

Children's Department.

The Story of the Owls.

Beechwood was a beautiful place—at least the boys thought so. It was full of brambles and brushwood, with birds' nests out of number in the spring, easy to be reached, and the finest of blackberries in the autumn to be had for the finding. Willie and his brother were often to be found there, especially in the nesting time; and though they had strict orders from their father never to take one, they liked to hunt for them and then peep in and admire them on the fork of a bough or in some cozy corner in the old ruins.

The boys had at home rabbits and canaries and other pets, but then they had been brought up in confinement and had never known liberty, their father said—and that made all the difference. All wild creatures he forbade them to make prisoners of, and generally they were very particular in obeying orders and doing what their father wished.

But there came a day when temptation was too strong for them. One Saturday, which was always a whole holiday, the boys started off to Beechwood. They wanted to get some willow-twigs to make their bows; for, you know, as the willow-wood bends without breaking, it is just the thing that boys want who indulge in bow-and-arrow shooting, and moreover make their own weapons. It was early summertime, and the birds were busy everywhere with their nests and with their young.

Willie had climbed an old pollard willow-tree after they had reached the wood, and was just cutting off some of the young shoots when he saw something which pleased him better. In a hollow part of the trunk he saw two

HE LOVED
good bread, pie,
and pastry, but his
stomach was delicate.
SHE LOVED
to cook, but was
tired and sick of the
taste and smell of lard.
She bought Cottolene,
(the new shortening) and
THEY LOVED
more than ever, be-
cause she made better
food, and he could eat it
without any unpleasant
after effect. Now
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little soft fluffy creatures huddled to-
gether and as white as snow: they were
baby owls.

"I say; here is a prize! Why there
are two young owls, I declare! Give
us the basket."

All else was forgotten, and in another
moment the birds were transferred from
their nursery to the boys' basket, and
were thus introduced to the great out-
side world sooner than their parents
intended. I do not think, however,
that they were much the wiser, for they
only nodded and blinked, not liking
the full light of day. But anyhow, if
the owls were not delighted, the boys
were. They called it "a find," and
they set off directly to carry home their
prize.

But, you ask, had not their father
forbidden them to take nests or birds,
and did they forget it? Quite true, he
had, and they did forget it till they
had nearly reached their own garden
gate. Then all at once it flashed upon
their minds that they were disobeying
their father.

What was to be done? They could
not go the four miles back, and besides
their hearts were set upon these downy
darlings; they must keep them at all
costs.

"I know what we'll do," said Willie
as they drew near home; "we'll put
them in the old pigeon-house, which
is in the shed, and nobody will ever
know they are there except ourselves."
(Didn't they, though!)

So the owls were consigned to the
pigeon-house, and a brick put at each
separate hole to prevent them from es-
caping. I do not think the boys were
very comfortable, but the rest of the
day passed and the night, and Sunday
morning came.

"Good morning," said their next-
door neighbour to their father as they
met in their gardens and exchanged a
few words over the hedge which divid-
ed them. "What could have been the
matter last night? I heard terrible
screams; do you think there could
have been a murder anywhere near?"

The father had not heard, and could
tell nothing about it, but the boys were
awe-struck. Their uneasy conscience
made them frightened. They could
not connect it in the least, but it seem-
ed as if the dreadful noise must have
something to do with themselves and
their owls. And a very unrestful Sun-
day they passed, I can assure you.

In the evening, just as the moon was
rising, and all was peaceful, suddenly
there broke upon the air a most un-
earthly sound. The boys were in the
garden and heard it, and how they
trembled! At last they traced it to
two birds sitting on the roof of their
neighbour's house, and they knew now,
what they had never before suspected,



Rev. William Hollinshead

Of Sparta, N. J., voluntarily says:

"To Whom it May Concern:

"Unasked I deem it my duty to a suffering
humanity whose bodies and souls I would
have healthy, to tell them of the value of
Hood's Sarsaparilla. While living in Ohio
one of my children was greatly

Afflicted With Boils

having 30 on her limbs, and being unable to
walk. I had heard of Hood's Sarsaparilla,
and bought a bottle, half of which cured en-
tirely. Two years after, another child was
afflicted as badly. I used the other half
bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla with like re-
sults. About four years after, the child first
afflicted was again tormented like Job, and I
bought a bottle (on Sunday at that) and
again a cure. I gave some of the medicine to
a poor woman and two children; they were
helped as were mine. Through a testimo-
nial sent to C. I. Hood & Co., inquiries came
from all the country, asking if it was a 'bona
fide' testimonial, and of course I wrote all
that it was, and have the knowledge of

Scores and Scores

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yielded to it. Biliousness and bad liver have
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