

nis. Dennis started guiltily as he looked at Tab. Stealthy footsteps approached the barrel: "Dennis! Dennis!" cried Connie, "where are the kittens? Cook says Tab has some kittens, and you're going to drown them. But you won't, will you, Dennis dear. Please, please, don't drown them!"

"You're not to drown those kittens, you know, Dennis," said Rex. They belong to us—to Connie and me."

"O Rex! here they are in the barrel. One, two, three, four, five, six, dear, darling kittens all squirming about. O! Dennis! do put them all in my apron," and she held it out, and looked at him with blue, beseeching eyes.

"And what will I say to horr?" said Dennis, pointing upward.

"It's none of her business," said Rex. "I guess we can do as we like with our kittens. Give the kittens to Connie, and I'll take old Tab, and we'll hide 'em in the barn, where she can't find 'em."

Dennis went cautiously to the foot of the stairs and listened. Then he said, "Whist! She's not there at all. Run, me darlins! Stand not upon the urther of your goin'."

JOHNNY AND THE GOBLIN.

"What's that funny thing up there?"

Just home from school, Johnny had caught sight of something which made him laugh. It was on the top of a long pipe which came out of the kitchen chimney.

"That's a thing to keep the smoke from blowing down the chimney," said his grandfather, to whom he had spoken. "Your grandmother's been complaining about it lately, so I've had it fixed. It will make a good vane, too."

It looks," Johnny laughed harder, "exactly like a little goblin—like I read of in the fairy story-book."

As the wind had it just then, it is no wonder Johnny thought so. It had a round head, a queer, crooked arm, and something that looked like an odd little body. It was only when the wind held it one way that it looked so.

"Well," said grandfather, "I hope it will be a good little goblin and do well what it's set to do. That's all a goblin's good for—or any of the rest of us, for that matter."

One morning some time afterwards the goblin looked so very much like a goblin that Johnny felt a longing to see him closer. "If I climb up that big tree I could look him right in the face."

It was nearly school-time and his lunch basket was waiting for him on the back porch. Johnny knew this, but his mind was set on climbing that tree.

"It won't be long," he promised himself. "If I run I can be at school in time anyway."

Up the tree he went. He had often climbed it before and knew of a place in it where the thickly-laced branches formed a resting-place almost as easy as a cradle.

When he reached it he found he could see the goblin very well.

It was delightful up there. The wind softly rocked the branches and made a murmuring sound in the leaves. He could see far and wide over the country, and caught sight of some of the boys and girls on their way to school.

"How much nicer it is up here than down there plodding in the road—"

"It's so hot and dusty—"

"It's so nice and cool up here—"

"I wish I didn't have to go to school—"

"I don't believe it would be any harm to stay away just for one day—"

"I—believe I will stay away."

It took some time for the small boy to fully arrive at this. Once there, it was easy for him to lay his plan.

"I'll stay up here as long as I want to. Then I'll creep down and go round by the back of the house so nobody can see me. Then I'll go into the woods and get some nuts. I can eat my lunch, and I'll come home just when school's out, and grandmother won't know."

"It's just like a sota," he said, settling himself back among the branches.

A bird or two flew into the tree, but fluttered away with chirps of alarm at seeing such a strange visitor. The goblin whisked his head the other way for a while, then turned again towards Johnny.

And now Johnny saw that he had a queer goblin face and was looking straight at him.

He felt a little startled, but soon saw that the face was a good-humored one. He wanted to be polite, but scarcely knew how, having never talked with a goblin. At length he said:

"Good-morning, Mr. Goblin."

"Good-morning, said the goblin, quite heartily. "I'm glad to see you, for I get lonely sometimes."

"How do you like it up here?" asked Johnny.

"Oh, well enough, when the wind doesn't hustle me 'round too roughly. He hasn't any manners, you see."

"That's what I've often thought," said Johnny. "Specially when he takes my hat off when I'm carrying a great lot of things from the store for grandmother. 'Though," he added, "he's a good fellow to have about when you want to fly a kite."

"Maybe so," said the other. "I never flew a kite. Here he comes—please excuse me if I turn my back a moment."

The wind caught him and whisked him first one way and then the other. He looked so long towards the west that Johnny thought perhaps he was going to stay so, but he came back with a sudden jerk.

"I shouldn't like to be whirled 'round like that," said Johnny.

"Oh, he means well," said the goblin. "It's just his way. He's changing to-day."

"Do you move just as he tells you all the time?"

"Yes."

"I wouldn't."

"That's what I'm here for. If I didn't do what I'm set to do, there'd surely be trouble. Your grandfather looks up to see if I'm in the rainy quarter. If I am he doesn't cut his hay. Susan looks to see if she had better hang her clothes out. Your grandmother doesn't go to town if I tell her it's going to rain. In fact, I believe it makes trouble almost anywhere when people don't do what they ought to do. Oh—here he comes again!"

The wind seized the goblin and gave him such a twist towards the east that he fairly creaked. The branches of the tree were violently shaken, and in the same moment Johnny felt an awful shock which made him open his eyes wide.

"Who struck me?" he cried, half bewildered. "Was it you?"—he stared at the goblin—"or was it the wind?"

The wind had probably the most to do with it, for Johnny lay bruised and breathless at the foot of the tree.

The goblin was looking straight into the east as Johnny slowly picked himself up, to find that nothing worse had happened to him than the bruises and a large bump on his head. He slowly limped to the back porch and sat down on a step with a woe-begone face. "If I didn't fall asleep up among those branches! I—guess you're right, Mr. Goblin," he said between two sniffs. "I'd have done better to go to school as I was told."

DON'T BORROW.

I wonder if all the young people who read this paper know what a dangerous habit it is to be constantly borrowing money. I am afraid for the future of the young man who every few days goes to some friend with this request:

"Will you lend me a dollar or two for a few days? I am just out of money, but shall have some shortly and will pay you."

It often seems like an act of unkindness to refuse such a request; still, if we know that this friend is developing the habit of borrowing, it really is kind gently but firmly to refuse.

Why? Because just in this way many a young man has laid the foundation for a life of failure. I once knew a clerk in one of the great departments at Washington who had this habit. Few who would lend to him in that office but had entrusted small sums to him. There was always some good reason why he needed "just a few dollars," until pay day.

Not all knew, however, that this young man every month spent all of his salary, and that, worst of all, he was not only borrowing all he could from his fellow-clerks, but was anticipating his next month's pay by getting in debt with the brokers of the city, who charged him roundly for this advance. And all this was contrary to the rules of the department. Things

went on—from bad to worse, until one day this young man was stunned by the announcement that he had been discharged. His habit of borrowing and the attendant expensive ways of living had lost him his position. How many he owed when he went out, none could tell.

It is but a very short step from borrowing to more serious offences, and before long crimes follow which ruin forever. Many of the defaulters of our country could tell bitter tales of the beginning of their troubles, and far too often it would be found that the habit of borrowing lay at the bottom. Nine times out of ten it began with borrowing a little from members of the family. Then the circle became wider, as the request grew easier to make, until there

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