For the Boys and Girls

REMINDERS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Speak kindly to animals as well as to people. A dog's sensitive ear suffers from harsh words or sounds.

Animals fatally hurt should be mercifully killed by some one who knows how to do it with the least suffering.

Do not throw stones at living creatures.

Never carry poultry with their heads downward.

When the owner does not object, give a lump of sugar or other food to the horse that comes to your gate.

Listen to the cry of pain or distress, and lend a helping hand.

Causing animals to fight is cruel. Followers of cruel animal sports show depraved character.

Cruel trapping for gain or hunting for sport are products of a barbarous age and have no place in the conduct of a thoughtful man.

Performing animals are nearly always cruelly trained and suffer much in being carried about the country. Help them by not attending such shows.

Pick up nails, glass, tin cans, etc., from walks, streets, or public places, and place them where there will be no danger from them.

Never keep an animal unless you can provide for its comfort and happiness.

Never imprison wild animals or birds as they cannot enjoy confinement.

Never consider anything pleasure which causes pain or unhappiness to another.

Give up your game or pleasure to comfort the suffering or to increase the happiness of the less fortunate.

Plant trees in your yard to attract birds, thus adding to the beauty and comfort of your home.

Be considerate of the aged, and seek frequent opportunities of bringing them joy and happiness.

Apply the Golden Rule in your dealings with animals.

Do an act of kindness every day. It will be your greatest source of happiness.

CARE OF THE CAT.

Cats are not hardy animals, notwithstanding the popular belief that they have nine lives. Yet there is no reason why, with proper care, a pet cat should not live to a green old age, which would be about twenty years.

Cats should be fed regularly and at least twice a day. Bread and milk, or oatmeal porridge and milk, the milk having a little hot water and a trifle of sugar added to it in chilly weather, should constitute their breakfast. Bread and broth, with a little cooked meat, is quite sufficient for their dinner.

A little fresh fish may be given occasionally, and now and then a morsel or uncooked liver and meat, care being taken to remove all fat, and any vegetables for which the animal shows a fondness may be given with discretion.

Remember to see that a cat always has access to plenty of fresh water and fresh grass, grass being a genuine panacea for all their minor troubles.

The diseases of cats include sore throat, bronchitis, pneumonia and consumption being especially prevalent among them, as they are very susceptible to dampness. One of the first symptoms of illness is a rough and untidy coat. If this be accompanied by restlessness and languor it is safe to administer a dose of castor oil and provide kittie with a sheltered place until the effect has worn off.

A little powdered sulphur made into a paste with lard or unsalted butter, and smeared upon the front paws, is an excellent thing to keep a cat in good condition, but care should be taken to keep it from all exposure to damphess until the effects of this dose disappear.

Never scold, frighten or shake a sick cat. It matters not how cross they may be at first, they soon come to understand the treatment is for their own comfort, and will quietly submit after a short while. Care must be taken to guard against their bite, however, as the bite of a cat is always a serious thing. For treatment, taking medicine, and the like, the sick animal should be snugly rolled in a sheet, its paws at its side, the mouth pressed open and a bit of wood laid across the lower jaw, just behind the eye-teeth, will prove all that is necessary.

AN UNKNOWN EXPLORER

An incident that occurred in 1890, writes Mr. William Le Queux in "I Know," while I was sub-editor of the Globe, is very curious and has never been before disclosed. Sir H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, had returned after being lost for two years in the forests of Perpetual Night and was the idol of the hour, lecturing and being feted everywhere. [illegible] his monumental work, in Darkest [illegible] which was about to be published.

One warm afternoon I was seated in my office in the Strand when a sea-faring man came in and began to tell me a remarkable story of his having deserted from his ship, on board which he had been a stoker, and of his wanderings along the African coast. Then he started to describe what he had seen. Some of it I took down in shorthand, and I still have my notes.

"Well," I said at last, "I admit I know little of West Africa, but I have a friend who has been there, and he no doubt would like to have a chat with you."

Then I gave him a few shillings, and he promised to return the next afternoon.

I telephoned to Stanley, and he promised to come and interview the fellow, who had given his name, as George Harding. The next afternoon Stanley arrived just before three o'clock, and when the man was shown up I introduced him as my friend.

"Oh! You know something about Africa, sir?" Harding said, quite unaware of Stanley's identity.

The great explorer admitted that he knew a little concerning the Congo.

"Ah! That's just where I've been, and up the Aruwimi too. Do you know it?"

"Yes, I do," Stanley replied, evidently much taken aback.

"How funny! I thought I was the only white man who'd been up in those forests," Harding said, and then he began to speak of various tribes and their chiefs and the names of native villages, all of which held Stanley absolutely agape.

I got out the large map of Africa, where there were great blanks showing unexplored country, and with his finger Harding pointed to different spots where native villages were situated and to rivers of which Stanley alone knew the names.

Then Stanley questioned him about certain other tribes and apparently learned much that was of interest to him. The man described the pigmies and gave such details concerning their life that the great explorer sat utterly astounded.

"Do I tell you the truth, sir?" asked the man presently. "I thought I was the only white man who had ever been right up the Aruwimi, but you've evidently been there too."

"Yes, you have certainly told the truth," was Stanley's halting reply. "I confess I am amazed to find that you have been there—evidently before me, from one or two of your remarks. One of those chiefs you knew died nearly a year before I got there and had been succeeded by his brother."

Eventually Stanley gave the fellow a five pound note without revealing his identity and made an appointment to meet him on the following day.

When Harding had gone the famous African explorer, whose name was on everyone's lips, stood staring at me, pale and aghast. At first he could not utter a word. "Only fancy, Le Queux, that fellow has done all the journey that I have done—and more! He was alone! He is a greater traveler than I have ever been!"

A few days later in Darkest Africa was published, and Stanley's reputation became established throughout the world. But to the day of his death a few years later he befriended the unknown stoker who had been the actual discoverer of the Aruwimi, of the Forests of Perpetual Night and of the pigmies.

Speckled Apples.

Because he had been taught that waste was sin,
Each autumn, after fruit was gathered in,
He'd say, whenever some one started down
The cellar stairs for apples—with that frown
Between his eyes that augured for the worst—
"Be sure now that you take the specked ones first."

So when the slow months yielded way for spring,
And promises of fall began to bring
New color to each age-grayed apple tree,
With last year's barrel yawning emptily
His family found that all that winter through
Specked fruit had been the only kind they knew.

—Earl Daniels.

Give and it Shall be Given You.

There is in Austria a monastery which, in former times, was very rich, and remained rich so long as it was charitable to the poor; but when it ceased to give, then it became indigent and is so to this day. Not long since a poor man went there and solicited alms, which was denied him. He demanded the reason why they refused to give for God's sake. The porter of the monastery answered: "We are become poor;" whereupon the mendicant said, "The cause of your poverty is this: Ye had formerly in the monastery two brothers, the one named Date (give) and the other Dabitur (it shall be given you). The former ye thrust out; the other went away of himself."

"Jack is always kicking about those new balloon tires on his car."
"Goes up in the air, eh?"

Dual Personality.

A certain professor was endeavoring to explain to his class that both parents have an equal inuence upon the life of a child.

"For," he concluded gravely, "you will find that a man is as much the son of his father as he is the daughter of his mother."

The Unwelcomed Nurse.

Mrs. Vincent was in a desperate case. She was a young wife, a mother with a baby, and her husband was sick with typhoid fever on their Indian mission four hundred miles into the wilderness. Fever had also stricken the inmates at the trading post three miles away, and she could expect no help from there. The only people near by were Indians, and they feared to approach the fever-stricken house.

Among them was Mamoose, a medicine man of evil reputation, who had shown his antagonism to the mission and in no uncertain manner. Now, however, in her deepest need Mamoose came and offered his services to the missionary's wife. At first she shrank from him.

The shrewd Mamoose read her thoughts. "He be all right," he said. "Your man, he get good care."

"Will you do just what I tell you?" asked Mrs. Vincent in desperation, for the crisis in the fever was approaching.

"Ahha," said the Indian. "Just what you say. Mamoose watch him good."

Whatever Mamoose was, he was clean and neat, and moreover he respected the wishes of the missionary's wife, and served her with meticulous faithfulness. In the terrible days that followed Mrs. Vincent wondered at the Indian's care, patience and fidelity. There seemed to be no limit to his attention, his kindness and his endurance. He was at the sick man's side day and night. When the crisis was past and the missionary was regaining his strength Mamoose quietly returned to his wigwam.

After Mr. Vincent's first service in his mission church since his illness Mamoose approached him. "Join your church, me, Mamoose," said he, dramatically pointing to his breast and then to the church.

The missionary was astounded. "I know what we owe you, Mamoose," he said gratefully, "but you have always opposed my teaching. How comes it you wish to join now?"

"Me help little you help Mamoose much," said the Indian. "Mamoose, pagan, dark-minded as you say, stubborn, proud. He say white man's religion good for white man—good for the bright day. Now I go see what to do when he be sick. Mamoose see. He hear you in all your wild talk. All good. He see you and the little Ookemiskquaw—the missionary's wife—in the dark days. All good. Mamoose want your God to help him, sick, or well. Me join now and you pray God Mamoose be good Christian man."

It was with great joy that the missionary and his wife received Mamoose into the fold. In the years that followed his faith and sincerity were matched only by his zeal for service and for knowledge.

Did Solomon Have Airship Fleet?

There is some reason to believe that someone fabricated an airship which Solomon gave to the son of the Queen of Sheba. Of course there was no motor—possibly it was a glider.

The secretary of the Royal Aeronautical Society in the preface to "Bibliotheca Aeronautica," states that Solomon gave to the Queen of Sheba "a vessel wherein one could traverse the air for wind, which Solomon had made by the wisdom that God had given unto him." There are other references to flight in Abyssinian sacred writing, and there is a long description of the miraculous way in which the Queen of Sheba's son Menyelek left Solomon, journeying to his mother's country. No man hauled his wagon, and whether it was men or horses, or mules, or loaded camels, each was raised above the ground to the height of a cubit. A cubit, according to the ancient Egyptians, measured about 20 inches, but elsewhere it is recorded that over the Red Sea they were lifted up three cubits, "and every one traveled in the wagons like an eagle when his body glideth above the wind."

Our Own Canadian Names.

The picturesqueness of Canadian place-names has won praise from Rudyard Kipling, who confesses to a partiality for Medicine Hat and Moosejaw.

Another poet has sung the glories of New Brunswick's river-names, of which Meduxnekeag is a fair sample.

But the Geographic Board of Canada has been struggling with what some consider the most picturesque name of all. As a result, "Hell-Roaring Canyon" takes permanent place upon the maps of Alberta.

There would seem to be some difference between a canyon and a torrent, but the Geographic Board announces that it has reconsidered an earlier decision and abandoned the name "Vimy Brook," which will be "Hell's Roaring Canyon" hereafter. Vimy will be retained as the name of a nearby mountain peak.

"Hell-Roaring Canyon" should at least tempt the curiosity of tourists. But is it any more distinctive than Gawjewiagwa Lake in the Kenora district, Kapikitegitch Lake (watershed of the Ashuapmuchuan River), Quebec, or Inukshuktuyuk Point, also in Quebec?

What the cross-word puzzlists need to make their lives completely happy is a copy of the eighteenth report of the Geographic Board of Canada.—Toronto Star Weekly.

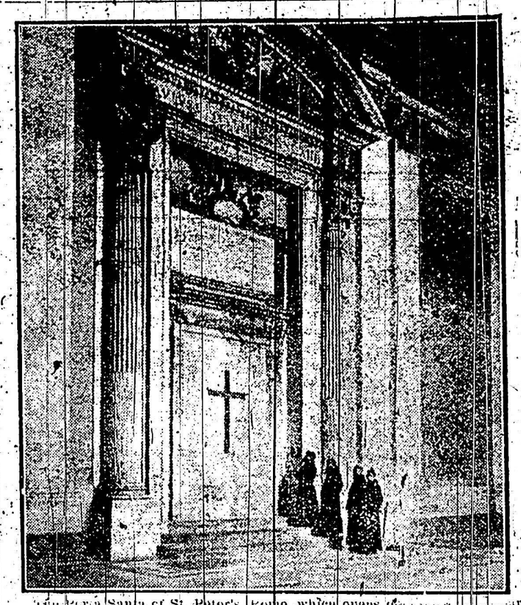
So Trying.

The Irishman was away on his holidays. One morning he came down to breakfast with a very worried frown on his face and an open letter in his hand. He looked so gloomy and ate so little that presently one of his fellow holiday-makers asked him what was the matter.

He replied that he had just had a letter from his sister to say that she had had an addition to her family.

"You dont look very pleased about it," answered the other. "Is it a boy or a girl?"

"That's just what is bothering me," was the reply. "They didn't tell me in the letter, and now, bejabers, I don't know whether I'm an uncle or an aunt?"



The Porta Santa of St. Peter's, Rome, which opens only once in a quarter century, will be opened again on Christmas Day by the Pope with a golden hammer, in the inauguration of the new Jubilee Year.

Stories About Well-Known People

Womans Battleship Model.

How many people would have the patience to work at one thing for fifteen years? Yet that was the time needed to make a wonderful model of a battleship, which has been praised and admired by all who have seen it.

The constructor of the model is Miss Bridges, of Sevenoaks, England, who has devoted every minute of her spare time to making a miniature reproduction of a warship. It is copied from a picture and there is not a detail missing or out of place.

Annie Laurie's Descendant.

Annie Laurie, of song fame, actually existed, and she has a direct descendant alive today. He is Mr. Lancelot Goldie, an architect. He has never had a lesson in painting in his life, which adds further interest to the exhibition of his work opened in London recently.

An Actress Traveller.

Very few stage-folk can have travelled further afield than Miss Gertrude Elliott. Miss Elliott, who in private life is, of course, Lady Forbes-Robertson, has just returned from a two years' tour during which she travelled twenty thousand miles, visiting South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand.

When I saw Miss Elliott after her return she told me a story about a man who bought a dog. A friend met him a day or two later and was told all about the new animal. "But I thought you didn't like dogs?" he said. "I don't," replied the owner, "but my wife picked up a lot of dog soap at a bargain sale."

$50,000 for 10 Articles Spurned by Clemenceau.

Clemenceau recently refused $50,000 for ten articles on the present political situation and his reminiscences, offered by an American publication syndicate.

"I can't accept," he said. "If I write anything for you I must write what I think, and if I write what I think it is certain to create a whole lot of trouble."

"There is enough trouble now," he added. "Why cause more?"

"I have just finished a first volume of my life's work," he said. "I had been working at it since 1919. The second volume will take me five years to write and the third and last a long period. Come and see me in ten years; we may do business."

"No Provision."

By Marjorie Bradford B.Sc.

"Cannot the police advise me what to do with this man?"

The judge turned appealingly to the guardians of the law, but they could not, because there was no provision for such cases.

The scene was a courtroom in a large Canadian city, and the problem which was puzzling the judge was one which is a familiar old bugbear in Canadian courtrooms at the present time. What is to be done with the human derelict, the creature "whose future has been wrecked and physical condition shattered by his addiction to the use of drugs?"

One more derelict has been tossed upon the rocks and the officers of justice could do nothing to save him because "There was no provision for such cases!" There he was, emaciated and shaking with weakness, clinging to the edge of the dock. It seems that he had been sentenced some months before to two years in a penitentiary for having been caught with narcotic drugs in his possession. But when found to be tubercular he was given his liberty. Apparently "there was no provision for such cases."

Now, once more in court, he was pleading that he be sent somewhere anywhere, for treatment, where some salvage might be made of his ruined life, or where, at least, he might be allowed to live out his remaining days. But he was reluctantly thrown back into the world from which he sought to escape. The officers of justice were powerless to do otherwise—because "there was no provision for such cases."

According to a report recently issued by the Federal Department of Health, a very conservative estimate of the number of drug addicts in Canada is 10,000.

Estimating the cost of the average daily dosage of the consumer, the economic wastage due to the loss in earning power of drug addicts, the cost of 2,500 annual arrests made by police in Canada for offences against the narcotics laws, and the court expenses, fees and salaries spent in bringing them to justice, the enormous sum of $20,575,000 is arrived at as the price paid annually for narcotics in Canada.

"If only a small fraction," the report goes on to say, "of the money thus wasted were spent in the establishing of hospitals or other institutions, colonies or farms for the cure and segregation of drug addicts, it would go a long way towards solving the problem of narcotism in this country, and would prevent, to a very great degree, a lot of misery, suffering and crime, not only to our present day society, but to the generations yet unborn."

The problem of the narcotic drug habit in Canada has been traced back at least to the year 1880, when first statistics relating to it were made available. There are now in Canada at least 10,000 bound in abject and horrible slavery—a small city! And yet we have no provision for such cases!

As Written.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but what is your name?" the teller politely asked the man presenting a cheque.

"Name?" echoed the indignant customer, "don't you see my signature on the cheque?"

"I do," answered the teller. "That's what aroused my curiosity."

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense, lie in three words—health, peace and competence.—Pope.

Twenty miles out from Portsmouth, England—by command of the admiral—they are lowering into the sea the casket containing the ashes of Sir Percy Scott.

HISTORY IN WINDOWS

Stained-glass windows, both old and new, are usually interesting and sometimes amusing.

Much more antique stained glass remains than is generally supposed, though many fine examples have been unable to withstand the ravages of time and others were destroyed by the Puritans in the days when beauty and superstition were believed to be synonymous terms.

An example of this vandalism is provided by the great west window of Winchester Cathedral (England) which exhibits not a series of designs but a mixed mass of fragments, beautiful indeed in coloring, but a mere "crazy patchwork" in which are mingled little bits of inscriptions and decoration and several limbs and casual heads of saints.

This is the sequel to the use of the cathedral as a stable by Cromwell's soldiery during the Civil War. Not content with the desecration, they amused themselves with ransacking the reliquary chests, in which were kept the bones of the early saints and the Saxon kings, and flinging the bones through the windows.

Pious souls later collected the bones and swept together these gorgeous fragments of glass. The bones, all mixed together, are kept in painted wooden chests on the choir screens, and the west window is a jumble.

There is a famous stained-glass window in the church of Fairford, in Gloucestershire, England. It is the great "Doom" window. When destruction threatened it in Puritan days the people of Fairford, who loved it, removed the wonderful piece of stained glass and buried it in a meadow. When the storm had passed the window was reinstated, and is still in perfect condition.

The "Doom" window is in two parts, the upper showing the righteous ascending to glory, while below are those who had maintained the error of their ways. Their fate appears to be extremely unpleasant. Beholders to-day are apt to be amused, but those who looked upon the stained glass in other days trembled.

Long Melford, in Suffolk, possesses some beautiful stained glass. In the church there you see the ladies of the Clopton family with their butterfly head-dresses and heraldic mantles. There is also one of those ancient quaint conceits—things that our other, more reverent forefathers loved a little—called the "Holy Trinity Rabbits" (displaying three rabbits' heads in which each rabbit has two ears, though there are but three ears between them).

An ancient stained-glass effigy is to be seen in the church of Beer Ferrers, not far from Plymouth. It dates from the fourteenth century. Sir William de Ferrers, who founded the original church, is seen kneeling in a chain mail and heraldic surcoat on which are displayed the horseshoes of the founder of the family, a Ferrars, or shoeing-smith, who was with William the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings.

In the church of Cartmel, in Lancashire, there is a strange glass panel of the monkey and his pet pig. And in the church of Wrotham, near Maidstone, there is a panel representing a very fierce-looking pike.

The Guildhall, a stately modern building, opened by Edward VII when Prince of Wales, in 1874 has a great public hall whose windows are filled with very good stained glass representing scenes in the history of the town. The last of the series actually pictures the opening ceremony and shows the mayor and aldermen in their robes, with the Prince of Wales prominently in front. The attempt to display modern costume in stained glass is heroic, but the result is not impressive. The Prince, in frock coat and silk hat with a wand of office in one hand and key in the other, looks rather as if he is about to open the billiard room and [illegible]

[illegible] even an airplane shown in glass. It will be seen in the Catholic Church in Spinkhill, Derbyshire, England.

[illegible] most part, however, the glass to-day are not to spit[illegible] from stained glass as [illegible] of yesterday. Or so, at least, to the men of 2[illegible] breeches, sousers, etc., and [illegible] our airplanes—may we [illegible] man, and picturesque [illegible] knight and [illegible] old craftsmen loved to [illegible]

This Tranquil Church.

Within this tranquil church, no lifted hymn
Disturbs the stillness; reverent, softly gay,
Whitecloaked and slim the altar candles pray;
High in the chancel wall, remote and dim,
In sombre setting, one round window gleams,
Blue as a jewel shining there, and sun
Has entered, pale and mute as a nun.
The pews are empty and the organ dreams.

Stained on the glass a fierce old prophet broods
With shepherd lad and saints for company;
He has grown tolerant now, with gentler moods,
As, opposite, his softened eyes can see,
In Mary's arms, a small, enchanting face—
A lily blooming in a golden vase.

—Anne Blackwell Payne.

Human Machine Must Be Cooled.

If it were possible to so enclose a man that he could continue to breathe and no heat could escape from his body, he would die within a short time, states Dr. T. T. Read, supervising mining engineer, department of the interior, and F. C. Houghten of the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers, in serial 2553, just issued by the Bureau of Mines.

The normal temperature of the human body is about 98.5 degrees F., and whenever work is done by the muscles, indeed even when sitting still, the normal bodily processes generate heat which must be given off, otherwise the body will become overheated and a number of bad effects will result. In a series of experiments made at the Pittsburg station of the Bureau of Mines, it was found that a dry-bulb and a wet-bulb temperature of 112.5 degrees F. could be borne for only 35 minutes even when the subject was at rest. A wet-bulb temperature of 100.4 degrees F. (dry-bulb 157 degrees F.) could only be tolerated for 45 minutes. Under such conditions the bodily temperature rises as much as 4.5 degrees F. above normal and the pulse is accelerated. Very uncomfortable sensations are felt when the pulse rate exceeds 135. The human body, like any other internal combustion engine, must be cooled in order to function properly.

The Magic Vitamine.

At a recent meeting of the American Chemical Society, Professor Walter Eddy took from his pocket a small vial and passed it round among the assembled chemists.

All they could see was a small quantity of white powder at the bottom of the bottle. Yet it created a sensation, since it was the first vitamine that any one had ever seen or handled.

An amount no more than three-hundredths of a milligram, which is about as much of the powder as could be caught on the point of a pin, given every day to a young rat stunted by living on deficient diet would cause it to grow again at a normal rate.

Breaking the Ice.

Jock MacTavish was very shy. When he went to his first dinner party he made frantic efforts to begin a conversation with the girl at his elbow, but it wasn't until ten minutes had passed that he managed to utter the opening word:

"Does your brother like cheese?"

She turned with a smile and replied: "I haven't got a brother."

Dead silence for another spell.

Then he said: "If—if ye had a brother, d'ye think he'd—he'd like cheese?"

Remorse is but a sad contemplation of the cheque stubs.

[illegible]an Webster Defied [illegible]pedore of Want to [illegible] Write Dictionary

[illegible] written in 1828 by [illegible] father of the dic[illegible] said to have prevented [illegible] from becoming a [illegible] many dialects, in which [illegible] refers to his plans to [illegible] for his work in England [illegible] by John Stuart [illegible] Jersey City.

[illegible] communication, which [illegible] has hitherto unpublished [illegible] to Charles R. Webster [illegible] of Noah, and was found [illegible] among the papers [illegible] It reads as follows:

"New Haven, Sept. 21 [illegible]

"Dear Sir: You would call [illegible] meeting you left New Haven [illegible] appointed me and [illegible] want to say to you. You [illegible] part that I have been [illegible] compiling a complete [illegible] our language. My [illegible] been laborious and exp[illegible] think faithful in discover[illegible] tending toward the co[illegible] work, I think of going [illegible] next summer to revise [illegible] work and try to obt[illegible] of [illegible] in that country. [illegible] are too scanty for [illegible] and I want to [illegible] all in extra means. I [illegible] new book of my own [illegible] Letters to a Young [illegible] Concerning H's [illegible] which I think may be so [illegible] The retail price is $1 [illegible] thin octavo. The [illegible] 90 cents and for a hundred would say 80 cents. Now [illegible] Webster and Skinner [illegible] a hundred or two [illegible] in sheets; bound at [illegible] 80 cents. If you wi[illegible] oblige me [illegible] cost me [illegible] labor and about $[illegible] I shall reimburse [illegible] for their advances. If [illegible] left in my old age [illegible] for subsistence [illegible] present our kind [illegible] W. and other friends [illegible] with affection and re[illegible]

"N. WEBSTER"

False Charge.

"He's a coward hid[illegible] petticoat."

"That can't be [illegible] out worn now."

And So It Was.

[illegible] with an uncanny mania to [illegible] with figures, produced pencil [illegible] and said to a friend:

"[illegible] the number of your living [illegible] multiply it by two. Add [illegible] Multiply the result by five. Add [illegible] of living sisters. Multiply [illegible] ten. Add the number of [illegible] brothers and sisters. Subtract [illegible] and fifty from the result. [illegible] did it.

[illegible] said the other with a cur[illegible] the right-hand figure will [illegible] number of deaths, the middle [illegible] the number of living sisters, and [illegible] figure the number of living [illegible]

"It was so.