

Girls

ANGEL.

been good bed, angel stands

are glad, m children in the fields me.

lays, stands drooping wings

is sad, time long eams, because g.

—Selected.

DRY SENSE.

birds, unlike the beings, is a very flying, as most of by night, coming locks, and chang- or no one reason, problem of these rd life is wholly D. Lange, in the " in discussing speaks as follows s' sense of direc-

find their way? hat they are often ng coasts, lakes, which are plainly distance from the s travel. l birds which have lead the way, and ow their calls and

ories these winged if they could talk ating teachers of ud make for our wever, been shown reasonable doubt keen sight, acute experience and possess what must of sixth sense, the

Alaska Expedition urses, which are traight for their rock island thirty h a fog so thick undred yards off iden from view. ould guide a ship a dense fog with-

ive demonstration ction in birds has hed by Prof. John ught and marked nd noddies on the ie Gulf of Mexico, to sea. Some of ed as far as Cape indred and fifty Tortugas, before

and noddles are ich seldom range he southern coast is not likely that rimented on had rth; but none the fifteen found their rtugas Islands.



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The Jolly Animals' Club
By LILIAN LEVERIDGE

XIII.

The Trial in the Cave.

IN spite of the cloud that had overshadowed the Merry Forest, there was a large meeting of the Jolly Animals' Club. Every firefly lantern was trimmed and glowing brightly; every bird voice was in tune; and every member of the Club waiting quietly in his place. They were unusually quiet, but for all that, they were also unusually excited. "It's funny how my hair stands up on end," whispered Rennie Red Fox to his neighbour. "I have a queer feeling that something interesting is going to happen."

"That's just the way I feel," answered Quilly-Coat, the porcupine. And they were right, for something interesting did happen, as you shall presently see.

The meeting began with the usual bird chorus. Then Professor Owl made a speech—or rather he began to, but it came to a sudden end.

"My dear friends and brothers," he began. "I am afraid that for the first time the Jolly Animals' Club is not in a jolly mood. How can we feel jolly when we are all mourning the death of our dear young friend, our gifted poet, our sweet musician—Dearie, the Canary Bird?"

Just here there was a slight disturbance at the door, and the Professor stopped to ask what was the matter.

Fleet-foot, who was door-keeper, answered excitedly. "Snooper, the sparrow, and Swooper, the night-hawk, are here, and they say they know all about what happened to Dearie, but they won't tell a word unless they may come in and stay."

Now Snooper was not by any means a favourite with the birds; and as for the night-hawk, all the Butterfly

family, as well as many other little folks, were afraid of him. His fog horn, which he was so fond of blowing, kept them awake at nights, and his big, wide-open mouth frightened them. So until now both had failed to get into the Cave.

But it didn't take the Professor long to decide the case. "Of course they may come in," he said. "Anyone who brings such important news, be it good or bad, will be given a welcome in the Club. Show them in."

They came in, and at once there were cries of "Platform! platform!" The Professor was wise enough to know that nobody wanted to hear any more of his speech just then, so he called the new-comers to the front and asked them to tell all they knew.

Swooper spoke first. "Mr. Professor and all the Jolly Animals," he began. "Yesterday as I was sailing lazily up in the sky I saw Dearie. His manner puzzled me, for he seemed to be moving slowly along in the stiffest way, so unlike his usual wavy flight, and without moving his wings a bit. I came down closer and was surprised to see that he was sitting on a girl's hat. 'Come away quick!' I whistled, but he didn't stir. I swooped down as near as I could get, and then I understood it all. It was our little friend all right, and yet it wasn't; for there was not a drop of warm blood in his body, and his loving little heart was gone. There was only his skin and feathers, stuffed with wool, and in his head, instead of eyes, were two glass beads."

At this dreadful news a sound of weeping and wailing came from every part of the Cave, and there was a flutter of tiny handkerchiefs. Even the Professor, who didn't usually carry a handkerchief, had to borrow one. He blew his nose hard and muttered something about having caught cold from sitting in a draught.

"I watched," the night-hawk went on, "until all that was left of Dearie disappeared in a place they call a church. That's all I know, and Snooper will tell you the rest."

The sparrow then made his bow and began: "What I saw happened a week ago. I was in an elm tree by the winding river when Tom and Nan (that's a boy and girl I know) passed just below. The boy had a gun. Suddenly the girl said, 'See that canary in the tree there, Tom! How pretty it would look on my new hat! I wish you'd shoot it, and I'll get it stuffed.' The boy lifted his gun, but just then Dearie (for of course it was he) began to sing. 'I hate to shoot him,' the boy said. 'He seems such a gay little beggar.' But the girl said, 'Nonsense! Don't be silly, Tom. There's lots more.' He shot then, and Dearie fell. You may be sure I didn't stop to see any more, but got away as quickly as I could."

"But I have something more to tell. I know where Nan is at this minute. She's camping with her sister and her father, who's deaf as a door post, near Lake Lonesome, and if there are two animals big enough and brave enough to carry her I'll gladly show them the way. Wouldn't it be a good idea to bring her here at once, and let the Jolly Animals punish her as she deserves? I'm sorry Tom isn't within our reach, but she's the worst anyway, and it is mostly her fault."

Instantly there was wild excitement in the Cave. Everybody wanted the girl to be punished; and of those who offered to bring her, the Professor chose Puck, the monkey, and Mrs. Black Bear. In a minute they were off.

Nan was dreaming comfortably in the moonlight, when she awoke with a start to see the grinning face of a monkey bending over her. She tried to scream, but was too frightened to get out a sound.

Puck put his mouth close to her ear and whispered, "You better be quiet. If you say a word I'll stuff my hand

in your mouth. Here, Mrs. Bear, you carry her head and I'll take her heels."

When fair, little blue-eyed Nan felt herself lifted in those ugly, hairy arms and carried away into the dark woods she would have gone clean crazy with fright if she hadn't believed she was dreaming.

In a few minutes they came to the Cave. At first Nan's eyes were dazzled by the firefly lanterns, but when she saw the angry animals crowding around her, growling and snarling, and the air full of birds and bats swooping down almost into her eyes, she called out loudly. "Oh, what a horrible dream! Pinch me, somebody, and wake me up quick!"

No sooner said than done! Dr. Crow, Rennie Red Fox, and half a dozen more, pinched her on the spot. She fairly yelled with the pain of it, but alas! didn't wake up. At last Professor Owl brought them to order and made them stand back, while he put her through a short but very terrifying trial.

"Do you wear a stuffed canary bird on your hat?" he asked.

Nan whispered a frightened "Yes."

"Speak up!" he hooted, "so that everybody can hear you, or you'll get pinched again."

"Yes," she answered a little louder. "You asked Tom to shoot it for you, didn't you?"

Her answer was greeted with half a hundred cries of "Shame! Shame! Shame!"

"Then you are the real cause of the death of Dearie, our sweet singer and poet. Answer me now. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Nan hung her head and could scarcely speak, but her pale lips framed the word "Guilty!"

The Professor then turned to the audience. "You have heard the prisoner confess the crime. The next thing is to pass sentence upon her. What shall be done to Nan? I am ready for any suggestions, but don't all speak at once."

In a moment a big hen hawk swooped down from her perch and screamed shrilly. "Let me punish her. I'll skin her with my sharp beak and claws, just as Dearie was skinned."

"Oh! Don't!" cried Nan in terror. "Very good," said Professor Owl calmly. "Who else has something to suggest?"

"I'll stuff her," Mrs. Bear offered. "There's lots of nice wool on the bulrushes by the pond."

"I'll boil her hard heart and see if I can make it tender," said Quilly-Coat.

"I'll pick out her eyes," said Dr. Crow, "and put big green glass beads in her head instead. I know where to find some."

"Don't! Don't! Don't!" cried poor Nan, covering her eyes with trembling hands.

"Very good, very good indeed!" said Professor Owl calmly. "Anything else?"

"Oh, please—let me—go home!" cried Nan, sobbing wildly. "And I won't—do it—any more."

Professor Owl, who really was not so hard-hearted as he pretended to be, called for silence. Then he told Nan all about Dearie—his cosy little home and his love for his mother; his cheery nature; his sweet little songs; and how all the Merry Forest were in mourning for his death.

"Oh, I didn't know. I didn't think!" said Nan, crying softly now. "If you'll only let me go home I'll make a pretty grave for Dearie by the River, and plant flowers on it. And I'll never, never, never wear a dead bird on my hat any more. Oh! I'll be so good. Please forgive me!"

"My dear friends and brothers," said Professor Owl, turning to the audience. "Here is a chance for us, one and all, to exercise the spirit of our Club. I leave it to you. Shall we forgive Nan and let her go home?"

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"Yes, yes!" they answered all together—with one exception. Puck wanted to have her ducked in the Winding River first, but nobody would listen to him, and Mrs. Black Bear carried Nan safely back to her little camp bed.

Next morning when she told her father and sister about her adventure they just laughed at her and said she had been dreaming. She wasn't quite sure herself whether it had been a dream or not, but she kept her promise to the Professor. Dearie now rests beneath the flowers, and Nan refuses to wear so much as a feather in her hat.

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(Rev. S. F. Coffman, Vineland, Ont., states: "This is to certify that I know Mrs. Thwaites and the party to whom she refers, and her statements are correct.")

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