

Our Boys and Girls BY AUNT BECKY

THE WAY OF A BOY.

When mother sits beside my bed At night, and strokes and smooths my head...

DOG BROUGHT HELP.

Mr. C. B. Shockey, who lives across the river, was recently ploughing in some new ground near the edge of the river hills.

The young dog led the old one over the hill and soon the coyote had disappeared.

THE FAULT FINDER.

"But the wretched habit cropped my faults," said a young girl, speaking of her sister...

"I was enormously astonished, for I fancied myself one of the most charitable of judges, but Grace is usually right, so I did not contradict."

HER WILFUL WAY.

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

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"If you didn't do it, 'twasn't a butler," said Olive, a wave of hot color sweeping over her dark, plump face.

"Well, dearie, this is a stormy day for you; still, we know a butler never broke the vase, and if you didn't we must find out who did," said Marjory...

"I'll tell you what you can be—a princess, kept a prisoner by a dragon up in the Mermaid's Cave; and I'll pretend to sail away, and get someone to help me deliver you," suggested Guy...

"A dragon!" Ellie shivered and looked over her shoulder. "Only make-believe, you know," returned the boy...

"Oh, we'll see when we get up there—come along," and up the rocks they clambered, Guy pulling the little girls up after him...

"This shall be the dragon," said the boy, pointing to a projection of rock at the door of the cave.

"What would happen?" inquired the child. "Oh, unutterable things," he assured her. "Come on, Olive."

"Now, princess, depend upon us to deliver you, and we'll not fail you."

"So he assured the captive maiden, and down the rocky way he went, dragging Olive with him, and she was alone.

"Well, come along then; I'll go and get Marjory. Where's Olive?" he inquired as he walked up the drive.

"You mind and do as Master Guy tells you, Miss Olive," said Marjory, as in warning, no need to admonish her darling, always so yielding to her boy friend.

"It was no great way they had to go round the corner, and down a winding lane to the cliffs; another winding way, and then they were on the sea-shore.

Ah! that was something like an afternoon in their lives—a red-letter day, to be repeated ere many days had elapsed.

"Mind and take good care of them, Master Guy," were her parting words, "and bring them back in time to go to the station and meet the young gentlemen."

"All right, Marjory; I'll not forget," Guy assured her. "And mind, Miss Olive, you don't do anything Master Guy tells you not to do."

"I shan't—but I shall please myself," was the pert contradictory response from that little lady; but Marjory thought no harm.

"Come on, then," said he, and up they mounted to the rocky fastness. Poor little captive princess! How lovely she looked when Guy climbed up and challenged the dragon.

"Farewell, princess, farewell. I will away to other lands and get a brave knight and true, and together we will rescue you."

"But we ought to move the boat. It is so silly to make believe we have sailed a long voyage when we haven't," objected Olive.

"No, no," returned Guy, his eyes regarding the wee lonely captive upon the ramparts of the dragon's stronghold, waving her handkerchief in mimic farewell.

"Oh, Olive, we are going out to sea, and shall be lost!" said Guy, looking back at the imprisoned princess as to a lost hope.

"Ellie, go home and get help," he cried, not a creature besides to be seen all along the solitary shore.

"You'll be able to turn the boat and go back again," said Olive; "I will only be a real voyage, instead of a nonsense one."

"I can't turn back," and clung to the rudder, but not a spar nearer to the shore went the boat.

"Then you're a silly boy; here, give me the thing." And the ready hands which had wrought the mischief bungled, and bungled and bungled again.

"But it is not easy to set right a wrong-doing; she was powerless to turn the boat from its course. Nay, it seemed to have no particular course; now it rocked hither and now thither, but always farther away from shore.

"I wish Ellie'd run home and tell them," said he wistfully. "I don't want them to know, or they'd blame me; I want to go back as if nothing was the matter. There is nothing the matter, is there?"

"Nothing the matter when we're drifting out to sea! I should think that was! And I'm not sure Ellie can get down off the rock by herself, and if she can't, the sea will wash her away, and she'll be drowned," so the boy spoke out the thought as it came.

"No," remarked Olive, "she's such a baby of a girl for her age."

"She's a much nicer girl than you," was Guy's retort. "She isn't; and you're a rude boy to say so."

"She is—Ellie would never have played this trick with the boat." "No; she'd not have had the sense."

Well, there was no use in quarrelling—the sea lay a wide beautiful waste about them, diamond-strown

and glittering, the waves romping one among another as in wild sport, just as if no small bewildered boy and self-willed girl were lost, and drifting away among them.

"Ho, ho! there was a something moving on the verge of the far horizon—that was when Olive dried her tears, and the sweet beauty of the oncoming evening had soothed them into better spirits.

"A ship! A ship!" shouted Guy in ecstasy, and Olive clapped her hands, and laughed, and laughed as if deliverance were come.

"But poor lonely little waifs, in their cackle-shell of a boat, floating as in a sea of gold, crimson and blue—for sunset was upon them—the ship came not near them; she was slipping away as in a golden shimmer of mist and sunlight—she was gone.

"They are cruel," cried Olive, in her disappointment. "But, Guy told her, 'they couldn't see us; we are so small,' and then they had to be brave and waited and watched for another."

"Duke and Harold and Basil are at home by this time, and they must be having tea," observed Guy, watching the sun like a red ball sinking into the sea.

"And mamma and papa will be at tea, and wondering where I am." Tears came into the boy's eyes as the picture of home rose before him.

"I wonder if that silly little Ellie told them at home?" sighed Olive. "I wonder if she could get home to tell? I'm afraid she's worse off than we," returned Guy.

"What do you think has happened to her?" "I'm afraid she's drowned, or will be."

But ah! there was a dark something on the horizon again—shadowy somethings seemed to be looming here and there, for the sea was losing its color, the sky becoming darker blue, a mystery brooding about them like a great watchful presence.

Was it a ship? they questioned with hushed voices; no, a steamer, a dear homeward-bound steamer. Guy knew its destination: it was bound for Harbour, a little town round behind the point of their own dear familiar shore.

Oh, if it were but an eye that would see them! Their hearts grew sick in watching it, and while they watched it glided away, its very eye hidden and lost in the dusk of the evening. Ay, night was coming on apace, the stars shone out—bright, beautiful stars, too dazzlingly bright, if the children had only known, for their brightness betokened rain; the wind was freshening and chilling them through.

And Olive sighed in answer: "And we're not there—it doesn't seem true." She was crouching at the bottom of the boat, her head on Guy's knee, because, as she said, she couldn't bear the stars to look at her.

"No," returned Guy, "it doesn't seem true, but it is." "Olive, are you hungry?" he inquired presently, when they had glided on for a while in silence.

"Yes, very." She answered no more, her head was still pillowed on the boy's knees, and presently she was asleep.

Oh! the dark shadows creeping and crawling over the darkened ocean—huge shadows, without form or shape. It was lonely for Guy, keeping watch while his little companion slept yet the generous boy never roused her, but tried to hush the twofold hunger of body and spirit upon him, and gazed in awe at the stars in their silence, sailing in space above, as they too were sailing below. By-and-by, he, too, slept, his hand still upon the rudder, dozed, and slept, and dozed again; well that he did not drop overboard.

He woke at last with a start. The heavens were black, the wind was moaning, large drops of rain falling. Olive still slept. He took off his jacket and put it over her to protect her from the rain. It came down in a very deluge, but he was thankful the wind was not boisterous; nor the sea particularly rough, and they in that unseaworthy boat; no, the wind only moaned around them, as if there were sorrow somewhere, and the rain fell like oceans of tears.

Olive awoke presently, shivering with cold and drenched with rain, in spite of the sheltering jacket.

To be Continued.

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St. Ignatius in a Hundred Words. Ignatius, the youngest of eleven children, was born at Loyola, in Spain, in 1491. Wily and intelligent, but quick-tempered, and greedy of earthly glory; at first a page at court, afterwards an officer in the imperial army, wounded at Pamplona, in 1521. During convalescence, he began to read holy books, and then abandoned all for God's service. Henceforth his only aim was to promote God's greater glory.