

# 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 night is 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 mo-  
ment thinking. Then she said gen-  
tly:

"Yesterday auntie came home  
from down town and told us how  
pleasantly a young girl in a book-  
store waited upon her. Do you re-  
member how she enjoyed telling of  
it, and how happy it seemed to have  
made her?"  
"Yes," answered Mary, reluctantly.  
"And last Sunday you were de-  
lighted with Miss Innes' lovely  
friend and so pleased because she  
said something pleasant to you."  
"Yes, I know."  
"And grandma enjoys so much sit-  
ting by the window and catching a  
glimpse of a smiling face, each morn-  
ing, 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 multi-  
plied 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  
ward better and sweeter things, de-  
light 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."

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  
her hand as if for pro-  
tection, 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 cir-  
cling 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 faters! Why,  
missie, dinna ye see that what you  
bird has gotten his beak in is noth-  
ing 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-  
self, "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 fol-  
low 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 mi-  
nute, and pick out its eyes?" said  
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 pel-  
lisse 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 Cap-  
tain Crawford was ordered to the  
Falklands, talked of very little else  
but these things, when they were  
tired of gossiping about one an-  
other; 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.



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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 "colo-  
nial" too, since she looked so dif-  
ferent; and by-and-by, when Gordon  
and Molly were busy discussing some-  
thing 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 co-  
lonial; you look so different from  
them."  
And she glanced at Molly and Kat-  
tie in a way which made vain little  
Meta feel rather proud of the differ-  
ence, 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 Eng-  
land; 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. Pe-  
tersburg's" 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 if you would. 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 shunting wotly  
in the sunbaths and covered with  
mosses and Impatiens. Davis brought  
the boat alongside one of these points  
for the young people to scramble  
ashore, which the little Burnetts 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 set-  
tle 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 gentle-  
men 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 whis-  
pering 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 good-  
ness 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 whis-  
pered instead—  
"It was only for your sake, Molly  
daring," and Molly thought her  
sister was ever.  
As for Hilda she was looking  
wonder and happier than she had  
before, and as she gazed around  
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 vil-  
lages, or even any other human be-  
ings 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 Robin-  
son," 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 one-  
self," 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 them-  
selves.  
(To be continued.)

**Great Force in Frail Frame.**

Do you know this sweet-souled pre-  
late? 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 com-  
passion 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, at-  
tenuated hand is extended in demo-  
cratic simplicity and Cardinal Gib-  
bons is seated before you, the trans-  
formation is abrupt.  
The bright, steady glow of his  
wonderful eyes, the smile that il-  
luminates 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 aus-  
terity—of asceticism. His religion  
is of the world beautiful.—Wm. Hos-  
ter, in N. Y. American.

## KING PENGUIN LAND.

By Theo. Gilt, Author of "Cape Town Dickey," "Pretty Miss Bellew," "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, laugh-  
ing, "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 won't 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. Peters-  
burg" was like in race, and bearing  
(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, usu-  
ally kept for Sundays only, at  
"Molly's feast."

The morning of the feast dawned  
beautifully; it was the first of De-  
cember, 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  
scrampered off directly it was over.  
Gordon to find Davis 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 sea-house. It was  
pleasant rummaging in the snug  
nests for the warm eggs inside, and  
putting them into the baskets, which  
Mrs. Burnett gave her to carry, hid-  
ding 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 possi-  
ble 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 hustled 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 Katie  
came dancing in from some other  
place to claim her right of casting  
the biscuits; which, as soon as Molly  
had rolled the soft, yellowish dough  
smooth enough, she set with her  
bright little tin combs and really  
the whole business rather than  
lightful, and the twins were  
happy over it.

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