

# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

## PUZZLE COMPETITION

### 1. DIAMOND PUZZLE.

The head of a pony.  
A black paint.  
To dry.  
A fierce animal.  
Calm.  
A tree.  
Found in a bird's nest.  
The tail of an ape.

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### 2. BURIED ANIMALS.

1. Do you know how much the domestic owed her mistress?  
2. Did the king catch or sell the lion?  
3. I tell you to let the cat be; are you deaf?  
4. This wine is champagne and that cherry.  
5. The monk eyed the king for some time askance.

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### 3. BEHEADED AND CURTAILED WORDS.

1. A am a bird; behead me, and I am pale; behead me again, and I am an article.  
2. I am a vehicle; behead me, and I am an animal; behead me again, and I am part of the verb to be.  
3. I am a jug; curtail me, and I am a sheep; behead me, and I am a pronoun.  
4. I am a rattle; curtail me, and I am a bird; behead me, and I am a great noise.  
5. I am rubbish; behead me, and I am daring; behead me again and I am a tree; curtail me and I am a conjunction.  
6. I am to talk; behead me, and I am a head covering; behead me again, and I am a proposition.

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### 4. RIDDLE.

What is the largest revolver known?

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### 5. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials and finals give the names of two celebrated naval commanders.  
1. An aquatic bird.  
2. To raise up.  
3. Egg-shaped.  
4. Ships.  
5. Reflection of sound.  
6. King of beasts.

### 6. GEOGRAPHICAL SINGLE ACROSTIC.

1. One of the oceans.  
2. A town in Lancashire.  
3. Islands on the coast of Asia.  
4. A city in Holland.  
5. An island in the Atlantic ocean.  
6. A town in Cumberland.  
7. A city in Holland.

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### 7. RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in loaf, but not in bread.  
My second is in brain, but not in head.  
My third is in cat, but not in dog.  
My fourth is in branch, but not in log.  
My fifth is in song, but not in hymn.  
My sixth is in edge, but not in rim.  
And my whole is a well-known fruit.

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### 8. BURIED PROVERBS.

Please teach me to make a dress.  
Look at the hay in the field.  
I will work while you read.  
Hark, how the dog barks.  
Do not go out in the sun.  
How that gold shines and glitters.

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### 9. MISSING LETTER PUZZLE.

Txe xpxexdxuxfxdx xn xaxtxe xaxlx  
Axd xnxwx exmxixs xlix axoxy:  
Xhx lxnx lxgxt xhxkxs xcxoxs xhx  
lxkxs  
Axd xhx wxlx cxtxrcx lxaxs xn  
xlxx.  
Bxox, bxgxe, xlxw, xex txe xixd  
xcxoxs xlixg,  
Xlxw, xuxlx; axsxex, exhxex, dxixg,  
yxnx, dxixg.

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A very simple and very amusing game that requires but little preparation is, "Who am I?" After the guests are all assembled the hostess or person in charge pins securely on the back of each person a slip of paper telling the name of the character which he or she represents. The only knowledge of the player is gained by the comment of the other persons present. As opinions are expressed in a rather different direction, the guessing is often a difficult matter. These slips of paper are generally names of well known authors, actors, characters in literature or local celebrities. If preferred, a prize may be awarded to the person who first guesses his own character, as well as a booby prize to the one who fails to guess his.

enjoyable period if we undertake housecleaning in the practical way suggested by Miss Milburn in our domestic science class.  
"Tut! tut! Bercita," chimed in Judge Hepburn from his chair. "Your mother's way of doing things is all right, and beats the new-fangled ways."

"Do you know, papa, my one desire matrimonially is that I may get a husband as loyal to me as you are to mamma?" Bercita laughed. The dimples showed themselves daringly in her cheeks, and she looked so winsome and mischievous that the judge and his wife might be pardoned for the indulgent look each flashed upon her.

"What's the matter with your mother's way?" the judge asked severely, albeit with tender look.

Bercita considered. "Miss Milburn says it is not wise to attempt cleaning more than one room at a time," she began.

"Neither do I, as a rule," Mrs. Hepburn answered smilingly. "But one cannot arrange things exactly as one pleases, when the convenience of outside workers has to be considered."

"Miss Milburn says it can be done," Bercita asserted calmly. "And, anyway, I don't think that housecleaning should be allowed to interfere with the everyday comforts of the family, particularly the serving of regular meals. So many people, Miss Milburn says, live in a catch-as-you-go way at housecleaning time."

The judge looked at his wife, a twinkle in his eye. "Polly," he said, "perhaps it is fortunate for Bercita that the summons came for you to go to grandmother. Bercita doubtless will be glad to undertake the cleaning during your absence."

"Why, Nathan! The child is too inexperienced!"

"Oh, mamma, dearest, do let me!" Bercita pleaded. "What's the use of having a fine education if one never has a chance to put it into practice?"

Mrs. Hepburn looked undecided. The judge urged: "Come, mother, let the fledgling try its wings."

It was finally agreed that Bercita should undertake the cleaning of the house during her mother's absence, with the assistance of Nora, the maid, paper-hangers, painters, and so forth.

Two days after Mrs. Hepburn's departure, the judge called his daughter over the telephone. "Bercita, I'd like you to come down town and take dinner with me, and go to the orchestra concert afterward," he said.

"Oh, papa, I'm so sorry I can't accept," Bercita answered regretfully. "The fact is, I had to let the paperhangers begin to-day or wait for them until next week. Ask Cousin Loretta in my place. And don't come home to dinner, papa. Nora and I haven't a minute for cooking. Good-by, dear."

It was well for Bercita's pride that she did not see the twinkle in her father's eye as he hung up the receiver. When the judge let himself indoors with the latch-key that night it was well again for Bercita that she did not see her father's face as he groped his way through the piled-up furniture in the hall.

Early the next morning, the judge was routed out of a sound sleep by unwonted sounds in the next room. He arose hurriedly, slipped into his bathrobe, and stepping into the hall, encountered his daughter enveloped in sweeping cap and huge checked apron.

"Good morning, papa, dear. Hurry and get dressed, won't you? I'm having the calimners come early because—" Bercita's voice died away as she dived into a closet, from which she emerged presently her arms laden with clothes. The

sight of his dress-suit trailing on the floor induced the judge to make a hasty movement to rescue it. But his daughter whisked it out of his reach, tossing it over her shoulder as she disappeared in the next room.

"Thank you, I don't need any help. Do hurry, papa. Breakfast will be ready in ten minutes—just coffee and toast this morning."

The judge gasped. When had his absent housekeeper ever suffered him to depart on a breakfast of merely coffee and toast, even in the thickest of housecleaning time? The judge dressed and went down to the mockery of breakfast and then beat—a hasty retreat.

For two days, when at home, the judge lived, breathed and had his being in housecleaning activities. Belated meals, "pick-ups" at that, disturbed papers, mislaid books, appeals for assistance with refractory nails and hooks that his daughter's fingers could not conquer, were only a few of the minor discomforts he had to endure. But the third day the enemy was routed. The judge came home to find his daughter lying on the lounge, her head tied up, two of her fingers swathed in cotton, and her right foot bandaged.

"Don't be alarmed, papa," said a voice that vainly strove to be cheery. "I've only sprained my ankle, hammered two fingers and worked up a headache. You've been very patient and—"

"Poor little girl!" the judge said, in his least judicious moment.

And then Bercita broke down entirely. Presently she said: "It all comes of my setting up to know more than mamma. And what hurts most is to think I can't set foot on the floor, and she'll be so disappointed when she comes home and finds such a house."

"She sha'n't, dear," the judge said. "She'll get Mrs. Moloney to come and help Nora put things straight. I shouldn't wonder if we could get Latham's man to lend a helping hand, too, with the rugs and windows."

"Papa, I've had my lesson," Bercita said solemnly. Then she added the next minute, the old mischievous look in her eyes as she reached up and patted her father's cheek. "And I'm more resolved than ever that he'll have to be a man exactly like you."

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### A MESSAGE.

Perhaps some boys remember hearing about the eminent surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves, who operated on King Edward some time ago when he was ill.

He was asked by the editor of a paper for boys to send the boys a message.

"This is my message to you, boys," said Sir Frederick:

"Don't bother about genius, and don't worry about being clever. Trust rather to hard work, perseverance and determination. The best motto for a long march is 'Don't grumble. Plug on.' You hold your future in your own hands. Never waver in this belief. Don't swagger. The boy who swaggers, like the man who swaggers, has little else that he can do. He is a cheap jack crying his own paltry wares. It is the empty tin that rattles most. Be honest, be loyal, be kind. Remember that the hardest thing to acquire is the faculty of being unselfish. As a quality it is one of the finest attributes of manliness. Love the sea, the ringing beach, and the open downs. Keep clean body and mind."

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### FOUND POPE NICE PLAYMATE.

The 5-year-old daughter of "Dan" V. Hanna, of Cleveland, son of the late Senator Hanna, came from Europe with her mother the other day, declaring Pope Pius X. is a fine playmate. During her stay in Rome Mrs. Hanna had a special audience with the Pope and took her little daughter along. At the termination of the audience Mrs. Hanna withdrew. In the ante-chamber she missed her daughter. Retracing her steps she was amazed to find the head of the Catholic Church on his hands and knees with the child in a similar position, both searching for something.

"Why, papa," she said, in describing her experience at the Vatican home on her return, "I lost my medal and went back after it. I told the nice old gentleman about it. He shook his head like he understood, and when I began to look on the

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To talk about things which only interest yourself.  
To grumble about your home and relatives to outsiders.  
To speak disrespectfully to any one older than yourself.  
To be rude to those who serve you either in shop or at home.  
To dress shabbily in the morning because no one will see you.  
To think first of your own pleasure when you are giving a party.  
To refuse ungraciously when somebody wishes to do you a favor.  
To behave in a street car or train as if no one else had a right to be there.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

We had a heavy snow storm here on Thursday, but it did not remain; it was all gone by night. We are having lovely weather now. I think it must be Indian summer. The men are busy ploughing now, as the threshing is nearly over and the potato digging is done. I think my little brother will write to the corner next week. My papa has our new woodshed and kitchen up, and nearly finished. My sister and brother and I go to school nearly every day. I am in the third grade, and expect to get in the fourth grade at Christmas. I have a lot of home work to do every night after I come home from school. Well, dear Aunt, as my letter is getting long I guess I will say good-bye for this time. Love to the cousins and Aunt Becky. Your loving niece.

ANNIE O'N.

Lonsdale, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I have just finished my home work and have a few spare moments I thought I would write to the corner. We have had a very heavy rain for twenty-four hours, but the rain is over now and it is very cold. There will be lots of apples to pick up now. Autumn is a very busy time for the farmers picking apples and digging potatoes. I wish Lillie T. could come to Lonsdale and visit Agnes McC. and I. How I would love to have her come. I think she must be a nice little girl. I was sorry to hear that Joseph had a sore foot, but I hope it is already better. Well, dear Aunt, as my letter is getting rather long I guess I will close. Hoping to see my letter in print.

Your loving niece,

ANNIE O'N.

Lonsdale, Ont.

### MILICENT MAY.

Millicent May was very fair,  
With violet eyes and golden hair,  
And she was gowned with greatest care,  
Was Millicent May, my dearie.

She sat in her carriage, nor even bowed  
Her lovely head to the passing crowd,  
For she was fair and she was proud,  
Was Millicent May, my dearie.

But pride oft endeth in disgrace,  
For she fell, she fell and broke her face,  
And in oblivion took her place,  
Did Millicent May, my dearie.

So by this tale you will agree  
That the fate is sad of such as she,  
Though but a doll she chanced to be,  
Did Millicent May, my dearie.

### BERCITA'S HOUSECLEANING.

Bercita Hepburn, soft, golden tendrils of hair framing her flower-like face, was a "thing of beauty," but there were moments when hearing Bercita was scarcely a "joy forever." Since her class in high school had taken up the study of domestic science, Bercita, its most enthusiastic member, had aired her views at home on every possible occasion. Returning from school one afternoon, Bercita found her mother seated in the library re-arranging her desk.

"Beginning housecleaning already?" Bercita smiled, bending her slight, graceful figure to press a kiss on her mother's cheek. She sank down beside her, adding, "I wish, mamma dear, it need not be the upheaval this year that it has been other years. It may really be an

### A BAD CASE

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