

ROOM AT THE TOP.

Never you mind the crowd, lad, Or fancy your life won't tell: The work is the work, for a' that, To him that doeth it well.

Courage and faith and patience, There's space in the old world yet, The better the chance you stand lad, The further along you get.

Dear Aunt Becky: I was glad to see my letter in the corner and have decided to write again. I am glad to see another letter in this week, and hope there will be more next week.

From your loving niece, HELENA W. Fesserton, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky: I have written to you before, but I didn't put my name at the end, I only put C. S., and my name is Chester Sweeney. I am going to tell you how I spent my last summer's vacation, although it is pretty late. I am eleven years old, and I go to the Grammar School and am in the seventh grade.

Suffered Terrible Agony FROM PAIN ACROSS HIS KIDNEYS. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM.

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. Malin. Marlon Bridge, N.S., has for Doan's Kidney Pills. (He writes us): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys."

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 III.—Continued. Stephen insisted on the Scout taking his watch. It was silver, and a most useful present.

He pushed the boys away into the bush or forest, thick with trees, and climbing plants, and ferns. "Remember the pigeon's call; you can whistle in reply three times—thus—"

This old creature pretended to be a sorceress. She was extremely ugly, and was Scout's mother; she was fond of her own way, and so she pretended to foretell events to the tribe: some of these things did come to pass, because the old woman had great experience in reading signs of bad or good weather, of storms and tempests.

The old woman frowned when she saw the Scout; but, of course, he approached her without fear. He was almost a Maori himself his intercourse with the friendly tribes during the wars had taught him much, and he could talk the native dialects, or do anything (almost) that a Maori could do in bushranging or tracking.

"The mother will guard her white child, then, carefully," he said. "If so, a gift from the great Atua (spirit) will be hers. I am her son, and say so."

Then the Scout produced Stephen's watch, and replied: "The Atua can move within this piece of silver. See! Listen! You can hear him within. This charm is very powerful. Ill-treat the girl, the young Pahaka here, and I shall know. The Atua will be angry, and will cease to speak."

The old woman grinned. "Is it for me?" "If you do your duty and protect the daughter of Atua, it shall be yours, mother. I have said it!" The crane promised to watch over Amy; and the Scout, having told the girl what he had arranged, and promised to protect her from harm, quitted the old woman's lodge to re-join the feasters, and to divert their attention from the lads who had escaped.

The chief looked at him suspiciously. "The Maori-Pahaka has been away. Will he bring the youths to our banquet?" "The youths require no food," replied the Scout calmly; "they are satisfied."

Atua, we should explain, means a "god" or "spirit," but the term is often applied to articles of machinery which possess inherent motion. So the silver watch was supposed, by the Maori, to be possessed of a

ly his blood ran cold. He was seized with a terrible feeling of fear when he perceived what he believed was a wild boar standing over Ernest, apparently ready to tear his throat. One paw was actually resting on the lad's chest, the cruel, cunning eyes of the animal were turned on Stephen as if in defiance, and his tusks were very unpleasant to see.

Stephen felt cold. His hands shook, and he felt a tingling sensation all over his body. He could not move; and he did not try, even after he had partly recovered himself. He was afraid that if he did the animal would spring on him, but if he remained quite quiet it might attack Ernest. What ought he to do? Stephen was generally calm and decided, but on this occasion he was entirely afraid; all was so strange to him.

As the animal did not move, but kept glaring and growling at him, Stephen's courage returned. He very gradually and quietly raised the revolver, and aiming at the animal's head, fired. Bang! the pig or boar sprang up into the air, and fell dead beside Ernest, who, suddenly awakened by the report of the pistol, jumped up, and saw the dead and bleeding body of the horrid, savage-looking creature—a most extraordinary-looking animal.

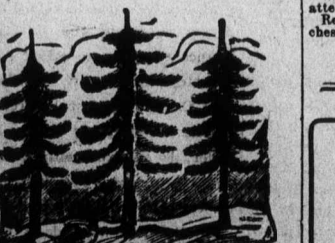
Ernest ran to Stephen. "Is it dead? What happened? Did you shoot him, Stephen?" "I did," replied his brother. "I was aroused by the rustling of the fern, and when I turned round I perceived this horrible-looking thing glaring at me. I thought he would kill you, so I fired. What is it?" "They could not tell. The animal looked something like a thin wild boar. He had a wide chest, but his hind quarters were very small, and his sides looked starved. His back also sloped down. The boys could not think what kind of a beast it could be.

He looked very terrible, even when dead, and the lads did not wait near him. They hurried off, Stephen very pleased with his success. "Oh, King," cried Ernest, "you are a brick for shooting that beast! You saved my life, Stephen. Thank you a hundred times."

"I say," cried Ernest, who had recovered his spirits. "Here's an orange tree. Fancy oranges in New Zealand!" "That can't be an orange," said Stephen. "Look, the juice is red! But I wouldn't eat it, it may be poisonous. There are big trees, look! There is a lovely climber!" The lads stood for a while admiring the magnificent specimens of the fir, and pine, and cedar, the acacias, veronicas, and the species of beech-tree known as tipau. The varied colors of the blossoms, the luxuriance of the climbing plants, and the charming novelty of the whole scene; the brilliant plumage of the birds, and their various notes and cries, completed a scene of fairy enchantment in their minds.

They seated themselves at last, and while eating the remains of the food that Scout had given them, Stephen remarked— "It hardly seems real, does it, Ernie? I can scarcely believe we are alone in New Zealand. It seems almost as if we were dreaming."

(To be continued.)



Dr. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Cures COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS and all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES. Miss Florence E. Mailman, New Germany, N.S., writes:— I had a cold which left me with a very bad cough. I was afraid I was going into consumption. I was advised to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I had little faith in it, but before I had taken one bottle I began to feel better, and after the second I felt as well as ever. My cough has completely disappeared.

Frank E. Donovan REAL ESTATE BROKER Office: Temple Building 185 St. James St., Montreal Telephone Main 2091

BELL TELEPHONE MAIN 1983 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.

IF YOU WANT Roofing, Asphalt, or Sheet Metal Work, Metal Skylights or Fireproof Windows, Cornices, Piping, Corrugated Iron, Etc., and want the best call on GEO. W. REED & CO., MONTREAL

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventor's Adviser sent upon request. Marion & Marion, New York Life Bldg. Montreal; and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

CANDLES and Oils for the Sanctuary Best quality—as cheap as the cheapest. All goods absolutely guaranteed. W. E. BLAKE, 123 Church St. Toronto, Ont. SELF-RAISING FLOUR. BRODIE'S CELEBRATED SELF-RAISING FLOUR is the Original and the Best. A PREMIUM given for the empty bag returned to our Office. 10 BLEURY St., Montreal.

For New and Old Subscribers. Rates: City and Foreign \$1.50. U. S., Newfoundland and Canada, \$1.00. FILL OUT THIS BLANK AND MAIL TO THE TRUE WITNESS, MONTREAL. 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.....