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**The Jolly Animals' Club**  
 By LILIAN LEVERIDGE

XXII.

**Sir Spider to the Rescue.**

**S**UDDENLY there came a rustling sound amid the leaves in the garden.

"If it's something to do you want," whispered West Wind in Sir Spider's ear, "I can find you a job. Come along with me."

"That's easier said than done," returned Sir Spider. "I can't walk on air."

He didn't get a chance to finish the sentence. All in a moment West Wind snatched his beautiful web from the hollyhocks, wrapped it around him, and carried him off in a wild whirl of leaves and dust. Sir Spider hardly knew what was happening till he found himself, all dazed and blinded and breathless, on the sill of an upstairs window in the Red Cottage.

"Open your eyes and see what you will see," West Wind said.

Sir Spider opened his eyes and looked inside the room. He had never been in this room before, and it was quite different from the cellar. It was a white and rose room, spotless and dainty as could be. There were flowers in the windows, and picture books and toys scattered around; and on a little, white cot lay the twins, Doll Dimple and Boy Blue, fast asleep.

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There seemed nothing whatever for a spider to do here, but before he had time to think about it, West Wind caught him up again and whirled him down to the windowsill just below. "Open your eyes and see what you will see," he whispered, adding, "Do what you find to do, and be quick about it."

Dazed and breathless, Sir Spider again opened his eyes and looked inside the room. This was a larger room, with more things in it. A little distance from the window, in an easy chair, sat an old man, sound asleep. His hair—what little there was of it—was silvery white, but all the top of his head was smooth and shiny. His mouth was partly open, and he was snoring. Sir Spider had seen him before and knew he was the twins' Grandpa.

But what was there to do here? Sir Spider began to think that West Wind had been playing a joke on him when suddenly he noticed a little, blue curl of smoke floating up from the floor. The next moment he saw that something needed to be done, and done quickly.

The carpet was burning. It had caught fire from the old man's pipe, which he must have dropped when he fell asleep. (Oh, that wicked pipe!) Slowly, but surely, the little red flame was creeping toward a newspaper, and one sheet of the newspaper just touched the end of a long lace curtain at the window which reached nearly up to the ceiling.

Sir Spider saw and understood it all in a flash. In a very short time, if that little, red flame were not put out it would reach the paper, and the blaze of that would set fire to the curtains, and then the whole house would go up in flame and smoke. (It was made of pine wood, and all the rooms were papered.) Who, then, would save Doll Dimple and Boy Blue?

It was quite clear to Sir Spider that he must wake up Grandpa. There seemed only one way to do this. That one way was both difficult and dangerous, but Sir Spider remembered King Bruce's little helper, and he did not hesitate a second. In fact, there wasn't a second to lose.

He climbed the wall to the ceiling, wishing all the time that he were a Daddy-Long-Legs so he could run faster. Then, just waiting half a second to steady his head and get his bearings, so he could go straight to the right spot, he began to run toward the middle of the ceiling. He had to be very, very careful, for one mis-step now and the game would be all up.

Steadily, steadily, he went, hardly daring to look down to the little, red flame that was creeping nearer and nearer to the paper. Soon, without any mishap, he reached the spot he was aiming for—directly over the head of Grandpa. Then, having fastened the end of his little rope securely to the ceiling, he began the descent.

Down, down down he went, spinning for dear life all the way. He knew there was only a chance, and a very small chance at that, of his being allowed to go back by his own rope, but at least he would have it ready.

The old man's bare head looked very smooth and shiny. Six sprawling, crawling, feet ought to be able to tickle it very nicely.

Grandpa's gentle snoring ended suddenly in a snort as those six sprawling, crawling feet landed fair and square, on his bald head. Swiftly his hand went up and hurled Sir Spider to the floor, where he lay on his back, with all his feet waving wildly and helplessly in the air.

"The mischief!" cried Grandpa. "If Mattie can't keep this room clear of spiders I'll see about it." And then poor Sir Spider saw a big, heavy boot coming down to crush him. "It's all up with me now!" he thought. "Well,

I did the best I could. I wonder what will happen to poor Doll Dimple and Boy Blue."

But if it had been all up with him he wouldn't have had time to think of all this.

"Jerusalem!" cried Grandpa in a fright as at that very moment he caught sight of the red flame that was just reaching over toward the paper on the floor. He snatched a pitcher of water from the table, dashed it on to the fire, and the little, red flame was no more.

"That was a near shave," said Grandpa. "In one more minute the house would have been on fire; and those two precious children upstairs, and their mother away! It was a near shave, sure enough! And I should never have wakened but for that spider. Where is the little beast?"

But the "little beast" had managed to struggle to his feet, and was now at a safe distance. Rather shakily he climbed again to the windowsill, and there, waiting for him, was West Wind.

"Bravo! Bravo!" called West Wind, heartily. "All honour to those who try!"

At these words Sir Spider felt that he was fully repaid for all he had gone through, for he remembered, with a thrill of pride, that they were the very words King Bruce had spoken to his great-great-great-grandfather.

"You've earned your title all right," West Wind went on, "and I shouldn't wonder if some day you will find your way to the Star; but for the present—get ready to go to the Jolly Animals' Club. I'll send a song sparrow to carry you over."

West Wind was as good as his word, and that night Sir Spider received the honour that was his due.

**Boys and Girls**

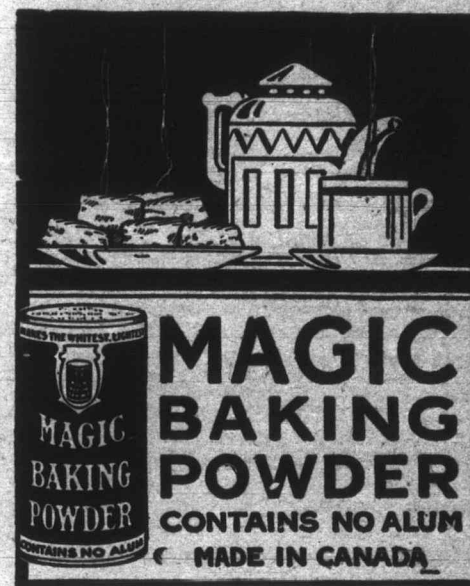
Dear Cousins,—

I didn't see you in the Christmas number last week, did I? It was an extra special affair, with so many extra, and so many special things in it that Cousin Mike and the children had to stay in the nursery and leave room for the grown-ups! But we had a good time there all the same; at least, I did, and instead of sitting down and writing to you, I sat down and had a good think about you. I wonder if you knew that? They say, you know, that thinking about people and wanting the best for them, and loving them hard, really can help them, and make them happy, and I believe its true.

So perhaps one day when you were feeling blue and cross probably, (every body does at times), you suddenly felt a smile creep behind your eyes and ask to be let through; so your eyes began to crinkle up at the corner, the smile began to struggle through, and before you knew where you were there was a great big laugh all ready to come out and you weren't cross any more.

That's because somebody was thinking nice things about you—it may have been Cousin Mike, it may have been somebody else—but at all events, the result was there. Now you see what you can do; think a smile, and it will spread, nobody knows where. Do it specially on days like last Friday and Saturday, when the sun seemed to have forgotten that Toronto was on the map at all, and the clouds began to cry in consequence.

Those are the days when you have to manufacture your own sunshine, the way my mother used to tell us at home. That sister I was telling you about was a good little girl mostly, and Cousin Mike—well, he was good at times, too! Anyway, when he was very, very bad—worse than usual—his mother used to say very sadly, "Well, you're mother's little cloud to-day," which made me very sorry indeed;



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then the sister used to say, "And what am I?" "You're mother's little sunshine," said mother, and that made the poor cloud feel sorer than ever,—wouldn't it you? He used to wish the sunshine would be a cloud for a change, sometimes—it used to get kind of lonely being a cloud all by himself, and the end of it was, that he simply had to be—at least to try to be—sunshine, because the other didn't work at all. There wasn't any room for clouds in our house; if they came, we used to chase them out as fast as we could, and we got pretty good at it, too. So you may as well all make up your minds to be Cousin Sunshines. I wouldn't know a Cousin Cloud if I saw him.

So good-bye till next week, when I hope to have your Help texts all ready. I have had four or five sets this week.

Your affectionate  
 Cousin Mike.

**ST. GEORGE'S, THORNDALE.**

The first meeting of St. George's A.Y.P.A., held on Nov. 20, gave promise of a good year. The keynote of the meeting was "Peace." The programme took the form of a "Community Chorus," the various National Anthems being sung. A poem, "The Coming of Peace," composed by a member, Miss Ethel Robson, was read "In Memoriam," for Cyril Clearence, George Cunningham and Mertin Shore.

**A SPLENDID HONOUR ROLL.**

St. John's, Norway, Toronto, has 350 names on its honour roll, of whom 40 have made the supreme sacrifice. The Rector of the parish is Major Rev. W. L. Baynes-Reed, D.S.O.

**The Bilious Habit**

Some people have bilious spells about ever so often until they get to be a habit.

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