

BOYS AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

AT BEDTIME.

The little room in fading light. The little beds all sweet and white; The little prayer at mother's knee, And then all cuddled close to me, My darlings plead for stories old, That have a thousand times been told.

Of Alice in her Wonderland, Of Cinderella's ball so grand; The bear and poor Red Riding Hood, And those dear children in the wood, And fairy tales among the rest— Hans Andersen they love the best.

Without, the dark tumultuous night, Within, the peace of fading light, The years may come, the years may go, But nevermore such joy we'll know, As when, all cuddled close at home, The hour of story-time has come. —Frank Fay.

EFFECT OF CONFIDENCE.

There is nothing which quite takes the place in a boy's life of the con-

sciousness that somebody—his teacher, brother, sister, father, mother or friend—believes in him.

One of the most discouraging things to a youth who is, apparently, dull, yet is conscious of real power and ability to succeed, is to be depreciated by those around him, to feel that his parents and teachers do not understand him, that they look upon him as a probable failure.

When into the life of such a boy there comes the loving assurance that somebody has discovered him, has seen in him possibilities undreamed of by others, that moment there is born within him a new hope, a light that will never cease to be an inspiration and encouragement.

If you believe in a boy, if you see any real ability in him (and every human being is born with the ability to do some one thing well), tell him so; tell him that you believe he has the making of a man in him.

Such assurance has often proved of greater advantage to a youth than cash capital.

There is inspiration in "He believes in me."

KING PENGUIN LAND.

By Theo. Gift, Author of "Cape To Wn Dickey," "Pretty Miss Bellew," "Lil Lorimer," etc., etc.

CHAPTEY IV.—Continued.

"Oh! you are. You're—" "Shut up, Charles! You forget mother prohibited that even more decidedly than 'Sin' for little Beas there. So now, cousin Hilda, having, as I said, made the introductions in full form, will you kindly favor us in return with your own familiar cognomen?"

Hilda stared. Gordon was so tall and handsome, and so evidently looked up to by his brothers and sisters that she could not help admiring him; but she felt afraid of him as well, and, owing to being an only child, and always living with grown-up people, she was so unused to the chaff and jokes of a large family that she did not know whether he was making game of her or not.

"He wants to know what you've been generally called at home, Hilda." "Why, Hilda, of course—by my real name," said Hilda quickly, adding with a dignified air, "I was christened Hilda Petersham, but of course as Petersham is a surname I can not call it. I only sign it in letters."

"Haven't you never had a home name at all, then?" asked Gordon. "In that case," putting on a reflective air, "it will be necessary to give you one, I suppose; and the choice lies between 'Peters'—you wouldn't like 'Sham Peter,' perhaps—"

"No, no, Gordon, Strawwelpeter!" broke in Kattie, her eyes dancing with fun. "She wouldn't mind that, would she, Hilda? It's such a nice name—"

"Or 'Peter,' the Great," as a delicate compliment, you will understand, on your being taller than either Molly or Meta. Gordon went on, with his most polite air, "But Hilda was looking thoroughly offended."

"I shouldn't like either," she said, very stiffly, "My Aunt Lily always said that nicknames were very stupid vulgar things, and that only vulgar people used them; and I think it will be very rude of you to call me one."

"Why, Hilda, of course we won't if you don't like. Gordon was only joking," Molly said eagerly, but Gordon was too much taken aback for apologies. He was like Hilda, indeed, in having a somewhat high opinion of himself and being quick to take offence, and had no idea at all of submitting to be lectured by a little cousin whom he was graciously condescending to joke with and tease; so he simply turned on his heel and marched out of the room, pausing at the door to say—

"I say, Charlie, it's no good our waiting our holidays indoors. I'm going for a ride."

Molly and Kattie ran after him to protest and coax, but got snubbed. It wasn't a boy's place to amuse girls; they must do it for themselves; and he walked off resolutely, though not without informing Charlie, in a voice that was audible to his sisters at any rate, that "the air of St. Petersburg was too icy for him!"

The girls came back looking very disappointed. Gordon was such a hero and favorite with them that the idea of getting him all to themselves for the whole day had been too delightful; and now if he took some lunch in his pocket he might very likely not return till late in the afternoon. Besides, he had Charlie with him as well. They looked at one another blankly; and little Tottie showed her sense of the situation by putting out her lip at Hilda, and observing—

"You's a bad girl to call Dorcy wude, in Tottie won't love you."

"I didn't say he was rude. I only said it was rude of anyone to call names," Hilda answered, rather glad of an opportunity of explaining herself, for she too was feeling much disappointed at the retreat of the boys, and did not find half as much consolation as she had expected in the reflection that she had only been "perfectly right" herself, but had administered a lesson in good breeding to her cousins. If they went away and left her every time she tried to improve them her position would be a very uncomfortable one; and, beginning for the first time to wish

to make friends with those remaining, she turned to Molly, and said— "Have you got a garden of your own? I should like to see it; I like gardens."

"Oh, I am so glad. Come along then," cried Molly, quite pleased to find anything to relieve the awkwardness; and off they went together, past the large stable and poultry yard at the back of the house, and through a little sledge-gate beyond into the kitchen garden.

Molly paused on the way to push open the upper half of the cow-house door and show her cousin two dear little buff-colored calves with great black velvet eyes and moist black noses, which they came and laid coaxingly on the ledge of the door as if asking for the blades of grass which Kattie made haste to pick for them from between the rough paving stones outside, while Mollie kissed and fondled them.

The children's rabbits were next exhibited—ten lively little grey and white fellows who lived in a somewhat rickety-looking hutch of Gordon's construction in a corner of the milking shed; and whom Kattie, with an anxious face, counted twice over so as to make sure that none had escaped in the night.

"It's no use giving them names," said Molly, shaking her head, "they escape so often, or else the rats eat them, and they disappear that way. We can always get others when they do, however, for we catch them all ourselves, or rather, Tiger, our little black dog, does, and we help. There are lots and lots of rabbits in the Islands, you know, and there used to be more till the wild cats took to killing so many of them, especially near the Settlement; but there are plenty still, and we know several places where we can get as many as ever we like. But here's the garden, Hilda; it's only a kitchen one, you know."

Molly said this apologetically, for she had to own that except for the little patch in front of the house they had no flower garden; "flowers didn't grow well at the Falklands—very few at least—it was too cold"; but, fortunately, Hilda being a town-bred child, was sufficiently unused to the sight of vegetables growing, instead of set out in heaps in a greengrocer's shop, to find them quite as interesting as anything else; and she took quite a fancy to Molly's garden, which was very tidily cared for, and consisted of six potato plants, four lettuce, an onion and a neat row of parsley.

"Why, you can play at feasts with real vegetables of your own!" she said; on which Molly, with eager hospitality began to plan one immediately, and, having pulled up one of her potato plants to see if the tubers were large enough for eating, and replanted it again, after a somewhat dubious inspection, decided on fixing the feast for the day but one following, when Meta Crawford could also be invited to it.

"And I'll make some biscuits," she said. "Cook will give me some flour and sugar, I know, and a feast is nicer when one cooks everything for it oneself; but perhaps," remembering herself with a generous impulse, "you would like to do them, Hilda. You may if you like."

"I don't know how," said Hilda. "Some friends of mine in London used to make toffee in their school-room. They did it with brown sugar in the lid of a biscuit tin over four candles. It always tasted so candle-smoky, and I don't think you could cook cakes that way. Besides, wouldn't the flour make a mess?"

"Yes; but that wouldn't matter in the kitchen," said Molly; "and I should do them there, of course. They're easy to make. I could show you how if you like; or you could cut them out when I've rolled them. Cook has such a sweet little cake-cutter, the shape of a heart. We'll use that."

For a moment Hilda felt quite delighted at the prospect; but the next minute the unfortunate idea entered her head that making cakes was "servants' work" after all; and that Parsons might say she was "demeaning" herself if she took pleasure in doing it, instead of exhibiting that superior refinement

with which she had determined to impress her cousins. She put on a grand little manner, therefore, and said in a tone of surprise—

"Does your mamma let you go into the kitchen? Mine never did. She said it was the last place young ladies ought to like to be in, listening to servants' talk and all that; and Aunt Lily was quite vexed with me once, when she found me on the kitchen stairs, though I had only gone down two steps to call Marylyn. She told me I should always ring when I wanted a maid, instead of calling. I suppose you're brought up differently, as you only live in a colony."

"Yes, for I often go to call Bridget and Hannah and tell them what is wanted," said Molly easily. "There are so many of us, and they like to save them a journey if I can; and mother says we should think of servants' legs as well as our own. We aren't allowed in the kitchen, however, without leave, because there are often men about there, and we should be in cook's way too. I shall ask to be let make my cakes there."

"And may I cut them out, Polly? Oh, do say yes. Hilda doesn't want to, and I do love doing them so," cried Kattie eagerly.

Hilda felt cross and aggrieved. There seemed no good in trying to impress people with your refinement if they wouldn't be impressed; and she thought her cousins might have seen that she did want to cut out the cakes and have coaxing her to do so as a favor to them. That would have given her an excuse for yielding; but, as it was, she thought Molly very selfish and disagreeable for keeping all the cookery for herself, and revenged herself by ceasing to take an interest in the garden, and pretending to shiver and be cold.

"The wind blows so roughly here," she said, and there was no trees to shelter one. In the kitchen garden belonging to the lodgings where they stayed one summer there was a double row of apple-trees inside the wall, and a nice sheltered pear-tree walk too; but you haven't any fruit at all in yours—nothing whatever but vegetables."

"We have a few raspberries," said Molly humbly, "and when they ripen they're very nice; and we've lots of rhubarb—that's something like fruit, you know, because it makes such delicious tarts. But apples and pears—oh, no, of course we can't have them. They grow on trees!"

"Like cherries and plums and all the bottled fruit. Papa says so," put in Kattie. "Oh! I would like to see them growing on a real tree!"

Hilda stared at her. She thought Kattie was a little mad. "But if you haven't any growing in your garden," she said, "can't you see them in other people's?"

"No," said Molly gravely; "because there aren't any in the whole island."

"What no fruit trees at all! No plums or cherries, or apples, or apricots, or anything! Why not? What are Falkland Island trees like, then?"

"There aren't any at all," said Molly; "not one in the whole place. I think papa says it is the wind that won't let them grow. None of us have ever seen a tree except Gordon and I, and I was too little when we came here to remember them properly. I wish I did; because then I could tell Tottie about them better. I don't think she quite knows what a tree is."

"Yes, I do know," said Tottie promptly; "an' green fings in pictures. I does know, sister."

As for Hilda, she was speechless. Not a single fruit tree or tree of any kind in all the islands! Not even a common apple to be got for love or money! What a dreadful place it must be to live in! She could scarcely believe it.

CHAPTER V.—META MAKES UP HER MIND—DROWNED IN THE KELP-WEED.

The feast planned by Molly in honor of Hilda's arrival met with general favor, and as Gordon did come back to dinner, being indeed rather ashamed of having lost his temper so easily, the children set to work that same afternoon to plan all the details of the entertainment while Hilda was in the drawing-room, taking a very tearful farewell of her friends Mr. and Mrs. Barclay.

It was to be an out-door feast, of course; for during the short Falkland summer (and the summers in those far southern regions are much shorter and colder than in England)

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every fine bright day was spent as much in the open air as possible, and, with the exception of Molly's cakes and a contribution of vegetables from each of their gardens, it was to consist of what Charlie called "Falkland Island things;" the only pity being that it was not later in the summer, when all the wild berries which grow so plentifully in the islands would have been quite ripe, and provided them with a grand dessert.

Then the question arose where it was to be, and this led to a good deal of discussion, one place being voted too far, and another too near, until, in the middle of the argument, Mr. Burnett came in, and, being at once informed what it was about and asked for his opinion, raised a general shout by suggesting Mussel Cove, a favorite picnicking spot of theirs near the head of the harbor, and promised to lend them a sailing boat to take them there on condition that they took a man with them.

The next thing was to invite Meta, and Mrs. Burnett was all the more glad to despatch Molly with the two younger girls on this errand because poor Hilda, having taken leave of her friends, was crying her eyes out in the drawing-room, and in no condition to discuss picnics or pleasure of any sort. Her kind aunt tried at first to console her, but Hilda only shrank away, ceasing to cry indeed, but looking so much paler and more miserable than before in the longing to be "let alone" which she was old enough to know it would be rude to put into words, that Mrs. Burnett decided that the kindest way would be to leave her to herself for a while. Indeed, she was not altogether sorry to see by the child's grief that, cold and unresponsive as Hilda seemed to them, she must have an affectionate and grateful heart to be capable of so much attachment to the friends who had been good to her during their voyage from England.

Molly and her sisters had gone in the murrehull to Captain Crawford's house, which was built of wood, painted white, and stood in the centre of the soldiers' quarters; and were eagerly describing to Meta what the long-expected cousin was like, in whose honor the picnic was to be given. Now, I do not think myself that it is ever very wise to be in a hurry to describe people whom we know very slightly to someone else who does not know them at all; for everyone has two sides, a good as well as a bad, and it is very seldom that anyone is clever enough to see all sides at once. So that if we find out afterwards that we have only described the bad when there is really a great deal more of good than we expected or guessed at, we either have to take back what we said, or to leave the person we spoke to under a false and unjust impression, which is always wrong.

Hilda had not as yet shown her pleasantest side to her cousins, and therefore Meta, who was very impatient, hardly waited to hear the whole of her doings and sayings before she declared that she must be a very "horrid girl," and that she (Meta) should not like her a bit.

"Just fancy her speaking to Gordon in that way! Why, if I were ever so angry with him I wouldn't dare. I am glad he punished her by giving her a nickname after all; and I shall never call her anything but 'St. Petersburg' myself, when she isn't by."

"Oh, no, Meta, dear, don't!" cried Molly, beginning to feel sorry she had been so confidential; for she was much too good-natured a girl to have any unkind feelings towards Hilda, and had not at all meant to make Meta dislike her. "I don't think now I ought to have told you all these little things. It seems mean doesn't it, when she hasn't got any one here to take her part; and I daresay after all you'll like her when you see her."

(To be continued.)

How to Live. Do not be discouraged at your faults; bear with yourself in correcting them as you would with your neighbor. Lay aside this ardor of mind, which exhausts your body and leads you to commit errors. Accustom yourself gradually to carry prayer into all your daily occupations. Speak, move, work in peace as if you were in prayer, as indeed, you ought to be. Do everything without excitement by the spirit of grace. As soon as you perceive your natural impetuosity gliding in, retire quietly within where is the kingdom of God. Listen to the leadings of grace, then say and do nothing but what the Holy Spirit will put in your heart. You will find that you will become more tranquil; that your words will be fewer and more effectual, and that with less effort you will accomplish more good.—Fenelon.

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Perosi's New Oratorio. Dom Lorenzo Perosi, the famous musical composer of the Vatican, has just finished a new oratorio, entitled "The Soul." It will probably be presented for the first time in Rome next spring. Dom Perosi, a native of Turtona, studied music at the Milan Conservatory and in Haberl's Domerschule at Regensburg. He was admitted to orders during the course of his studies. In 1897 he produced "La Passione di Cristo," a sacred trilogy which won him great favor with Italian masters of sacred music. A year later he was made honorary maestro of the Papal choir. Perosi's other compositions include "La Transfigurazione del nostro Signore Gesù Cristo," "La Instruzione di Lazaro" and "Il Natale del Redentore."

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