

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Puzzle Competition.

Winners in Puzzle Contest.

1st Prize, \$2.50, won by Master Harold O'Sullivan, 18 Elgin street, Quebec.
2nd Prize, \$1.00, won by Master Walter G. O'Sullivan, 52 Artillery street, Quebec.
3rd Prize, 50c, won by Miss Maud Creighton, 3 d'Auteuil street, Quebec.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF DECEMBER 6TH.

1. RIDDLE-ME-REE.
Canary.

2. HIDDEN PROVERB.
Time and tide wait for no man.

3. BEHEADED AND CORTAILED WORDS.
Shark, bark, ark.
Slate, late, ate, at, a.
Strain, train, rain.
Snail, nail, all.

4. DIAMOND PUZZLE.
E
A D D
B R I D E
E D I T I O N
D R I V E
D O G
N

5. SINGLE ACROSTIC.
England
Uist
Pink
Hare
Huby
Adder
Ten
Essex
Sterling

6. CHARADE.
Thousand.

7. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
Mary, Ram, Sea, Year, Rose, Arm, Rosemary.

8. WORD SQUARE.
R E S T
E L L A
S T I R
T A R T

9. RIDDLE.
Why is the letter A like honey-suckle? Because a B follows it.

LITTLE ODDITY

By the Author of "Served Out."

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"I don't like this game," Liese said presently. "Don't stay there, Herr Papa."

"I must wait for Johann to take me out," the Herr Papa answered, keeping up the farce.

"Johann, isn't he to come?" Liese asked. "Do get up, Johann; you've got Herr Papa's arm-chair, and I want him to sit down."

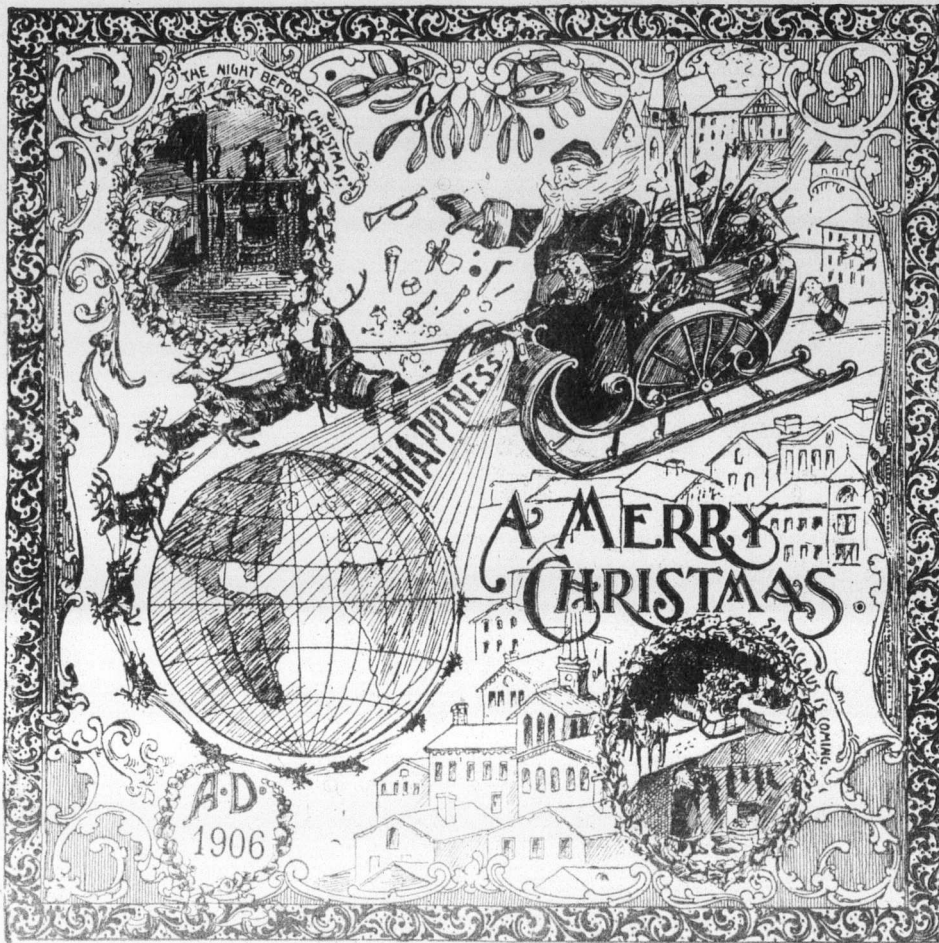
Bonny took no heed, and then Liese, who could bear it no longer, ran to her uncle, and, putting her hand in his, said defiantly, "Then I'll be naughty too, and stay with Herr Papa."

The professor took Liese up in his arms, and she clasped hers about his neck.

Bonny watched them, and noticed how tenderly the Herr Papa stroked her golden hair; then a great passion of jealousy rose up in his little heart, and he rushed out of the room.

They found him kneeling on the floor by the bedside, knotting the fringe of the counterpane, and crying passionately. But they could not get from him what was the matter; he did not know himself.

It was the first time he had felt jealous, for it was the first time he had known any deep affection.



CHAPTER XI—WHAT THE GREAT DOCTOR SAID.

No one came to fetch Bonny away, so he went with the Herr Papa and the "little mother" and Liese to their home in Germany.

They had a beautiful house with a funny name, that you would never be able to pronounce if I wrote it for you. There was a lovely garden full of trees, and conservatories full of flowers, and many servants.

Best of all, there were horses, and dogs, and cows, and goats, and hens to keep the children amused, and a dear little pony carriage in which the kind little mother would drive the children about the pretty lanes. For now the hedges were growing green, the funny little hard brown knobs on the trees had shown their small red tips, and as if some fairy had touched them with her magic wand, delicate crumpled baby leaves of palest green began to peep out at the world.

In the house the children had plenty to amuse them. There was a snug little room for their own use, where they could play to their hearts' content. Bonny had all sorts of nice and pretty clothes; altogether, he was about as fortunate a little boy in all these things as could well be.

Sometimes friends of the professor would come over from the great capital, which was not very far away.



They would bring with them instruments of music that made Bonny stare with all his eyes, and then they would all sit down together and play so divinely that it seemed to Bonny like angels' music.

They were all very kind, and did not mind his standing near and watching how it was done. So Bonny went first to one and then to

the other, and stood so close to the instrument he was watching that the musicians would have been quite angry if it had been anyone else. And when Gretchen, the maid, came to fetch him to bed they could not get him away until the Herr Papa carried him up in his arms, and told him that he must be quite good and obedient if he wished to stay and be Herr Papa's little child.

And if Bonny had been very naughty indeed, and the Herr Papa put on his very gravest face, which Bonny quite understood by this time, the child would break down in his most stubborn fit, for already he was beginning to love his kind friend with the intensest childish devotion.

He was making rapid progress with his music. There had been new tears and trouble over learning the notes, but none over practising when they were learned. The professor himself was astonished and delighted at the quickness of his pupil. So proud was he that he made Bonny stand up and play various little passages to the musicians who came to his house.

They smiled and patted him on the head, and talked a great deal in German, and Bonny knew they were praising him. Then he was glad, and so eager to learn more that the Herr Papa could hardly teach him fast enough. He could scarcely be enticed away from his little fiddle, and when the professor had to go long distances from home, which kept him for many days, Bonny was quite miserable and restless and fidgety.

Madame Bruder believed that although this was partly naughty impatience, it was also partly because he was a very excitable, nervous child, and she wondered whether all this playing was good for him.

So one day when the professor was away they took the train and went quite a journey into the great capital, where Bonny saw more fine buildings and magnificent shops than ever he had seen in his life, and where all the people talked so strangely that he wondered what they meant by it.

They went to a house where a grave gentleman pulled Bonny about a great deal, and asked him many questions in very funny English. The only thing Bonny did not like was when he took a silver instrument and stuck it in his ear.

Then Bonny cried out, "You're a berry horrid old man doctor, you are!" and directly the gentleman laid the silver thing down. Bonny picked it up and, jumping on the arm of the chair as nimbly as a cat,

pushed it into the doctor's ear with a shove that made that dignified gentleman jump up and dance across the room. The doctor was never very fond of Bonny after that.

Madame Bruder had a long talk with him, and they went back to the shop, and brought toys and fruit and goodies, after which they got into the train again and went home. But the little mother was not nearly so bright and cheerful a companion as she had been when they were coming.

A few days afterwards, when Bonny and Liese came tearing in out of the garden to show Herr Papa some new flowers they had found in the meadows, there seated in the 'salle' or dining room, was that very doctor.

No wonder the Herr Papa had on his gravest face. Bonny marched straight up to the doctor, and said defiantly—

"Did you stick it in my Herr Papa's ear, 'cos you're a berry bad old man doctor, and I'm going to stick it into you, that's what I tell you."

Fortunately the doctor did not understand a word, so he only smiled sweetly, which made Bonny so angry that he ran to the professor, and, jumping on his knee, caught hold of the long brown beard, and said eagerly—

"I've got something to tell you. I'm going to kill that old man doctor, that's what I am, 'cos he shan't hurt you and me any more."

The Herr Papa did not smile one little bit, which Bonny could not understand, for the big musician laughed at almost everything the children said. He wasn't angry either, for he knew very well that Bonny did not really understand the meaning of the word kill. But he looked as if he couldn't laugh.

Bonny watched his face very gravely for several minutes. Then he said, "You tell that bad man to go away, and you come and be a bear and a lion in the garden with Liese and with me."

"My little one," the professor said very tenderly, "you must go and play. Herr Papa wants his children to run away and leave him alone. Go, little one."

Bonny knew that Herr Papa must be obeyed, so he slipped down from his knee, but as he passed the doctor, that's what I am, 'cos he shan't hurt you and me any more."

"You dare hurt my Herr Papa, 'cos I will kill you when I big man if you do."

And this gentleman was a great and celebrated doctor. Madame Bruder had asked him to

come to their house that he might himself tell Herr Bruder what he had already told her. She had not the courage to do it.

He had carefully examined Bonny's ears, and found that he was, as Madame Bruder at first feared, slightly deaf. Strange that no one had suspected that the child's odd jumbling up of letters and words, his habit of "staring like a stupid," as old Mary had called it, of repeating people's words, of not answering many things that were said to him, of pinching or pulling people to get their attention, were the result not of stupidity, but of imperfect hearing, that far from being a stupid child, he had shown wonderful intelligence, considering how little he had been helped by others, and how very much he had been shut up in himself.

But he was only slightly deaf, and that was no such great thing to worry about, surely. But that great doctor had said to Herr Bruder, "The child has been neglected; he appears to be growing every year more deaf. It is impossible to say whether in ten years time he will be able to hear at all or not. He may. Let us hope he will. There is a little chance for him, but I must tell you that it is as ten to one that he will not."

When Herr Bruder heard these words all the pleasant light died out of his face.

"Ach!" he cried, in his German fashion, "this is to me a great, a dreadful blow. Must that soul of music be silenced? Must those ears that truly love sweet sounds be shut? Ah! no, no, I cannot believe it. He is but a baby. The disease must be cured."

"It has been going on for several years," the doctor said. "The child



is small and backward for his age. This has been since he was an infant."

"Surely he can yet be cured?" The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"My good sir, that is more than I can say. Strange and wonderful things happen sometimes. Who can say that miracles will happen for you?" The doctor was getting a little angry.

"It is too terrible!" the professor cried, in deep distress. "Those ears shut! That soul silenced! I cannot think of it. If there is a doctor in the world to save my little one, he shall be found; ah! if I search all the days of the year round, and spend every penny that I possess."

"Mine husband," Madame Bruder said gently, "you take this thing too much to heart. The little one may be very happy, and we must think how to make him so in those silent days that are coming."

The professor groaned as he thought of the great doctor's words. "Happy!" he cried. "My wife, you are good and kind, but only the musician can know what it is to have no ears. This thing is truly to me a cruel, cruel blow, for the child's sake."

And for many days and weeks after that no one heard the professor's merry laugh that so often used to ring through the happy house.

(To be continued.)

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The largest retail Fur House in the World.

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1537.

SANTA CLAUS' ASSISTANT

(By John Kendrick Bangs.)

It was not long after midnight. The wee small hours of Christmas Day were just beginning to arrive, and down in the library, where the tree was sheltering a profuse array of toys, stood an unexpected guest.

He was ill-dressed, unshaven, and his hair looked as though it had never known a comb. In his right hand he carried a dark lantern, and slung over his left arm was a sack, a common jute bag, and he had entered a window that looked out upon the street. The family had all retired, and for the most part were asleep.

That was why the unexpected guest chose this time to arrive.

Stealthily he crossed the room, and, drawing the portiere silently across the broad doorway that opened into the hall, he slid back the front of his lantern, and lighting a match in the flame, he turned on the gas and lit it, so that he might better see the exact character of his surroundings.

"Humph!" he said, as he observed the tree. "Quite a fine layout. I don't know but what, after all, it's a good thing that parents give their children expensive things these days. It's a great help to our profession. You can't raise much on candy, balls and two-penny dolls, but these silver-plated engines and purses with ten-dollar bills in 'em come in handy. Gold sleeve-buttons, too," he added, as his eyes took in a few further details of the scene before him, "an' a gold watch as well. This is luck."

And then, as he bent over the group of toys and presents of a more expensive nature intended for Bobbie, his eyes glittered with joy at the prospective value of his haul, the heart of the unexpected guest stopped beating for an instant. There was a rustling sound behind him.

With a quick movement he slid the cover of the dark-lantern to, by mere force of habit; but it was unavailing; the room was still lighted though dimly.

"Hullo," said a soft voice from the portiere and at the same moment the curtains were parted and there stood Bobbie, clad in his nightgown. "Is that you, Santa Claus?"

He added, peering curiously at the unexpected guest, "I've been waiting for you."

"I've been waiting for you," he repeated, "I've been waiting for you."

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The man gave a "That's the first taken for any one cent," he said to he answered, in enough for Bobbie "Well, not exact only his assistant." "His what?" sa "Sh! Not so low wake the family; I'd just vanish like the man. "I said Claus' assistant. there are - so now-a-days than that the boss help Christmas Eve able to finish up hi So he sends for others like me—he we do his distribi I'd just laid these when you surprised Bobbie approached "Oh, isn't it bea "All these things fo too, just the very t The man drew ba spoke, and with a eyes sat down in a suddenly.

"Are you tired?" leaving the tree an Santa Claus' assist "Yes, I'm tired. "I'm sorry," sa tionately, as he too hand in his and kiss Don't, don't do th man, huskily clean."

I shouldn't thin laughed Bobbie, "cl sooty chimneys can't work. Do you an wonder why there's left on the toys?"

"Oh, we take care the assistant, "You keeps the soot off. come by the chimney added hastily, obse was no soot on the thought the window.

"You're all throu said Bobbie, looking "How do you kno the man.

"Your bag is emp any one else for you to?"

The unexpected r face in his grimy ha bump rise up in his "There was one assistant, "but the him—and it's a neglected to look af "And won't he asked Bobbie.

"No," said the as rising and taking a tree.

"He can have one Bobbie. "Here, take got plenty, thanks I handed him one of t north the tree.

The unexpected gue boy for a minute, an ly reached out his ha the proffered toy.

"I'll see that he ge "and God bless you, bye little one. I mus wake up and be disap He moved toward Bobbie ran after him, his little face said: "a kiss for Santa Cla "That I will," said he bent over, and kis fled precipitately out window and disappe darkness of the street.

"Well," said the u the following mornin ed his own pallid-fa ster playing with the present he'd ever kno the rummiest thing to steal, and the only that wasn't really gi a kiss. It was a ric think I'll get a mo New Year's."—Harper

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