

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

For the last few days I have been thinking of a competition which I am going to introduce on this page next week. Of course, whenever I hear the postman ring I will still hope that he is bringing me a letter from some of my little folks; but there will not be any prize offered for them during the next two months. Instead of a letter competition we are going to have a puzzle competition. How will you like that? Most little folks are fond of it and pretty clever, too, in finding answers. I know my little girls and boys will be as clever as the best, though, if they set their minds to work.

The competition will open next week; and every girl or boy may send in answers who has not had a fourteenth birthday, and whose parents subscribe to the True Witness. The competition will last until Dec. 14, which will mean nine weeks for you all. I know very well that when Dec. 25 is drawing near girls and boys wish for a little pocket money for their very own to buy presents for their parents and brothers and sisters, and I would like to help the little folks to add to their savings. So this time there will be three prizes for the three most successful puzzlers. They will be: \$2.50 for the first; \$1.00 for the second; 50c for the third.

Read the rules below and follow them carefully, as I intend to be very particular this time. The answers to the puzzles will be published two weeks after, with the names of those who competed and the number each solved correctly.

Tell all your little friends about it and advise them to have their parents subscribe for the True Witness so that they can try the puzzle competition and the other competitions we are going to have afterwards. Tell them to be sure to get next week's True Witness anyhow and see how they like the Girls and Boys page. Good luck to all.

AUNT BECKY.

RULES FOR PUZZLE COMPETITION.

Only girls and boys whose family subscribes to the True Witness may compete.

Only boys and girls who have not yet passed their fourteenth birthday can compete.

Only answers which girls and boys have been able to find for themselves may be sent in.

Answers to be neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper.

Answers to be numbered properly.

Answers to be in before Saturday morning ten days after the puzzles are published, addressed to Aunt Becky Puzzle Competition, True Witness Bldg., Montreal.

No paper which does not comply with every rule can be considered at all.

Prizes will be awarded on Dec. 15 to the three most successful girls or boys.

\$2.00 to the first competitor. 1.50 to the second competitor. 50c to the third competitor.

Dear Aunt Becky: What beautiful nights these are, so bright, only a little cool. I suppose you are enjoying them in Montreal. We have tea after dark these evenings. We are eating it about the time we would be getting the cows in the summer. I like the autumn better than the spring, although the spring is lovely. It is so wet and muddy that a person cannot go out any place without getting stuck in the mud in the spring, and that is why I would rather have autumn than spring. It will not be long until we are sleigh riding. There is a hill by our house and we sleigh ride on it. In the nights after we get done sleigh-riding we throw water on it so it will make the hill slippery. We did not have very many rides on our sleighs last winter as there was no snow hardly to slide on. Dear Auntie, I suppose you are tired listening to my nonsense, so I guess I will ring off. Love to cousins and Aunt Becky.

Your loving niece, Agnes McC.

Lonsdale, Sept. 28.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I suppose you are wondering why I did not write regularly. I have so much work to do after school that I could not find time except on Saturday night, and it would be too late. Dear Auntie, did you ever hear a coon? There was one in our corn patch by the house the other night. Our dog took after him, but the coon ran up a large elm tree and he had to leave him. I have seven pigeons, two are blue and the other four are white. They fly to me when I call them. We are all looking forward to a fair in Shannonville on Sept. 29. I went picking butternuts a week ago Saturday, and I got a bag full which I stored away for the winter. My schoolmate and I intend to go fishing to-morrow in the Salmon river. We will leave about nine o'clock in the morning and come home about noon. Good-bye.

Your nephew, EUGENE F. McC.

Lonsdale, Sept. 28.

THE VILLAGE OF CUDDLEDOWN-TOWN.

Cuddledowntown is near Cradleville, Where the Sand Men pitch their tents;

In Drowsyland, You understand, In the State of Innocence;

'Tis right by the source of the river of Life Which the Grandma Storks watch over,

While Honey-bug bees, 'Neath Funny-big trees, Croon Lullabys in sweet clover.

'Tis a wondrous village, this Cuddledowntown, For its people are all sleepers; And never a one, From dark till dawn,

Has ever a use for peepers. They harness gold butterflies to sunbeams—

Play horse with them, a-screaming, While never a mite, Throughout the night, E'er dreams that he's a-dreaming.

O, Cuddledowntown is a Village of Dreams Where little tired legs find rest; 'Tis in God's hand— 'Tis Holy Land—

Not far from mother's breast. And many a weary, grown-up man, With sad soul, heavy, aching,

Could he lie down, In this sweet town, Might keep his heart from breaking. —Joe Kerr, in Collier's Weekly.

MOLLIE'S TERROR BY NIGHT.

Carrie was coming to stay all night with Sue, and little Mollie was as happy as Sue herself, Carrie and Sue were big girls. They wore long dresses and did their hair high; but, to tell the truth, they were not quite used to their long dresses yet.

To five-year-old Mollie, however, they were very old indeed—almost as old as grandma. She looked up at them with admiring eyes, and was happy if they spoke to her.

Mollie slept in the little room next to Sue's. Sue's was a charming room with but one drawback, the walls were so made that every little sound in Sue's room could be heard in the other chambers. Mollie thought that this was the most delightful thing about it. It was only a little while since she had been promoted to a room of her own. She was very proud to think of it in the daytime, but at night it was a different story. She did not like to own that she was afraid, but she did feel as if she could not have stood it if she had not been able to hear Sue's breathing all the time.

Carrie and Sue had a great deal to say to each other. What girl friends ever failed to have, particularly in the middle of the night? When Mollie went to sleep they were talking, and when she woke up they were still talking. Not that it was morning. Mollie did not sleep well that night. Perhaps she had eaten too much molasses candy and popcorn.

The clock was just striking 11. It sounded very loud in the quiet of the night. When the strokes ceased, it was altogether quiet except for the big girls' muffled voices. No, it was not quiet. What a lot of noises there were! Could those be mice scampering behind the walls with that dreadful scratching? Was it the frost that made the roof give

that awful crack, or was it a gun? Carrie and Sue did not hear it. They were too much absorbed in their conversation. Their voices had unconsciously grown louder. Mollie could hear every word they said. Carrie was telling an interesting story when Sue's voice broke in. "Hush!" she said in that ghastly whisper that carries farther than any spoken word. "We mustn't talk so loud. Remember the acoustics in this room."

The voices softened and grew drowsy. Carrie and Sue had talked themselves to sleep.

But they had talked Mollie wide awake. She lay with eyes staring into the blackness, fairly shivering with terror. Acoustics! What strange kind of animal was this? It sounded like a cow! Mollie was desperately afraid of cows. But it could not be a cow, because Sue's voice had sounded as if she were afraid of it, too, and Sue was not afraid of cows. It must be something still more dreadful.

Mollie lay and shivered until her trembling fairly shook the bed. She wanted to call mamma, but mamma had been sick and they were all very careful not to make any noise that would disturb her. A sudden shock might hurt her very much, the doctor said. She did call Sue, but it was in such a choky little voice and Sue was so sound asleep that she did not hear it.

It seemed to her that she lay there for hours, growing more terrified every minute. Suppose, O, suppose, an acoustic, that dreadful creature, should be standing over her! Mollie could endure it no longer. She climbed out of bed—softly, so that the acoustic could not hear—and slipped down the stairs. Crouching on the lowest step in the dark, in her thin little nightdress, cold and terrified, Mollie was perhaps the most miserable child in the world at that minute.

But someone heard her sob. Someone rose instantly from his warm bed and came out into the cold hall. Someone picked Mollie up like a baby. O, the comfort of running into that somebody's arms! If you have never known the refuge they make in childish despair, you cannot properly appreciate the prayer that begins, "Our Father."

He carried her into the warm sitting-room and stirred the smoldering fire. He wrapped her in his own fur coat and the pretty silk quilt that mamma kept downstairs and never gave to anybody but company. He carried her to the couch, where she could see his bed through the open door, and tucked her up. He lit the soft night lamp and sat beside her till she was fast asleep. To the day of her death Mollie will remember how the night of terror was turned into a night of uttermost comfort by her father's touch. He thought she had a dream. It was not till the next day that Mollie's frightened inquiries to Carrie and Sue brought the explanation.

How her brothers and sisters laughed at her! But her father did not laugh. In her time of mortification, as in her time of trouble, he was her standby.

For a long time Mollie was much mortified at the occurrence, and often pondered over it, but as the years went by it became the dearest of her memories. For there is one thing that turns the most dreadful childish fears and the most heart-breaking of childish sorrows into a blessing forever; and that is the unspeakable preciousness of a father's comforting.—Catholic Citizen.

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RAGGLES.

Raggles was only a scrubby little Indian pony. His owner had evidently considered him of no use, and had cruelly turned him loose on the bare prairies to shift for himself.

He was a sorry-looking little fellow as he stood one morning at the gate of Mr. Hudson's large cattle ranch, in Western Kansas, shivering in the wind and looking with a wistful gaze at the sleek, fat ponies inside.

Mr. Hudson noticed him and started to drive him away. But his little daughter Lillian said, "Let him in, papa; he looks so hungry."

Mr. Hudson opened the gate and the pony walked in just as if it were his home.

Mr. Hudson made inquiries, but no one knew anything about him; and

as no owner ever came to claim him, Lillian claimed him as her special property, and named him Raggles on account of his long tangled mane and tail.

He was a docile little creature, unlike the rest of the ponies on the farm. He soon came to regard Lillian as his mistress. She learned to ride him, and could often be seen cantering over the prairies with her father.

But Raggles seemed to consider that she was not much of a rider, for he would carefully avoid all the dangerous-looking places and holes in the ground, made by coyotes and prairie dogs, which are very plentiful in western Kansas.

When the next spring came Raggles did not look like the same little scrub. His rusty brown coat had all come off, and a new black one had taken its place.

By the next fall the neighborhood could boast of a public school, and when Lillian began to go Raggles found he had regular duty every day.

Lillian would saddle him and ride to the schoolhouse, which was two miles away, then tie up his bridle and send him home. At about half-past three Mr. Hudson would saddle him again and send him for Lillian.

He always arrived on time, and if a little early would wait patiently by the door until school closed.

Some of my readers will remember the blizzard that struck western Kansas in 1885, when so many people lost their lives and thousands of cattle were frozen to death. The storm commenced about noon, and the weather grew steadily colder.

The snow blew so thick and fast that Mrs. Hudson was afraid to trust Raggles to go for Lillian, but Mr. Hudson was sick and there was no one else.

She went to the barn and put the saddle on him and tied plenty of warm wraps on. Then she threw her arms around his shaggy neck and told him to be sure and bring Lillian home.

He seemed to understand, and started out with his shambling trot in the direction of the schoolhouse.

One hour passed slowly to the anxious parents. When two had passed their anxiety was terrible, as they strained their eyes to see through the blinding snow his shaggy form bringing their darling safely home. At last he came with Lillian on his back, bundled up from head to foot.

The teacher had fastened her on the pony and given him the rein; and so he had brought her safely home, none the worse for her ride except being thoroughly chilled.—Our Dumb Animals.

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THE KAISER AND THE CHILDREN.

A pleasant little story told of the German Emperor proves that he can unbend in the most genial way with children. Recently the Kaiser and Kaiserin visited Sarbrucken to unveil a statue in that town, their little daughter, Princess Louise, being left in the meantime in the royal car at the railway station. A beautiful bouquet of flowers had been brought for presentation to the little princess by three small girls, who looked very disappointed at the absence of the little Louise. The Kaiserin, who noticed it, at once ordered that the children should be driven to the railway station to deliver their present. They found Princess Louise at supper, and one of the children described how she had spilled some egg and cocoa on her white frock. She was very friendly and pleased, and talked as

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though she had known them "ever so long."

"The Empress, too," the girl relates, "was very kind to us at once and said, 'Little girls, when you come to Berlin you must really and truly come to see us. Promise me that you will come.' And the little princess also said we must come. The Emperor shook hands with us, and when he squeezed my hand a bit I squeezed back, and he laughed and put his other on top of it. Then both the Emperor and Empress kissed us, and the Emperor said: 'Well, little girls, I think my daughter must make a pretty present in return for your beautiful flowers. When we left, and stood on the platform watching the train move off, the Emperor and Empress and the Princess looked out, nodding and waving good-by till the train disappeared.'"

A DECLINE IN MANLINESS.

Hundreds of young men now growing up in our congregations are not the men their fathers were. These young men do not marry. Their fathers were better men—they took the chances of their age and station without better assets than strong arms and willing hands. The world owed them a living as citizens and fathers, and they were courageous enough to believe that they could collect it.—Catholic Citizen.

SOMETHING FOR BOYS TO REMEMBER.

"Fortune," said a man, the other day, "comes to different people in different ways. I know a man who is about as well fixed as most men would want to be, whose luck came to him in helping a man on with an overcoat. "He was a page-boy then in a hotel, and one day a big man, who was big and prosperous financially, as well as physically, and who had just got his overcoat out of the coat room, turned to him and said: "Here, boy, help me on with this coat," at the same time tossing the big overcoat to him and turning away. The boy was not big enough to do it, but this was just the big man's little joke, for he was a good-natured man; but the next minute the big man felt his coat going up on his shoulders all right. Turning around, he saw the youngster stepping down from a chair which had been standing near, and which the big man had grabbed on to the minute the man turned his back.

SAVED BABY'S LIFE.

There are thousands of mothers throughout Canada who have no hesitation in saying that the good health enjoyed by their little ones is entirely due to the judicious use of Baby's Own Tablets. And there are many mothers who do not hesitate to say that at critical periods the Tablets have saved a baby life. Mrs. Wm. Fortin, St. Genevieve, Que., says: "I feel sure that Baby's Own Tablets saved my baby's life. When I first began giving them to him he was so badly constipated that the bowels could only be moved by injection, and he suffered terribly. After the first day I saw a marked change, and in less than a week the trouble was entirely removed, and he has since enjoyed the best of health." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from your druggist, or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont.

Province of Quebec, District of Montreal, Superior Court, No. 1342.

Dame Julia Sweeney, of the city and district of Montreal, wife common as to property of James Clarke, carter, of the same place, duly authorized a ester en justice, has this day instituted an action for separation as to bed and board against her said husband.

Montreal, 26th September, 1906. BEAUDIN, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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