

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.

ter called (a point in Italy). Amongst other pets she had a (a cape in Nicaragua) and a fine (island in the Bahamas) but she thought the latter greatly (a lake in America).

This Week's Puzzles.

1. RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in cheap, but not in rear. My second in fright but not in fear. My third is in pepper but not in salt.

2. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- 1. An article of clothing. 2. To decrease. 3. An illness. 4. Stuff made from flax.

3. GEOGRAPHICAL SINGLE ACROSTIC.

- 1. A lake in Switzerland. 2. A sea at the south of Europe. 3. A town in Italy.

4. DECAPITATIONS.

- 1. I am a beverage; behead me, and I am a place of amusement; behead me again, and I am a fluid; transpose me and I am your relation; behead me and I am a preposition; behead me again and I am found in every mansion in the land.

5. BURIED BIRDS.

- 1. Here is some muslin, Netta, to make a cap. 2. Thieves usually rob in the middle of the night.

6. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

In (the capital of England) there lived a gentle (island in the Irish Sea) called Mr. (an island in the Hebrides), who had a little daughter

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

- The following sent in answers: Walter G. O'Sullivan 6, Harold O'Sullivan 6, Emma F. 4, Maude Creighton 4, Mary M. Massam 3, Annie Massam 3, Annie Lapine 3, Washington Raymond 3, Mary Sanders 3.

OMITTED LAST WEEK. Annie Lapine 5

Letters to Aunt Becky

Dear Aunt Becky: I cannot answer the puzzles, as I am too young, but my brother is writing them and he is going to send them to-morrow. I and my three brothers go to school; one is in the first primer, and the other two are in the fourth reader, and I am in the second reader.

From your little niece, LENA R. Kouchbougac, Oct. 22.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I have not written for so long I thought that I would write to the corner. I am going to school nearly every day with my sisters. I think Joseph must be a nice little boy, he writes so regularly. I like to read his letters, as he is the only little boy cousin that writes to the corner.

Your loving nephew, HARRY O'N. Lonsdale, Oct. 19.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As my brother was writing I thought I would write also. Every day seems to be getting more and more like winter. I intend going to Deseronto to-morrow with papa and mamma. I expect I will have a nice time, as Deseronto is a very nice place. I think I will like to go to the market, as I was never on the market before.

Your loving niece, ANNIE O'N. Lonsdale, Ont.

WHEN THE ANGELS SAID GOOD-BYE.

I have a little sister with the dearest little cry. Guess she learned it from the angels. When she heard them say good-bye, 'Cause it must have hurt their feelings. When they let her come away. For they knew that when we saw her. We'd surely make her stay.

Papa says, and so does mamma (and I know it, too, myself). For I was the "girly baby" 'Till we found this little elf. That we must not think her angry. When we hear her little cry. For she learned it from the angels. When she heard them say good-bye. —H. Sanford Smith.

A SHEPHERD BOY'S PRAYER.

A little lad was keeping his sheep one Sunday morning. The bells were ringing for church, and the people were going over the fields, when the little fellow began to think that he, too, would like to pray to God.

But what could he say, for he had never learned any prayer? So he knelt down, and commenced the alphabet—A, B, C, and so on to Z. A gentleman, happening to pass on the other side of the hedge, heard the lad's voice, and looking through the bushes saw the little fellow kneeling with folded hands and closed eyes, saying: "A. B. C."

"What are you doing, my little man?" The lad looked up. "Please, sir, I was praying."

"But what were you saying your letters for?" "Why, I didn't know any prayer, only I felt that I wanted God to take care of me, and help me take care of the sheep; so I thought that if I said all I knew He would put it together and spell all I want."

"Bless your heart, my little man, He will, He will, He will. When the heart speaks right, the lips can't say wrong."

MARY MCGEE'S HAPPY DISPOSITION.

Now if you or I on a windy day. Were hanging out clothes like that, I'm afraid we should be just a little provoked. If the wind blew off our hat. But Mary McGee Is wiser, you see. When it blows you will here her cry: "Never mind, Mr. Breeze, The more you tease, The quicker my clothes will dry."

LITTLE ODDITY

By the Author of "Served Out."

CHAPTER I—Continued.

He began in a half-hearted way to put the things into a little cupboard kept for them, but he was growing very cross, and he could not help taking up the dolls and smacking and pinching them a bit, just to vent his ill-temper. Of course they hadn't done anything to him, but then people often did nasty things to him when he hadn't done anything to them, and he was not allowed to pinch and smack them, so he vented it on the dolls, and I believe that was the only use he ever made of them; for he wasn't really fond of them a bit; but then, Bonny was a very odd child altogether.

Presently he wandered to the window and stared out. There were houses opposite, and in one of them there was a splendid fire which lighted up all the room, and let Bonny see everything inside it. He forgot all his loneliness and his ill temper. His nose was pressed flat against the window-pane, and his round eyes opened as wide as they would go. There was a little girl with long, fair curls and a lady dancing about together, and there was another lady sitting down with her back to Bonny. She was doing something with her hands, for every now and then he saw them moving quickly up and down. But stranger than all, there was a gentleman standing behind her, moving one hand up and down, backwards and forwards, just like a mechanical toy of a man shaving himself that Bonny had seen in a shop window. It was all very puzzling to Bonny, who could not make out a bit what they were doing. In a few minutes more the lady and the little girl came to the window. The child laughed and nodded, and then down went the blinds, and all was blank.

Bonny turned away. It was getting quite dusk. He peered into the corners and found all the dolls, and pinched them till they ought to have been black and blue. But his disappointment was so great that pinching was not enough to express his feelings; so he pulled the hair off one, and twisted the head off another. "Now," he said, "you're berry dead, you are, 'cos you've got spiteful faces, and stares like a stupid." Then he went downstairs, feeling cross.

Standing in the hall was his father who had just let himself in. "Here, Bonny," he said, "what are you doing down here in such an untidy mess? How's your mother?" Bonny stared for a minute and then said, "What?" "There, don't look at me in that daff way, child. How's your mother?"

When Bonny was cross he poured out torrents of words with little sense in them, jumbling up together all the things that vexed and annoyed him. He was very cross just now. "She's berry dead," he said quickly, all the words running one into another. "Old nan doctor, he stick little knives in him, he do, and pull her head off, 'cos she stares like a stupid, and she berry dead. I tell you."

Mr. Cameron heard little else than the word "dead," for he never was able to make much out of Bonny's gibberish. He thrust the child aside, and ran up the stairs to the bedroom.

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By-and-by his father came down again. He called Bonny. "Look here," he said severely, "why did you tell a story and say your mother was dead?" "Peoples is dead," Bonny muttered to himself in an injured tone. "They tumbled out of the window train, and all killed."

His father looked at him angrily for a moment, then his face relaxed. "I suppose it's only stupidity," he exclaimed. "You can take him down with you, Mary."

So Bonny went downstairs and feasted on tea and hot toast, which he devoured ravenously, for he was very hungry, and had no idea that he had done or said anything wrong.

CHAPTER II—"BEAZLES" AND "WINDOW TRAINS."

Bonny's mother had been an invalid ever since he was born. It was not often she could bear the worry and noise of a child about her, so poor Bonny, who had neither brothers nor sisters, was left a great deal to himself. His father was out all day, and when he came home in the evening either shut himself up with his books or went and talked with his wife in her room. He was a quiet, grave, stern man. Twice a day Bonny was taken into the dining-room to see his father, but he did not much enjoy these visits, when he was obliged to be quiet, and was given nothing to amuse him. Certainly Bonny did not make himself very attractive on these occasions, and always showed that he was glad to get away. Mr. Cameron also was not sorry to get the visit over. He knew very little of children, and expected that when Bonny began to talk he would give rational answers to simple questions, and show an interest in anything he told him.

Bonny, on the other hand, talked very indistinctly, and showed very little sense. Mr. Cameron was not amused, as most people are, by the silly inconsequent chatter of a small child. It rather irritated him, and Bonny seemed particularly stupid. He was fond of staring in his father's face, and asking "What?" a great many times. This habit so exasperated Mr. Cameron that he gave up talking to the child except in commonplace sentences of which he could hardly mistake the meaning.

The only servants of the household were old Mary—whose time was much taken up with her invalid mistress—and a boy, who helped downstairs in the morning. Mary looked after Bonny's needs very conscientiously, but she had little time to spare to play with him, so that altogether it was a dull life that the child led. But he amused himself so well upstairs in his old nursery that no one thought he was at all miserable or unhappy; and Mary quite believed that he liked playing by himself far better than he would care to have other children with him, and she always told her mistress so.

Just now Bonny's mother was very ill, and Mr. Cameron had sent for his sister to come and stay with her till some other nurse could be had. The next day she arrived, and as soon as she found an opportunity she went up to the nursery to take a peep at the little nephew, she had not seen since he was a baby. He took no notice whatever of the visitor standing in the doorway, but went on playing with a solemn and intent face. Mrs. Giles stood and watched.

The room was in terrible disorder. All the chairs were laid down on the floor long ways and put together in squares. The high guard had been dragged away from the fireplace and laid across a recess, leaving only just a little aperture at which to go in and out. The table—a square one—was pushed into another corner, with the cloth all hanging down at the back, and kept so by the few articles left from Bonny's breakfast, a lump or two of coal, and some broken toys. Bonny was crawling about the floor. First he went into one little chair house, where he sat for a while grunting and squeaking.

(To be continued.)

then he crawled out again and went into another, where he hopped about on his hind legs for a while; then into another, where he growled and paced backwards and forwards, with an angry face. Presently an idea seemed to strike him, for he took three chairs, and—with many struggles—piled them up one on top of another in a corner. Then he began climbing up them in a very cat-like fashion. But presently one came toppling down, rolling Bonny over on the floor. He did not utter a sound, but picked himself up and began again, and at last, by the aid of another chair and the fire-guard, stood on the topmost one leaning against the wall.

He looked all round with a kind of fixed stare, and presently his eye lighted on his aunt. He did not smile or move, but only kept his eye fixed on her for several seconds, with a perfectly blank expressionless stare. Then he carefully descended from his height, and began crawling again on the floor.

His aunt was a little amused, but more frightened. She had never seen much of children, but she was fond of them, and a favorite with many she knew. However, she had yet to make friends with Bonny, so she went into the room and called him to her.

He paused a moment on all fours, turned his head round, and looked at her. Then he went on with his game. "Look here, Bonny," she said, dragging him up in her arms, "I want to talk to you."

"What?" "I want to talk to you. I'm Aunt Lucy, you know, and I have something nice in this little bag for you."

Bonny eyed the bag very solemnly. In fact, he had never smiled once since his aunt had seen him. "I'll be all the beazles," he said, "and then I'll cun. I tell you. Did they be nice beazles? Yes, they was berry nice beazles. Bonny likes 'em?"

So he slipped away down on the floor again, and went the whole round of the dens until he came to the pyramid of chairs. He was very solemn over it all, and never hurried himself. When he had stared at his aunt for about two minutes he descended and came back to her. "What is that game you have been playing, Bonny?" she asked.

"It's beazles game," he said, starting up into her face with very round, bead-like eyes. "Beazles in the Zoo—lions, tigers, bears; she growls like this, and climbs up a pole: one beazle hops about all funny like this, he carries a tiny with him, and pokes its head out. Did I go and see him? Yes, I did see him, I tell you."

"Was it a kangaroo, Bomy?" "What?" "A kangaroo. Was that the name of the beast that carried a tiny baby in its pouch?"

"Yes, he was a kamroo, baby kamroo; that's what I tell you." "Well," said his aunt to herself, "this is a very noticing little boy, although he talks indistinctly, and is not well-mannered." It was time, she thought, to bring the cakes out of her bag.

Bonny was delighted with them, although he did not say "Thank you."

"Cake for kamroo?" he asked. "Yes, if you like." "Then I'm kamroo, so I'll eat hip. Kamroo likes cakes, he do that. You've got a plock. Let me see him." He pointed to his aunt's watchchain. She took out her watch to show him.

(To be continued.)

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D'S PINE BRONCHITIS, THROAT AND LUNGS. Florence E. N.B., writes: I was going advised to try D'S PINE SYRUP. It before I had it feel better, salt as well as completely clear.