

Our Boys and Girls

BY AUNT BECKY

LITTLE CHILDHEART.

Little childheart, little childheart,
Little form of airy grace;
Little lips of love and laughter
Where the elf-smiles romp and chase.

Little wonder of the morning! Little
treasure of the night,
When the stars are in the heavens
and your eyes are stars of light.

Little childheart, little childheart,
little dancer in the dew,
All the oldheart turn to goldheart
for the dear delight of you!
All the marvel and the magic, all
the wonder and the gleam
Of the world of heavenly goodness
drift around you in the dream.

Little childheart, undefiled heart,
take my hand and with your
trust
Lead me down the laughing valleys
from the tumult and the dust!
Light and lead, O little childheart,
all the avenues of care
With the glory of love's roses in the

ringlets of your hair!
—Baltimore Sun.

WHAT MAKES A BOY POPULAR?

What makes a boy popular? Surely
it is manliness. During the war
how many schools and colleges fol-
lowed popular boys? These young
leaders were the manly boys whose
hearts could be trusted. The boy
who respects his mother had leader-
ship in him. The boy who is care-
ful of his sister is a knight. The boy
who will never violate his word, and
who will pledge his honor to his
own heart and change not, will have
the confidence of his fellows. The
boy who will never hurt the feelings
of any one will some day find him-
self possessing all sympathy.

If you want to be a popular boy,
be too many and generous and un-
selfish to seek to be popular. Be the
soul of honor; love others than your-
self, and people will give you their
hearts, and try to make you happy.
That is what makes a boy popular.

HER WILFUL WAY.

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

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"That's tellin'—young gentlemen
have their secrets same as women-
folks," observed the boy drily.

"Twas Miss Marjory, what a bad
guesser you be," returned he comi-
cally; "a young lady's bonnet in a
stable! ho—ho—ho!"

It grated upon the ears of the
three brothers to hear him laugh,
and yet it somehow threw Marjory
off the keen edge of her suspicion.

"Are you telling me the truth when
you say you don't know where the
children are?" she questioned the
three boys.

"Yes, Marjory, the sober truth."

"Do ye think I'd laugh, and back
'em up in a lie, and a lie as were
a-hidin' trouble?" put in Tom.

Dr. Wenley was coming out at the
back door; he had returned tired and
jaded. He was having a hard time,
with many patients on his hands,
and now here was this family trou-
ble.

"Well boys, what tidings?" he in-
quired, as Marjory went in.

"They're not found, father, and
Mr. Rainsford is gone out in a boat
to look for them," said Duke.

"Is that all you know, Duke?"
said his father, laying his hand on
his shoulder.

"Well, no, father, it isn't," re-
turned he candidly. "We've found
Ellie's bonnet, and old Grant's hat is
missing, 'tis said"—and he told
Jimmy Gron's story.

Down to the shore went the doc-
tor, the boys with him, to pace there
under the starlight, to and fro,
to and fro, and anon the clouds
swept over, the rain came down in
torrents, and far, far into the night,
the boat returned from its bootless
errand; the children were not found.

A sorrowful task now lay before
Mr. Rainsford, to go home and break
the sad news to his wife, and at the
same time bidding her cling to
hope, for as yet it was a mystery as
to where the children had vanished.

Morning broke; the doctor was
still on the shore, the sea a vast
shimmering waste. Many fisher-folk
were scattered here and there, seek-
ing and waiting—for the tidings that
the children were missing had spread
abroad, many seekers were on the
shore, and found nothing—no, nothing
of the missing ones, and while
the uncertainty lasted there was
no peace.

Mr. Rainsford and Mr. Rainsford
were there, Marjory was there—"Why,
oh why had she let them out of her
sight?" she moaned. Dr. Wenley
had gone to Harbory to telegraph
to ports and seaside places, if so
be a vessel had picked them up and
borne them on there. But there
came no good tidings of them. Then
Mr. Rainsford spied a boat, and
still the mystery continued; nothing
was known of them.

On the third day came a terrible
storm, as if to crush out all hope.
Old Grant's boat was cast up, bot-
tom upwards, a poor battered thing
indeed, high and dry upon the shing-
ly beach.

Then a hush fell upon the two
homes, and Mr. Rainsford came home
to comfort his wife.

CHAPTER VII.—THE RESCUE—
POOR GUY—OLIVE OVER-
BOARD—JIM'S HOME.

Poor little castaways, signalling
the oncoming vessel in the morning
sunshine. Guy screamed and shout-
ed, and laughed a little wildly, as
he held up his handkerchief on the
oar. He snatched too, and his teeth
chattered in his head; mayhap he
had taken cold, mayhap he had not.
He laughed and laughed again. Olive
clapped her hands; home, home, they
were forgotten at the thought of
present deliverance.

"Oh! would they see them? would
they try to save them? Ay, they
were bearing down on them, plough-
ing their way along, as through a
path of sunbeams and diamonds. A
vessel laden with coals, such as run
to and fro around the coast, a dray
craft, a dingy crew, save as glorified
by the morning sunlight, and crowd-
ing all sails. Yet kindly hearts
beat in the breasts of the motley

On the second day, towards evening,
a hoarse shout rang through the
ship, penetrating below even to where
the poor boy lay tossing in his
hammock, and pausing for a breath
of cool air. Jim had opened the
port-hole near him to its widest,
and stood fanning him with a hand-
kerchief. But he was sensible—it
was at night generally when he had-
been most and became so delirious.
Well, on this hot sultry evening,
when the sun was sinking a red ball
into the sea, casting a red glow
everywhere, a thrilling shout seemed
to shake the vessel to her centre,
followed by the hurried tramp of
feet.

"What are they doing now?" asked
Guy, whose weary ears caught the
tumult of sounds.

As for Jim, he fairly started to
his feet.

"A man overboard, Master Guy,"
said he; "but never you fear, nought
can come amiss you."

"Will he be drowned?" inquired the
boy, with feeble interest.

"No, I hope not; but I'll just go
above and see what's doin', and
bring ye word," and away went Jim
helter-skelter up on deck.

"The little lady overboard!" this
was the cry that was tossed from
mouth to mouth, and a man dropped
over the ship's side to the rescue,
even as Jim mingled with his com-
rades. Poor little mite! where
had she fallen?—where was she?
There she was swimming and float-
ing, such a tiny object in the wide
ship's side, and a man dropped
waste of many-colored waters, the
ship's side, and a man dropped
many knots an hour; very like cast-
aways, both she and her would-be
rescuer looked to those who knew
no better. But the sailor was strik-
ing out right nobly toward her.
Hurrah! hurrah! how the men cheer-
ed and shouted, peering over the
vessel's side, as their comrade grasp-
ed her, held her in his arms, and
turned to follow the fast-flying ship.

It was very like a race for life—a
race for two lives—now he grasped
the rope so deftly cast out, now he
was alongside, and they were draw-
ing him up amid deafening cheers.

Jim did not tell Guy who it was
that had gone overboard, nor that,
when he came away, Olive lay like a
wax doll among her rough friends,
as if no life nor breath remained in
her. Nor did he tell him that they
were nearing port; that on the mor-
row he hoped to be home among
his own little ones. No; he only
soothed and tended his small pa-
tient, gave him drink and smoothed
his pillow, and anon they brought
Olive below wrapped in coarse flann-
el, and sleeping soundly.

"Well, little mermaid?" This was
the honest fellow's greeting to the
little girl next morning, when all
was life, stir and commotion over-
head, and he handed her small gar-
ments to her, dried and ready to
put on. Dressing herself was a sad
trial to her, but, as Jim told her—
"Little gels is little gels, and
ought to be able to rig themselves
out. My Liz, as is nigh your age,
and a mighty clever little maid,
knows how to rig herself, and Ben
and Jim as well."

"Your Liz!" said the mite, with a
loss of her tiny head. "I'm not your
Liz; I'm—the dark face flushed.

"No, dearie, ye ain't so wise a
little woman as my Liz! But come,
dress yourself, and get ready to go
ashore, while I see after the little
gentleman."

Poor Guy, such a getting ashore
as it was for him, though Jim held
him in his arms wrapped in a blan-
ket all the way, and the boat glided
to land. Then he bore him away
to his cabin of a cottage just out-
side the small smoky nest of a town.
And there were Liz, and Liz's mo-
ther, with Benny and Jimmy, to
welcome them. They would have
been down to meet the boat, but
Jim sent them word he was bringing
two guests with him, and one an
invalid, so they stayed at home to
make all ready. Jim carried Guy
to his chamber—a mere closet in size
but very clean, its scrap of a win-
dow opening seaward, and letting in
the cool air.

"And you'll have to sleep with I—
and the little ones, missy; but there,
'tain't little yet, is it?" said
Liz's mother, after she had laid Guy
comfortably in his little bed, and
her good man had gone down to the
shore again.

"I don't want to sleep with Liz
and the children," objected Olive.

"No, dearie; and perhaps they
don't want ye; but folks have often
to do what they don't like, and
have what they don't want. Still,
'tis better here along of us than no-
where."

"Oh, yes, better here than no-
where; but I couldn't be nowhere, I
must be somewhere," said Olive flip-
pantly.

Still, she condescended to sit on
Liz's stool and to turn over with
interest some shells Benny and Jim-
my brought to show her, in their
childish courtesy, to make her feel
at home. Benny was six, Jimmy
five—sturdy little sunburnt fellows,
very obedient to word or look
from their mother. As for Liz, she
stood in shy awe at the child's el-
bow, scarce knowing how to make
friends with her.

"What is your name?" she present-
ly ventured to ask.

"Olive—Miss Olive, of course. What
is your name?"

"Liz—Miss Liz," returned the little
fisher-girl, like a very mimic.

"Oh, you're not Miss Liz," dis-
sented Olive. "Your father isn't
Mister, you know—his only Jim."

"No, folks ain't christened Mister
nor Miss; Miss ain't part of your
real name," responded Liz. "'Tis
just Olive, same as mine is Liz."

"'Tisn't the same, I'm a little
lady, and you're only a girl."

"And you're only a girl—just a
little girl as father saved from the
sea," said sturdy Liz.

But here Liz's mother interposed,
saying, "Hush, Liz! we should never
remind people of what we've done for
'em; 'tain't nice or kind. Go and

peep in at the little gentleman, and
see if he's all right."

So Liz stole away to the inner
chamber, on tip-toe, and returned
again, saying, "He's asleep, mother,
ever so nice."

Then Mrs. Rance bade her come
and lay the table for dinner, which
she did, she and her mother to-
gether, while Olive, Benny and Jim-
my played with the shells. The boys
rather pleased Olive, for they said
"Yes, little lady," "No, little lady"
and let her choose out all the pret-
tiest shells for herself "to take
home in two days' time, when your
father's ship comes back from Long
up coast, and takes home—the old
master Guy," she told them. Next,
Liz's mother invited her to come
and sit at the table with her, and
eat her dinner, while Liz sat on her
stool and the boys on the floor; and
all behaved with the quiet good
breeding of rough fisher children,
trained to be seen and not heard,
and to object to nothing! Not even
Liz broke the general rule.

"But I'm not one of your little
ones, and I don't like being here,"
Olive loftily told Jim, that evening,
when he came home, and took her
on his knee, asking her how she
liked being one of his little ones.

"Ha, ha!" laughed he, "that's
plain speakin', little lady," and ask-
ed his wife for pen, ink and paper,
as he had a letter to write—as if her
likes or dislike were of small con-
sequence.

But, first, he went to have a look
at Guy.

"I'm writin' to your folk, dearie;
what shall I say?" said he, bending
over the small languid face, smiling
its feeble welcome.

"Tell mamma that I'm here, and—
and that I want her to come—come
here," came in half-tearful little
gasps.

"Here, Master Guy, in this poor
place?" said Jim.

"Yes, Jim, 'tis the best place you
have," replied the child.

"Ay, 'tis home, sweet home, and,
as the song says—

"Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."
Yes, I'll tell her, dearie."

The honest fellow kissed him, and
went out, because, as he said, he
had two things to catch—the post
and the tide. And by that evening's
post a letter was speeding away to
Guy's home, and on the next early
morning's tide the Pretty Sally
drifted away up coast. Then those
left behind had to wait for two
things—namely, a letter, Mrs.
Rainsford, and Jim's return.

(To be continued.)

Frank E. Donovan

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spiritual Communion if we only
—Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I.

REFLECTIONS

It is not too much to say that
devout prayer actually transforms
us—not so much by obtaining what
we ask as by our contract with God.

League of the Sacred Heart Notes.

Legion of Our Father Soldiers Bat- tling Every Day for the Right.

It is the most appealing intension,
that recommended to league mem-
bers for the month of July—"souls
in mortal sin." These unfortunate
souls, says the Messenger of the Sa-
cred Heart, have thrown aside the
garment of God's favor, flung away
the privilege of sonship and brother-
hood and bartered their right to the
heavenly kingdom for the mess of
pottage.

How sad, then, their lot! For
mortal sin binds their minds and
chills their hearts. To the spiritual
world they are almost blinder than
the poor sightless beggar who asks
our alms at the street corner 's to
about him. Their hearts, too, are
cold and insensible. After a time
they experience no desire to return
to the life of grace. The gift of
faith remains, but how will that
tender plant flourish in the bleak,
chilly atmosphere of sin; soon, too,
it will be bitten by the cold, be
blighted and dead.

Let us reflect for a moment upon
the desire of the Sacred Heart for
sin-stricken souls. Poor, dear pro-
digals, who have wandered so far
away from their Father's home!
Poor self-willed outcasts who have
gone so far into a distant country,
where famine, gaunt and relentless,
stalks like the shadow of death over
the land!

How the heart of Jesus loved those
souls! No mother with love-lit eyes
ever brooded over the cradle of her
first-born, as Jesus broods over
these wandering and lost children.

How that Heart yearned for the
souls of the sinners—for the souls
of those stained and tarnished by
sin. Will the members of the Apos-
tleship not shake that thirst and
quench its burning torture? Surely
the dying cry of the master will
touch the hearts of the consecrated
apostles of the Sacred Heart.

We are, therefore, to pray this
month for the souls in mortal sin.
First because of the inestimable
gifts which they lose, the dangers
which they blindly run. And sec-
ondly, because the Sacred Heart's
keenest desire and warmest wish
is that the prodigal should come
home from the distant, dreary and
famine-stricken country, to the
home of the Father where there
awaits him abundance and love.

JUST WHERE WE ARE.

"Did you ever notice," said an
old lady, smiling, "that the troubled
face before her, that when the Lord
cast their nets again it was right
in the same place where they had
caught nothing? If we could only
go off to some new place every time
we got discouraged, trying again
would be an easier thing. If we
could be somebody else, or go some-
where else, or do something else, it
might not be hard to have fresh
faith and courage; but it is the
same old net in the same old place
for most of us. The old temptations
are to be overcome, the old faults
to be conquered, the old trials and
discouragements before which we

failed yesterday to be faced again
to-day. We must win success where
we are if we win it at all and it is
the Master Himself who, after all
these toils, disheartening battles
that we call failures, bids us try
again. However, it seems to us no-
thing can be really a failure which
is obedient to his command, and
some bright morning, great draught
of reward will come."—Wellspring.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE RESCUE—
POOR GUY—OLIVE OVER-
BOARD—JIM'S HOME.

Poor little castaways, signalling
the oncoming vessel in the morning
sunshine. Guy screamed and shout-
ed, and laughed a little wildly, as
he held up his handkerchief on the
oar. He snatched too, and his teeth
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