

the Bible is a good book to live by, and a good book to die by."

"I have seen a brother pass away with the light of a great glory upon his face. I have heard my son's last earth words, 'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.' I have watched my daughter's face grow calm in those last moments of an anxious life, and her murmured, 'Peace, peace, infinite peace.'"

"What room is there for doubt, when I remember these. People go to the Bible to look for doubts nowadays, and they find them. If they went to look for guidance and light, they would find these also."

But presently the deep solemnity has passed, and the gentle humor comes bubbling back, as we talk of the Resurrection and theosophical "astral bodies."

"Star bodies," she says, thoughtfully. "It is the old astrologic thought. Now, wouldn't it be queer if our spiritual bodies were really associated each with some star. I should prefer to be one of the Pleiades; they seem so companionable. Wallenstein speaks of 'Jupiter, the star of my nativity.' Napoleon must have been associated with a comet."

Her fancy played lightly about the thought until it brings her to the Christmas star; "and there we will leave the subject," she says, smiling.

* * *

The afternoon light wanes, as the hours pass. She is not tired, she says; but she sits back among her cushions and listens to the chat, which has become general,—smiling, and always ready with her quota of bright speech.

And presently it is time to say good-bye. Such gentle, tender good-bye she speaks, with soft touches of lips and hands—a Buelah-land farewell.

"For I do not count on the hours now," she says; "but if I waken here on the morning of the ninth of January I shall be ninety-four."

* * *

Come away; our pilgrimage is done.

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By Harold Kinsabby.

THE east wind had failed to put in an appearance that evening, and the thermometer registered ninety-five under the stately elms of the Boston Common.

The family had gone away for the summer, and Buttons and the butler were out for an airing. Both were so well fed and so little exercised that they needed something to stir their blood.

Buttons was a sleek, fat pug, with a knowing eye and oily manner. They called him Buttons because the harness he wore about his hindquarters was studded with shining ornaments.

His companion was likewise sleek and fat, and the amount of lofty dignity he stored under his bobtailed jacket and broadcloth trousers told everybody that he was the butler. He carried a wicked little cane with a loaded head, and seemed to own the greater part of the earth.

As the two strolled proudly through the Beacon Street Mall, Fate favored Buttons and the butler. There was a cat on the Common—a pet cat without an escort. This cat belonged to one of the wealthy families who, at the tail end of winter, board up their city residences and go to the country to spend the summer and save their taxes. The owners of this particular cat had speeded missionaries to the four corners of the globe to evangelize the heathen, but their pet puss they had turned into the streets of the modern Athens to seek its own salvation. With no home or visible means of support, but with true Christian fortitude, the dumb creature now haunted the doorstep of the deserted mansion and grew thin. Hunger had at last driven her to the Common, in the hope that she might surprise an erring sparrow, or, perchance, purloin a forgetful frog from the pond.

The instant Buttons spied her he gave chase and drove her for refuge into a small tree. Then he stood below and barked furiously, until the sympathizing butler shook the tree and gave him another chance. This time the cat barely succeeded in reaching a low perch on the iron fence, from which with terrified gaze she watched her tormentor.

"Why do you torture that cat?" angrily asked a quiet gentleman who sat on one of the shady benches holding a yellow-haired little girl on his knee.

"Oh, me and Buttons is having a little fun," answered the butler. "Buttons is death on cats."

The quiet man said nothing, but got up, helped the frightened cat to escape to a safe hiding-place, and then resumed his seat.

That night puss went to bed without a supper, while her owner presided at the one hundred and eleventh seaside anniversary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and punctuated the courses of a fish dinner with rare vintage of missionary port.

The next evening the same heat hung heavily over the Beacon Street Mall, and Buttons and the butler were again taking an airing and looking for fun.

As Buttons neared the scene of his former encounter he pricked up his ears and sniffed

the air for the scent of game. Presently his anxious eye was attracted by something his pug nose had failed to detect. On a bench near by sat the quiet gentleman whose acquaintance Buttons and the butler had made on the previous evening. The same yellow-haired little girl was seated near him, intently watching the rings of cigar smoke he puffed high into the evening air. Between the two a huge inflated paper bag was surging to and fro. It was this paper bag that had caught the eye of Buttons. It interested him. Drawing himself all up in a heap, he proceeded with cautious, measured step to satisfy his curiosity. As he slowly approached the curious object, his low, fretful growls seemed to rouse it to renewed gymnastics. This frightened Buttons and caused him to turn tail and flee. His curiosity had, however, got the better of him, and, returning to what he deemed a safe distance, he began barking furiously.

"Cat, Buttons, where's the cat?" came from the butler, who was leisurely bringing up in the rear, unconscious of Button's find.

With renewed courage the pug rushed toward the paper bag. He had almost reached it when the quiet gentleman gave the bag an opening twist, and, as a furry head with a pair of fiery eyes shot out, he exclaimed:

"Hi, hi, Kootchie!"

The earnestness with which Kootchie hid became instantly apparent by the pious howls that rose from out of the murderous clawing, snarling mass of flying fur and silver ornaments. And the speed with which Button's companion hastened to the rescue with his loaded cane proved that even a Boston butler can get a move on. Before he could interfere, however, the quiet gentleman took a hand in the game.

"Stand back," he demanded, in tones that showed he would brook no interference. "Buttons is death on cats. Kootchie is death on pugs. You like fun. I like fair play."

In less than twenty seconds a crowd of loungers, newsboys, nurse-girls and pedestrians hurried to the scene. In the confusion somebody thoughtfully told a policeman to ring for the "hurry-up" wagon. But before it arrived the butler was permitted to carry home in his arms what there was left of Buttons.

"Cheese it, der cop!" shouted a newsboy, as the butler picked up his limp and disfigured companion. And, as the crowd scattered, everyone was amused to see a fine, grey, stumpy-tailed cat make its way to the yellow-haired little maid on the bench.

As the latter lovingly stroked her shining coat she remarked, proudly, "Kootchie is my little pussy tat. Papa say, 'Kootchie, put Buttons to sleep.'"

And the policeman winked with ghoulis satisfaction when the father spoke up, "Kootchie is a regular California cyclone. She is a young wild cat a friend in Tiger Valley sent me. I'm fond of pets, you know, and as she felt a bit homesick this evening I brought her out here to give her a picnic."

