

## Our Boys and Girls

BY AUNT BECKY

### The Secret of the Silver Lake

By Henry Frith, Author of "Under Bayard's Banner," "For King and Queen," etc.

#### CHAPTER IX. — THE NATIVE "PAH" — THE EXPEDITION — CAUGHT AND BOUND BY THE MAORIS.

Ernest Belton had asked what a "pah" is, and while the rescue party are encamping, and preparing to visit one, we will run on in front, and look into the "pah" before the others come up. Of course we are invisible, so the Maoris will not make any objection to our peeping in.

This native "pah" or fortified village, is, like all the rest, a four-sided enclosure hedged in by strong palisades, the timbers being deeply sunk in the ground. The steps of these stakes are pointed, just as palings in England are, and are made still more formidable by being supported behind by struts. Inside this paling is a ditch, so that when the enemy has climbed the palings he has to cross the trench or ditch, which is dry—not a moat.

There is only one entrance, by a door in the palisade, and I am sure none of you have seen many, if any, such curious doors. It is carved at the top with horrible faces, as ugly as some we have seen in old spouts in Gothic churches: these carved heads have their cheeks tattooed in queer patterns, and seem to mock the person seeking admission with protruding tongues and ugly "faces," which they appear to make at us as we look up. The actual door itself is cut and carved and ornamented: the faces look down from the posts and lintel in a fashion most terrifying, enough to make people dream of them.

If we squeeze in we shall find a number of houses inside. These are called whares (pronounced wharays, for in Maori language all the vowels are uttered). There are only four—teen letters in the Maori alphabet, so the children have not so many to learn as we have. One letter is really two: namely, Ng; the others are A, E, H, I, K, M, N, O, P, R, T, U, W. The pronunciation is rather difficult to convey on paper; but U is like "double O," T is somewhat the same as Th, and every word is divided into as many separate syllables as possible. Thus a long word like Tutewawawana—the Mars, or war god (who possessed, according to the legend, a horrible snake called "Tutara")—will give one plenty to do in syllables.

As the houses or huts are called whares, the temple, or church, or town hall is termed Wharekura. Kura really means "red," so the big building is the "Red House" in Maori, in which tongue Karotohi means fence or palisade. Now we may walk round the "pah," which is of good size, and capable of accommodating some hundreds of people. But this particular "pah," which we are about to visit, at that time was not fully occupied.

You can perhaps now picture the village. In it the hut of the chief is the biggest, and very grandly carved. In another hut, also carved, sat Amy Belton, in company with the old woman, who apparently was rather afraid of her. Poor Amy was thinking of her father and brothers, and wondering whether they would ever come to rescue her. She had some idea that the Scout would help, and began to believe that the old woman who was in charge of her was Scout's mother.

"Now," said Amy to herself, "if he is her son and is kind to the boys, perhaps he will come here and save me from her and these horrible people. The days passed, and the remains of the tribe moved up into the protected village. There was the temple: they had found a White Queen, as they called Amy; though she did not understand them, she managed to pick up some words, and as the old woman was only too delighted to teach her her own native tongue, the "White Daughter" (Hinny-tea or Tamahine) got on rapidly.

Thus it happened that she understood by a certain word, and by the pointing up at the sky, where a peculiar long cloud was visible, that strangers were expected by the superstitious natives. This was a curious coincidence which made Amy's heart beat, and she listened to hear more, at the same time as she

learned to understand more of the language. She was well treated, and was not unhappy as regards her bodily condition, but her mind was very anxious indeed. Had she only known that the strangers were actually tracking the tribe, and were not far away, would she not have been rejoiced?

It was very early in the morning when the Scout's party, including Stephen and Ernest, looked down from a distance upon the "pah," the Mysterious Silver Lake, and the distant sea. Mr. Manton could hardly believe that he had at last reached the lake which he had never yet been able to trace. He had come upon it by accident, as it seemed—at a time when least expected—many other occurrences appear to do with us at home; but all are arranged beforehand by Providence.

The view was beautiful that morning, and I am sure you children who may read this story of Amy and her brothers would have been delighted to see the sun leap up from the ocean like a burning plate or silver, the volcanoes, and the deep green and black forests catching his light.

When the sun showed symptoms of getting up into the clear sky Scout suggested that the party should conceal themselves, and that he should endeavour to find out what was going on for rescuing Amy. His suggestion was agreed to, and it was afterwards arranged that Stephen and Ernest should accompany him.

The boys were delighted at the idea, but their father and uncle would not consent for a long time. It was not until the Scout had pledged himself to ensure their safety that the elders agreed. The boys would gain true information from their sister, and have a clue for all that had passed more complete than any intelligence Scout would be likely to obtain from her.

Mr. Belton was with difficulty persuaded, but at length he consented; though he said to them when they were ready to set out on this new adventure—

"It is putting your heads into the lions' mouths. You may never escape. Bond, I hold you responsible mind! I will require my sons from you!"

"I am willing to bear the burden," replied the Scout. "I promise you that they will return unhurt. They will be able to get out with my connivance, and bring you valuable information. They will be Queen's messengers," he added, smiling—"depend upon me—my life for theirs."

But he was promising too much this time, as events will show.

The father reluctantly consented, and saw his boys depart with many doubts in his mind. All the party were anxious for news, but, coming with hostile intentions upon the village, they did not deem it prudent to interfere. The Scout, they believed, was quite safe; but they all, including the Scout himself, had mistaken the temper of the half-civilized Maoris who had watched them.

The settlers saw the boys depart with their guide, and then they prepared to camp and await their return. The Scout promised news within two days: if all were well, he would hang out a white handkerchief on a stick which could easily be seen by those on the hill. If there were immediate danger threatening them or Amy, in any shape, then a red cloth would be hung up. In this latter case the settlers would come and attack the "pah" immediately, and release the prisoners, if any, or assist in the escape of the White Queen, Amy.

These arrangements were decided upon: one man, relieved every two hours of daylight, was set to watch for the signals. The first sentry or watchman reported that the Scout and the boys had entered the enclosure, but he could see them no longer. And now, as our friends cannot tell us everything of the doings of the boys, we must peep into the "pah" ourselves.

The Scout entered unopposed. He was in Maori costume then, bare-legged, with a cloak or "mat" enfolding his body, and reaching below his knees. The guard at the



#### St. George's Baking Powder

Glad of it, too! I don't get any more complaints—but lots of compliments. So out with these old lines. Write The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, for their new free Cook-Book.

gate made no objection to the entrance of the three friends; but before they had gone far they were suddenly surrounded and made prisoners.

"Do you dare to seize me?" exclaimed the Scout in the dialect of the tribe, which he well understood and could talk as fluently as English. "Release me!"

"The orders of the chief must be obeyed," was the only reply he received. "We are his servants."

"Bring us to him, then," cried the Scout angrily. He was beginning to feel alarmed on account of the boys, but did not despair. "Have you your 'hanky-panky' apparatus?" he asked Stephen.

"No," replied the boy. "I left it in Anderson's hut."

"Hum!" muttered the Scout; "if they should want you to perform again you must do something. Keep very quiet, and do not irritate the chief."

All this while few men, and none of the chief personages, had appeared. Some women and children came and looked at the prisoners. Among the women was the old mother of the Scout, who waited on Amy, and who, after satisfying her natural curiosity, went back to the whare which she and her little charge occupied, and told the White Queen of the capture of the lads again.

It may seem curious that such a want of curiosity was manifested by the men of the tribe, but a true Maori will never betray undue curiosity. He, in common with other savage people, has a wonderful power of self-control, and would consider any such exhibition of interest beneath his dignity. Even the civilized natives possess a great deal of pride, and will resent any slight upon them when associating with people in the towns or townships. Besides this self-restraint, the Maori will not hurry himself, and so it happened that the boys and the Scout were all thrust into a dirty hut to think over their fate before the chiefs appeared.

"We're in a mess," said Stephen. "Father was right."

"We are in a horrible mess!" replied Ernest, looking round their place of imprisonment. "This is a dirty place—and I for one shall be glad when we are out of it."

The Scout said nothing. He was puzzled. Why had he been taken prisoner? He began to fear that the chief intended mischief. "Scout," as the boys called him—Tua-kana (Elder Brother) as he was known to the natives—knew the ruler's uncertain temper; and if the chief once got into his head the idea that Tua-kana wished to deprive him of the Waraki Queen, Amy, he would kill him and his associates.

As soon as the capture of the Scout and his companions had been reported to the chief, a council was called, for your Maori must proceed slowly.

By this time it was afternoon, and after a while some warriors came to the entrance of the hut, and escorted the prisoners to the council-hall, or Wharekura, which has been mentioned. The Scout and his friends had to pass through nearly the whole of the population, men, women and children, who were arranged in two lines. Many signs and expressions of recognition were addressed to the Scout, but no one seemed very much pleased, nor wished him the native equivalent for good fortune.

The chief, with his priests and head men, were all assembled inside. The Scout showed no fear, and advised the boys to be as brave as possible, which they tried to be, but did not quite succeed. The Scout on coming before the assembly spoke first.

"Why am I taken like a criminal and brought here?" he asked boldly. "Am I not Tua-kana, the trusted friend of the Rangitira and the whole Hapu (tribe)? Why am I

and my friends, to whom I have pledged my word, carried here like dogs?"

"Tua-kana speaks with the hurried words of the stranger. He should not have caused the escape of the brothers of the European Queen. He has betrayed his brothers to the white strangers—and he seeks their inheritance."

"It is false," cried the Scout boldly.

"It is true," replied the chief calmly. "Tua-kana is false in his heart. He knows that the European Queen will enrich the tribe, and restore them their ancient lands before they are laid on the great mountain, the resting-place of their fathers. Tua-kana has betrayed his brothers and brought the white men to carry off the Hinny-tea, the white girl, who will save them. That is my word!"

There was a certain dignity about the Maori which impressed the Scout and the boys, but the lads did not, of course, understand what was said.

"And what does the chief wish to do with me?" asked the Scout. "He insults me with his words, and beats me with his scorn. I throw it in his face. It is my word! I have said."

The chief started: his eyes flashed, and those assembled near him made a movement of anger. Then the chief replied quietly—

"Very well, let it be so! Tua-kana and his Europeans will be punished—dishonored. It is my will. They would sell the Maori's birthright and his silver to the stranger. Yes, I know! They shall die after the fiery torture: the knife shall scathe them, and the pouka (pigs) shall devour them. The White Queen shall see them in their agony. Go! The sentence is told."

The Scout and the lads were at once seized and bound. Then they were carried back to the hut, and left to their thoughts. The boys did not know what was in store; and the Scout made up his mind to keep the secret as long as possible.

"What will happen next, I wonder?" asked Ernest quickly.

"Something to eat, I hope, for I am very hungry," replied his brother. "They will not starve us, Scout, eh? But tell us what the chief said. He seemed rather 'waspy,' I thought."

"He is very angry with me for going after you and bringing your father here. He has some notion that we want to steal his property and land, and do harm to his people. But we only want missy. If I could find 'Mother,' we might get free."

"What do you think they will do to us, Scout?"

(To be continued.)

### Crippled By Sciatica.

Made Well and Strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Doctors Had Failed.

Mr. H. W. Awalt is one of the leading merchants of Hemford, N.S. A few years ago he was a great sufferer from that most excruciating trouble, sciatica. He says: "At the time I was afflicted I was living at Baker Settlement. The attack was so severe that I had been off work for some time. The cords of my legs were all drawn up and I could only limp along with the aid of a stick. The pain I suffered was terrible. I was in misery both day and night. Every movement caused me such pain as only those who have been tortured with sciatica can know. I was treated by several doctors, but they did not help me a bit. In fact I almost began to feel that my condition was hopeless when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to my attention. I got a half dozen boxes. I had used about the entire quantity before I found any benefit. But I was encouraged and got a second half dozen boxes, and before these were all gone every vestige of the trouble had disappeared. Not only this, but I was improved in health in every way, as it will be readily understood that the long siege of pain I had suffered had left me badly run down. I can't speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I can't recommend them too strongly to other sufferers."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure sciatica simply because they make the rich red blood that soothes and strengthens the jangled, aching nerves. That is why they cure such nerve troubles as neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, and partial paralysis. That is why they cure all ailments due to poor, watery blood. That is why they make weary, despondent, broken-down men and women bright, active and strong. But only the genuine pills can do this, and they have the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around every box. Sold

## Frank E. Donovan

REAL ESTATE BROKER

Office: Alliance Building

107 St. James St., Room 42.

Telephones Main 2091-3836.

Montreal

BELL TELEPHONE MAIN 1983.

## G. J. LUNN & CO.

Machinists & Blacksmiths.

SCREWS, PRESSES

REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS.

## CHATHAM WORKS.

134 Chatham Street, - MONTREAL

## THE TRUE WITNESS

### JOB

## PRINTING

### DEPARTMENT

is second to none in the City. We have the most ample and modern equipment for first-class, artistic printing. We offer to those requiring such work, quick and correct service. We respectfully solicit the patronage of our readers.



The True Witness Print. & Pub. Co.

### Time Proves All Things

One roof may look much the same as another when put on, but a few years' wear will show up the weak spots. "Our Work Survives" the test of time.

GEO. W. REED & CO., Ltd. MONTREAL.

## Hotel Marlborough

Broadway, 36th and 37th Sts., Herald Square, New York



Most Centrally Located Hotel on Broadway. Only ten minutes walk to 25 leading theatres. Completely renovated and transformed in every department. Up-to-date in all respects. Telephone in each room. Four Beautiful Dining Rooms with Capacity of 1200.

### The Famous German Restaurant

Broadway's chief attraction for Special Food Dishes and Popular Music. European Plan. 400 Rooms. 200 Baths.

Rates for Rooms \$1.50 and upward. \$2.00 and upward with bath. Payor, Bedroom and Bath \$3.00 and upward. \$1.00 extra where two persons occupy a single room.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET. SWEENEY-TIERNEY HOTEL COMPANY

E. M. TIERNEY, Manager

According to the Scottish Jesuit, Father Campbell, there are more Gaelic-speaking Catholics in Nova Scotia (descendants of Highland Scotch immigrants) than there are in all Scotland.

### FOR SALE

Kindling Wood, \$2.00; cut hard wood blocks, \$2.00; cut slabs, \$2.00; cut slabs, \$2.50 a large load; also Scranton coal. J. Doran, 875 Craig street west. Phone Main 4263

by medicine dealers everywhere or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### Pilgrimage To Rome.

If any of our readers or their families are contemplating a trip to Europe this coming summer, why not encourage and patronize the one connected by McGRANE'S CATHOLIC TOURS, 187 Broadway, New York City.

You would be sure of an Audience with our Holy Father, see Europe in a substantial manner, be in good company, and save money as against traveling independently.