

THE RAG DOLL'S FRIGHT.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the new rag doll Upon the toy store shelf.

The rag doll did indeed look pale; Her teeth were all a-chatter.

"You see that man and woman there?" The rag doll said, still quaking;

"A birthday gift," they said I'd be, Do haste, clerk, and get her."

"Oh, see that cunning, woolly bear," The lady cried, delighted;

"And when the man said, 'Just the thing!' We'll take the bear instead."

The bisque doll looked, "Why, Raggie dear, I'm sure you must be nervous."

"The man and woman you point out I'm sure would treat you well,

"Ah! is this true, then?" asked the man. "I'm not certain of it myself."

"It is quite true," replied Stephen. "We are in search of Uncle Manton."

"No, I'm not his man," replied the owner of the hut. "Manton is my employer for the present, and I look after his cattle yonder for a consideration."

"Then we are the lads," replied Ernest. "Can we reach uncle's house this evening?"

"Well, perhaps ye might; but I'd advise ye to rest a bit here, and let the Scout go on and tell your uncle the news."

"We had better remain, I think," said Stephen, after a pause.

"James Anderson's my name, at your service. I'm a North countryman, ye see. No, I'm not so easy put out."

The lads thanked the kindly Scotsman warmly; but he only laughed and said it was bush manners; anyone else would do the like.

"He's just a queer child is that Scout," remarked the Scotsman. "One day he's a civilized Christian, and at another; another he is dressed in an old blanket in a Maori village up yonder—half savage."

"He has been very kind to us," said Stephen, as they stood watching the figure of the Scout as he rapidly proceeded south-westward.

"Aweel! He's just a reformed character. He was not always so pleasant!" remarked the Scotsman cautiously.

"He won't stay there long," said Mr. Anderson. "He will wriggle out of his bonds somehow. But tell me your adventures while the pot boils."

They told him, and the man was much interested. "I think we'll just keep a look-out to-night," he remarked when the boys had told him all their escapes and adventures.

"Sandy was the man who assisted him in herding; so Sandy was told to keep a bright lookout for any strangers, or wanderers, during the night."

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm-Exterminator; safe, sure and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your children.

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 VI.—Continued.

The three travellers climbed down the declivity, which was very steep, and made their way rapidly in the direction of the hut, after the river had been crossed at a shallow place.

"Well, I can't tell ye; I see nothing; but the dogs are uneasy—I'll go out and look around."

"Well, Mr. Anderson?" asked Stephen, who was standing armed with a rifle near the door, ready to fire at an enemy if one appeared.

"It's just a false alarm," replied the man, "and ye'll never guess the reason of it. Why, it's only a strange cow that's come across, and the dogs don't like her. But I've quieted them."

The lads laughed. "Fancy an old cow alarming us like this!" they said, as they turned in again.

Mr. Anderson grumbled a good deal, and then went out again to pacify the dogs. They kept quiet for a while, but then they began again.

"I'm thinking," said Mr. Anderson. "It's curious that yesterday one of the cows should have strayed and got lost; and here comes a new one in her place! I'll see about it in the morning. Go to sleep."

The dogs were quiet again, and Mr. Anderson dozed off once more. Stephen was soon asleep, but Ernest could not rest.

"I suspect that the dogs have been fighting," he thought, as he lay still gazing out of the window, which was at the end of the room opposite to him.

"We had better remain, I think," said Stephen, after a pause. "We are certainly tired. But we shall be disturbing you—Mr. Anderson, I ask your name?"

"James Anderson's my name, at your service. I'm a North countryman, ye see. No, I'm not so easy put out. You and your brother can lie in my bunk, and I'll have a blanket on the fern. We'll have supper and a 'cracca' after."

The lads thanked the kindly Scotsman warmly; but he only laughed and said it was bush manners; anyone else would do the like.

"He's just a queer child is that Scout," remarked the Scotsman. "One day he's a civilized Christian, and at another; another he is dressed in an old blanket in a Maori village up yonder—half savage."

"He has been very kind to us," said Stephen, as they stood watching the figure of the Scout as he rapidly proceeded south-westward.

"Aweel! He's just a reformed character. He was not always so pleasant!" remarked the Scotsman cautiously.

"He won't stay there long," said Mr. Anderson. "He will wriggle out of his bonds somehow. But tell me your adventures while the pot boils."

They told him, and the man was much interested. "I think we'll just keep a look-out to-night," he remarked when the boys had told him all their escapes and adventures.

"Sandy was the man who assisted him in herding; so Sandy was told to keep a bright lookout for any strangers, or wanderers, during the night."

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm-Exterminator; safe, sure and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your children.

and in another second all three pushers were sprawling across the doorway over the prostrate body of the animal, which had not been fixed, but had only fallen across the door, and remained resting; heavy enough to prevent Mr. Anderson from pushing it away, but not tight enough to resist the united efforts of the party.

When Mr. Anderson recovered himself, he uttered an exclamation which surprised the boys.

"Look here," he cried: "this is no cow, it's a man!"

"It's the bushranger!" said Ernest; "who caught him so cleverly?"

"I did," replied a voice—a deep, steady tone from the shaded corner of the hut. "I did; and it wasn't a bad aim."

Anderson and the others turned, and there stepped out into the moonlight the Scout.

"Scout!" cried Stephen, "why had you come here? We thought you were at Saddleback."

"Yes, I was there—but you see I've returned."

"And what's the news?" asked Ernest.

Instead of making any direct reply, the Scout said, "Listen!"

All stood silent in the moonlight, and in the solitude and stillness a muffled sound was audible.

"Horses!" exclaimed Stephen, listening.

"Hoofs!" exclaimed Ernest. "People riding. Scout, are these uncle's people coming? and father?"

"AY; your uncle and father have met. They are coming along the road to find you. I made tracks back to tell you."

"Oh, how good of you, Scout!" said Stephen.

"Paid to do it, and paid handsome," was the candid reply. "I hurried up as fast as I could, and in my moonlight tramp I heard your dogs baying and barking. Now, thinks I, there's something wrong up at Anderson's, so I took a cross-path through the scrub."

"What, in the dark?" exclaimed Ernest.

"It wasn't quite shaded, either, but as I know every path and turn and gully, it is no matter to me whether it's morning or evening. Well, any way, I got round about, and saw nothing suspicious until that bushranger in the bull's hide—began his antics. When I saw it I suspected a game of some kind, and crept up. For some time I watched it waiting a chance, but when it stood up and looked into the hut, I saw what it was, and threw my lasso just in time to save your lives, I think. He is recovering; see, he breathes again."

There was a pause. Mr. Anderson nodded, and shook hands with the Scout. Then Stephen said admiringly, as he also shook hands—

"Scout, you're an angel! our guardian angel."

"Well," replied the Scout, "you're kindly welcome. Let us put the fellow out of sight before the others come up from the station. The settlers will be here presently. Go and meet them."

The boys obeyed. They proceeded very cautiously in the direction of the sound of a cavalcade, which was getting louder. In the meantime three men led away the bushranger to the settlement. He was bound in the hide he had assumed, and left to the care of the police next day.

Before they returned a party of horsemen, numbering twenty-four in all, had arrived, and the boys were hailed with delight by father and uncle.

"But where is Amy my dear lads?" asked Mr. Belton. "Is it possible that she is in the hands of the natives still?"

"Yes father; yes, uncle," replied the boys. "Poor Amy is a prisoner in the hands of the Maoris. But the Scout says they will not harm her."

"What does he know about it?" cried Mr. Belton, angrily. "He is not worth much; a Yankee adventurer!"

"Oh, father! he has saved our lives."

(To be continued.)

Frank E Donovan REAL ESTATE BROKER Office: Temple Building 185 St. James St., Montreal Telephone Main 2991

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.

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.

FOR SALE Binding Wood, \$2.00; cut hard wood, \$2.50; cut slabs, \$2.00; hard wood blocks, \$2.50 a large load; also Scranton coal. J. Doran, 375 Craig street west. Phone Main 4268.

For New and Old Subscribers. Rates: City and Foreign \$1.50. U. S., Newfoundland and Canada, \$1.00. Please send me "The True Witness" for... months from... 190... for which I enclose \$... Name of Subscriber... P. O. Address... If you are a new subscriber, write "new" here

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS AT THE TOP Burdock Blood Bitters is a position unrivalled by any other blood medicine as a cure for... PEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEARTBURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, BOILS, PIMPLES, RINGWORM, or any disease arising from a disordered state of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood. When you require a good blood medicine get BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

POPE LEO'S LAST JOURNEY. A press despatch from Rome says the Vatican has notified the Italian government that the Pope has decided that the removal of the body of Leo XIII. from St. Peter's to the new tomb in St. John Lateran shall take place in the daytime, provided it shall be guaranteed that the cortege through Rome shall pass unmolested. Negotiations are now going on concerning the measures that will be finally adopted to this end. The Vatican is indifferent whether the route of the cortege is lined with troops or whether the hearse is merely surrounded with cavalry. When the arrangements shall have been completed the date of removal will be definitely fixed. Probably it will be at the beginning of next month, as the papal master of ceremonies is already preparing the details of the function of inhumation in the Lateran, while the majordomo is preparing invitations to the ceremony. These will be limited to cardinals, diplomats and the Roman nobility. Probably only Capuchin monks will accompany the hearse through the streets. If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm-Exterminator; safe, sure and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your children.