

Our Boys and Girls

BY AUNT BECKY

THE MAN LAND.

Little boy, little boy, would you go so soon To the land where the grown man lives? Would you barter your toys and your fairy things For the things that the grown man gives? Would you leave the haven whose days are set With the jewels of Love's alloy For the land of emptiness and regret? Would you go, little boy, little boy? It's a land far off, little boy, little boy, And the way it is dark and steep; And once you have passed through its doors, little boy, You may not even come back to sleep. There is no tucking-in, no good-night kiss. No mornings of childhood joy, It's passion and pain you give for this. Think well, little boy, little boy.

Little boy, little boy, can't you see the ghosts That live in the land off there: The "broken hearts," "fair hopes," all dead; "Lost faith," and "grim despair?" There's a train for that land in the after years, When old Time rushes in to destroy The wall that stands 'tween the joy and the tears— So don't go, little boy, little boy! —Maynard Waite, in Metropolitan Magazine.

A YOUNG FINANCIER.

A twelve-year-old boy is earning \$6 a day out in Clinton, O. T., according to a Chicago paper. A number of Chicago boys are preparing to follow his genuine "get-rich quick" method.

This Oklahoma boy sells chicken sandwiches and other home-prepared delicacies to passengers on the Rock Island trains that pass through the town. That is what these embryonic financiers of Chicago are planning to do. The Clinton boy, whose name is Earl Simmons, pursues his lucrative work with the aid of his younger sister, Edith. Following is the story of his meteoric career, as he told it to the tourist from Chicago: "Yes, I have done much better than I expected. How did I come to start? Well, I had saved up with forty cents, and make an average of six dollars a day now. We came here from Douglas, Kan., a year ago. Father was a carpenter, but wasn't doing very well just then, as we were strangers here. One day I was down at the train here and noticed that the people were hungry, and that there was no eating station like I had seen in places as we came down here on the cars. I had forty cents I had saved up, and I ran up town and bought a quarter's worth of cooked steak and fifteen cents' worth of buns and ran back and sold them all. I kept that up all day, and went home with two dollars. That night I got two chickens—that cost me fifty cents—and mother cooked them, and next day I made four dollars. Next day I got six chickens, and sold it all. "Since that time I just kept on getting what I thought I could sell, just like I am now. I saved the money until I got enough, and then I bought two lots here in town. Then I bought some furniture and a watch and chain for mamma. Then father drew up the plans and we built a house. Father built it and I paid for it, and we live in it. We have five rooms downstairs and two rooms upstairs. We were offered \$1800 for it before it was finished. Now we are building a greenhouse and a cistern."

HER WILFUL WAY.

By the Author of "Dolly's Golden Slippers," "Claimed at Last," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—NO LETTER WITHOUT OLIVE—MISS BUSH.

But, alas! no letter; no Mrs. Rainsford; nothing but dead silence. Poor little Guy, with his fever gone, lay in a maze of weakness, sleeping and dozing, and sleeping again, the living day, while the wind romped in from the sea, so cool, so life-giving, into his chamber, and the sunflowers in the strip of garden looked in at his window like a golden glory. As for Olive, she was giving Mrs. Rance and her little daughter much to try their temper, by her self-will and naughty impertinence. In fact, though only two days had gone by, she and Liz had begun to openly bicker and quarrel. It would be well that Jim would be home that evening, and out again with the next tide; then Mrs. Rance decided that it would be best for her refractory little guest to return home, and Guy to tarry on awhile to grow stronger. With this prospect the child seemed even more fussy than usual this pleasant morning. Ah! little she foresaw that her own self-will would frustrate this pleasant home-going as in a moment.

"No, Miss Olive, mother don't allow us to go up ladders," said Liz, as she heedlessly darted to a ladder leaning against the wall at the back of the cottage, and essayed to ascend it. "But I want to go up and get upon the wall to see if the Pretty Sally is in sight; and up went wayward foot. But Liz's hand detained her. "You mustn't, Miss Olive. Father's ship won't be in till sundown, and mother never lets us climb ladders she says ladders ain't for girls. "They are—what's for boys are for girls, and I shall go up." Away she broke from detaining Liz, and darted up that wayward little foot again. "You mustn't!" "I will; I'm not your mother's girl." "You are my mother's girl, now you're here, and you shan't go up!" "I will!" So they stayed to argue the point. Of course Liz was, in a sense, right, one she should not have been so masterful; we never gain anything with wilful people by being persistently wilful ourselves. Mrs. Rance looked out at Guy's chamber window. "No, dearie, don't go up; the ladder might slip, and you'd fall and break your bones," said she gently, but firmly. But Olive never heeded, but sprang up the ladder like a prairie-dog, mischievous kitten. And then, as she was stepping out upon the wall, the ladder turned; it all happened in a moment; she swayed, she fell; and a poor little prone figure she lay among the sunflowers, one of her legs doblined up under her, broken. "Yes, it is surely broken," said Mrs. Rance, coming out and gathering her up, while Liz and the two boys stood open-mouthed and speechless, as in a dazed dream. To her own chamber and her own bed the good woman bore her, and sent Liz for the doctor. She could but weep over the small self-station thing, knowing what that bone-set-

ting would be to her, and with the Pretty Sally coming in at sundown, which was to have taken her home on the morrow. Ah! well! the doctor came and set the bone—a compound fracture he called it, which must have time and rest, come what may. She was sleeping when the Pretty Sally came riding in on the tide at sundown, and the three children went down alone to the shore to meet their father. Poor, kind-hearted Jim, it was hard for him on the morrow, at daybreak, to hearken to Olive's sobs, to feel her soft little hands clinging to his rough ones, as she begged him to take her home with him—home to Uncle Fred—she mustn't be left behind; she wouldn't! "But think of your poor little broken leg, dearie," he urged with tears in his eyes. "Ye mustn't be moved; 'twould hurt it." "Oh! it wouldn't hurt me—and you promised," so she sobbed. "Ah, dearie, and ye kind of broke my promise for me when ye broke your leg." "I can't stay here. I won't stay here." "Don't say can't, Miss Olive; we can do almost anything if we tries; and Master Guy don't say such words." She answered nothing to this. "And do you know the reason why?" went on the sensible fellow. "Why you say such things, and Master Guy not?" "No—there is no reason," she answered rather sulkily. "Yes, there is this reason: Master Guy is suffering what came to him, and your trouble, as you have to bear, you brought on yourself, and ye're kickin' against the pricks of conscience—do ye understand?" "No I don't," she confessed sullenly. "Well, ye're sayin' you won't be hurt, if ye did bring it on yourself, and conscience is sayin' you must, and bearin' is like pricks to your poor little proud heart." "My heart isn't proud," sobbed the child. "Ay, dearie, nothing like pride to blind us to our pride. But come, I didn't come to read ye a lecture, but to say good-bye, and as most likely we shall touch at Harbour, I'll take word to your folk, or send word about ye. I can't make out about my letter." Then he really means to leave her behind. It was hard to look at her tearful face, so full of desire and childish woe. But there was no alternative. "Ask Uncle Fred, or Mrs. Rainsford, Guy's mamma, to come," she pleaded, gulping down her sobs. "Ay, ay, dearie, I will." He kissed her, and went out; he took no leave of Guy, who was sweetly sleeping. But he promised his wife to let the children's friends hear of them in some way, if possible, and so went down to his ship and sailed away. But the days went round, and no tidings came, no letter to say that Jim had fulfilled his promise. No Uncle Fred, no Mrs. Rainsford, to gladden the eyes and the hearts of the two invalids. Still, tempestuous storms of wind and rain were sweeping the coast, and Mrs. Rance feared the Pretty Sally might have been driven out of her course, and that she had not touched at Harbour. A heavier fear would sometimes beat at the door of her heart, but this she kept to herself. Guy was now able to go in and sit with Olive, and to wander out into the garden, among the sunflowers—a hollow-eyed little boy was he, with wasted limbs. "Oh! I wish mamma would come," he craved in those long, silent, waiting days of hope deferred, glancing longingly from the window of his little chamber out over the sea, and wondering whether she would come by sea or by land when she did come. "Won't you write yourself, Mrs. Rance, and let her know? I would, but my hand trembles so. I tried yesterday, and couldn't," said he one day, when he had tired himself with walking in the garden, and Mrs. Rance was sewing by the side of his made-up sofa where he lay. "No, Master Guy; I think, maybe, no news is good news for a little time longer; and my Jim is sure to run in and let 'em know, comin' back. That is, if his skipper is so minded; and I think he will be." "But I'm afraid she'll think me dead," whispered the boy, in a voice husky with tears. "Well, dearie, I always keep to what Jim says; and he said: 'Never write again; I'll go'—and I think he will." "But 'tis so long till he comes back," sighed Guy. "We don't know he didn't call going forward," said Mrs. Rance. "Then, if he did, mamma would have come, except she's ill; and then papa would have come, or Olive's Uncle Fred." "Poor little Guy!" Well for him that he did not know, nor of that little sea-bedabbled sun-bonnet, still hidden away in the stable, like a secret dread. Olive was very fractious and difficult to manage—they were obliged to lay restraint upon her, and bind down her poor little restless body into position and keep it there, for once and again she shifted her injured limb, and so brought pain to herself, and an undoing of the doctor's work. "I think, sir, if we could get her under her lady's care, 'twould be better for the poor little thing. You see, she's been used to folks and places different to me and mine," said sorely tried Mrs. Rance to the doctor. That was in those days of dead silence and mystery when no word or sign came either by land or sea, and Olive had been sobbing herself into a feverish state, very like some poor little captive bird—beating itself against the bars of its cage. "Well, we will see," said the doctor, no more, no less. But that very day, toward evening, a refined female voice said at the cottage door: "Mrs. Rance, Mrs. Rance, may I come in?" Poor little Guy, lying on his couch in his chamber, heard it, and half started therefrom. But no, it was not his mother, and a little hungering sigh stole from his lips. He heard Mrs. Rance go to the door, as if to answer the voice, and then followed the rustle of someone entering the kitchen, and the hum of voices talking low, almost in a whisper. Then presently he heard Olive's chamber door open and shut, then silence—a long silence, as it seemed to the expectant child. Next his own door opened, and Mrs. Rance showed an elderly lady in. "This is Master Guy, Miss Bush," said she, and the strange lady came and kissed him. "I've come to take your little friend to my house, and I want to know if you'd like to come to?" she said, bending over him. Such a funny old lady, as Olive would have said; Guy could not help wondering what the flippant little mite thought of her, whether she would like to go home with her. "Well, what do you say?" inquired Miss Bush rather sharply, as his thoughts went wool-gathering like this. "I beg your pardon," said he, coloring, "I—I think I like Mrs. Rance so much—I think I don't think I ought to go," stammered he. "Nay, Master Guy, don't let 'ought' have anything to do with it," observed good Mrs. Rance. "Then I would like to stay, if you would like me to," said the grateful boy. "Like you to, dearie—I'd like you both to stay; only 'twill be best for Miss Olive; the change will do her good to be in a real lady's house; 'tis what she's been used to, and she's—she's no finish' like." Guy fancied he saw a look in Mrs. Rance's eyes very like what he had seen in his mother's when she said she'd like him to stay with her. "Well, then, I'll take the little girl to my house—and you'll not mind?" said the strange lady. And Guy answered: "No, ma'am, I'll not mind, if Olive doesn't." "The boy is the sweetest child of the two," he heard Miss Bush say to Mrs. Rance outside his room door as she went out, after again kissing him. But he was not puffed up at all; on the contrary, he felt a little smug and humbled—just a little annoyed to be spoken of as a sweet child; but then, ladies never did understand how big a boy was, he remembered. And he thought he should like to see Olive before she went, so he sauntered into her room, while the lady and Mrs. Rance were still talking in the kitchen. "Oh, Guy! such a funny old lady has come to see me, and has invited me to her house," said the excited little prisoner in bed. "Then if I were you I'd not call her a funny old lady, but Miss Bush," returned Guy, closing the door he had left open, lest Miss Bush should hear. "Well, 'tis the truth, she is funny." "Yes, but when—truth sounds unpleasant it needn't be spoken, better sometimes to say nothing, man-

ma used to say." Used to say—the boy had begun to speak of his mother in the past tense; it made one sad to hear him. "Well, she spoke the truth that was unpleasant to me once," said the flippant tongue. "Ah! tit for tat—just like a girl," laughed the little pale-faced fellow. "Well, she did; she said I was a rude girl when I said she was a fright once in the train, and that was unpleasant." "Oh, Olive! when?" inquired the boy in shocked surprise. "When I was coming from London to Uncle Fred's." "And now she's asked you to her home: that's like returning good for evil." "Yes, but she doesn't know me; 'tis such fun; I knew her because she is such a guy." "Oh, Olive!" "Well, I don't care; I have the good and she the evil," and the naughty child dared to laugh. "I'd not care to be evil to anybody," said Guy. "Don't you wish you were coming too?" asked Olive, as if to change the subject. "No; Miss Bush asked me, and I said no." "Well, you were silly." "I like staying with Mrs. Rance; and I think she was pleased when I said so, for she looked like mamma." "I'm sure she couldn't look like your mamma—look like a lady; Mrs. Rance will never look like a lady." "Do you know what mamma once said was a true lady?" inquired Guy seriously. "No, but I suppose nice manners, nice clothes, and a nice house." "No; just to think of others and forget self; and I know Mrs. Rance did that for me when I was ill, and she does it every day for all of us." "Pooh!" said she to this, "to compare a woman to—" but Guy cut short the disdainful little speech by whispering: "Here they come!" And in walked Mrs. Rance and the funny old lady again. Well, her clothes were funny, in that they were old-fashioned, but her face, though plain, was kindly-looking, and she had the bearing of a gentlewoman, and her voice was almost masculine in its fullness and richness. The little girl was soon ready for flitting, bound and wrapped about with blankets, till she looked like a new-world mummy; and they laid her on a stretcher made comfortable as a bed, two bearers were called in, and away they bore her to a new life and to new adventures.

CHAPTER IX.—POOR ROSE—NO TIDINGS—BESS THE GYPSY—OLIVE LOST. Olive lay, very like an Eastern princess, on a low divan by the bay window of the drawing-room at Birch Cottage, as Miss Bush's house was called—an Eastern princess, arrayed in a crimson merino frock trimmed with dainty lace, the gift of her kind hostess, enthroned on a blue satin divan in the beautiful room. The little girl was quite at home now with Miss Bush and the servants; for a fortnight had gone by, and her leg had grown stronger; and she was allowed to sit up when she liked, and amuse herself. She was even allowed to use her leg a little, only she had to be very careful. Guy came daily to see her, and once Liz accompanied him; but Olive loftily told her she needn't come again, she didn't want her—so she came no more. To-day she was in a very perverse unamiable mood; her self-love lay wounded within her, for Miss Bush had gone a long walk with Guy all along the shore, and she always felt jealous and out of humor when her kind friend paid any attention to the little boy. Nay, when the old confidential servant, Nancy, who was almost like the mistress in the well-ordered household, looked into the room to see if the child wanted anything, this was the rude girl's greeting: "Why do you peep in like that, Nancy? I don't like to be peeped at, as if you thought I was doing some mischief." "Very well, Miss Olive; Master Guy will be in soon to amuse you." "Master Guy! I don't want Master Guy. Miss Bush had no right going a long walk with him, and leaving me alone." "But you couldn't have gone, dear, with your poor leg." "Then they oughtn't to have gone." "Nay, Miss Olive, that sounds very like the dog in the manger, to hear you talk like that." "You are a rude old woman to call me a dog."

"And you're very rude to talk as you do to your elders, Miss Olive. I wonder Miss Bush bears with you." "And I wonder Miss Bush bears with you." To this Nancy shut the door, as in blank disapproval, and the little lady was left alone. "Ruff, come here; I want you," cried she, a moment after, like a

restless spirit, to the dog, who was basking in the sunshine outside the window; and the obedient creature came trotting in. "Now I'm going to cut your hair; Miss Bush said it wanted trimming, and I'm going to do it—ha-ha!" What a perverse little laugh it was. "But I must have some scissors;" and the small imperious lady rang the hand-bell. In peeped Nancy again. "Nancy, will you bring me some scissors? I want to cut Roll's hair." "No, indeed, Miss Olive, you won't do any such thing, and I won't bring you any scissors." With this Nancy closed the door, and Olive laughed a little tinkling defiant laugh. "Won't I?" said she, and went limping across the room to Miss Bush's work-basket. Here she found some nice "snip-snipping" scissors, as she herself said. Now she would surprise her kind friend, thought she, with naughty exultation giving never a thought to Roll, poor fellow, deprived of his coat and winter coming on. (To be continued.)

Secret of a Woman's Tongue Paris.—Dr. Marade, the inventor of voice telegraphy, has discovered why husbands invariably are worsted in argument by their wives. He says: "A woman can talk four times as long as a man with the same expenditure of energy. It is merely a question of the amount of air which escaped from the lungs during phonation and, as a woman's larynx is narrower than a man's, and a child's than a woman's, it is evident why children can prattle for hours at a time and why women can maintain a more easily than a man." Dr. Marade made his experiments to determine the effort expended on speaking. He finds we expend the same energy when we talk for an hour as when we lift the weight of half an ounce three feet in the air. Every second when an orator speaks in a hall he works as much as a porter who shoulders luggage weighing four hundred pounds.

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A Disgraceful Action. Rather an unusual point, but nevertheless a good one, was made by a Jesuit priest preaching a mission in the Cathedral of Brisbane, Queensland, the other day. He was speaking of the many dangers that surround Catholics at the present day, and the necessity of safeguarding the faith by Catholic teaching, when he digressed a bit to score severely the Catholics who show meanness or carelessness in the matter of paying for Catholic papers, Catholic publications, he said, subscribed very much from unpaid subscriptions. Oftentimes the paper was sent for years, and when the bill for payment came, very often a post card was sent, stopping the paper altogether. This, declared the preacher, was a shameful and disgraceful action on the part of Catholics, and a gross deal of the weakness and inefficiency of the Catholic press, as compared of by some people, is due to Catholics who seem to have money for everything else, but who "get mad" and stop the paper if they are reminded of their remissness.