

one at the roof open to drive the foul air out above; and also to remove the used litter, so that the stored food would taste sweet when all impure odour was removed. This Dick did every day, never forgetting to rub his good horse down and clean his feet out every night, lest he might have picked up a stone in his shoe during his day's work; for Nobby being well cared for and a good horse to go, was hired out almost every day, thus being in a great measure bread-winner for the widow and her children.

While Dick was working in the stable, he sang with cheery earnestness to the tune of "Hold the Fort," as we see the words on the canvas:

SLIDE 19.—BAND OF MERCY SONG.

(TUNE—"Hold the Fort.")

"Hearts of love with hands of mercy—  
Hear our joyful song;  
Highest hill and lowest valley  
Roll the words along.

CHORUS.—Join our Bands, the word is spoken,  
'Mercy' is our cry;  
We will plead for voiceless creatures,  
Victory is nigh."

SLIDE 20.—POLICEMAN.

As Dick sang he heard a loud ring at the front door of the cottage. In a minute or two his mother had come to the back door, and in a voice unlike her own, a voice with fear in it, called out shrilly:

"Dick! Dickie, my son, come! come quickly!"

"Poor, dear mother, perhaps she has scalded herself," thought Dick, running in.

SLIDE 21.—DICK NIVEN.

"Yes, mother," said Dick, as he stood as we see him, having closed the door and standing cap in his hand.

"Speak low, Dick," whispered his mother, with a white face and trembling voice, "I don't want to awake Molly, the child would not understand. I have bad news, Dick. A policeman brought this dreadful summons for you to appear in court this morning. Thank God, my poor, dear boy, that we have a children's court."

"But, mother dear, what is the charge against me? What do they say I have done? It is all a mistake. Cheer up, mother."

"No, Dick, my son, it is no mistake. The charge is that you interfered with private property yesterday, in unhooking the check-rein on