

BOYS AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

GETTING BACK TO GRANDPA'S HOUSE.

I'd rather be to grandpa's house
Than any place I know.
For grandpa says I am his boy
And grandpa loves me so.
When I get down to grandpa's house
You bet I'll make things hum.
There won't be no one then to say
"Now, sonny, stop that drum."

I'll go barefooted in the grass
And do just as I please;
I'll paddle in mud-puddles and
I'll climb the biggest trees;
I'll slide down on the banisters;
I'll shin up ev'ry door;
I won't be scolded when I track
Up grandpa's kitchen floor.

When I get down to grandpa's house
I'll be a boy again.
Folks ain't afraid of freckles there,
Nor bother 'bout the rain.
I'll ride the horses back and &
I'll walk on ev'ry fence;
No one'll scold me when I tear
My pants—gee, that's immense!

I'd rather be to grandpa's house,
Because I have such fun;
And I'll be awful sorry when
Vacation time is done.
I'll soon be down to grandpa's house
And be a boy once more,
Where I won't get no scolding when

I track up grandpa's floor.

—Horace Seymour Keller, in New York Sun.

KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS.

One morning the Queen of Sheba started back to her home in the south. King Solomon and all his court went with her to the gates of the city.

It was a glorious sight. The King and Queen rode upon white horses. The purple and scarlet coverings of their followers glittered with silver and gold.

"See yonder little people," he said, "do you hear what they are saying as they run about so wildly? They say, 'Here comes the king men call wise and good and great. He will trample us under his cruel feet.'"

"They should be proud to die under the feet of such a king," said the queen. "How dare they complain?"

"Not so, great queen," replied the King. He turned his horse aside, and all his followers did the same.

When the great company had passed, there was the ant-hill, unharmed, in the path.

The queen said, "Happy, indeed, must be your people, wise king. I shall remember the lesson."

"He is only a noble and great who cares for the helpless and weak."

KING PENGUIN LAND.

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

CHAPTER I.—THE END OF THE VOYAGE.

On a very wet and gloomy day in November a little group of people were gathered on the deck of the good ship Carolina, trying by the aid of telescopes or their own eyesight to make out all that was to be seen of the land which, after a six weeks' voyage, they were just approaching.

It was not a land that many of you who read this are likely to be acquainted with, except by hearsay, for it was many thousands of miles away from England, and consisted of the largest of a tiny group of islands lying in the most southern part of the South Atlantic Ocean and between two and three hundred miles to the east of South America. But it was an English colony, albeit a very small and insignificant one, and it had an English name, as young people who have found out that I am speaking of the Falkland Islands, and can put their finger on them in the atlas, know already; so that even those of the passengers who were not going to stop there, but were going on with the vessel to Valparaiso, where she was bound, had hurried up eagerly on deck at the first cry of "Land!" and the captain spoke cheerily as, turning to a little girl who formed one of the party, he said:—"Well, missy, this is your last day at sea at all events. We shall be well in the land of King Penguin before sunset, no fear of that."

Mrs. Barclay if they asked him to live there, I mean, instead of with him?"

"Why no, miss," said Parsons very decidedly, "I don't. Didn't he send all the way to England for you to come out to him? And besides, how could you live at Valparaiso? You haven't any relations there who would take you, have you?"

Hilda's heart swelled. She would have liked to say—

"But if Mrs. Barclay would do so?" But it was clear even to her that Mrs. Barclay had not expressed any wish of the sort to Parsons at all events; and mingled pride and diffidence again prevented her from suggesting it herself. She only said in a very shaky voice—

"You can't think how wet and grey and ugly the islands look up there; and Mr. Melville and all of them seem to say it will be horrid living there."

"Colonies are very often horrid, decidedly," said Parsons, "but I ought to know. Nothing comfortable, and the roughness and vulgarity you wouldn't believe! As to some of the colonial ladies—"

"Oh, Parsons!" Hilda broke in, more unhappy than ever, "my uncle's my cousin are colonial too! I wish I wish I hadn't to go out to them. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Well, miss, I must say it is very hard for you," said Parsons sympathizingly. "But you must just make the best of it. Think of all the good you may do your cousins, teaching them proper ways and pretty manners like your own; and of how pleased they must be to have such a nice little lady to stay with them. I shouldn't wonder if they got to look up to you ever so."

Hilda's eyes brightened a little; but the next moment a cloud came over them again and she said anxiously—

"Only, if they are rough, as you say, and unkind to me! And Mrs. Barclay says ladies in the colonies often have to do hard work—like servants, you know. I shouldn't like that at all."

"Then don't do it, miss," said Parsons briskly. "Let them see you have a spirit of your own, and are not going to demean yourself to what isn't fit for you," which silly speech she really meant to be kind and helpful, little thinking how much mischief the remembrance of her foolish, ignorant words might do to the child to whom they were addressed!

Hilda's life until now had been a very quiet, uneventful one. Her father, who was an army officer, had been killed in the Indian mutiny when she was a baby of only a year old; and ever since then she and her mother had lived with the latter's relations—an unmarried sister and a brother-in-law in the dull and sober, but very respectable part of London, a little north of the Regent's Park. They all made a great deal of the fatherless little girl, as indeed was very natural, and Mrs. Burnett, in particular—who was a great invalid and never able to move farther than from her bed to the sofa—was in a constant flutter lest something should happen to her. Indeed, Hilda was almost too well cared for; and even after she was supposed to be able to dispense with a regular nurse her mother's maid waited on her, dressed and undressed her, put away her clothes and mended them, and did everything else for her that the nurse had been used to do. She had a governess, too, who came every morning to teach her, and her Aunt Lily, and sometimes her Uncle Herbert, helped her to prepare her lessons in the afternoon, and took her out for walks, when it was fine weather, or read to her and told her stories when it was wet; and now and then she was taken, as a treat, to the Zoological Gardens, or the British Museum, or to the Crystal Palace in summer time. She had not as many amusements or occupa-

tions as other little girls, perhaps, for owing to the delicate state of her mother's health she was never allowed to play at anything but very quiet games, or to jump about, or sing, or make a noise; while for the same reason she was not able to have many friends of her own age; for her aunt and uncle did not like to ask other and perhaps noisier children to the house.

I am afraid this sort of training had the effect of making Hilda rather prim and unchildlike in some ways, while in others it left her more childish and helpless than other children, and (from being so much thought of and talked about by those around her), with the habit of thinking and talking of herself more than of anyone else. It was a great pity, for she was not at all a selfish child by nature, and was devotedly fond both of her mother and her uncle; yet it never occurred to her to warm the latter's slippers for him when he came in cold and wet, when his hat brushed ready for him, when he was going out, or mend his gloves when they were torn, because, if the housemaid was not in the way to do these things, Aunt Lily did them herself; nor did anyone ever suggest to her that by helping to put on her own clothes of a morning, and being less fidgety over the dressing of her hair, Martyn might be set free quite half an hour sooner to wait on her mistress and take her the cup of tea which the invalid's restless nights made her wait so anxiously for. Was not Aunt Lily always ready to run down herself, rather than that one look of Hilda's glossy hair should not be braided to the little lady's satisfaction? While as to sickness and distress, Hilda saw much less of them than most children; for Mrs. Burnett would not allow her to be taken to houses where there was sickness for fear she should catch something infectious; and both she and Aunt Lily were of opinion that to talk about sickness and starvation before children was not good for them, and made them too serious.

They talked of other things, family matters and the like, however, because it is impossible for grown-up people always to suit their conversation to little people's understanding; and also because they sometimes forgot altogether that she was in the room; and Hilda, who had been early taught by Aunt Lily that it was rude to make a noise, or interrupt and ask questions when elder people were talking, used to sit quietly in her little corner with a book on her knee, and her bright eyes fixed, not on it, but on her mother and her aunt, drinking in all that was said.

It was in this way that she had got her ideas about her colonial relations. Her mother had, of course, often spoken to her of her Uncle Charles, who was her poor father's only brother, and lived in the Falkland Islands, thousands of miles away from England, and had quite a large family of children—Gordon, and Mary, and Charles, and Katrina, and Dorothea, and Sintram. Hilda knew all their names, and felt quite affectionately towards her uncle in consequence of the tender manner in which Mrs. Burnett always spoke of him, often wishing that he could come back to England and visit them; but to her aunt and cousins she did not feel the same way, since, in those scraps of conversation which had reached her little ears she had heard her mamma and Aunt Lily allude to them as "that colonial wife of Charles's" and "those unfortunate children with no education or advantages"; besides which, there had been some words on one occasion about "paying off debts," and expenses that could not be afforded (a winter in Torquay for mamma, or a music-master for Hilda), because "Charles was not able to send the money," all of which Hilda put together in her own mind, and adding them to something she had once heard Aunt Lily say about "colonial women being bad managers," decided that Uncle Charles was very poor, and that mamma had to deprive herself of comforts and nice things, so as to help him; and that it was all the fault of that colonial aunt's bad management; as also that to be a colonial at all was something very sad and to be ashamed of!

It was a dreadful blow to her, therefore, when, some six months after her dear mother's death, Hilda learnt, not instead of continuing to live with Uncle Herbert and Aunt Lily as before, she was to be adopted by her Uncle Charles and go out to reside with him in the Falklands. Indeed, her old home was to be broken up, for Uncle Herbert had accepted a position elsewhere, and (what was still more astonishing) Aunt Lily was going to be married, and to a gentleman whom Hilda did not like at all, partly because when he visited at the house he always took up her aunt's attention, and never paid any to her little self; and partly because she had once heard him say to Uncle Herbert that "that child made a slave of every one in the house."

Mr. Craig had evidently no wish, therefore, to take her to live with him; and when she begged and treated to be allowed to go with her uncle Herbert, he assured her very tenderly that she could not possible do so. He seemed to think too, that it was very kind of Mr. Charles Burnett to wish to have her, and said it would be the best thing in the world for her to see more of other children; and when Hilda sobbed out something about "colonial children," Aunt Lily, instead of sympathizing, looked quite shocked. And said (like Parsons), that if her cousins were not quite as well brought up and refined as herself, she ought to remember that they had not had her advantages, and that she should take pleasure in setting them a good example.

Poor Hilda! She was not a demonstrative child, and ever her uncle and aunt, fond as they were of

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and stated the cause of religion. All the business men of the town, and many of the Catholics from the vicinity were present. In less than an hour \$1200 was pledged for a new Catholic church. A building committee of six was appointed, three of them being non-Catholics. These three, business men of the town, had practically full control of the work. Plans were secured and the contract let, and the building was completed early last winter. The building, with art glass windows, but as yet no furniture, cost \$3,032. Over one-half of this was subscribed by non-Catholics. There is a small debt—less than \$300—but this will be secured by pledges in a very short time. Every dollar was voluntarily subscribed. There were no fair or entertainments of any kind. Father Loughran told the assembly on dedication day that he did not know of another case in which Protestants built a church for Catholics. "This might in some manner be called a Protestant Catholic church," referring to the building. As a memorial to the sweet spirit of this work is an art glass window donated by Mrs. Shallenberger—non-Catholic—wife of one of the non-Catholic building committee.

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and that joins his will never be contented.

The laborer is worthy of his hire, but he who will not work neither let him eat.

The poor we have always with us. Some people are poor owing to circumstances that they could not control. These are the worthy poor. To help these it is more blessed to give than to receive.

We are to be rewarded even in spiritual things according to our work. As we sow so shall we reap. —Catholic Universe.

Protestants Build Catholic Church.

A church mainly built by Protestants for their Catholic fellow citizens was dedicated a few days ago in Imperial, Neb. A little over a year ago two of the business men—non-Catholics—of Imperial spoke to Father Loughran about building a Catholic church at that place. They thought it would be a great improvement to the town; it would be useful as well as ornamental. A special meeting was called to consider the proposition. Bishop Bonacum and Father Loughran were present.

All run in the race, but only one gains the first prize. Don't blame his speed because you are slow of foot.

Inequalities of fortune have been, are, and will be. It is a necessary condition to make things "go."

Were all properly divided equally, it would not remain equal in the possession for a week. Snow may fall level, but it will drift.

Necessity is the mother of invention and inventions often produce wealth. The inventions look simple enough after we see them. All could make an egg stand after Columbus had shown the way.

How many would work after hours and burn the midnight oil if there were no reward or dividends for labor? Those who sleep and snore away should not growl at the success of the wide-awake toilers.

While the miser is dispicable, the rich man should not parade his wealth to feed his vanity and to display his pride.

"We need little here below, and will not need that little long."

A contented man is always well off. The fellow who wants to get all the