

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

PUZZLE COMPETITION

TO PUZZLERS.

With the puzzles of Dec. 6 the contest closed, and in order to have all names of successful competitors for next week's paper, I must ask you to make an effort to have your answers in time.

The names of winners of prizes offered will appear in issue of the 20th AUNT BECKY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF NOVEMBER 29.

- 1. RIDDLE-ME-REE. Plum pudding.
2. DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Christmas. Mince Pie.
3. BURIED FLOWERS. 1. Daisy. 2. Rose. 3. Pink. 4. Peony. 5. Pansy. 6. Yew.

- 4. BEHEADED WORDS. 1. Grave, rave, ave. 2. Smart, mart, art. 3. Strap, trap rap.

- 5. WHAT IS MY THOUGHT? A tree.

- 6. REBUS. Tars, Rats, Stars.

- 7. WORD SQUARE. C A L F A R E A L E F T F A T E

- 8. CHARADES. Cabbage, Forest, Mistletoe.

- 9. RIDDLE. Because he always brings his trunk with him.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

- Harold O'Sullivan, Quebec ..... 9
Walter O'Sullivan, Quebec ..... 9
Mary Sanders, city ..... 7
Emma F. Huntington ..... 6
Maude C. Quebec ..... 5
A. Cecilia, St. Lambert ..... 2

Letter to Aunt Becky

Dear Aunt Becky: I am ten years old, and I go to school every day. I have four brothers and one sister. My youngest brother is a baby nearly four months old. He is a dear little lad, and his name is Bernard. If my letter is printed, I will write again, as it is getting long. I will draw it to a close. Good-bye. Love to all the cousins.

Your loving niece, LAURA M. Cranbourne, P.Q.

JUST LIKE A GIRL.

"What a beautiful garden it's going to be!" Said Faith as she planted her pansy bed; "With morning-glories to cover that tree, and dozens of roses, yellow and red."

"And may be," she added, the earnest thought illumining her face that was sweet and fair.

"We can make little nosegays of every sort. For the hotel ladies to buy and to wear."

"That's just like a girl!" said indolent Joe, As he spilled his sister's begonia seeds;

"But the worms will ruin the roses, I know; And the garden will be overrun with weeds."

"When the tenderest seeds decay or bake, And the others are all by the Leg-horns scratched, You will find you have made a silly mistake In counting your chickens before they are hatched."

"What dire prediction!" said Faith, with a laugh; "Don't prophesy further, I beg, I beg!"

you must be careful not to let your horses run away again. As they turned away they saw the little doctor rub his bushy hair. "Is that to make it grow, I wonder?" thought Julia. "What a funny place!" she said, laughing in Aunt Fanny's face.—Catholic News.

LITTLE ODDITY

By the Author of "Served Out."

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Then Bonny saw that he had a "box" in each hand. When he opened them there came out two "little musics," one smaller than the other. The professor put this into Bonny's hand.

"There, little one, that is your own little fiddle; and what will you say to Herr Papa for that?" But Bonny had no ears or eyes for anything else. He laid the fiddle on his shoulder and drew the bow across the strings; then, when he found the music was not as nice as he wanted, he said peremptorily to the professor, "You play, I tell you."

The Herr Papa played a little strain, which Bonny watched intently and tried to imitate. This went on for a little while, and then the professor took the fiddle away and brought a blackboard and a lump of chalk, with which he drew lines and wrote funny little round dots with tails to them. These were notes of music, which the Herr Papa was trying to teach Bonny, but Bonny did not like that part and would not look at them, however much Herr Papa tried to persuade him, so the fiddle was taken away, and Bonny had another little page.

"It is but a baby," madame remonstrated, "you must not worry him to learn."

"If he learn not now, he will never learn," her husband replied. "He will amuse himself easily and be content."

"It is a passionate little heart, but a loving one, too," madame said. "Johann," the professor said gravely, "I think I must take you back to the street where I found you, all cold and desolate."

Bonny only stared stubbornly. "Come then with me now." Still Bonny did not move or speak. The professor took his hand and drew him towards the door.

Then Bonny began to kick and struggle and howl. "You bad nan!" he cried, "I pinch you and stick knives in you, and kill you berry dead, I will. I shall stay with 'tittle mudder'."

"Little mudder will not have a naughty boy. Come, we will go upstairs and have this battle out." So Bonny was carried upstairs and left alone, where he raged and stormed to his heart's content.

Though Bonny did not know it, the Herr Papa sat outside listening very sadly. After a while Bonny seemed to think he had enough of it, for he stopped quite suddenly, and with a heavy sigh sat down on the floor and began playing with the fringe of the counterpane. Then the professor opened the door and came in.

"Little one, are you ready to go away and leave Herr Papa and little mudder?"

Bonny hung his head and went on knotting the fringe.

The professor held out his arms. "Will you come and be Herr Papa's good little child?"

The wistful tenderness with which the big man spoke went straight home to the childish heart, that had known so little affection. The next moment Bonny was tightly clasped in the big arms, and was sobbing away all his stubborn obstinacy on the Herr Papa's broad shoulder.

The professor thought it best not to try the lesson again just then, but he did not bring out the little fiddle either. And when they went downstairs Bonny saw something that made him stare, for there, on Madame Bruder's knee, was a little girl with long fair hair and the face of an angel.

"Why, Herr Papa, what have you got there?" she asked.

"It is a little cousin of yours, Liese, whom you have never seen before."

"And is he going with us to-morrow, too?"

"We may not go to-morrow, but when we do go I think he will go with us."

"Oh, Herr Papa, how nice! What is the name of my cousin?"

"It is Johann, Liese." Liese looked from one to the other.

"I thought," she said hesitatingly, "Cousin Johann was dead."

"The little one has come back again."

Liese did not like to say any more, but she wondered how it was that she seemed to remember something of little Johann's face, for she did not remember having ever seen her German cousin before.

"Liese," Madame Bruder said, "I want you to stay and amuse Johann while Herr Papa and I go out to the shops a little while this afternoon."

So the children made friends, and while the older folk continued their preparations for the journey, Liese, who was very good-natured, did everything that Bonny told her to do. They played at window-trains, and Liese consented to be "deaded" for quite a long time. Then Bonny was the doctor, and felt her pulse and made her put out her tongue, and pretended to stick a little knife into her, and pour "nasty medicine" down her mouth; and when the professor and Madame Bruder returned he was giving Liese a lesson on the blackboard, and she was being very naughty over it, and Bonny was saying severely, "You got to come along with me out into the street, and not be my little boy any more. Come along, I tell you."

"She didn't wouldn't learn the music, and I berry angry," he said solemnly. "I going to take her upstairs till she be good."

"It's all a game, Herr Papa," Liese laughed. "Isn't he a funny little oddity?"

"Come along," Bonny cried, tugging at her hand; and nothing would do but that Liese must be dragged upstairs and shut in the bedroom, after which Bonny said, "Now you're good, and won't be naughty any more, and you can come downstairs, you can."

"If Johann carry out his music as earnestly as his play, he will make von great musician," the professor said, as he watched the children.

CHAPTER X.—BONNY JEALOUS.

That day passed without any news and it seemed that the professor's idea that the child was not being sought after must be true. Bonny made himself perfectly happy, and was so much at home with his new friends that each day made it harder to think of giving him up.

Professor Hans Bruder had two hobbies: one was his music, which he loved most passionately; the other, little children. He was a very big man, with a big brown beard, and a quantity of long tawny hair, that made people say he looked like a lion when he shook his head to toss back the locks that would sometimes fall over his forehead when he bent down over his violin.

He played so beautifully that the people of every country in Europe were always eager to hear him. Perhaps it was because he had such a tender gentle heart that his music was so much better than that of other people.

He longed above everything to have a little child of his own. All little children were dear to him, but his very own child would be dearest of all. He dreamed of how he would teach his little one the beautiful art and how, when he was unable any longer to make sweet music, there would be another to come after him and take his place.

The little child came, and was so beautiful, and sweet, and gentle, that his parents adored him. Madame Bruder watched him with a great pain at her heart, for he seemed scarcely to belong to this world, he was so fragile-looking, but the professor would not see it, and loved

him very much. Bonny saw that she went very slowly and carefully over everything that he told her; and then Bonny, who, as you already know, was a great mimic, was so eager to be taught too that he was inclined to be troublesome.

Sometimes Liese had to take a violin lesson from Bonny. It was wonderful to see how well he remembered what he had been told, when he came to tell it in this way. But he was very impatient with her when she did not do all he told her; and as determined over it as if it were really earnest, and not playing; and if Liese didn't do her lesson well, he knew plenty of punishments to give her.

"You berry naughty girl; you have not got von soul of music," he said one day to her, which sent Liese off into peals of laughter.

"You mustn't laugh, I tell you; you got to play dat music nicely, dat's what I tell you."

"But, Johann, you do talk so drolly. You shouldn't say 'berry,' and 'music,' and 'dat.'"

"De Herr Papa say 'dat.' Is dat drolly too?" Bonny asked, "cos I think you's berry bad girl to say 'drolly' to Herr Papa."

"Herr Papa cannot say the English words very well," Liese replied. "But you should say 'that,' and 'think,' and 'then,' and 'very,' like I do."

"Is you more plever, then, than Herr Papa?"

"Plever!" laughed Liese. "Oh, what an oddity you are, Cousin Johann!"

"You berry rude little oddity too," Bonny replied, very much offended, "and you got to play dat music before you have any tea, dat's what I tell you."

"But I'm tired of playing at lessons," Liese said, putting down the bow.

"You got to do it," Bonny said determinedly. "You grieve me berry much, if you do not try to do all I tell you, my child," he added, in just the tone that Herr Papa used to him. But he suddenly changed it, and added, "Sides, I'll be berry angry if you don't, and punish you, and so you'd better be krick!"

"You're dreadfully domineering," Liese said, just a little crossly, but she gave in and did it; and when the professor came in again Bonny jumped on his knee and said, "Herr Papa, I got something to tell you. Liese says you are 'derolly,' 'cos you say 'dat' and 'den,' and 'think,' and it isn't plever to talk like that. Now look here," and Bonny caught hold of the big brown beard to ensure attention, "you are to say like this—that say it now."

"Well, little one, you have picked out a hard task for poor Herr Papa," and then the professor spluttered and stammered, but couldn't manage it at all, however much he tried.

"You're a bad boy too," Bonny said delightedly, quite believing that Herr Papa would not say it. "Now Herr Papa must be punished 'cos he won't say it. I think he'll have to go in the corner till he's good." On which Bonny slipped down and tugged at the professor's hand to drag him into a corner.

Then Herr Papa got up and went where Bonny pulled him. Liese, who was a very tender-hearted girl, did not quite like to see it, because she thought so much of her clever famous uncle that it seemed to her quite a dreadful thing to treat him so irreverently. But Bonny had no such scruples. He pushed him into a far corner, and then came and sat down in the big arm-chair by the fire, looking the picture of sorrowful gravity.

"Herr Papa really can't say it, Johann," said Liese, who was taking it all in earnest.

"Then he got to be punished," he replied.

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ed his little Johann more every day of his life. "He grows quickly," he would say to his wife; "see how tall he is, and how quick and intelligent. By-and-by he will be stronger. It is only care he needs."

But little Johann fell ill and died.

How desolate and lonely the poor bereaved parents were at first I could never tell you.

People wondered why the great violinist was not seen or heard on any of the platforms where he was wont to play. Very few of them would believe that his heart was so broken with grief for the loss of a little child that even his beloved music was no longer sweet and pleasant.

After a while he roused himself and said, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." He saw then that he had made an idol of his child, and had planned out all his future without considering God's will about him.

By degrees the professor's sore heart was healed, and though he still sorrowed, it was with a different kind of sorrow—one that opened his heart instead of shutting it up in selfish grief.

Two years afterwards Liese's mother died, leaving her an orphan. "This little maiden must come to us, my wife, and be a daughter to you," the professor said. So he sent over the money to England that Liese might stay with kind friends until he could go again to London.

Now you can understand how it was that when he saw Bonny asleep in the archway, his face wet and smudged with tears, his bare hands blue with cold, that he caught him up in his arms and carried him away to a safe shelter. And when he saw the rapturous delight with which the child listened to the music, and tried, baby as he was, to imitate it, then the kind musician seemed to see that God had sent this little desolate forsaken child to him for shelter and love and guardianship, instead of the one who had passed on to his other home.

Liese was very kind to "Little Oddity," as she called him; she had learnt to play the piano, and astonished Bonny by playing him all sorts of pretty tunes. He would bring his little fiddle and try to imitate her; for which purpose she went patiently over them again and again. Sometimes her uncle would sit by and teach her. Bonny saw that she went very slowly and carefully over everything that he told her; and then Bonny, who, as you already know, was a great mimic, was so eager to be taught too that he was inclined to be troublesome.

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"Then he got to be punished," he replied.

"You're a very nasty boy; I don't like Herr Papa to go into the corner," Liese said, almost carefully. Still Bonny preserved a stern, unmoved face, and the professor watched with curious interest to see what would happen.

(To be Continued.)

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