



Our Boys and Girls

BY AUNT BECKY

CUDDLE TIME.

As the evening shadows gather,
Then 'tis cuddle time, I know,
When my baby, dressed for Dream-land,
Comes a-rumping to me so;
Comes and begs of me to hold him
On my knees and "rock-a-bye,"
As the purpling sun sinks lower
In the gleaming western sky.

And he cuddles to me nearer,
As the firelight softly glows,
And across the dusky portals
Ghostly flickering shadows throws,
And two dimpled arms about me
Are clasped tighter for a kiss—
Ah, was richer, rarer necklace
Placed about one's neck than this?

And I clasp and hold him closer,
Little tumbled head of gold,
As he begs dad for a "tory"
Which a hundred times I've told.
Bids to have me "tell it over"—
Of the quaint Red Riding Hood,
Of the bears—that happy family
Living in the deep, dark wood.

Soon the drooping, drooping lashes
Cover up two eyes of brown,
And the tumbled head so golden
On my breast sinks lower down;
Lower yet, till deep in slumber,
Cuddled close to me he lies,
With the glory of the sunset
In his sleeping, dreaming eyes.

In his eyes, in whose rare lustre
Shines the beauty of the dawn;
Till I know that into Dreamland
My wee golden-head has gone,
Ah! the sweetness of the pleasure,
Making life one golden rhyme,
With a dimpled babe to fondle,
When it comes to Cuddle Time!

—Los Angeles Express.

WE HOPE.

We hope all our readers will read this from a Columbus (Ohio) paper: Two horses stood, yesterday, hitched near each other on Gay street. One of them was patient, comfortable, and in good temper; flies lighted upon his back occasionally, but he drove them away with a switch of his long tail. The other horse was impatient, restless, and in bad humor. He was stamping the ground and moving back and forth the vehicle to which he was hitched. Occasionally he would throw his head around angrily, and he had been champing his bit till his mouth was covered with foam. The flies alighted on him and stayed there. He could not dislodge them. He moved his tail but it was only a stump. It had been docked, its usefulness destroyed in order that some person's foolish or cruel fancy might be pleased. There was in the contrast of those two horses a lesson that ought to have been sufficient to convince any person of the barbarity of docking horses' tails and leaving the animals at the mercy of insects. Any person who saw and still could not understand should try the experiment of sitting out in a field with arms bound and all means for keeping flies away removed. Docking is a blight on our civilization. The beauty and usefulness of the tails are destroyed, and the man who does it or countenances it is marked as thoughtless or brutal.—From Our Dumb Animals.

HER WILFUL WAY.

By the Author of "Dolly's Golden Slippers," "Claimed at Last," etc.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Miss Bush never knew how he got loose from home, who sent him, or how he got there; but he was sporting defiance at the gipsies' camp, they closed in deadly battle. It made Miss Bush's heart ache to hear the poor creature's cries, as if getting the worst even at the beginning of the battle, but she may not tarry by him. "Terror once more lent her strength—surely she was enacting the story-book heroine; by the way she fled, was Olive now in her arms, now in Bess's, for the girl did not forsake them. All the shadowy nothings of the downs received and hid them, or rather the hand of Providence interposed between them and their foes and hid them; and when that hides, who can find! The whole crew of gipsies were beating the downs, but our three heroines escaped; they were in the winding road leading to the shore and the nest of a town, and they could halt, and take breath, and think. The moon too was rising over the sea—the waning moon that would shimmer until dawn.

"Can't I live with you, lady? They'd have carried the little lady off but for me. They hid but they thought it best not to try it on again; they were off with the turn of the night. Ha! ha! they ain't got her," laughed Bess.

"But, my dear, who played spy and found the way into the young lady's room, and so to rob my house?" said Miss Bush, standing on her own doorstep, ringing her own bell, and feeling something like herself again.

"I did," was the candid reply; "but I didn't mean to. I did but tell mother—leastways her as I calls mother; she ain't no mother of mine, though," quoth the child, with a sorrowful ring in her voice—"she as promised my own mother to be mother to me when she was dyin'; she told what I, like a silly, told her about the young lady's pretty room, and—and they made me come and show 'em, and they found out the trick of openin' the window, they did, and they made me watch in the garden. You know what they took, and they took Miss Olive here, 'cause she woke, and they thought she'd tell on them."

This was Bess's story, told partly outside the house, partly within, on that night when all was changed for her, and she gave up her vagrant life, to cast in her lot with those for whom she had played so noble a part. For Miss Bush took her in; but ere the police could swoop down upon her friends, the next morning, they had fled, and the downs knew them no more.

Poor Rolf came home at day-dawn, like a wounded warrior from a well-contested battle, so wounded that he was pitiful to behold.

"Will he die?" sobbed Olive that morning, lying on her divan in the drawing-room, where Miss Bush was tending and feeding the poor creature, so terribly torn and mangled that no wonder anyone sobbed to see him.

"I hope not, dear," said her friend very gently, "for your sake."

"Why for my sake?" faltered the child.

"My little girl," said Miss Bush, sitting down and taking her in her arms, "have you learnt your lesson?"

"What lesson?" asked the little fearful voice.

"What lesson do you think I mean?" questioned Miss Bush. "Is it not to do what I like best?" she asked humbly.

"Yes, dear; not to be so selfishly perverse and self-pleasing—it is this that has brought all your troubles upon you and upon your friends."

"Yes, I thought of it, Miss Bush, when I was with the gipsies, and I thought perhaps they would kill me; and I prayed and said 'I will be good,'" was the humble little confession.

"Shall I tell you of another Olive, dear—my Olive, as I called her?" said Miss Bush.

"Yes, please, Miss Bush."

"My Olive was an orphan, and spent all her girlhood here with me at Beach Cottage. She was just a child sometimes since you've fancied here that it was the old days come back, and you were the other Olive whom I never controlled or contradicted, to whose faults I was blind till it was too late. My Olive grew up into a beautiful girl, and married and left me—left me, and my little Olive; no need to tell you why, you would not understand. But I never saw her again; she went out to India with her husband, and they left behind them?"

"No, Miss Bush, what?" panted the little one.

"A little girl."

"A little girl—what was her name?"

"Olive."

"Do you mean me? I was born in India, aunt said."

"Yes, dear, you are my little grand-niece, my own Olive's child."

"How do you know?"

"Well, dear, in the first place you are like her living self, as she was when she came in and out of these rooms, played the piano in the drawing-room, and sang those old songs you see in the music rack, her dancing feet making music about the house when her voice was mute. Oh, my dear! your mother was all this in the house, and you are like herself come back. That cruel trick of cutting off Rolf's hair was just what your mother did once, in naughty perversity, when left alone I can't tell you how I felt when I found the very same faults showing themselves in you. When I met you in the train, I thought I could not be mistaken, for I knew you were in England, living with your father's sister; so I wrote to your Uncle Fred, and made inquiry, and he told me yes, you were my niece's little daughter."

"And I called you a gyp to that little girl in the train," said Olive, in a child's shame-faced compunction.

"Yes, dear; that my Olive would never have done; she was ever a true lady, as a child and as a woman. When I found in the little wayward me, of my own small niece, brought to me as by an overruling Providence, I at first decided to ask your uncle to let me keep you; but now I think it best for you to go back to Guy's mother and her gentle teaching, and come to me sometime in the future; and that is what your uncle proposed in his letter, which I received on the day the Pretty Sally sailed."

"Miss Bush, do you know my Uncle Fred and Ellie?"

"Yes, dear; Ellie was my little god-child," sighed the good lady.

But Olive did not heed that crim-

ous was.
"Aunt Olive, when do you think I may go back to Uncle Fred and Ellie?"
It was the next day Olive put this question, when Rolf was better, and taking a gentle turn with the two ladies in the garden, among the shrubs and late flowers. Miss Bush had been telling Olive that the police had failed as yet in finding out anything about the gipsies, and what she intended to do with them—"Train her to be your maid some day," she told her.
"Well, I should like you to go back soon, dear."
"To-morrow?"
"Yes, it shall be to-morrow," sighed Miss Bush.

And to-morrow saw her off—not to sail on the Pretty Sally blithely over the sea, but just like any common-place little girl in a railway carriage. Still, it was to home, sweet home; even if it was to loss, mystery, to another tragedy to be enacted ere the sea gave up its secret.

CHAPTER XI.—OLIVE'S HOME-COMING—OLD JACK'S ESCAPE—BROWNIE.

"So your father tells me Miss Olive is coming to-day, Master Duke," said Marjory, as he passed her in the hall, bent on a day's fishing.
"Yes, and I wish she were bringing another with her," he replied, going on to the door. "I'll try to meet the train," came back to her as into the street.

Anon Guy came wandering in by the way of the garden, and mounted up to the nursery, there to find Marjory crying, and wiping her eyes on her apron.

"She's coming"—so much the boy heard—"Miss Olive's coming."
"Who'll go to meet her?" asked he, gravely.

"Master Duke and Tom."
"I shall ask mamma if I may go," said Guy.

"Yes, Master Guy; the more the merrier—if merry's the word to use. How's your mamma?" inquired Marjory.

"Better, Marjory, thank you; she calls me the clever doctor and Dr. Guy," laughed he. "Fancy Jim Raace's letter not reaching papa at all. It must have been lost in the post somehow, for papa has made every inquiry, and of course, Jim posted it all right. Poor old Jim! how he cried over it all, that first evening of my coming home, he, and papa together, and mamma I was come."

"Ay, Master Guy, I think she'd have died if you hadn't come back."
"Isn't it beautiful to be loved so much?" said Guy gently.

"Ay, dearie; and you ought to make your life beautiful to crown such a love."
"I mean to," whispered the boy. "Then he cried 'Heigho! I must be going,' with a grown-up air of gravity."

But loss and mourning were for the time forgotten by them; and Tom and Guy drove to the station along the well-known lanes and field-ways. Marmaduke had not returned from his fishing excursion, so the two had it all their own way. And a funny way it was, too! Tom, like a very Jehu, whipping up old Jack to a canter, and driving into every rut and over every unevenness in the road. He had attained to a good stretch-gallop, when he should come into view round a corner but Duke and Markham, his friend, making for the station.

"I say, Master Guy, here's Master Duke, and old Jack like mad!" cried Tom, trying to rein him in.

"Well, give him his head, and let's show Duke how we can drive."
"Ay," quoth Tom, "I'll show him a trick. This is the way to drive, Master Duke," cried he, flourishing his whip, and grasping the reins more firmly, Guy holding on to the seat with both hands, Jack more skittish than ever.

Out came the pin of the wheel, off came the wheel itself; no wonder at either, seeing over what they had driven. Jack swerved a moment, then over the wheel, head over heels, the boys into a dry ditch, and Jack a prostrate hero on the hard road, kicking in his traces. Oh, how the two beholders laughed at the discomfited charioteers, for boys fall lightly, boys' bones are not easily broken. They soon scrambled to their feet, very shame-faced and rather dizzy.

"So that's how you drive, Master Tom!" said Duke, he and Markham springing forward to befriend poor struggling Jack.

"It weren't the drivin' in fault, Master Duke, but the wheel," muttered Tom.

"Yes, bed workmen always quarrel with their tools," scoffed Duke, trying to liberate the donkey, kicking and struggling in his harness.

"I ain't a workman, Master Duke, and the cart ain't a tool, nor the donkey neither," dissented Tom comically, scratching his head.

"Hold the creature while I cut the traces."
"Oh! don't cut the traces, sir; I know a better way than that."
"Don't teach your granny, but just do as you're bid."

At this Tom grinned and Markham laughed. "That's coming down the ladder with a vengeance, Sir Duke; owing to being granny to a—what shall I say?"

"A doll if you like," said disdainful Duke; "twas only a figure of speech"—and he cut the traces.

"Now for the old apple-cart," cried Markham. "Here, you Tom, come and put your shoulder to the wheel and help to turn it over."

"There goes the train, Master Duke—what'll I do about Miss Olive?" cried the lad, putting out wonderful spurts of strength under the cart and trying to turn it over.

"I don't know—a pretty fellow you are for a lady's charioteer!"
"Could she ride old Jack?"
"No," snapped Duke; "you and

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Guy go and meet her, and we'll come up with the donkey."
Of course the wee maiden had been lifted out by some one, and was standing all forlorn on the platform, when the two boys rushed into the station to rescue her.

"Good afternoon, Olive, I'm glad you've come," said Guy, shaking hands with her like a little gentleman, while Tom went whistling off to see for her luggage.

"Duke is coming with the donkey cart, but we had a spill on the road and got late," he informed her, as they walked out of the station.

"A spill?"
"Yes, got upset into a ditch!"
"And Ellie too?"
"Why, Olive, don't you know?"
Guy forgot that he himself did not know till he reached home after his wanderings.

"Know what?"
"That it is feared she was washed off the rock on that terrible afternoon," said the boy in a whisper.

"No, no, no!" so Olive protested, as they went round the corner to where Duke, Markham and the donkey and cart waited for them.

"Now, Guy, do the civil and introduce us to this lady," said Duke, with a solemn bow to the puppet; which Guy did with the air of a courtier. Oh! a courtly party they were, surely, as they trudged homeward, with poor dejected Jack and his broken knees dragging along with Olive in solitary glory in the cart, Tom banished to follow as best he could with her trunk and belongings.

"Uncle Fred!"—"My little Olive!" this was how the wee wanderer was received into her uncle's arms, thence taken to the nursery. But she wept with a child's weep over the supposed fate of Ellie, when she saw her empty chair, her empty bed, and missed her silvery tongue.

On the morrow Guy came early to fetch Olive to see his mamma, to sit once more in the bay window, and to pay a visit to his pets. As for Niger, he eyed the little girl rather shyly with his bright black eyes, but Silverwing fluttered down upon her shoulder, as she was wont to do with Ellie.

"Look, Guy, she thinks I'm Ellie," cried the delighted child.

"No," returned Guy gravely; "Silverwing would never make that mistake."
"How do you know?"
"Because she loved poor Ellie best," Guy was missing his friend sorely this morning, with Olive come back, and she still lost to them all—it hurt him to speak her name.

A silence fell as Olive stroked the dove, and out of the silence came her request, "Guy, may I call Silverwing my very own?"
"Oh, Olive, how can you ask?" cried heart-sore Guy; "she never could be anyone's but hers."

"Very well, then, I won't want her—I'll try not; and, Guy—"
"Well?" said Guy, half petulantly.
"I promised Aunt Olive something—not to be selfish."

"A very good promise, if you keep it—but, Olive, that wasn't keeping it to ask for Silverwing."
"No, and—"
Mrs. Rainsford now joined them; it was something like the fear old days to sit in the summer-house, Guy at his mother's feet, Olive at her side, if only Ellie had been there to nestle in her lap.

"Mamma, could you sing us something, do you think? something just a little sad, you know, because of—"
so far Guy spoke his request, halting at the dear name as at something sacred.

His mother stroked his head as it rested on her knee, and looking away over the sea, sang weakly, yet most sweetly, an air in gentle response—
"Come out, little maiden, come out to me,"

Called a fair mermaid o'er the deep blue sea,
As she reared her head from the rainbow foam,
And the deep, deep depths of her ocean home.

But the maiden answered, "No, here I stay;
Why do you call me away, away?"

"Lo! I call thee to see my ocean cave,
With its coral floor, which the waters lave,
And gem-decked roof, the rich spoils of the sea;

Oh! why wilt thou tarry? Come out to me."
But the maid still answered, "Nay, here I stay;
Why will you tempt me from home away?"

"Then the mermaid beckoned with jewelled hand,
And her siren call echoed in to land,
"Come out, little maid, on the tossing sea;
Come out, little laggard, come out to me."

Still the maiden tarried, the maiden stayed,
"Nay, I dare not venture," was all she said.
"Come out, and I'll deck thee with jewels rare,
And with priceless sea pearls I'll

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bind thy hair,
Of ocean green fabric thy robe shall be—
Oh, a mermaid's life is boundless and free!
Then the maiden launched on the emerald foam,
From her childhood's loves and her childhood's home.

"One sad little heart 'mid the mermaid hand
Ever hungered and sighed for home and land;
One voice came ringing across the main,
'Oh, wavelets, carry me home again,
And anon, white arms in the gleaming bore
A dead little maiden to the sandy shore."
(To be Concluded.)

Will Build Ten Little Chapels.

(From Extension.)
May was kind to us, in spite of the weather, for behold, as she slipped off in a bedraggled mackintosh and with a last and drenched country, she thought of Church Extension and dropped a little gift into our lap, which made sunshine in spite of leaden clouds and torrents. We have had our first good-sized legacy. Mrs. Alice Hobbs, late of Dover, New Hampshire, made the society

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Plans and specification can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and from the caretaker of the Post office at Sherbrooke, P. Q.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

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FRED. GELINAS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, August 22, 1907.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

the residuary legatee of her estate, amounting to over five thousand dollars. It will probably place a new name on the Founders' Tablet. What a good thought it was to leave money to such a cause, for it will assure the building of some ten little chapels.