

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

By Frances Kirkland.

"Grandmother, you promised!" Mary laid a coaxing arm about her grandmother's shoulder.

Paul and Edwin drew their chairs close. They, too, remembered their grandmother's promise. "Do tell us!" they coaxed.

The little, white-haired grandmother smiled as she looked into the children's eager faces. "It happened in this very room," she began.

The children looked about the old Colonial room with its diamond-paned windows, its deep-throated fireplace. Quaint stories of other days seemed to lurk in the dusky corners, to hide in the chimney cupboard.

"Your great-great-grandmother Hartwell lived in this house while her husband went to fight the British. There were no neighbours near. She was alone with the servants and the children; there were six children."

"How jolly to have such a large family!" exclaimed Paul.

"Yes, but it was not jolly in war time. The Redcoats often came marching along the pike and stopped at every farmhouse demanding food. Food was scarce enough in those days and the children were often hungry."

Mary's eyes grew wide with sympathy. "Didn't they really have enough to eat, Grandmother?" she asked.

"Not when the Redcoats came. At last your great-great-grandmother had a food closet made, which none of the soldiers could discover. Turn back the upper corner of the rug, boys, and I will show it to you."

The boys soon rolled the rug back and at their grandmother's bidding lifted a trap-door. Below the door were shelves and cupboards. The children examined the recess with deep interest.

"Pretty clever great-great-grandmother, I say," said Edwin.

"Yes, she was clever, so clever that she outwitted the soldiers still further. Word came one dark evening that the British would soon pass. Great-great-grandmother hurried the children into this room. She had the servants hide all the food in her war pantry. Every candle in the house was then lighted. No one could see in, but through the chinks in the great shutters light streamed out. To people travelling the road it seemed as if the house must be filled with people. Next, the rugs were rolled from the floor and each child was given a straight-legged chair. The children were not to sit in the chairs. Oh, no! The chairs were for your great-great-grandmother's soldiers!

"Everyone in the house guessed her plan. It was a ruse in high favour with the lonely colonists. A procession was soon formed. Each child marched holding a chair by the back and tilting it, banging first one mahogany leg, then another, upon the uncovered floor. The noise was deafening. At the head of her marching soldiers your great-great-grandmother shouted martial commands. Apparently a whole company of Colonials were drilling in this house.

"At last the British were heard cantering along the pike. They drew up their horses and stopped in front of the house. Great-great-grandmother and her soldiers did not stop. The commands grew sharper, the marching chairs stamped more loudly. After a time the British leader gave a quick order and the enemy passed on, thinking it best not to enter a house so well protected."

The children sat thinking for a long time after their grandmother had finished her story.

Mary spoke first. "Great-great-grandmother was very brave, as well as very clever."

"Yes, and her children were very like her," added Paul.

"It is a fine thing to come of a brave, clever race!" the silver-haired grandmother said softly.—"N. Y. Churchman."

THE COLLECTOR OF THE GOOD DEEDS.

By Hilda F. Moore.

This is the story of the little boy, called Georgie, who saw the Collector of the Good White Deeds one night after going to bed. Georgie goes to the school at the corner of the street where lots of children go, and one of his great friends is a little boy of his own age, with whom he always shares his lunch.

Very often Frank, that is the little boy's name, went to school hungry, there being no bread for breakfast, as his father was out of work.

Now, whenever this happened Georgie always knew. As Frank never told him, I expect you will wonder how he knew. Well, you see, he had grown to know this: when Frank had had no breakfast his eyes were red, as if he had been crying, and Georgie would push the whole of his lunch into Frank's hands.

One morning, a little while ago, Frank came to school terribly miserable.

"Tisn't that," he sobbed, as Georgie endeavoured to give him his lunch, "I don't feel hungry this morning."

"What is it, then?" asked Georgie. "Its mother," said Frank; "she's awful ill, and they've taken her away."

"Where?" asked Georgie, his brown eyes wide and round.

"To the hospital; and Susie's bad, too, and she hasn't got any pillow to lie on."

"Is that Susie who's always in bed?"

"Yes, and her pillow's gone; and her back aches something awful. You see, to lie flat makes her head ache, too."

"Where's her pillow gone?" "It's sold. Her's was the last left, and dad had to sell it Saturday night."

"Oh, I am sorry," and tears filled Georgie's eyes as he spoke; "I am so sorry." Then he suddenly thought of his own nice little feather pillow at home. It was his own, too, and so was the cot in which he slept. They had been given him by his

Godmother when he was a year old.

"I'll ask mummie first," said Georgie, "and Susie shall have my pillow."

So directly Georgie went home he told his mother all about Frank's mother, and poor, little Susie having no pillow.

"Are you quite sure you would like to part with your pillow, Georgie?" asked his mother, as he stood before her, his hands clasped behind him and his round, earnest eyes fixed on her face; "because you will have no pillow afterwards, and your head will have to lie quite flat. Are you sure you won't mind?"

"Yes, mummie; Susie wants it more than me," he said; "you see, my back is strong, and doesn't ache like hers."

Then his mother took him on her lap and gave him a kiss, and whispered something in his ear which made his cheeks grow pink.

Then he marched off round to Frank's house with a parcel of food his mother had packed up, and his pillow, in a clean, white slip, wrapped up in brown paper. You can imagine the joy of poor, little Susie, to be able to rest her head once again on a nice, soft pillow, and you can guess, too, how pleased they all were with the parcel of food.

And that very same night, after Georgie's mother had tucked him in his cot, with his smooth, round head looking so funny snuggled right down where the pillow used to be, Georgie saw the Collector of the Good White Deeds.

He did not come until after the dustman had been round with his sack of sleepy dust.

The dustman came to Georgie, and somehow, although he sprinkled the usual amount of sleepy dust, the little boy could not go right off nicely to sleep as he generally did. I expect he really missed his pillow.

He turned over, first one side, then the other, and, all of a sudden, he saw the Collector of the Good White Deeds. You might think he would feel frightened, but, strangely enough, that was the very last thing he thought about. He just sat bolt upright in his cot and stared. The little bedroom, a minute before, had been quite dark, but it was lighted most beautifully now with a white, soft light, and in the centre of this light stood this wonderful being.

He wore a suit of white armour, a big white helmet on his head, and a curious white wire thing over the lower part of his face. Georgie could only see his eyes, which were deep, dark, and shining, and a part of his white forehead. His hands were covered with white-mailed and gauntleted gloves, and in one he carried a big white bag, in the other a long scroll. As Georgie saw those shining eyes looking down on him he said, "Please, who are you?"

"I am the Collector of the Good White Deeds; and, while I collect, I guard them."

"Is that why you are dressed in armour?" asked Georgie, his eyes bright.

"Yes. I have to guard them safely from the Collector of the Bad Black Deeds."

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"And do you collect the White Deeds done every day?"

The Collector of the Good White Deeds smiled. "Yes," he said, "every night I come round, and I love it. It is splendid to come and, while folk are sleeping, take a record of their Good White Deeds. They are put in a place where they are never forgotten. It is very seldom I find any of the little folk awake as I go my rounds. Do you know what I do, when I find them awake?"

"No," replied Georgie, wonderingly.

"Lie down, Georgie," said the Collector of the Good White Deeds, moving towards the cot, "and I will show you."

He put his bag on the floor as he spoke, then he continued in a beautiful, low, dreamy voice, "I put my hand on their foreheads, so"—Georgie felt the light touch of the glove, and, in spite of not wanting to, closed his eyes—"and I say to them ever—so—softly—it—is—time—you—were—asleep."

Georgie told his mother all about it the next morning, and what do you think she said?

"What a beautiful dream, little man!"—"The Sign."

## Child had Bronchitis

Once people get acquainted with the wonderful control which Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine exerts over bronchitis, whooping cough, croup and colds it is not easy to persuade them that anything else is "just as good." This is why the imitators never get very far.

In 1902 Mrs. Eugene Iler, King Street, Truro, N.S., wrote as follows: "From an infant one of my children was troubled with bronchitis, and the least cold would aggravate the trouble. We could not get anything to help him, and were often greatly alarmed. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as a treatment for bronchitis, we used it, and are glad to state that it effected a complete cure. If any of the children take a cold or cough I give this medicine, and have never known it to fail to bring relief."

Mrs. Iler now writes that she has since proven this medicine to be a cure for whooping cough, and would not be without it in the house.