

BOYS AND GIRLS a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

A GINGHAM DRESS. Little Miss Margaret came out from town. And wore such a lovely gown That it made Elizabeth Ann's heart sink To think that she had only a gingham pink.

But when they went out to play, oh, dear! Elizabeth Ann thought it very queer For they couldn't do this and they couldn't do that Because Miss Margaret might ruin her hat.

They couldn't play at all near the water line, Miss Margaret's shoes were so very fine. They couldn't make pies, nor sail their boats, Nor even dress up in their father's coats.

And why? Because, as you'll easily guess, Miss Margaret wore such a dainty dress. They couldn't skip and they couldn't run, Nor have the tiniest speck of fun.

But all day long they sat in state, And they couldn't do nothin' but draw on a slate; So they drew, and drew, and drew, and drew 'Till there wasn't nothin' left they knew.

Said Elizabeth Ann, as safe in bed she tucked the quilts most over her head, "I s'ink if I could, I'd buy, I dess, Every poor little rich girl a gingham dress."

—Helen Baptie Lough.

THE CROWDED BRAIN.

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average. And this conversation took place:

"Son," said the father, "you've fallen behind this month, haven't you?" "Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?" "Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son did not. He had observed the dime novels scattered about the house; but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor and he said:

"Empty out those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips." Suspecting nothing, the son obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket." When half the apples were replaced, the boy said:

"Father, they roll off. I can't put any more in." "Put them in, I tell you."

"But I can't." "Put them in? No, of course you can't put them in. You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school, and I will tell you why. Your mind is like that basket; it will not hold any more than so much. And there you've been the past month filling it up with cheap dime novels."

The boy whistled and said, "Whew! I see the point." Not a dime novel has been seen in the house from that day to this.

KING PENGUIN LAND.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

But even when she had got to the foot of the hill and was beginning to ascend it, no uncle had met her, nor could she discover any sign of him, though she reigned in her pony and gazed about her in every direction as far as she could see.

There was nothing to see, indeed: nothing but a wild expanse of rocky hills and marshy valleys, peat-bogs fern, diddlee, all blotched and blurred by a driving mist of rain; and when she shouted as loud as she could—"Uncle Charles, Uncle Charles!" the wind seemed to seize the words and blow them away in a faint cry.

Suddenly a dreadful idea occurred to her. Suppose her uncle did not come back at all! Suppose the chase had carried him too far, or that knowing his gun to be safe he had not cared to come back through the storm for it, or had forgotten all about it! And indeed the first ones for at that moment Mr. Burnett was a long way off, cantering home through the rain in happy ignorance of the property he had left behind him; and only anxious lest the children should have been far from the settlement before the storm he had seen coming broke upon them.

But even though Hilda did not know this, or the real danger of the situation she was in, the mere idea of being thus abandoned was sufficient to terrify her; and from the bottom of her heart she regretted not having accompanied the others, and decided that the best thing to do now would be to follow them as quickly as possible. True, she did not know the way; but she did know the base of which she had watched them disappear was a very peculiarly shaped one, and, as she remembered, was visible from Stanley at the other side, so that once arrived there she would be in sight of the harbor, and could make her way home without difficulty.

What was not so easy, however, was to arrive there. At first she got on pretty well, for the ground was firm, and she was able to keep her pony headed in the right direction; but by-and-by they came to a wide stretch of peat-bog and swamp which Harlequin—who knew more about bogs than she did—utterly refused to cross; and when Hilda found that neither coaxing nor whipping availed to make him change his mind, she was obliged to turn back and try to get around the bog

instead of across it. But the longer and more circuitous route took her much farther out of her way than she expected; and when she at last emerged from the swampy valley on to dried ground she could no longer see the odd-shaped peak for which she had been heading, and which was her sole landmark. It was still in sight indeed, but seen from a different point of view it did not look the same; so she again turned her pony's head and made another detour in the hope of finding it, but only to discover that she had in truth lost her way completely and did not even know in what direction she was going.

Unfortunately, in the horror of realizing this fact, she gave her reins a jerk which Harlequin took for a signal to get on; and he forthwith started off with such a sudden bound that Hilda—unprepared for it—lost her balance, and found herself on the ground.

She was not hurt. Indeed by good fortune she had fallen on her feet; and Harlequin seemed so much ashamed of his impetuosity that, instead of making any attempt to run away, he stopped again almost immediately, and allowed her to come up and lay hold of the reins without any resistance.

But to get back into her saddle was quite another matter. Hilda did try, but her foot slipped on the wet spongy soil, and Harlequin sidled a little way off at the same time making the attempt impossible, and when she realized this, and the hopelessness of her position, lost on the edge of a dreary peat-bog miles away from home or any human being, the last remnant of poor Hilda's courage gave way, and leaning her face against the pony's neck, she sobbed and cried without restraint.

Suppose she had to stay there all night—and the nights were already getting very cold now—she might freeze to death before morning came, or anyone found her; freeze while Katie and Totie's curly heads were snugly resting on their pillows, with the warm red glow of the firelight playing both on them and on her own soft little bed, in the pleasant homely room she had so much despised. And if her hands got so numbed that she could no longer hold the pony's reins, if he broke from her and ran away, who was to find her at all? She might lie there for ever and ever so long, a poor little dead girl among the wet grass and weeds, and none of them would ever know how sorry she had been for her discontent and ingratitude, and all the trouble she had given them. Oh! if she could but be given time to begin all over again.

Suddenly Harlequin threw back his head and neighed, and at the same moment Hilda seemed to hear a faint far-off cry, though so indistinct and deadened by her own sobs and the rushing of the wind and rain that she almost thought it must be fancy.

There it was again, however, louder and coming nearer as she heard it: Coo-oo-oo! Coo-oo-oo! and the next minute she was able to descry a small dark object a good way off, but getting bigger and bigger each moment; a horse, no a pony, with—wonder of wonders, a girl on it, and there, of all people in the world, was Molly dropping lightly out of the saddle beside her, her round face flushed with buffeting the wind, her short hair hanging in wet elf-locks round her neck, but her eyes bright with joy, as she exclaimed—

"Oh, Hilda, are you hurt? Oh, I'm so very, very glad I've found you!" Hilda's gladness was still greater, for she could only cling to her cousin, as she had done a moment back



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to Harlequin, and sob out—"Molly! Molly dear!" her sobs choking everything else. "Come under shelter, quick!" cried practical Molly. "There's a lovely one quite near, that will cover us and the ponies too. Oh! how wet you stand here where you are! What made you stand here in the open?" "I didn't know where to go," sobbed Hilda. "I lost my way" and tumbled off, and uncle never came, and—and I don't know where I am."

"Why, you're close to where we lunched. It's only just round the bend of this valley. I went there first, and when I couldn't see you, I thought you and papa must have gone already and passed me somehow, but then I saw the gun-bag and I knew that couldn't be, and I began to be afraid you had tried to follow him and lost your way, and I rode after; but then I found this" (holding up a handkerchief which Hilda recognized as hers), "and I knew I was right, only I couldn't see you anywhere, and I got dreadfully frightened; and then Harlequin neighed and Bessie answered him, and I knew she wouldn't if it wasn't Harlequin; and sure enough, when I looked in that direction there was Harlequin, only the rain made him look all the same color as the bog, and—oh, dear, when Molly broke off with a shiver, which told plainly what her fears had been.

They were under the shelter she had spoken of by now, a great slab of rock, jutting out of the side of the hill, about eight feet from the ground, and forming a solid roof, beneath which, being protected from the wind at the back by the hill itself, and a great heap of fallen earth and rock, they were almost as dry and comfortable as in a room. But not even the change from misery to safety and comfort could drive another thought out of Hilda's mind and she asked breathlessly—

"But, Molly, what made you come back?" "Oh, I wasn't easy about leaving you," said Molly simply. "You see, I thought something might happen to you, or you be frightened, or even thrown, perhaps, before papa could get to you. I told Gordon so, and he said he'd go back; but the rain was just beginning, and I thought mother would be anxious about his throat, so I persuaded him to take the children home instead, and—"

But there Molly was interrupted, for, to her great wonder, Hilda was hugging her tightly and exclaiming—"Oh, Molly, you are good! I do love you. I think you're better than anyone I know, and when I've been so horrid to you too! Oh, I wish you'd forgive me now, and let us be real friends always."

"Why, Hilda, I would like it very much," said Molly, though blushing so crimson at this praise that her honest face was like a peony; "and I haven't anything to forgive."

"Oh, yes you have; and if you knew perhaps you wouldn't be friends with me at all, for Meta was your friend first, and I took her away. I said nasty things about you to her, and—"

"Oh, I know," said Molly, kindly, as her cousin broke off, sobbing; "it doesn't matter."

And as Hilda repeated in amazement, "You know?" Molly blushed more scarlet than ever.

"Yes," she said, "it was Charlie, you know, that day he frightened you by pretending to be a wild cat. Don't be angry with him, Hilda. He hadn't meant to listen, but he was climbing the rocks behind you and Meta, and he heard what you were saying. That was what made him so naughty to you, because—because he's fond of me. He's only a little boy, you see," put in Molly apologetically, "but he wasn't mean. He never told anyone, not even Katie, until the day you told me you thought I encouraged him in teasing you; and then, when I scolded him" and begged him not to be so rude and unkind, he told me why he did it."

"And you went on being kind to me all the same!" said Hilda, humbled. "I can't think how you could. I should have quite disliked you."

"Oh, no you wouldn't; that nonsense," said Molly bluntly. "You couldn't help not liking me, and I know I am rough and—and all that. I do try not to be, and I've tried more since you came; for I'd give anything to be able to walk nicely, and speak low, and keep my drawers and things tidy, and oh! play scales in that lovely slippy way you do."

"Molly," cried Hilda eagerly, "I'll keep your drawers tidy for you. I always will; and we'll do our scales together—they come so easy that way, and I'll tell Meta—"

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Threat of King of Saxony To Become a Protestant Fails to Molest Holy Father to Grant Him a Divorce. A Rome despatch states that King George of Saxony, like Henry VIII., has failed to frighten Pius X. into declaring his former marriage null and void. A few weeks ago the King asserted that if the Holy Father did not prove complainant he would turn Protestant and marry any way. It remains to be seen whether or not he will carry out his threat. Ever since his wife ran away with the French preceptor, Giron, the King of Saxony, who was then the crown prince, has tried his best to obtain a decree annulling his marriage from the Vatican authorities. He has not succeeded because, if ever there was a Pope strict in such matters, it is Pius X. Notwithstanding all the pressure brought to bear at the Vatican when Prince Rospioglio, who is the scion of a Catholic family of Rome, married Mrs. Parkhurst of Baltimore, the Pope has positively refused to sanction that marriage. It is well to note that a brother of the prince is the commander of the Noble Guard in the Vatican palace, and that the ecclesiastical illegality of his brother's marriage meant a great deal to him. The Pope was inflexible, however, and the couple now stand in Roman society as though they were living in a state of concubinage. A few days ago a child was born to the prince, and in order to legalize his birth before the Church efforts were repeated by the prince and his influential friends

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