a great deal too much, even when the person who was not to have them was someone she pretended to be specially devoted to.

Indeed, by this time Hilda had known her chosen friend long enough to find out that she was one of those girls who, at the cost of a few kisses and pretty speeches, generally manage to take the best of everything, and get first choice in games, and toys, and pleasures of all sorts; in fact, that she was not a little selfish. Molly, in her simple-natured generosity, had never perceived this, but had rather taken pleasure in giving up to her friend in every way so that Meta naturally expected Hilda to do the same, and was a good deal disappointed to find that her new acquaintance was by no means so good-natured or yielding, but inclined to insist on her own rights and to be cross and speak sharply when she was done out of them. Indeed they quarreled on more than one occasion, when Hilda told Meta she was greedy and unfair; and that Aunt Mary never let her cousins do the things she did; and Meta said Hilda was ill-tempered and made a fuss about everything. Molly didn't, she was much more good-natured; until now and then Hilda could not help wondering whether she had not made a mistake, and whether her cousin Molly wouldn't have been a better and truer friend after all.

Alas! poor Hilda was to find out very soon that that was only one of many mistakes she had made, and to learn by a painful and humiliating lesson the folly of her early prejudices.

But what that severe lesson was, and how she learnt it, I must tell in my next chapter.

CHAPTER XII.—UNCLE HERBERT'S LETTER.

"Well, he got thumped, anyhow, for repeating such stories," said Gordon. "Who? what is the matter?" asked Hilda, as she came into the workshop one day, looking wonderingly from Gordon's flushed face to Molly, who was trying to soothe him.

"It's only nonsense," said Molly. "Don't, Gordon!" "I shall," said Gordon, "and it isn't nonsense. Fancy, Hilda, here's Bertie Jackson (Bertie Jackson was another of the chaplain's pupils) going about saying all sorts of cheeky things of us; that we only came out here because father was too much in debt to stay in England, and that we've been living on relations' charity ever since; and that mother—mother fancy!—is dreadfully unkind to you and the girls, and feeds you on nothing but porridge, and makes you do all the servants' work so as to save up enough money to send home on such terms; but it's just because he's jealous that—"

"Now look here, Gordon," said Molly, putting her arm round his neck, and trying to draw him towards her, an action for which Hilda felt grateful, for her face had become suddenly crimson as she recognized in the story which had made Gordon so indignant an exaggerated version of those "confidences" with which she had entertained Meta on the first day of their acquaintance, now nearly four months before. She had repented of them afterwards, and had begged Meta never to repeat what she had said, which Meta promised not to do.

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KING PENGUIN LAND.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

It was only an island at high tide, it is true, being easily approached at low water across the sands; and indeed consisted of nothing but a big mound of sand covered all over and held together against the wind and waves by tussocks of grass, which I think I had better tell you is something like a giant tuft of pampas grass, the stems of which near the roots are white and sweet, and so nice to eat they are greedily devoured by the cattle and pigs. It grows in dense tufts, the roots matted together with sand and earth into a hard, knotty cushion, while the green blades rise to a height of six and even ten feet, and waving over most the opposite tuft, making charming green avenues here for little people to chase each other along.

"Oh, Hilda, isn't this like a wood—like a palm forest at any rate?" Molly cried enthusiastically, and as Hilda had never seen a palm-forest she was the more ready to agree, and to declare that she didn't think even in London there was anything quite as nice, when Gordon, who had run on a little ahead, was seen beckoning to them with his finger on his lip, and his face full of excitement.

"What is it?" Hilda whispered nervously, and beginning to wish her uncle was with them, as her thoughts flew to a possible sea-lion concealed behind one of those hummocks of tussock grass; but Gordon's one word, "Penguins!" was reassuring, and the next moment they were at his side, looking down on one of the funniest sights Hilda had ever seen.

The sea at this side of the island came up close to the bottom of the sandy path down which they were looking; and, standing on the narrow strip of sand below, or tumbling about in the waves, was a whole family of penguins bathing and disporting themselves just like any holiday party at Ramsgate or Margate. Here was an old mamma penguin trying first by encouraging croaks, and then by good slaps with her flippers, to induce her two naughty, fat, fluffy little baby penguins to go into the water; there were three or four saucy young gentlemen and lady penguins, diving and swimming, and splashing, and chasing each other through the surf like a pack of schoolboys, while nearer to the shore, an elderly

penguin stood up solemnly in the water, looking with his smooth black head, back and arms, and white waistcoat-like breast, exactly like a very stout and respectable dwarf gentleman, too dignified to bathe except in his best clothes, and waving one arm in a commanding way as if to desire his wife and children to make haste and join him.

Hilda fairly shook with laughter as she watched their comical ways, and did not at all wonder at the early travellers about whom her uncle had told her, and who, when they first saw a row of these odd creatures drawn up as if to receive them on the beach when they were about to land, took them for a race of dwarf men, and tried to speak with them by signs and gestures. She would have run down the path to see them nearer, but Molly held her back, assuring her that if she did they would all scuttle into the sea and swim away out of sight in a moment; while Gordon added— "We'll try to catch one instead, and bring it home for a pet. It'll be easy enough if you girls' will

A BAD STOMACH! THAT IS THE SECRET OF DYSPESIA.

This disease assumes so many forms that there is scarcely a complaint it may not resemble in one way or another.

Among the most prominent symptoms are constipation, sour stomach, variable appetite, distress after eating, etc.

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