

BOYS AND GIRLS
a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR WORDS. Do you know, little maid, when you open your mouth, that away to the east, to the west, north and south, on the wings of the wind, just like bees or like birds, fly the tone of your voice and the sound of your words?

Do you know, little maid, that your mouth is the door, all the words you will say, all you have said before, are imprisoned within? Some are sweet, pleasant words, which, when they get out, will sing like little birds. There are others so cross that they do one can please. And when they get out, will sting like the bees. Watch them close, little maid! When cross words get about. Shut the door right up tight, and don't let them get out.

WHEN TO CRY. I have often thought that there are little boys and girls who cry, now and then, at the wrong time, and I have asked many older people, but none of them could tell me the best time for them to cry. At last a very wise man gave me these rules: "It is bad to cry on Monday. To cry on Tuesday makes red eyes. Crying on Wednesday is bad for children's heads and for the heads of older people. It is said that if a child begins to cry on Thursday he or she will find it very hard to stop. It is not best for children to cry on Friday, it makes them unhappy. Never cry on Saturday. It is too busy a day. Tears shed on Sunday are salt and bitter. Children should, on no account,

cry at night. The nights are for sleep. They may cry whenever else they please, but not at any of these times, unless it is for something very serious."

WORTH WHILE. "Dear, you were not very kind and cordial to Stella's friend." "But, mamma, I'll never see her again, very likely, and I met her for only a few minutes. It didn't seem worth while to try to be especially nice to her."

Mary's mother sat silent for a moment thinking. Then she said gently:

"Yesterday auntie came home from down town and told us how pleasantly a young girl in a bookstore waited upon her. Do you remember how she enjoyed telling of it, and how happy it seemed to have made her?"

"Yes," answered Mary, reluctantly. "And last Sunday you were delighted with Miss Innes' lovely friend and so pleased because she said something pleasant to you."

"Yes, I know." "And grandma enjoys so much sitting by the window and catching a glimpse of a smiling face, each morning, though she has never met its owner. Dear, our lives are made up of such little things. It's always worth while to try to make some one happy, though it's only for a moment. That moment may be multiplied a hundred times in the life of the person to whom it was given. Very few of us can give to others great happiness, but we can teach them happy thoughts, impulses to better and sweeter things, delight in the love we owe them."

And this time Mary was ready with a hearty, "Yes, mamma, I know it's so, when I stop to think of it."

KING PENGUIN LAND.

By Theo. Gift, Author of "Cape Town Dickey," "Pretty Miss Bellow," "Lil Lorie," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"No, indeed I shan't. I've made up my mind to that. I don't like girls who give themselves airs, and pretend to be grander and proper than anybody else; but I'm rather glad, all the same, that she is so disagreeable, for then you won't get fonder of her than of me."

"Why, Meta," cried Molly, laughing. "I couldn't! You and I have always been best friends, and how could anyone else be the same? I am going to try to love Hilda, though, because she's our cousin, and she looks so lonely and sad; and Meta dear, do be nice to her even if you don't like her; for you know if you're not the best friend you'll be half as pleasant, and—"

on which little Miss Meta interrupted by throwing her arms round her friend's neck, and promising in her usual effusive way to do anything she liked for her sake. After that, however, she wanted to know what "St. Petersburg" was like in race, and hearing (rather to her disappointment, for she was a vain little thing, and took pleasure in being the beauty of the party) that Hilda was quite pretty—"almost as pretty as you," honest Molly was obliged to admit, "with dark eyes, and a little straight nose, and beautiful dark brown hair much glossier than any of ours, just as if it had been brushed and brushed for ever"—looked quite cross, and finally rushed off to find her mother and beg that she might be allowed to wear a certain crimson merino, usually kept for Sundays only. "Molly's feast."

The morning of the feast dawned beautifully. It was the first of December, and the sunshine was as bright as a June day in England, and the sky as blue as a forget-me-not. The children could hardly get any breakfast in their excitement and scampered off directly it was over. Gordon to find Dave Grant, their old boatman, and help him to get the boat ready, Charlie and Katrina to hunt up all manner of tin pots and pails, mugs, plates, pocket-knives, and trowels, for use either in feasting or collecting; and Molly to make her precious cakes. Hilda alone had nothing in particular to do, for the twins were still too shy of her to ask her to help them, and it did not occur to her to offer to do so; so that she was rather glad when her aunt suggested that she should come with her and Totie to look for eggs in the hen-house. It was pleasant rummaging in the snug nests for the warm eggs inside, and putting them into the basket, which Mrs. Burnett gave her to carry, lifting her, when it was full, carry it to the kitchen window and ask cook to take it from her. When she got to the window, however, the first person she saw inside was Molly, looking as busy and happy as possible in a big white apron and sleeves beating up soft white flour and sugar and butter into a stiff paste which she afterwards rolled out upon a board, while the good-natured, rough-looking cook bustled about in front of a glowing peat-fire, and laid out a round iron plate called a griddle, on which Miss Molly's biscuits were to be baked. Then Kate came dancing in from somewhere else to claim her right of eating, but the biscuits, which, as soon as Molly had rolled the soft, yellowish dough smooth enough, she cut with a bright little tin cutter, and really the whole business seemed so delightful, and the griddle was so hot, and happy over it, and she had the

there," and the old man pointed to a long brown roll of dried kelp. "Oh, Davis, don't!" cried Meta, shivering. "Suppose there was some poor drowned sailor wrapped up in that now!" and as she spoke Hilda turned paler than before, and clasped hold of her hand as if for protection, for at that moment a wild harsh scream sounded in the air above them; and a huge vulture, with wide brown-black wings, and naked gory-looking head, came swooping down out of the sky, and after circling round once or twice, settled down on the roll of dry kelp, and plunged his cruel-looking beak into it.

CHAPTER VI.—META UNMAKES HER MIND AGAIN.—AN EXPLORING PARTY.

Even Charlie looked uncomfortable, but Gordon only laughed and old Davis exclaimed—

"Of a' the fulish bairns! Why, missie, dinna ye see that what you bird has gotten his beak in is nothing more than a dead fish? Ye can see the glint o' the scales, gleaming in the sun by now, an' mair by token, ye can smell it if ye've got a nose at all."

Meta laughed and held her nose, and Hilda blushed and said to her—"I am afraid I was silly; but it is such a dreadful-looking bird."

"Yes, isn't it! I am always afraid of them, they are so terribly cruel. Do you know, they will follow a flock of sheep, or a herd of wild horses, for miles, in order to swoop down on any poor little lamb or foal that drops behind for a minute, and pick out its eyes?"

Meta, who, while chattering and laughing with Gordon and Molly, had contrived to take a great many peeps at "the detestable cousin," and had decided that she was certainly very pretty and "distinguished" looking; as also that her black pelisse was made in a fashion which gave it an even more stylish air than her own crimson finery. Little Meta thought a great deal of dress and fashion, because her mother, and her mother's friends in the garrison-town where they had lived till Captain Crawford was ordered to the Falklands, talked of very little else but these things, when they were tired of gossiping about one another; and directly she saw Hilda's stylish-cut clothes, and London hat with its crepe bow and black cock's feathers, she began to be sorry that she had made up her mind to hate the person who wore such nice things as otherwise she might have got her mamma to borrow them as patterns to remodel her own upon.

Molly, she knew, would only laugh at her if she suggested such a thing; but that, as she thought, was darling Molly's one fault; she wouldn't care what she or anyone else had on, and often said that she felt much happier in a shabby old frock than a new one, so long as it was warm and didn't want mending. Hilda, too, had been brought up not to care about dress; her Aunt Lily very sensibly thinking that a little girl never looks so silly as when she is fussing about the exact style of her hat, or fussing over the frills on her skirts; still, like most children, she liked to look at pretty things, and therefore she could not help returning Meta's shy glances of admiration, and wishing that the little crimson-frocked maiden were her cousin, instead of poor Molly, who sat opposite to her, with her hat stuck on anyhow on the back of her head, her short rough locks blowing in the breeze, and one end of her tucker—pinned instead of sewn in!—coming loose, and hanging untidily over the front of her dress.

Molly certainly did not look neat; but on this occasion it was Hilda herself who was to blame for it; for after the cake-making there had not been many minutes left for dressing, two or three of which Molly had promised herself for sewing in that tucker. On going upstairs for the purpose, however, she found Hilda seated listlessly on a chair, not attempting to get herself ready, but

looking at her boots as if she half expected them to get on her feet and lace themselves up; and by doing this kind office for her, and helping her on with her hat and gloves and jacket, Molly had barely a minute left for her own dressing.

Hilda, however, did not think of this. Instead, she said to herself, "How rough Molly looks! rough and common—and colonial!" and then she wondered if Meta could be "colonial" too, since she looked so different; and by-and-by, when Gordon and Molly were busy discussing something together, she ventured to ask in a low shy tone—

"Have you lived here always, like my cousins?" "Oh, no," said Meta, in the same tone, "only three years and a half. We lived at Davenport before. I am English, like you."

Hilda looked pleased. "I am so glad," she said; "I thought, somehow, you weren't colonial; you look so different from them."

And she glanced at Molly and Katie in a way which made vain little Meta feel rather proud of the difference, and very much delighted with Hilda for seeing it. And yet was she not always telling Molly that she should like nothing better than to be just like her; and assuring her that she should be miserable if she ever had to leave the dear happy Falklands and her friends there. When, however, Hilda whispered to her, "Don't you dislike being here very much? I do," she felt ashamed to speak the truth and say, "No, not at all," for fear this new girl, who looked so elegant, and held her head in such a grand way, should begin to despise her for being so easily contented. So, though she colored very much, she answered—"I don't like it as much as home, of course."

"But then your family are here too; that makes a difference," said Hilda sadly. "At home my mamma had only me. Papa was in the army and was killed, and now she is dead."

"My papa is in the army also, and mamma has only me now, for my brothers were left at school in England; so I am rather alone too, isn't it funny we should be so alike?" said Meta with a winking look, and quite ready to throw her self into the objectionable "St. Petersburg" arms, and offer to love her for ever. Indeed her smile was so coaxing that Hilda forgot her own shyness for once and said—

"We ought to be friends, then. I should like to be your friend. I think it's nice to be so much the same."

Meta's answer was to take hold of her hand and give it a tight squeeze. She was quite certain now that Hilda was the most charming girl that ever was; and she felt almost angry with Molly for having led her to think differently.

They had reached the end of their journey at present; a little creek with a smooth sandy beach backed by a thick growth of bushes, and shut in by two little rocky points, the great black rock shading wotly in the sunbeams and covered with mussels and limpets. Davis brought the boat alongside one of these points for the young people to scramble ashore, which the little Burnett and Meta did easily enough, skipping about over the slippery black stones afterwards as lightly as a party of kids; but poor Hilda found it very difficult. With the help of Gordon and Molly she did indeed manage to clamber out of the boat, but once perched on the rocks, there she stood, with both arms outstretched so as to keep her balance, and so evidently afraid to move hand or foot that Charlie shrieked with laughter, and old Davis had to settle the difficulty by taking her up in his arms and carrying her safely on to dry land.

Then the baskets were brought on shore, and when this was concluded Davis got into the boat again, and departed, warning the young gentlemen and ladies not to get into any danger or mischief, and to be ready on the beach when he came back for them at three.

The boys answered with loud hurrahs, and danced about in wild triumph over the smooth sands while Molly found an opportunity of whispering to her friend, "You are dear, Meta. I saw you talking to Hilda in the boat, and I thought you were so good to keep your promise."

For a moment Meta thought of answering that there was no goodness in it, as she had changed her mind about disliking Hilda; but then she remembered how often her father laughed at her for being so fickle and impetuous; so she colored and whispered instead—

"It was only for your sake, Molly darling," and Molly thought her sweeter than ever.

As for Hilda, she was looking brighter and happier than she had been yet, and as she gazed around her at the yellow sands strewn with

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shells and sea-weeds of the little creek, the blue water, and solemn hills with no sign of houses or villages, or even any other human beings but themselves, she could not help exclaiming—

"Why, it is as good as landing on a desert island!"

The others caught up the idea and were delighted with it. They had all read the "Swiss Family Robinson," and Hilda had got another book of a similar kind as well, which she said was still nicer, because the children in it were just like oneself; so Gordon decided that they should add to the fun of the feast by pretending to have been shipwrecked on the place where they found themselves.

(To be continued.)

Great Force in Frail Frame.

Do you know this sweet-souled prelate? A spare, frail man, short of stature, but erect as a crimson field flower, the first view one has of him inevitably evokes feelings of compassion for the frailty of his body. The suit of solemn black, broken only

by the cardinal red at the throat, and the beretta on his head, serve further to carry forward the thought. But when the small, attenuated hand is extended in democratic simplicity and Cardinal Gibbons is seated before you, the transformation is abrupt.

The bright, steady glow of his wonderful eyes, the smile that illuminates his keen, intellectual face, the sweetly modulated voice—with just a tinge of the accent of the Green Isle—carry a conviction of strength and force that makes one feel that here is a being who would continue to live on if all were dead below the shoulders. You feel that he is one who lives and moves and has his being by sheer power of the mind alone—that all below is mere superfluous bone and tissue. If the eyes are the windows of the soul, the Cardinal's eyes are also peep-holes into the wonderful world of thought. His manners are simple and gentle, his voice soothing, and his smile a benediction in itself. There is a complete absence of austerity or asceticism. His religion is of the world beautiful.—Wm. Hoister, in N. Y. American.

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