

For the Boys and Girls

Geronimo—The Arab Martyr.

In the blue waters of the Mediterranean near Oran; a little boat was dancing, when suddenly one of the Barbary corsairs swooped down upon it and took all the crew prisoners. They were taken to Algiers, and, as was the custom, most of the Spanish prisoners were loaded with chains and sent to haul stones for the new fort from the quarries.

But the soldiers found out that one of the crew was a Christian Arab, Geronimo by name, so they at once carried the story to the Governor, Ali Pasha, who was really a Christian from Spain, who had apposited to Islam to save his life and wealth.

He saw at once that here was an opportunity to show his devotion to his new religion, so he gave orders that Geronimo should be chained in prison, and should be re-converted to Mohammedanism. But Geronimo had long ago given up home and kindred for the sake of Christianity, and he told his Arab teachers quite firmly, "No, I can never be a Mohammedan, even if my refusal costs me my life."

The renegade Pasha was furious when he heard of Geronimo's steadfastness, and as he went to inspect his new fort, he pondered in his mind how he could best punish him.

Suddenly his eye fell on some of his Christian slaves, who were lifting their stampers and letting them fall with a heavy thud on the damp cement, which they were ramming into a wooden mould, so that when it hardened it should form a huge block of solid stone, fit for the foundation of the fort.

The Pasha smiled grimly, and he called to the head mason Michael, and said, "Is that other mould still empty?"

"Yes, Lord," said Michael.

"See then that it remains empty, for to-morrow I will have this dog from Oran, who refused to return to Islam, stamped into it alive."

Even Michael and the other Christian slaves who had long been accustomed to cruelty, were staggered at the horror of the sentence.

Michael tried to break the news gently to Geronimo, but to his surprise, he said quite joyfully:

"May God be praised for all, only may my Saviour of His pity remember my soul and forgive me my sins."

That night a priest in the prison heard Geronimo's last confession and prepared him for the next day.

The next morning, September 18, 1569, he received the Holy Communion and was still absorbed in thanksgiving when the Turkish soldiers came to fetch him. They hurried him through the narrow streets and out of the Bab el Oued gate, and there was Ali Pasha surrounded by soldiers and looking very grand in his full white breeches and bright green vest and coat with a long crimson cloak hanging from his shoulders. Geronimo looked no match for him. His hair was matted and his body covered with sores, and he had nothing on but the scanty garment he had sewn for himself out of the five ells of coarse cloth given to each prisoner on the day of his arrival.

Ali Pasha shouted contemptuously: "Hallo, dog! why will you not become a Mohammedan?"

Geronimo answered simply: "I am a Christian and I will remain a Christian."

This angered the renegade and he retorted:

"If you refuse to become a Mohammedan I will bury you alive."

Geronimo said calmly: "Do as you will; I am ready."

The Governor made the soldiers take off his chains and bind his hands and feet and throw his face downwards into the cement placed in the bottom of the mould, then the workmen poured in earth and cement and battered it down with the heavy stampers. So was Geronimo's life crushed out of him, while his soul passed gladly to receive the martyr's crown.

Some three hundred years later when a young French officer was supervising the blasting of the walls of the old fort the workmen called him to look at a skeleton and the print of man's form within a shattered block of stone.

The relics of Geronimo were taken to the Christian Cathedral of Algiers,

Houses and Gardens of Pompeii.

Pompeii is to live again. At least the high purpose of Professor Spinazzola, director of the Naples Museum, is to make the city look as nearly as possible as it looked before it was destroyed. Recent excavations have given us a new idea of the ruined city and of its people.

Professor Spinazzola, who began the recent investigations, has discovered that the houses were two-storey structures; previously people had supposed that they were of one story. He has shown also that there were little balconies and loggias, such as we see in many Italian towns to-day, that overhung and opened upon the street.

The new discoveries reveal that shutters made of slats that opened and closed like modern blinds usually shut on the steps or the street fronts; on the shutters were closed they ed on the inner side with a long

and the faith for which he died is now preached by other Arab converts who belong to the heroic White Fathers, who have made a chain of Mission stations from Algiers right through the heart of Central Africa. So once again the blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church.

Teaching Your Dog to Carry.

Carrying is one of the most popular accomplishments of the trained dog. It is useful, too. Canine messengers were of great value during the World War, and every year many lives are saved in remote places by dogs that have been taught by their owners to carry letters, objects, etc.

Puppies learn almost anything more readily than mature dogs. For that reason, begin training early. Begin when he is teething; his gums are sore, and he gets considerable relief from holding things in his mouth. At this period of his life he will often "mouth" hard objects, for no other purpose than to help Nature develop his teeth. It is instinct. Certainly, dogs will learn carrying at any age, but it is far easier to learn them when they are teething.

A glove is the best object to start with. Drawing it through his mouth makes his gums feel better, and secondly, the scent of his master on the glove makes it more interesting.

Movement interests animals of all kinds more than anything else. Even an object unattractive in itself will secure a dog's notice, if thrown a little distance, with a gesture for him to go get it. Sometimes a pretence to race with him for the object will awaken the desired response; and it is very natural for him, when he reaches the object, to grab it up in his mouth.

If the "run-after-it" method fails, you must open his mouth forcibly. Pass your hand over his jaws and with the thumb on one side and the fingers on the other, press his lips against his teeth. This will open his mouth, and you should be ready with your other hand to place the glove in it. Now slip the hand under his jaw and hold the mouth shut while you stroke his head with your other hand and speak kindly to him. Repeat the lesson two or three times, but do not tire him. Conclude by giving him a bite of something he likes.

After two or three days try leading him a few steps, still holding his mouth closed. From day to day work the hand back till it is on his neck instead of on his jaw, then you can transfer it to his shoulder, and a little later walk by his side without touching him.

Your talk to the dog, while he is learning, is important. When you begin to use various articles he must understand your caution of "Gently, boy," etc. I read of a dog's bringing a freshly laundered collar to his master without soiling it. It had fallen from a desk into the waste basket, and this observant dog knew that it did not belong there, and that it was something he should "handle with care."

The way to train a dog to go after things alone, or do any trick without your supervision, is to go through the performance with him exactly many, many times, always using the same words to start the thing. In this way, with patience on the trainer's part, a smart dog may be taught to take a basket and go along after some article. Generally, too, he will know whether he is being given the usual thing, though of course he can not ask for it. If you have the merchant instructed to put what you want in the basket, the dog, if well taught, will do his part, and bring the basket back to you.

You should teach the carrier dog not to give up his package or message to any stranger. Have some person with whom your pet is not acquainted start to take the object from the dog's mouth, then change his mind. Let this be repeated a few times; then come up yourself, take the object (as though you valued it), and praise the dog. This method was first recommended by Bruette, one of the greatest "dog-ologists" of this country, and I have never known it to fail. A dog, like a person, dislikes being fooled, and clings to the person who seems to appreciate his efforts.—L. E. Eubanks.

bar. In many of the shops various articles were found that had been on sale.

In the interior of many of the houses Professor Spinazzola has discovered little gardens, some of which are scarcely larger than the top of a good-sized table. From the flower designs of the frescoes on the walls he has learned the varieties of the flowers that the inhabitants of Pompeii knew and has replanted the gardens with the flowers that decorated the beds almost two thousand years ago. The resurrected Pompeii before was dead; Professor Spinazzola is making it live.

Advice.

If you don't want to be laughed at by others, laugh at yourself.

If you don't want to be criticized by others, criticize yourself.

If you don't want others to take you seriously, don't take yourself too seriously.

HOME BEAUTIFUL

By DOROTHY ETHEL WALSH.
Welcome Reflections.



Yarns from the "Land of Cakes"

Dean Ramsay, the famous Scottish divine, strongly opposed the suggestion that Scotsmen have no sense of humor, and partly with the idea of illustrating his belief, he made a collection of typical Scottish stories.

One of the best of these anecdotes concerns a house notorious for its scanty fare. A man inquired of a gardener at this house about a dog which, some time ago, he had given to the laird.

In Lanarkshire there lived a "smasmal' laird" who, having business once with the Duke of Hamilton, was invited to Hamilton Palace. A liveried servant waited upon them, and was most assiduous in his attentions. At last the guest lost patience and addressed the servant thus: "What the dell for are ye dance dancing about the room that gait? Can ye no draw in' your chair and sit down? I'm sure there's plenty on the table for three!"

The Judge's Slip.

Another of the Dean's stories was about a boy who was so spoilt by indulgence that his parents were hardly able to refuse him anything. The child was in the drawing-room on one occasion when dinner was announced, and on being ordered up to the nursery, he insisted on going down to dinner with the company.

The child persevered and kept saying: "If I dinna gang, I'll tell thon." His father, then, for peace sake, let him go. At the table the child got everything he wanted, under threat that he would "tell thon."

At last it came to wine, and as this was positively refused him the boy declared, "Now I will tell thon," and at last roared out, "Ma new breeks were made oot o' the auld curtains!"

More of these anecdotes are given in "Stories of Wit and Humor," by the late Dean Ramsay. Thus:

A Miss MacNabb, who lived on Loch Awe side in Argyllshire, had never been remarkable for her beauty. One day the Laird of Combe was a guest of Miss MacNabb's, and in proposing a toast to the hostess he said, "I propose the old Scottish toast of 'honest men and bonnie lasses,'" and owing to the hostess he resumed his seat.

The lady returned the bow, and taking up her glass replied, "Weel, Combe, I am sure we may drink that, for it will neither apply to you nor me."

A Scottish judge dined at Coalstoun with Charles Brown, an advocate, and son of George Brown, who sat in the Supreme Court as a Judge with the title of Lord Coalstoun.

The party had been convivial, and when breaking up and going to the drawing-room the judge, not seeing his way very clearly, stepped out of the dining-room window. The ground at

the foot of the stairs was covered with the soil that steers by this unfading star.

Needs never other compass. All the far wide waste shall blaze with gilding light, tho' rocks

And sirens meet and mock its straining gaze,

Secure from storms and all life's battie shocks.

It shall not veer from any righteous ways.

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A Little Bit More.

He isn't the least little bit unlike you,
Nor the least little bit unlike me;

He hasn't more brains, or more talent
'tis true,

Nor anything else we can see.

Yet he really is different. There is

something he's found,

A secret that gives him high score,

For he does all the work that he's

paid to do,

And—a little bit more!

Should you ask, he would say: "It is

part of the game,

And the game's on the level, the square;

Who follows the rules will win riches

and fame.

And all that is splendid and fair."

Now, he may be quite right and he may be quite wrong,

You may scoff, ribald laughter may roar,

BUT

He draws pay every week for the work he has done.

And—a little bit more.

Edmund Leamy.

Sincerity.

To be sincere. To look life in the eyes

With calm, undrooping gaze,

Always to mean

Never to screen

Behind the unclean word, the sharp surprise

Of cunning, never tell the little lies

Of look or thought. Always to choose between

The true and small; the true and large,

And high above life's cheap dishonesties.

The soul that steers by this unfading star.

Needs never other compass. All the far

wide waste shall blaze with gilding light, tho' rocks

And sirens meet and mock its straining gaze,

Secure from storms and all life's battie shocks.

It shall not veer from any righteous ways.

Maurice Sidney.

Mark Twain on Books.

I suppose, a young woman once said gushingly to Mark Twain, "that you're awfully fond of books, aren't you?"

"Well, that depends," drawled the humorist. "If a book has a leather

cover it has magnificent value as a razor-strop. A brief, concise work such as the French write is very useful to put under the short leg of a wobbly table. Large old-fashioned books with clasps can't be beat as missiles to hurl at dogs. A large book like a geography is nearly as good as a piece of tin to nail over a broken windowpane."

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