

Young Folks' Department.

DISCONTENTED PUSSY CAT MEOW.

BY F. I. M.

Said Pussy Cat Mew,
Whilst eating rat stew,
(Such a grumbling Grimalkin was she!)
"It's not half so nice,
As a pie of fat mice,"
(Such a grumbling Grimalkin was she!)

"I am fully convinced,
That grasshoppers—well minced—"
(Such a grumbling Grimalkin was she!)
"Make the very best dish,
Savory always fresh fish,"
(Such a grumbling Grimalkin was she!)

"But no! I'm absurd,
For a tender young bird,"
(Such a grumbling Grimalkin was she!)
"Is the tidiest of bits
And just suits me to fits,"
(Such a grumbling Grimalkin was she!)

"I'd like a nice little
Pancake of black-beetle,"
(Such a grumbling Grimalkin was she!)
"In fact this stewed rat
Tastes remarkably flat,"
(Thus she grumbled—but finished her tea!)

Sunshiny Tilda.

The cold winter's wind blew fiercely, and rocked the creaky old house in the miserable quarters where the city's poor were crowded in houses long since condemned as unsafe.

"Oh, I'm so cold!" said Tilda Ryman, as she lay in her low bed of straw, shaking with cold, in the fireless and carpetless room. The wind through the crevices in the wall chilled the weak little body, and there was no warm covering upon Tilda's bed.

Tilda was hungry; though 'twas afternoon, she had not tasted food, and her supper the evening before had been cold boiled potatoes without salt or pepper. But Tilda expected nothing; it was no new experience for this 10-year-old to be alone, cold and hungry.

"Oh, I wonder if mother's drinkin' again. I'm so afeared she'll freeze to death, such cold days as this! If I could only watch after her a bit. 'Pears as if I shouldn't want to be in this world without mammy!" and tears stole down the thin cheeks of half-starved Tilda.

"Are you awake, Tilda? and don't you want to take care of Polly Pipkin while I'm gone to the school?" And a larger girl pushed open the door and seated herself in the one shaky chair in the room.

"Oh, Martha Jane, please hand me Polly this very minute!" and Tilda sat up in bed, eagerly reaching out for a battered, soiled dolly, so ugly that few little girls would have wanted to look at it.

Tilda couldn't move her lower limbs. A drunken papa had struck her cruel, heavy blows when a wee girl, and ever after something was the trouble with Tilda's back, her rosy cheeks grew thin, and mamma sobbed all the time.

Tilda didn't mind much then that she had to sit still and could never run or play, for mamma was so loving and tender with her crippled girl; but she had not learned to drink then.

Tilda hugged Polly Pipkin close to her breast. The tumbled flaxen hair had not been combed for several days, and the thin dress was tattered and dirty; no lover had looked after Tilda's com-

"Tilda?" asked Martha Jane. "The sun'll melt the snow,

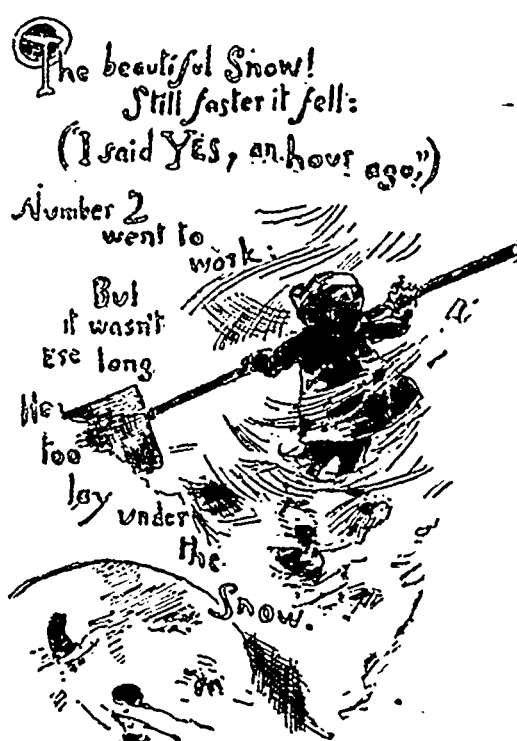
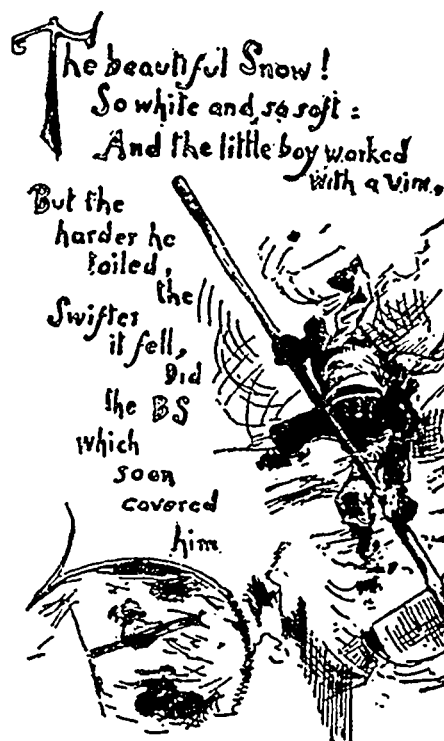
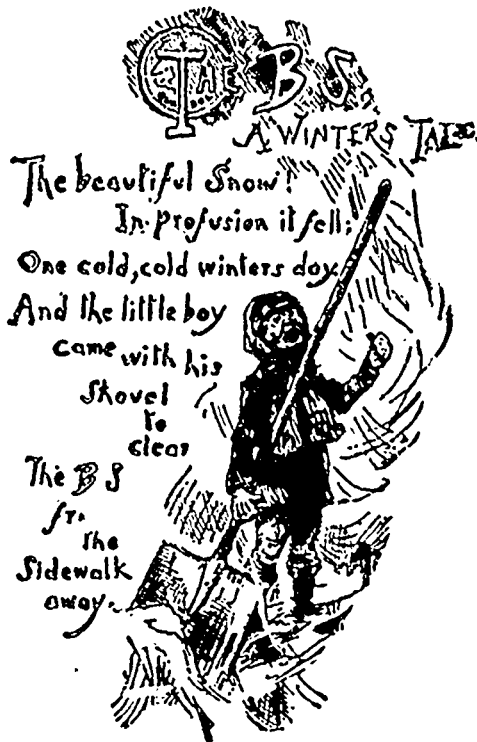
and we can't had dinner, for one time he was up like the mean."

"I'll ask the ladies to help her, I'm strong and can work, but Tilda never can. Why—"

"If here isn't old Mag, drunk, and almost snowed over! I'll have to miss school, but I'll go and look after her mother."

"I think she'd rather I'd bring her than anything, though I wanted some bread and meat and a bit of—"

Martha Jane knelt down to dig out the



knew; and now look at her!—all purple and bloated—Hush! I didn't mean to make you cry. Here, Tilda, let me warm you up a bit," and Martha Jane held the cripple in her arms until she had warmed a little the benumbed body of Tilda.

"I must be goin' to the school. We learn to mend and sew things there. I'm goin' to bring you something; it'll be company for you to try to guess what it will be."

"Martha, if you should see—mammy—lyin'—in—the—street, will you—will you—"

"I'll try to bring her home, Tilda. The boys shall not throw snowballs at her while I'm around, and I'll try to sober her up with a cup of hot soup."

With a bang Martha Jane closed the door. Tilda snuggled up into a heap and cuddled Polly close to her, and then went to sleep.

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Martha Jane knelt down to dig out the

woman, stupid with drink, not minding the approach of a beautifully-dressed lady.

The drunken woman muttered in her sleep as Martha tried to arouse her, "when the lady too knelt, saying, 'Let me assist you.' And before Martha could think, the lady had called help and her carriage, and they were all driven to Tilda's."

Mrs. Manning's tears blinded her eyes as she looked upon Tilda and Polly Pipkin.

With Martha's help she soon had Tilda in a warm bed, wearing a flannel wrapper, in a home specially for weak, poor children.

Tilda's mother was cared for by ladies who work earnestly to help men and women break off the habit of intemperance and become respected, pure, good souls again; and Tilda prays daily for "mammy."

"My! but you're fine! I s'pose you wouldn't look at Polly Pipkin now!" said Martha, as she visited Tilda in her warm room, just after she had eaten a breakfast of warm oatmeal and milk, and a pink-shaded dolly in a pink dress lay in Tilda's arms.

"No, I can't mean a word of that, you dear summary Tilda! You'll always stick to homely old friends, and I'm glad you have a new dolly. Good news! Daddy's taken the pledge, and maybe I'll have a new dolly too, I know you're glad, Tilda dear."

WINTER WRINKLES.

A new comedy is called "The Girl With a Tin Heart." Nearly all the girls have a tin heart, when a young man comes round with a soft solder.

A woman may not be able to sharpen a pencil or throw a stone at a hen, but she can pack more articles in a trunk than a man can in a one-horse wagon.

The saying, "full as a goose," does the goose great injustice. A goose never gets so full that it has to hold on to a lamp post, as did some folks the other night.

"He is utterly unscrupulous," writes an Irish editor of a political opponent, "and his memory is so poor that he frequently forgets one minute what he says the next."

"Don't you like this room?" asked the principal of the new teacher. "Oh, yes, I like the room well enough," replied the miss who had a large class of boys, "but I find it very sonny."

We have several encyclopedias running around loose in this office, but they are as unsatisfactory as \$7 business suits. They are all silent as to how boarding-house sausages are made.

"Naw!" (the version of grandma) "Is