TED.

I have a little brindle dog,
Seal brown from tail to head;
His name, I guess, is Theodore,
But I just call him Ted.

He's only eight months old to-day;
I guess he's just a pup.
Pa says he won't be larger
When he is all grown up.

He plays around about the house,
As good as he can be.
He don't seem like a little dog;
He's just like folks to me.

And when it is my bedtime
Ma opens up the bed,
Then I nestle down real cozy
And just make room for Ted.

And, oh, how nice we cuddle!
He doesn't fuss or bite;
Just nestles closely up to me
And lies there still all night.

We love each other dearly,
My little Ted and me;
We're just good chums together
And always hope to be.
—Our Dumb Animals.

BECAUSE THEY WERE WISE.

"Do you know why the chickens came out of the eggs, Robbie?"
"I guess they knew they'd get boiled if they stayed in." —Harper's Bazar.

Grandson—Well, grandfather, I've discovered that we are descended from a foreign nobleman.
Grandpa—Well, perhaps you are right, Jimmy—but the family's been respectable since I can remember.

A certain little village in England could not boast of having many entertainments, and a concert was an event which was looked forward to with delight by the inhabitants. It was at one of these "musical feasts" that a stranger sang with great feeling "The Village Blacksmith."
In response to a vociferous encore, the singer was about to start "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" when the chairman tugged his coat-tail.
"Better sing the owd 'un over again, mister," he whispered. "I 'appen to be the chap you've been singing about—the village blacksmith—and I reckon it'd only be fair to me if you was to sing it all over again and pop in another verse sayin' as 'ow I let out bicycles."

His Mother.—"I am sorry, Tommy, to learn that you and the little boy next door had been quarrelling again. Better make it up with him. Never let the sun go down upon your wrath."
Tommy—"I don't, mamma. Him an' me is all right again. I licked him good and proper about four o'clock."

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extinguisher.

Little Jeanie.—My mamma is always saying, "Why did you do that?" and "Why didn't you do this?" and "Why in the world did you forget so-and-so?"
Tommy—How awfully strict she must be! What an awfully bad time you must have!
Little Jeanie—Oh, it isn't to me she says all that; it's to pa.

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NAPANEE, May 13, 1906.
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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 VII.—Continued.

"Yes, because he expects a reward," said Mr. Manton. "Do you suppose he led you here for love? He wants to serve himself, not you or us. He is a bad man, I'm sure. I have heard of him."
"But, Uncle Manton, he led us through the bush and saved our lives," cried Ernest.
"Nonsense!—only for money."
"He delivered us from the bushrangers—"
"Rubbish! only because he had a grudge against them, and wanted the reward!"
"He is willing to rescue Amy—I am sure he is a kind-hearted man," concluded Stephen.
"And I am quite fond of him," declared Ernest stoutly.
"Quite right from your point of view, perhaps," grumbled Mr. Manton, "but he is a bad man, I tell you; if he comes back, which he will not do, I will tell him my opinion of him. Bond, indeed! I'll Bond him!"
"Well, you may then, Colonel," said the well-known voice of the Scout. "Here I am, and I guess you mean me. My name's Jacob Bond. I'm the son of the White-Maori. Jim Bond. Now, sir, say your say."
Mr. Manton was rather surprised at the Scout's sudden appearance, and he did not reply immediately.
"Ah! you condemn me on hearsay," continued the Scout, "what have you to say?"
"Simply what I told my nephews. What is your demand? Name your price!"
"My price—what price? What for?"
"Why, your reward for saving these lads—I confess you have saved their lives. What value do you put on them?"
"Ask their father yonder; I'll leave it to him," replied the man. "Meantime, let me tell you, mister, that low as I have fallen, I wouldn't have your suspicious mean mind for the whole of your possessions. Bah! Even a Maori can be more generous than you."
Mr. Manton was greatly annoyed, and his hand clenched. But in another second his wrist was clasped as in a vice by the firm sinewy hand of the Scout. The riders closed in, expecting to witness a struggle, but Mr. Belton interfered.
"Come, Charles," he said, "the man is right. Your judgment is warped. He has saved my lads, your nephews; he will guide us to the village, and he shall be amply rewarded."
"I want no reward," said the Scout proudly. "Many years ago, men," he continued, turning to all the mounted settlers and servants; "many years ago, my little daughter—just such another child as mister's girl—left my hut and wandered into the woods. We didn't miss her at first, but in those days ye know what the bush was: deep, gloomy, trackless forests were the rule. That child wandered away; I sought her night and day for nearly a week. I couldn't find her. When I returned, my hut was empty; my wife had gone, or had wandered off in search of me: perhaps she had returned to her tribe. Anyway, I was alone. I took to the bush, and lived like a wild man: sometimes attacked by settlers, and sometimes attacking them in return, until one day, as I was not far from my old hut in the woods, I saw something white against a tree in that lonely place, all surrounded by brushwood. I went in, and as I got nearer a terrible feeling came over me. My knees trembled, my heart sank; I saw a white figure lying under the tree!
"Gentlemen-settlers, I went up to it, and lifted that child. A tiny locket still hung by a golden chain around the little neck: that form was all that remained of my darling little girl who had strayed away into the woods, and—oh, listen—and had died of hunger. Think of it! My only child—my little Lily, as we called her, because she was so fair and delicate.
"On that spot I buried her, and over her little grave, Englishmen, I vowed that never, if I could help it, should man, woman or child wander to die in the bush! Many years have passed, and very seldom has anyone come across my path. But your lads I found and helped. I only performed my vow when I rescued them. Their sister is safe; I will pledge my life!"
The Scout's eyes were full of tears when he ceased to speak. The chill light of the new-born day was rising up the sky as the rough horsemen lifted their hats in silence, in respect. Mr. Manton dismounted from his steed, and holding out his wide palm, said—
"Bond, I ask your pardon. Forgive me!"
The Scout made no reply in words. He gripped the settler's brawny hand with fingers strong as his own, and turned away.
Then Anderson, who had been talking to Mr. Belton, told the assembled riders how the Scout had seen the robber, and had again saved his (Anderson's) and the boys' lives. A loud ringing cheer went up, and many bold fellows with tearful faces ran off to find the Scout, but he had disappeared.
"Now, Mr. Anderson, let's have some food, and then we'll track for this Maori village by the roads. We needn't hunt through the bush," said Mr. Manton.
"Bond can guide you if he comes back," said Anderson, as he went indoors to prepare breakfast. When it was ready some ate it inside, and in the midst of it the Scout returned, his old cheerful self, and something better.
A cheer greeted his arrival, and some who had stood aloof before now came to meet him and shake hands. Mr. Manton informed him of his intention to track along the roads as far as possible.
"Where to?" inquired the Scout grimly.
"Why to the Maori settlement, of course!" was the reply. "We want to find my daughter," cried Mr. Belton, who had heard the question.
"Missy isn't in the settlement. She has by this time gone with the tribe—a small tribe it is, too—to the sacred land where lies the mysterious Silver Lake," said the Scout.
"The Silver Lake!" exclaimed Mr. Manton; "why, I have been informed of it. Has Amy gone there?"
"Sure, certain sure. She has been carried away to show the tribe the Lake, according to their legend. The white maiden will be queen. But I believe when the lake is found—if it ever is found, as they expect—that the Maoris will not keep missy. So make haste, I say."
"We will depend upon you, Bond," said Mr. Belton. "What do you advise?"
"Leave your cattle here with Anderson and come you all with me. I will guide you, and we may light on the Silver Lake in the tracks of the tribe," replied Bond promptly.
"Agreed!" shouted all the men, who had assembled to hear the decision of their leaders.
"Very well, then," said Mr. Manton. "Let us go. But what shall we do with the boys?"
"Oh, we will go too!" said Stephen.
"Of course, uncle," cried Ernest. "Father, you won't leave us again, will you? It is different with Robin at uncle's house, because he has plenty of amusement. But we must really go with you."
"Let them come," said the Scout quietly.
This settled the matter, and in half an hour Anderson's man, mounted on one horse, was riding back to Uncle Manton's station with all the other horses.
The party was all ready by the time the sun was beginning to feel hot, and under the guidance of the Scout they passed in single file along rough tracks and in places where there were no tracks at all, pushing through trees and brushwood, and going through the same experiences which the boys had already endured.
While they rested, Mr. Belton told his sons in what manner he had contrived to reach Uncle Manton's station with Robin. After the children had been looked for in every direction, Mr. Belton, his little son and the sailors had wandered about for some hours, until they encountered some natives dressed in European clothes, and looking very funny, who in broken sentences told them the way. After this they managed to find the road, and late at night, when they were tired, the party reached the station.
But they managed to find their way through the country, which not many years before had been occupied by hostile and fanatical tribes, and treacherous, though they professed the religion called Pai-Marire, which means the "good and gentle" religion. It had given rise to the terrible war which broke out with the Hau-Haus, of which you can read when you grow older.
The Scout could have told many tales of these contests if he had chosen to do so. But his mind was set on reaching the encampment of the Maoris, and on releasing Amy, so he pushed on; and after a night's rest the whole party emerged from the woods into the space which had two days before been occupied by the natives. It was deserted!
"They have gone northwards, I suspect," he said. "We will remain here, and have some food. Then we will make a long march, and endeavor to rescue missy."
"But suppose they resist?" said one of the party. "Will you lead us against your own friends?"
"No," was the reply. "But I do not think they will be very angry. If we find the Mysterious Cavern and the Silver Lake before them, we will conquer easily. Leave the Maoris to me."
Mr. Manton and his friends agreed to do as the Scout suggested, and they encamped for a while to eat a mid-day meal.
"It is terribly hot," remarked Mr. Belton. "I never felt anything so oppressive as this air is. The river here is almost dried up."
"Yes," replied Stephen, "and did you notice the curious appearance of the sun? It looked like a red lamp in the sky. There is something odd about this place."
"And such a hot north wind," said his father. "We generally grumble at the north winds at home, don't we?"
"Well, I am ready to grumble now," said Mr. Manton. "I never felt so nearly choked in my life. Fortunately, there is water here."
They chatted and rested. The more they rested the less they felt inclined to move; and the afternoon was advancing when the Scout rose, and said—
"We must get away from this, and if possible strike the road. I think I smell something burning."
All the experienced ones held up their heads and sniffed the heated air. It was like the breath of an oven. But they could not distinguish the smell of burning.
"Let us get on, at any rate," said the Scout. "We are only wasting time here. There, what do you call that?" he cried.

(To be continued.)

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