A SPRING CHORUS. Oh, such a commotion under

Such spreading of rootlets far

Such whispering to and fro!

March called, "Ho, there,

"Are you ready?" the Snow

"Tis time to start you know," lmost, my dear," the Willow re-



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Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came, Of laughter soft and low, From millions of flowers under the

drop asked;

Yes, millions, beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms,"

"When I hear the bluebirds sing." "And straight thereafter," Narcissus "My silver and gold I'll bring."

"And ere they are dulled," another "My Hyacinth bells shall ring."

And the Violet only murmured "I'm here, And sweet grew the air of spring.

Then "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came, Of laughter soft and low, From the millions of flowers under the ground-

Yes, millions beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! through the coldest days, Imprisoned in walls of brown, They never lost heart, though the

blast shricked loud, And the sleet and the hail came down:

But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress Or fashfoned her beautiful crown, And now they are coming to bright-

en the world Still shadowed by winter's frown; And well may they cheerily laugh,

"Ha! ha!" In a chorus soft and low, The millions of flowers hid under the ground,

Yes, millions, beginning to grow. -Harper's Young People.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. Superior Court. Dame Exilda Conant, wife common as to property of François Xavier Robert, kotelkeeper, both of the City of Montreal, has this day instituted an action for separation as to property against her said husband, in Superior Court at Montreal, No.

Montreal, April 4th, 1907. BEAUDIN, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN. Attorneys for Plaintiff.

WHEN I HAVE TIME

When I have time, so many things I'll do To make life happier and more

For those whose lives are crowded now with care. I'll help to lift them from their

low despair, When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love Shall know no more the weary,

I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,

And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise, When I have time.

When you have time the friend you hold so dear May be beyond the reach of all

your sweet intent, May never know that you so kind-

To fill her life with sweet con When you had time.

Now is the time, Ah, friend To scatter loving smiles and words

To those around whose lives are now so dear,
That may not meet you in the

Now is the time.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

An omnibus full of young Parisian students was rolling down the street when a quiet looking old gentleman in priest's attire got in. The students in priest's attire got in. The students, angry at the interruption, belong an using bad language in the hope of driving him outside. But the priest took no more notice than if the bus had been perfectly empty. At last he rose to get out.

Then he turned, and very politely said, "Till we meet again, gentlemen."

"Good-bye, old chap," shouted one;
we don't want to see you again."
"Pardon me." replied the priest,
we are sure to meet again. I am
the chaplain of Mazas Prison."—T.
P/s Weet.by



BY AUNT BECKY



The Secret of the Silver Lake

By Henry Frith, Author of "Under Bayard's Banner," "For King and Queen," etc.

tain path.

CHAPTER V.-Continued. "The wood-cutters," replied Scout. They bring bullocks in to carry off the timber. They harness the animals with chains, and drag out the felled trees. They have almost cleared some places and see what holes the trees dig as they are drag-

ged along." "I wondered why the path was so bad," said Stephen.

"This is nothing," replied Scout. "Wait till we get near a clearing. But now I am going to lead you through the bush. Mind how you carry your ffre-arms, for if any the creepers catch the triggers some of us will be shot."

The boys looked carefully to their pistols, and the guide carried the rifles himself. In a few minutes the Scout quitted the rough path, and plunged into the deep green under growth which wraps the New Zea land bush in verdant clothing. It was something like plunging into a

green tunnel, only not so dark tunnels usually are. Every now and then the Scout would crawl be neath the shrubs, then again dash through the foliage, pricking his face and scratching his hands. The boys soon found themselves bleeding, but they did not mind. They felt no alarm, and had begun to look upon the journey almost as a holiday ex-

cursion-a kind of "Family Robinson" adventure. The novelty of the scene tended to banish all fatigue. Sometimes they had to climb over immense trees which had fallen, and, strange as it may appear to Europeans who have not seen such enormous trunks. it was by no means an easy matter to climb over the smooth stems which lay towering above like immense cylinders wood, high over the heads of the travellers.

Suddenly a cry was heard, and Scout, who had assisted Ernest over one monster tree, turned. Stephen had disappeared! He was nowhere to A moment before he had been climbing over the rounded trunk of the giant tree-now he could not

"Something has actacked him; per gested Ernest. "Let me climb up and see."

has fallen in!"

"Fallen in!" exclaimed Ernest-"into the tree?"

"Yes: he has trodden on a rotten place and gone in. Listen! can hear him bellowing."

It was just as Scout had said-Stephen had not followed the guide, preferring to climb up his own way; consequently he had come upon unsafe part of the old tree, and had fallen into a hole which was only lightly covered with moss. Down he went as into a cellar, and might have remained there if the Scout had not been a strong man; for it was no easy task to pull Master Stephen out of the big tree, which was at least twelve feet deep. After a while, with Scout's assistance, he managed to scramble out by holding to a thick cord of match on it the whole reeper-stalks which the guide let down to him.

While Scout was employed in pulling Stephen out of the big treewhere he afterwards declared he had seen spiders of horrible aspect and immense size-Ernest was examining a very curious caterpillar at least, it looked like a caterpillar, only it was a plant. There it was. The plant, something like a small bul-rush, had the head, claws and body of a caterpillar. He was so interested in examining this very curious animal, or vegetable, that he did not trouble himself about Stephen.

Out of the neck grew the stem of the plant, and there were no leaves; the lower portion was true caterpil-lar, the upper part true vegetable. "Well," said Ernest to himself, "I

have heard of plants eating flies, have heard of plants eating flies, but for caterpillars to grow bul-rushes is quite a new idea. It can't be a real caterpillar!"

He took out his knife and cut it.

He took out his knife and cut it.

Inside, the thing was soft, and looked. He thing was soft, and looked. He the body of a caterpillar Ernest was half inclined to taste the plant. But he was rather afreid.

While he was thinking whether he would taste or not, the Scout trawled down the tree trunk, followed by Stephen as cautfously as "He does. That was once a tame."

if he were coming down a moun-

"I say, Scout, what's this funny thing?" asked Ernest, as soon as the others joined him. "Is it an ani-

mal or a vegetable?"
"Both," replied Scout. "That was once a live caterpillar, which, as a chrysalis, buried itself in the earth, and some seed, you see, fastened in its neck. By degrees the fungus took complete possession of the unfortunate caterpillar, and lived on it till it died. Then the plant shot up, as you see, into a kind of bulrush top. We call it Aweto."

"A wee toe and a big head," said

Stephen. "It is a marvellous plant. It seems almost incredible; I suppose it has a name."

"I can't tell you any other name for it," replied the Scout. "But come on; there should be a clearing yonder; we will have some there, and about ten miles farther we shall strike the station. But we must go by the river."

The lads needed no further urging. They pressed on, and soon saw gleam of sunshine in front of them. "There is the clearing," cried Ernest. "And I'm not sorry. I want some dinner."

CRIBED.-MR. ANDERSON.-A NIGHT ALARM.

The gleam of sunshine did not deseive the little party, who made their way towards it, a path being quite invisible; but the guide was so accustomed to find his way about that I believe he would have found the clearing at night. It was a beautiful spot. I wish

I could only make you little folk understand what lovely places used to be in the New Zealand bush. The lumber-men (bush-men) are cutting away at the trees more and more nowadays, and before very many years have passed all the splendid forests will have disappeared.

Our travellers reached the clearing at last, and felt the warmth of the haps he has fallen down again," sug- with birds: paroquets and parrots sun. The trees around were filled (ka-kas) and wood-pigeons (ku-kus). The ground was covered with wood-pigeons (ku-"Stay where you are," replied tree-stumps, which were hidden in "I will go up. I suspect he creeping plants and ferns. Someone had, in bygone days, cut down the trees within a certain area, and then had abandoned his idea or had died. Several fine trunks were

rolling on the ground, untouched. "Now, here we are," cried Stephen. "Do I hear a river rushing, or

is it the wind?" "It is a river," replied Scout. "If you go up yonder bank you will see it. We must cross it, push on along the path, and perhaps by nightfall

"Then we shall return, and save

Amy," cried Ernest. "Yes, if the men will come," said Scout, as he lighted a fire with great dexterity. He was careful not to let the dry undergrowth burn, because if he had dropped a lighted the dried meat was cooked, and the hungry travellers were satisfied. The boys remembered the bushranger who had been tied up, and wondered how he was getting on; but they

did not pity him very much. When their meal was finished they rose and made their way to river, where they had a good draught of water. They crossed it and soon after came upon a poor, dead, wild sheep. It Mad been only eaten in one place, and the boys were very curious to know what animal had made a hole and just picked out a certain part so daintily.

"Poor sheep!" said Ernest; "he strayed here, I suppose? What a long fleece he had! Come away—quiek!"
"A kea did that," remarked Scout
when they had passed some little
distance along the rough timber

track again. "What is a kea?" asked Stephen.
"It is a bird—a kind of macaw
you may call him, for he has a
hooked beak, and with it he cuts

came wild. We often meet them in the woods not very far from the stations. Poor thinge!"

As they chatted thus the distance did not appear so long to the boys, who became great friends with Scout. They were surprised that a half-sa vage, as they had thought him, could e so kind; and they made up their minds to have him rewarded when their uncle found them, or they found him. Stephen thought he would ask the Scout about the myserious lake; so he said-

"Can you tell us anything about the Silver Lake which the natives think my sister can find?"

"I can only tell you that it is supposed to be somewhere in the north-east, yonder," replied the Scout, pointing in the direction whence they had come. "It is somewhere amidst the hot springs, and hidden from mortal eyes, the Maoris say, until a European maiden rules their last tribe."

"And is the tribe we saw the last ?"

"Yes; there are Maoris, but they live in the towns, and dress Europeans. Sometimes they go to the settlements, dress in mats, and blankets, and sleep in huts. have chapels and they sing hymns.

"But the people who captured us are not Christians, are they?" Ernest

"Not quite; they will be soon, no doubt. They are all very supersti tious, and can foretell by signs wonderfully. They say there will soon be an earthquake, and a terrible disaster from the mountains. But I suppose they are wrong this time They want to find the lake first."

"But my uncle has also heard of the Silver Lake," said Ernest, going back to the subject of his journey. "He believes it exists, that it contains silver. Is that

CHAPTER VI.—THE BUSH DES- Scout: "Many years ago, when the natives first began to fight, young Maori loved a beautiful Maori girl, and offered her all his treasure ff she would marry him. He declared that within the mountain yonder was a lake of molten silver the dross of which was sometimes cast up in springs or spouts, mud. Beneath this mud, or dross, lies the silver in the heated earth -so it is said. No doubt there is silver in the mountain, and even gold, if we could find it."

"Is there no entrance?" asked Ernest.

"There is somewhere in the rocks -the path leads through a cavern, all in darkness, and a rope of sand -so it is said-guides the person who is bold enough to enter! But as he grasps the rope it crumbles, he cannot find his way back. There are many side passages, and any on lost in the cavern would never be found again!"

"This is really mysterious. hope they will not make poor Amy go into that horrible cavern!" exclaimed Ernest. "me must rescue her. Oh!" he continued, "must we go down there?'

They had been gradually ascending above the river for some time, and now the party suddenly came out upon the top of a cliff which seemed very steep. It was thickly covered with trees down to another river of considerable volume, even though in the middle it was quite or early in the morning we shall dry and stoney; and the water and pebbles shone in the sun. The travellers could see, over the trees, a plain and a hut; but to right and left the forest extended. The hills lay beyond, and high mountains be yond them: one was still snowcapped.

"There is the bushman's hut. This sthe end of your uncle's settlement. Montreal Carpet Beating Co. have been in a blaze. After a while He got his land cheap, I expect. It was Maori land, and they did know its value. I wish I had had it. This is Manton's."

'We shall meet Uncle Marton tonight, then ?" said Stephen. "I am very glad. He will reward you, Scout. Perhaps father has already found him out. Oh, Ernie, suppose that father and Robin are lost!"

Ernest and Stephen had somehow made sure that their father was safe. He was a man, and could do almost anything—but the impression now came upon them that perhaps he might not have found his way.

"He will surely find the road," said Scout. "The coaches are running in many places, and will cut into the bush too. The railways are being made, so your daddy won't be lost, unless he tries to go through the bush alone."

"This was good news. So far the lads had regarded New Zealand as a very wild place, as then some parts of it were—and not many years ago, either. But when they heard of coaches and railroads, they became more cheerful, and proceeded in better spirits."

(To be continued.)

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