

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.

Only answers which girls and boys have been able to find for themselves may be sent in.

Answers to be neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper. Answers to be numbered properly.

Answers to be in before Saturday morning ten days after the puzzles are published, addressed to Aunt Becky Puzzle Competition, True Witness Bldg., Montreal.

No paper which does not comply with every rule can be considered at all.

This Week's Puzzles

1. RIDDLE-ME-REE

My first is in vine, but not in pear. My second is in field, but not in tare. My third is in good, but not in bad.

2. NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I consist of 13 letters, and form the name of a great soldier; 10, 12, 3, 4, is a fruit; 1, 2, 11, 8, 9 is a province of Asia; 10, 6, 12, 13 is a member of the House of Lords; 7, 9, 10 is the juice of a tree; 10, 12, 9, 4, 5 is a gem of the ocean.

3. METAGRAM

I am a river; change my head, and I am to speak; again, and I am a flower; again, and I am to reward; again, and I am a period of time; again, and I am a division of water; again, and I am joyful; again, and I am a grass; again, and I am a bird; again, and I am a song; again, and I am to refuse; again, and I am a path.

4. GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC

My initials form the name of a country in Europe. 1. A country near Palestine. 2. A division of North America. 3. The county town of one of the counties of England. 4. A division of China. 5. Capital of one of the European countries. 6. A country of Europe. 7. A town in the south of France. 8. A country of Europe.

5. BURIED FISHES

1. Look for that ring, perchance you may find it. 2. Don't you here those bells? Hark how they ring. 3. How are you now? Hale and hearty as ever, eh? 4. Jane had dock-leaves in her garden. 5. I picked up her ring yesterday. 6. So Leinster is in Ireland.

6. DIAMOND PUZZLE

A consonant. Something used in cricket. A fluid. A fish. A consonant.

7. BEHEADED WORDS

I am that which is given for most things; behead me, and I am a useful grain; behead me again, and I am a cold and wet substance.

8. HIDDEN PROVERB

I never go out in the morning. I am too tired to go out.

You will be late for school. Do not waste or you will be reduced to begging.

You have torn your dress, now mend it.

9. RIDDLE

Why is a young lady dependent on the letter y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF OCTOBER 25

1. NUMERICAL PUZZLE

Manchester.

2. RIDDLE-ME-REE

Carnation.

3. MISSING LETTER PUZZLE

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.

Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long.

So making life, death, and the vast forever One grand, sweet song.

4. METAGRAM

Hip, tip, pip, lip, slip, nip.

5. DOUBLE ACROSTIC

Brighton, Hastings.

6. HIDDEN NAMES OF FRUIT

Apple, lemon, pear, damson.

7. PI

Gone hath the Spring with all its flowers, and gone the summer's pomp and show.

And Autumn in its leafless bowers Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

8. WORD SQUARE

K A T I E
A B H O R
T H A N E
I O N I C
E R E C T

9. RIDDLE

Because it always begins by breaking.

ANSWERS RECEIVED

- L. Harold O'Sullivan 7
W. Sullivan 7
M. Creighton 6
Emma F. 5
M. E. Sanders 4
W. E. Dunn 3
May Dunn 3
Annie L. 3
Annie Massam 3
Agnes M. M. Massam 3
Washington Raymond 2

Letters to Aunt Becky

Dear Aunt Becky: I am going to write to you to let you know that I am well. The story about Little Oddity I think is very good. I'd like to see the rest of it, because I think it will be a good one. I see in the paper that there are 7 before my brother and 4 after him. But perhaps he will win some money. I have not got much news. Washington and mamma and I are going to Chatham this week or next week to see our aunt who lives in Water street, and our sister May is at our aunt's and we are going to bring her home. We will stay for a few days. As news is getting short, I will close, saying good-bye.

From your little niece,
TENNA R.
Kouchibouguac, Oct. 25.

Dear Aunt Becky: I have a little leisure time to myself this evening, and I thought I would write to you. I am a new cousin. My parents subscribe to the True Witness, and I always like to read the letters in the boys and girls corner, because they are so interesting. Are you not glad to see the snow come, Auntie? I am. I know. It makes me think of the beautiful Christmas when Our Saviour was born in Bethlehem, in a poor stable. When I think of it I love our Lord more and more. I am preparing some fancy things for presents for Christmas. I go to the Sacred Heart school on Drolet street. Our nuns are the Order of Jesus and Mary. I am in the highest class. I am 18 years old. I expect to get an honorable mention for my music. I guess I will close my letter hoping to see it in print.

Your loving niece,
ELEANOR H.
Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky: I was very much disappointed at not seeing my name among those whose answers were received. I forgot to tell that I am thirteen years old and my parents subscribe to the True Witness. I remain

Your loving niece,
ANNIE L.
House's Point, Nov. 1.

A PANACEA

Baby broke her doll one day, Broke off poor Dolly's nose; Straightaway then she ceased her play,

And filled the house with woes. Ample tears she likewise shed, Nor any comfort knew, Till we patched up Dolly's head With a drop of liquid glue.

Later on she broke a plate, "Pate Santa Claus did bring," Then, with lamentations great She made the whole house ring, Mamma quelled her baby's tears, And fixed the plate up, too— It's lasted now for many years— With a daub of glue.

Worst of all was when she fell, And bumped her little head,— Wailing words would fail to tell, But they were something dread, Baby knew the cure for that, And told her mamma, too:— "Fink me want on some of dat," And pointed to the glue.

If childhood's ways would only last Throughout life's weary maze, Then all our troubles might be classed With those of childhood's days, For then all our grief and pain We could, like babe's, subdue, Sorrows could we but restrain With a drop of liquid glue.

—C. L. O. Lucken, in Living Church.

THE FIRST PRINTED PAGES

The first printers used only one side of a page, then pasted together the two blank pages to give the impression of one leaf.

BOYS WHO ARE NEEDED

"I don't know what we should do in this world without boys," said one of the members of a large business house. "There seem to be certain functions which only a boy can properly perform, and if a boy—the right kind of a boy, I mean, of course—is not forthcoming, one feels at a loss how to get these things done at all. We have half a dozen first-rate boys connected with our establishment, and I don't know how we could run the business smoothly and successfully without them."

The quality that makes a boy so indispensable to all departments of our modern life are not hard to distinguish or define. They are evident on the front of all the boy's activity—his frankness and honesty, his versatility, his abounding vitality and endurance, his tractableness, his obligingness, his good spirits, his readiness and enthusiasm for subordinate service. Because of these characteristic qualities the right kind of a boy is a treasure to any employer. His cleverness and enthusiasm alone are a perpetual source of refreshment and help to a busy man. The boy who is needed is the boy whose native moral quality has not been impaired by wrong thinking and wrong doing. He has honesty, obedience and loyalty in the glance of his eye and the inward feeling of his heart. There is something distinctively winning about his face and personality. He may be "green," inexperienced, awkward at first, perhaps, but he is the kind of boy who is needed in the most earnest and important affairs, because his heart and will are pure and right.

As mildew develops more rapidly under certain climatic conditions, so with cancer in the human body. There are certain conditions that favor its development, and when these conditions cease to exist the cancer gradually disappears. Send 6 cents (stamps) to Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., if you are troubled with

CANCER

MORAL COURAGE

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much you may admire it.

Have the courage to speak your mind when you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is better that you should be silent.

Have the courage to set down every penny you spend, and add it up weekly.

Have the courage to confess ignorance whenever, or with regard to whatever subject you are really un-informed.

Have the courage to prefer propriety to fashion—one is often the abuse of the other.

A BOY FINANCIER

Robert Brennan, fourteen year old pupil in the public school at Great Neck, Long Island, it is said, never spent a cent for candy. For years he has put all his spare pennies on deposit in the school savings bank. The result is that a few days ago he drew \$350 from the bank and loaned it out on a bond and mortgage at 5 per cent. The boy has not only saved this money, but what is equally to his credit, he earned it.—American Boy.

LITTLE ODDITY

By the Author of "Served Out."

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

He looked at it for some minutes intently. Then he said: "Old man doctor have a plock; she pull out plock and say, 'Bonny, look at my plock.' Bonny like plock; she look at it berry hard; then old man doctor, he take out little knife, and stick in Bonny's neck. I berry angry id old man doctor, berry angry id old man doctor's plock, berry angry id little knife. I goin' to stick little knife in old man doctor sun day, that's what I tell you."

"The doctor did it to make you well, Bonny," she said.

"He stick knife in me, I'll stick knife in him sun day, I will," Bonny persisted.

"He's such a spiteful child," chimed in Mary, who just then pushed open the door.

"Old man doctor spiteful," said Bonny, looking at Mary very crossly.

"Don't stand staring at me like that, Master Bonny. Now don't put on that face. Do you hear, Master Bonny? Leave off, I tell you."

But Bonny stared all the harder, and Mary's face grew cross too.

"You've got a spiteful face; you make an angry follhead too, at me. She is," he said, turning to his aunt.

"Look at Lally, she is make angry follhead, isn't she? she's a spiteful boy, I tell you."

Mary was certainly frowning vigorously.

It was time for Mrs. Giles to go back to the sick-room, so she told Bonny she would come and see him again by-and-by. "And whenever you lay dinner for me, lay it for Bonny too," she said to Mary. "It must be very dull for him up here."

"Lor, ma'am, he don't care about companions; he likes being alone best," Mary replied.

Mrs. Giles doubted that, and was confirmed in her doubt when Bonny came running to the top of the stairs and called after her, "You can again soon, do you hear, I tell you?"

Meanwhile Bonny played at "beazles" for a long time, and then went and looked out of the window to see if the little girl with the fair curls would come to the window and look out too, but she did not. So he started another game. Presently his Aunt Lucy came, running upstairs.

"Bonny, dear, you mustn't make such noise. It hurts mother's head."

The chairs were in requisition again; they were lying all about the room.

"It's a window-train," Bonny said eagerly; "he's tumbled down, he has killed all the peoples. Faverer said he did. I'm the peoples, and I'm berry dead."

"What a little actor you are, Bonny. Do you make everything you hear about into a game?"

Bonny stared for a while in his

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funny way. "Yes I do," he replied at last; "I make it into a game. I do. It's a window-train game, that's what it is." "Why a window train, Bonny?" "Because." "Because what?" "That's what Lally says. He says, 'Because,' that's all. It's rude to ask krestions." "Aunties may ask questions." A long stare. "Then childrens can too. Will you let me ask krestions?" "Yes, as many as you like, when I have time to answer them. Think of plenty for me. Now you tell me what I asked you?" "What you said then?" "Why do you call it a window-train?" "She hasn't got coals in him, has she? Coals don't look out of windows, do they? Peoples look out of windows. It isn't a coal train; she's a window-train. Coals isn't killed; peoples is killed and deadened when trains tundles down; so she's a window-train, didn't I tell you?" "I understand perfectly now," said his aunt, who had listened attentively to the child's rapid speech, and was beginning to comprehend his strange jumble of words. "You didn't stand before I telled you. Then you're a stupid." "That was not very pretty, Bonny. You must not play at window-trains any more to-day. Make another game and I will come and see it presently." But instead Bonny went and looked out of the window into those of the house opposite.

"I expect he was playing a violin," his aunt said, smiling. "That was Greek to Bonny. 'Eh, what?'—he asked, coming nearer, and staring eagerly into her face. "He did it to get music out of it, like they play a piano, you know." He had never seen a piano, for there was not one in the house, so he did not understand. "Do it sing, like the church. Is it a nice, nice noise, what little angels come and sing to Bonny when he's asleep, is it?" "Yes, dear, that's what it is for." "But I can't hear any nice music. Where's ever gone?" His aunt explained to him. Poor Bonny was very disappointed. He thought drawing anything across another thing would make nice music. What a deal he had to learn! He amused himself all that afternoon in playing with the box and the poker, although no sound came out of it. He leant his head down on the box, just as he had seen the man do, and very likely he imagined the music. Anyway, he was happy, and did not want to go down to tea at first, but when his aunt came up to fetch him, he went at once. She could not give much time to him, for she had come to nurse her sister-in-law during the few days she had to spare away from her country home, where she kept a school. But she was growing very interested in the strange boy, and wished she could stay a longer time. In the holidays she thought she would get his father to bring him to her house and leave him there. And in the house opposite, that little girl with the fair hair was lying in the back bedroom ill from some childish malady, and she said to the kind friend who was nursing her, for it was not her own home, "Have you seen that funny little boy with the sad face, that stared at us so?" Sometimes the answer was "no," and sometimes "yes." Liese, the little girl, asked very often about him. "I think he is a very lonely child," the lady said. "I have noticed him standing at the window hour after hour, all alone. He goes out sometimes for a walk with an old servant, but he never runs about and plays like other children."

"Oh, poor little fellow! couldn't you ask him to tea o'ie day?" (If Bonny had known!) "When you are quite well, again, Liese, we must see if we can think of some excuse for calling. You see, I do not know his parents' full names, but I'll try to find them out." Liese, who was a little German girl (they called her Lisa), gave an odd little German expression of impatience. It was a long time to wait, when she wanted to see the little boy at once, that very day. "Thus two or three people were thinking a great deal about Bonny. Mrs. Giles only stayed three days, and then went away. Bonny missed her at meal-times, and those little flying visits she used to pay to the nursery, but he was looking out for the "man with the music," so he didn't mind much. "One day he had been downstairs a long time to have dinner with Mary, as he sometimes did, now that his mother was always in her room. When he came back he looked out of the window, and there was the man at the corner house. Bonny's face became all aglow with excitement. But the man had just done playing, and he put his "music" in a box and went away round the corner. Bonny could not bear it. He had waited so long to see that man with the music. He flew downstairs, fumbled at the door-handle until it became undone, was down, the steps like lightning, and the next moment was out in the road. "To be continued.)