

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

PUZZLE COMPETITION

Dear Girls and Boys:

So I have really got you all interested. It is just lovely to see all the answers coming in. You are doing splendidly. There was an omission of the rules last week, which I will allow to stand for the mistake some made in writing on both sides of the paper. This week you will find the rules. Read them carefully, follow them out, then send along your answers. I hope you will enjoy the continued story. I know you will find it interesting. Send along your opinions when it is well commenced. Let me have many many more answers in my mail bag next week. Good luck to you all.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

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. NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

My whole is a large city in England. My 1, 2, 3 is a human being. My 8, 9, 10, 1, is a division of the year. My 3, 6, 8, is a thing much used by fishermen. My 10, 2, 3, is part of a verb. My 4, 5, 6, 2, 8, is to deceive. My 2, 3, 8, 7, are insects.

2. RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in cow, but not in bull. My second is in drag, but not in pull. My third is in rat, but not in mouse. My fourth is in shanty, but not in house. My fifth is in hake, but not in eel. My sixth is in touch, but not in feel. My seventh is in nation, but not in people. My eighth is in tower, but not in steeple. My ninth is in many, but not in few. My whole is a flower of very rich hue.

3. MISSING LETTER PUZZLE.

When the missing letters have been supplied the whole will form a verse from a well known poem by Charles Kingsley. Bxgxoxxxtaxdxnxxixxwrxixb cxxexx. Dxxixxxexdxnxxixzaxxxaxlxx Sxxmxxkxxfxdxhxxntxxexaxtxx Oxxrxtdxxexxtxxg.

4. METAGRAM.

I am a part of the human body. Change my head, and I am to up set. Again, I am found in fruit. Again, I am a part of the face. Again, I am to taste. Again, I am to pinch.

5. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials and final, read downwards, will give the names of two fashionable seaside resorts in England. I. A city in England.

- 2. A European state. 3. An American river. 4. A town in Flanders. 5. An Arabian port. 6. A seaport town of France. 7. A German city. 8. A kingdom of Italy.

6. HIDDEN NAMES OF FRUIT.

- 1. Pass me that map, please. 2. Miss Brown will give me longer lessons to-day. 3. I hope Arthur will come soon. 4. I saw our gardener, Adams, on a tricycle yesterday.

7. PI.

Neog thha eth grinsp, hwit lal sit slowref, Dan geon het smursem moppdan hows, Nad nutamu, ni hst slafese browes, Sl gainwit rof eth trinsev wons.

8. WORD SQUARE.

- 1. A girl's nickname. 2. To detest. 3. A title which gave place to that of "baron." 4. Pertaining to a division of Greece. 5. Upright.

9. RIDDLE.

Why is there never such a thing as one whole day?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF OCTOBER 11.

- 1. Rabbit. Philadelphia. 3. All is well that ends well. 4. No stir in the air, no stir in the sea, The ship was as still as she could be; Her sails from heaven received no motion, Her keel was steady in the ocean. 5. Clink, link ink. 6. Sligo, Ural, Ella, Zanzibar-Suez. 7. General Wolfe and the siege of Quebec. The poem is Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

- 8. Pagan, Agave, Games, Avert, Nests. 9. Winnifred A. E. Dum 8 Harold O'Sullivan 8 Mary E. Dunn 7 Annie Massam 7 Maud Creighton 7 Mary E. Sanders 6 Ag. M. M. Massam 6 Washington Raymond 5 Emma F. 5 Walter O'Sullivan 5 May Murphy 3 M. G. Carling 3

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Letters to Aunt Becky. Dear Aunt Becky: I have never written to the True Witness before, although I am very fond of reading the letters in the corner. I was glad that Annie O'N. liked her book and hope she will continue writing. Winifred and Mary D. have my sincere sympathy in the loss of their aunt. I hope Winifred and Harold D. from Frampton will continue to correspond to the corner. Joseph C. says if there are lots of letters it

will lessen his suffering and time will quickly pass when he can take the weight off his foot. I must now bring my letter to a close with much love to all the cousins and yourself. Your loving niece, ANNIE CATHERINE M. Kensington, Oct. 13.

Dear Aunt Becky: As this is the first letter I have written to you, I do not know what to say. Papa subscribes to the True Witness so I thought I would try some of the puzzles you were so good to write for us. I always read the letters in the Boys and Girls Corner, written to you. I was ten years on the 21st of September last, but I am no taller than my sister, who is only seven. My brother, who is only thirteen, tried to do the puzzles, but gave up because they were too hard. No. 1 puzzle was as easy as pie, also No. 2, but I used such a lot of paper trying to work it out. No. 3, No. 6, and No. 8 were also easy. No. 7 was hard, but we learn Canadian History, so that helped. No. 4 happened to be in our elocution reader, and No. 5 I can't commence. I got the word swear, an action. Take s off, wear; take off w, and ear is used as an interpretation. With love to all the cousins, I remain, Your niece, MARY E. S. Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky: I have been waiting for a long time to have the opportunity of writing to you, and now this week's set of puzzles has afforded me this pleasure, although I did not succeed in getting all or nearly all of them, I will not be discouraged. I understand that there is another set of puzzles to be published in next week's paper, and I hope that I will have wit enough to be more successful in working them. But dear Aunt Becky, I have not yet explained to you who I am or anything about myself. I am a little girl of nearly twelve years of age. I go to the Academy of Our Lady of Good Council, on Craig street, and I am in the highest class of this school. My name is May Murphy, and I live at No. 87 Dorion street, city, and now Aunt Becky, I think that if it pleases you to number me among your other little nieces you may do so, because I am going to try and write every week. But I think I had better close my letter, as I am afraid it won't be on time. Love to you, Aunt Becky, I remain, Your loving niece, MAY M.

LITTLE ODDITY

By the Author of "Served Out."

CHAPTER I—AN ACCIDENT ON THE LINE.

Bonny was playing by himself, and making a terrific noise in the quiet house. Why he made such a noise I cannot think, because, as a rule, he was as quiet and dull a little fellow as ever you could see. He played at queer games, invented wholly and solely by himself, or he sat on a little chair staring into the fire, when there was one, and thinking about no one knows what by the hour together. It was always a very quiet house, but to-day it was so quiet that people's footsteps on the stairs seemed to make quite an impertinent creaking, and if you spoke above a whisper the sound of your voice almost frightened you. And in the midst of this silence Bonny, who had been sitting looking at the fire as usual, suddenly jumped up, dragged all the heavy dining-room chairs out of their places, and put them in a row across the room; then he flung open the door very wide, marched away to the end of the hall, came flying in with as much clatter, and yells as shrill as he could manage, and dashed himself against the chairs, which had purposely been placed with the legs of one tilted against the other, so that they might go over easily. Down went three at a go, but Bonny rushed forward and knocked over the others, then he threw himself between the legs of a chair, carefully putting his hand to his head as if he were much hurt. Then he held a conversation with himself, in which he said very often that it was "a berry bad hurt, but if you don't cry, Bonny, it'll soon be berry nice and well again." And he leaped about the room, and declared he couldn't move at all. But presently he got quite well, then he put the chairs up in a row, and did the whole thing over again. He was standing with his back against the hall door, prepared to rush full speed on the line of chairs, when old Mary came along. She pushed Bonny on one side and softly opened the door. There stood an old gentleman whom Bonny knew well. Worse, too, he came in and wiped his shoes on the mat. Bonny flew off straight at the chairs, regardless of old Mary's gesticulations and beckonings. "Bonny," said the doctor severely, "what are you doing, child, making all this fearful noise?" "Oh! he's an odd child," said Mary, "his poor ma lying there so had to. I couldn't make out what the noise was, and I durstn't leave her to see." Bonny went on with his game, quite regardless of their remarks. The doctor called him, but he only stared and twisted his long thin body among the confusion of chair legs, uttering groans and little shrieks, which he did so naturally that the old gentleman asked, with a puzzled face, "Well, now, have you hurt yourself?" But Bonny refused to say, only he suddenly collapsed on the floor, and lay there with his eyes closed and his body as stiff as that of a dead rabbit, or a cat lying in a deep sleep in the sun with all her paws stretched out. The doctor took hold of his shoulders and pulled him to his feet, exclaiming, "Now, what's all this?" "You dare!" Bonny cried fiercely. The doctor was no favorite of his, especially since he had by craft and subtlety drawn Bonny on to his knee one day, and then, as Bonny declared, stuck a small knife into him. The old doctor, who knew little of children, never having had any of his own, thought he had managed beautifully, but Bonny never forgave him, and nothing would induce him to go on the old man's knee a second time. There was not much love lost between them on either side. "I'm berry dead, I am," he cried resentfully, when the doctor made him stand upright. "She's a window train, and she's tumbled down and killed all the peoples. You're a nasty nan, so you are; and my window train—she's berry good and plays with me all the time, she does." It was a rapid angry torrent of words that Bonny flung at the doctor, who couldn't understand a bit what it was all about. The child always talked incoherently, and mixed up words in the wildest way. Everything was a he or a she, according to his fancy, nor was he at all particular how he applied the words, he, she, him, or her to people. "Now, Master Bonny, you pick up those chairs and don't make any more noise," Mary said; and then she and the doctor went away, leaving Bonny alone. He put the chairs back in their places rather regretfully, then he stood with his finger in his mouth, staring out of the window. There was nothing to be seen, because the dining-room was at the back of the house, and looked on to a little square yard, with one very large pear tree in it that hid from view the other houses. Bonny watched the sparrows for about half an hour when the cuckoo clock on the mantel piece began striking. In a minute he was standing on a chair gazing at the wonderful bird. He had often heard it say "Cuckoo" before, but no one had ever shown him the bird quite close. Now he was all alone, with everybody out of his way, and could look at it as long as he liked. "She opens his mouf like the little dirds in the tree," he said to himself. "She lives in the plook, I think, an' she's got a tail, she has, 'cos she opens his mouf like the other dicky dirds, an' they's got tails. I want to see his tail, I do; I'll stroke him, I will." So he pushed his finger in the little door, which snapped to, catching his finger tight. "He's a berry spiteful thing, he is," Bonny said angrily. "Perhaps he's hungry. I'll get him some red-and-rutter, I will." Bonny went downstairs into the deserted kitchen, and found some bread, with which he returned in triumph. But the cuckoo had shut himself into his house, and would not come out no even when Bonny called him "Dear cuckoo," but after waiting a long time, thinking the bird might be asleep, Bonny got angry and cried out in his quick funny way, "You're a berry bad dird, you

and well again." And he leaped about the room, and declared he couldn't move at all. But presently he got quite well, then he put the chairs up in a row, and did the whole thing over again. He was standing with his back against the hall door, prepared to rush full speed on the line of chairs, when old Mary came along. She pushed Bonny on one side and softly opened the door. There stood an old gentleman whom Bonny knew well. Worse, too, he came in and wiped his shoes on the mat. Bonny flew off straight at the chairs, regardless of old Mary's gesticulations and beckonings. "Bonny," said the doctor severely, "what are you doing, child, making all this fearful noise?" "Oh! he's an odd child," said Mary, "his poor ma lying there so had to. I couldn't make out what the noise was, and I durstn't leave her to see." Bonny went on with his game, quite regardless of their remarks. The doctor called him, but he only stared and twisted his long thin body among the confusion of chair legs, uttering groans and little shrieks, which he did so naturally that the old gentleman asked, with a puzzled face, "Well, now, have you hurt yourself?" But Bonny refused to say, only he suddenly collapsed on the floor, and lay there with his eyes closed and his body as stiff as that of a dead rabbit, or a cat lying in a deep sleep in the sun with all her paws stretched out. The doctor took hold of his shoulders and pulled him to his feet, exclaiming, "Now, what's all this?" "You dare!" Bonny cried fiercely. The doctor was no favorite of his, especially since he had by craft and subtlety drawn Bonny on to his knee one day, and then, as Bonny declared, stuck a small knife into him. The old doctor, who knew little of children, never having had any of his own, thought he had managed beautifully, but Bonny never forgave him, and nothing would induce him to go on the old man's knee a second time. There was not much love lost between them on either side. "I'm berry dead, I am," he cried resentfully, when the doctor made him stand upright. "She's a window train, and she's tumbled down and killed all the peoples. You're a nasty nan, so you are; and my window train—she's berry good and plays with me all the time, she does." It was a rapid angry torrent of words that Bonny flung at the doctor, who couldn't understand a bit what it was all about. The child always talked incoherently, and mixed up words in the wildest way. Everything was a he or a she, according to his fancy, nor was he at all particular how he applied the words, he, she, him, or her to people. "Now, Master Bonny, you pick up those chairs and don't make any more noise," Mary said; and then she and the doctor went away, leaving Bonny alone. He put the chairs back in their places rather regretfully, then he stood with his finger in his mouth, staring out of the window. There was nothing to be seen, because the dining-room was at the back of the house, and looked on to a little square yard, with one very large pear tree in it that hid from view the other houses. Bonny watched the sparrows for about half an hour when the cuckoo clock on the mantel piece began striking. In a minute he was standing on a chair gazing at the wonderful bird. He had often heard it say "Cuckoo" before, but no one had ever shown him the bird quite close. Now he was all alone, with everybody out of his way, and could look at it as long as he liked. "She opens his mouf like the little dirds in the tree," he said to himself. "She lives in the plook, I think, an' she's got a tail, she has, 'cos she opens his mouf like the other dicky dirds, an' they's got tails. I want to see his tail, I do; I'll stroke him, I will." So he pushed his finger in the little door, which snapped to, catching his finger tight. "He's a berry spiteful thing, he is," Bonny said angrily. "Perhaps he's hungry. I'll get him some red-and-rutter, I will." Bonny went downstairs into the deserted kitchen, and found some bread, with which he returned in triumph. But the cuckoo had shut himself into his house, and would not come out no even when Bonny called him "Dear cuckoo," but after waiting a long time, thinking the bird might be asleep, Bonny got angry and cried out in his quick funny way, "You're a berry bad dird, you

are, and if you don't eat nice bread you're a dainty boy, and he'll be put in prison and killed, naughty, bad, wicked, dainty dird you are, I tell you." The door flew open, and out came Mr. Cuckoo, bowing and cuckooing as amiably as possible. Bonny laughed with glee. He broke the bread and pushed it in at the door. The cuckoo hardly seemed to like it, for he said "Cuckoo" in a very long, melancholy note, stuck his head out of the door, with his mouth open, gasping. Bonny was rather frightened. He gave the bird a shove which sent him back into his house, pulling the door close with an angry bang. Then Bonny pulled the door open, and pushed the rest of the bread and butter inside for Mr. Cuckoo to eat at his leisure, for it was evident that he would not come out any more, even for a scolding. He was a very touchy bird. There was nothing for Bonny to do. He went into the hall and stood a little while listening. Not a sound was to be heard. He had been told he was not on any account to come up those stairs, because his mother was ill, and could not be worried with him, but he had been downstairs so long that he thought she must be well again now, so he went up and stood outside her door. "Muvver," he called out, tapping at the door, "let me cum in, I say, 'cos I's berry tired, an' I'll be berry angry soon, I tell you." A long silence, then a shuffling footstep, the door was unclasped about an inch, and one of Mary's eyes and half her nose peeped through. "Go away, Master Bonny; what a naughty boy you are! Go away, and keep quiet, do." "I've keepied kriet, I have, and I want suffin' to play with." Bonny said firmly, trying to push his foot in the little open space of the doorway. "Now you're a dreadful child," said old Mary in an angry whisper. "Cum in the nursery and out it straight, and by then I'll come and

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get you something to eat.

Bonny stared at her with his round bead-like eyes. "What you say?" he asked slowly. "Go up and put the nursery straight," she reiterated. "Can't I come in and see my muvver? I'll be berry kriet," Bonny persisted. "No; go and do what I tell you." The landing was growing very dark, for it was a dull wintry day. Bonny went up the next flight of stairs into the deserted nursery, as it was still called. It was a room at the top of the house, where Bonny spent a good deal of his time playing by himself. His few toys were there, and generally there was a fire with a guard before it. Bonny loved a fire; it was quite a companion to him. It was brother, sister, and playmate. He saw all sorts of strange things there, when he sat gazing into it by the hour together. But to-day there was no fire, only dull ashes in a dirty grate. The floor was littered with yesterday's mess: card-board boxes, out of which Bonny was fond of making coal trains, as he called them, when he had filled them with little bits of coal; chairs turned topsy-turvy, sticks of wood, for building houses, scraps of paper scribbled over and dabbed with paint, two or three dilapidated dolls, all undergoing punishment in odd corners. All this confusion looked miserable enough in the cold, gloomy room, where the shadows were beginning to gather; for, although Bonny did not know it, it was already afternoon. (To be continued.)