

flippantly say, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The English speaking countries Bible lands. To-day, a hundred thousand have saved more than a million people from starvation and death in the and orphan children fed, clothed, and trained by the relief organizations are the bulwark of a new civilization in the ancient East. But our work is not yet finished. The children already within the orphanages have to be kept there until they are of an age at which they can support themselves. The children still in refugee camps must be taken in . . . or permitted to die. That is the sad and certain fate in store for many thousands of children this winter unless our help comes quickly.

What is your answer to their cry? Will you not relieve one of them of suffering this winter? The Canadian Armenian Near East Relief (223 Winch Building, Vancouver), will send your help on to them.

Corner for Junior Readers

SOME OF DENNY'S OUT-OF-SCHOOL DOINGS

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW STYLE OF BANSHEE

Many of the houses on the Juniper Road West were built in pairs. They were "semi-detached residences," according to the grandiloquent descriptions in advertisements.

The Donnellys and the Flynns were next door neighbours in this fashion.

At the back of the houses there were long gardens separated by a rough stone wall, which should have been about three feet high for its whole length; but in one place in particular the young people had climbed over it so often that the top stones were loosened and had fallen to the ground, and left it so low that it was easy to step over it.

A hand-bell was kept on the shed-roof close by to use when a young Donnelly wanted a young Flynn to come over and chat, or vice versa.

Edmund Flynn and Robert Donnelly were music pupils of the organist of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and were bosom friends, and many an hour's confabulation took place as they sat together on the wall. When Robert was away from home, as sometimes happened, Denis would be found there instead.

Commodious though the houses were in many respects, neither of them was supplied with a bathroom, and bathing operations were carried out in the kitchens. A large portable bath-tub was placed, as needed, near the fire and filled with hot water from the range boiler.

One Saturday evening Mr. Flynn, having locked himself into the kitchen to take a bath, the rest of the family assembled in the dining room with the exception of Edmund, who was sitting out in the dark on the garden wall with Denis.

Edmund had had a hard day. His father had determined that a certain amount of the organ-building must be finished in a given time, and the close application had tried the tempers of both.

Denis was a sympathetic listener while Edmund told his troubles.

"Where's your father now, Ed?" he asked when the recital ended.

"In the kitchen, bathing," was the reply.

"Then you could slip upstairs and get one of the big organ-pipes without his knowing," said Denny, "and we can make a banshee."

Perhaps Denny did not quite realize that many people really believe that a banshee comes and wails around a house to give warning that some member of the family will soon die.

Edmund hesitated, temporised, and at last yielded; and soon the two conspirators crept to the front of the house and, holding the big pipe carefully, blew a blast into it that went wailing dismally in at the dining-room window.

Mollie, the maid, being exiled from her kitchen, was there with the children.

She was of an excitable temperament.

"The saints preserve us, Miss Beatrice, an what's that?" they heard her say to Edmund's elder sister.

Then someone opened the hall-door cautiously and looked out.

Naturally there was nothing to be seen.

Edmund and Denis and the organ-pipe had retired.

Hardly had the gallant investigator gone back, than a wail, even dismaller than the first again broke the silence.

After two or three more, the courage of the occupants of the dining-room gave way. They stampeded in a body and only stopped when the kitchen door was reached.

Edmund and Denis had by this time arrived at the back door which was close to it; and they could hear Beatrice begging her father to dress at once and come out and defend his family.

With much grumbling, Mr. Flynn agreed, and a thorough search of the house and garden followed; Edmund and Denis, from the safe shelter of the Donnelly's shed, observed the proceedings with interest and with hardly to be suppressed merriment.

No cause for the disturbance having been found, the crestfallen group returned to the house and Mr. Flynn once more locked himself into the kitchen after making scathing remarks about "Some people's imaginations," and utterly ignoring Mollie's timid suggestion that:

"Maybe now 'twas a banshee."

Then Denny whispered to Edmund, "You stay where you are," and taking the pipe close under the kitchen window, he blew with all his might; and such a wail resulted as to make no demand whatever on anyone's imagination, so horribly real was it.

Of course by the time Mr. Flynn appeared at the door all was quiet again.

Later in the evening the organ-pipe was returned to its place, and for many months the whole affair was wrapped in mystery.

At last one day a favorable opportunity occurred and Denny confessed about it with due apologies, which were graciously accepted by Mr. Flynn.

United in Death

An aged couple, living in the North of Scotland, gave their three sons to the war; one after the other their three bonny lads made the supreme sacrifice for King and Country. The parents, stricken with grief, decided to leave the old home, so full of memories which filled them with sadness, and came to a Southern town to reside in quiet enjoyment near the sea. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle visited the town. These two broken-hearted people attended the lecture, and decided to seek further information, so they approached the secretary of the local Spiritualist society, who did what he could to help and comfort them. About this time Mrs. Ella Wriedt paid a private visit to a family resident in the town, and the secretary received an invitation to be present at one of the circles. Feeling that it would be selfish to accept this invitation for himself, while others were torn with grief, he asked permission for either one or both of these aged parents to go in his stead. This permission was refused on the plea that it was not convenient to entertain complete strangers. The secretary, finding that he would be unable to attend on the appointed day, made a further appeal for the aged couple, without effect. At one of the seances, the voice of the father (in spirit) of the host, addressing his son, said, "There are three lads here, they want to talk to their parents (giving their name); we are anxious to secure this meeting for them; please arrange."

The old father was too ill to attend the summons, so the mother went alone, and, to her astonishment and abiding joy, held a most convincing and tender conversation with her boys.

That is the plain story; what does it reveal? Three lads killed in the war, their last memory of parents and home centred in Scotland, yet they could keep in such close touch with their parents as to be aware of their removal to the South of England? Further, so close was their association with their loved ones on earth, that they were able to follow intelligently the effort that was being made to bring them into communication; and when the effort failed they appealed to their companions in Spirit-life, with complete success. It reveals also the tender felicity of the comradeship of that other realm, indicated by the prompt action of the host's father in securing the appointment. Conventionality breaks down completely in face of an earnest appeal from behind the veil.

Mr. Frank T. Blake
In Bournemouth Spiritualist Magazine

In closing~

A Word of Thanks

to those who have
returned their cards

To others~

Please Do It To-Day

Yes, you may meantime list friends
at the same rate.

B. C. M. Circulation Dept.