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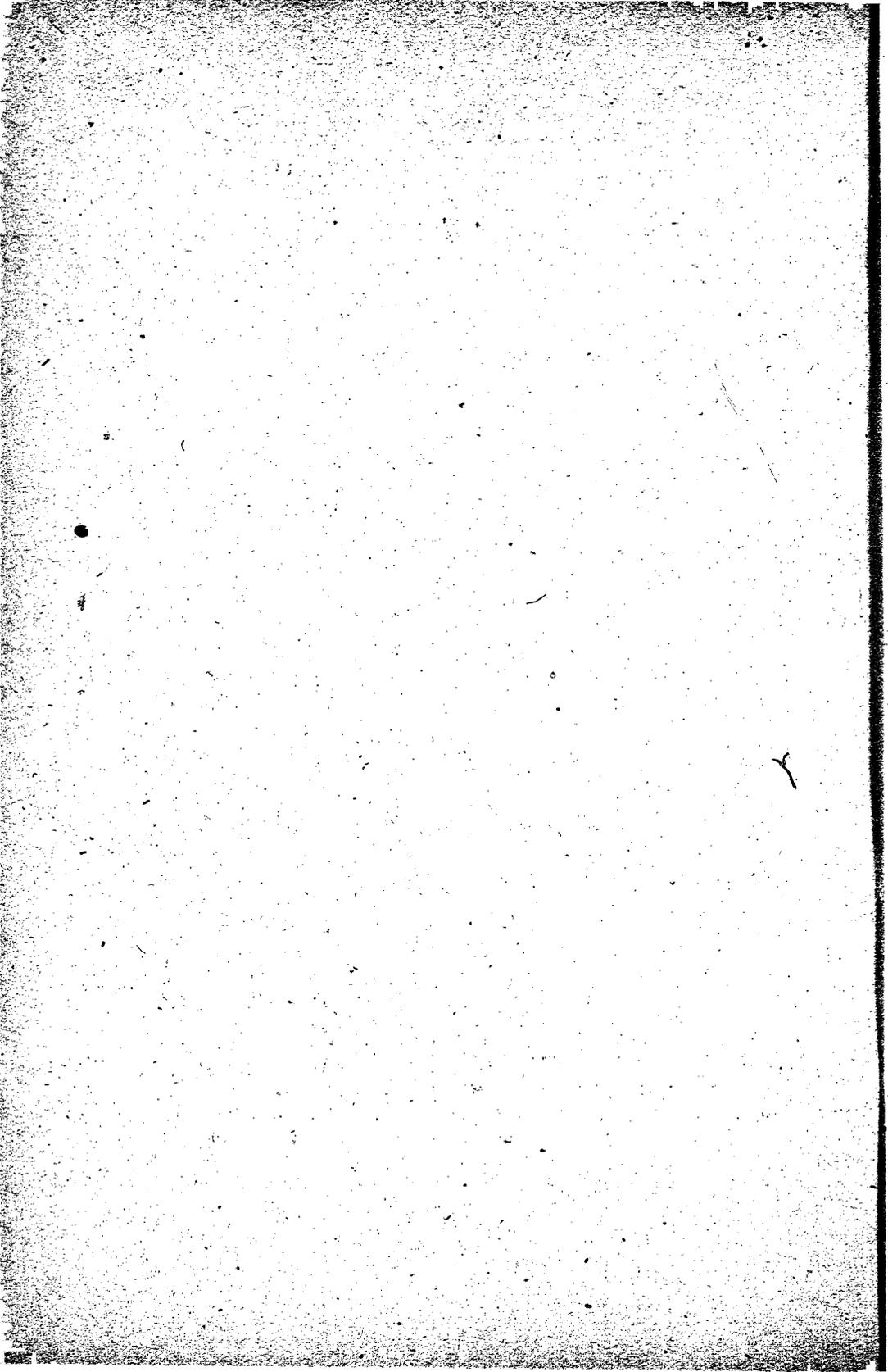
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DICK NIVEN

AND HIS HORSE

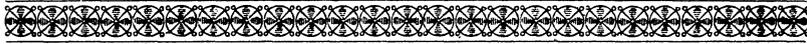
. . . . NOBBY

*Lantern Slide Lecture Teaching Kindness
to Animals.*

By ANNIE G. SAVIGNY.

Author of "Lion, the Mastiff" (From Life.) A Humane Story.

Entered, according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, by ANNIE G. SAVIGNY, at the Department of Agriculture.



LECTURE.

SLIDE 1.—SLEIGH AND PAIR OUTSIDE A CHURCH IN WINTER.

"Oh, all ye beasts and cattle, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever."

So had sung the congregation in a fashionable church, while *outside* the gates in the wintry wind stood several elegant equipages, many of them being sleighs; for a snow-storm of the day previous gave excuse for a sleigh-drive to church. The beautiful horses attached to many of the vehicles were disfigured by the tight check-rein and the tail being docked. One especially handsome pair attached to a sleigh, though closely clipped had no rug over them, and stood, as we see them in the picture, a shivering pair, their sides steaming, owing to the rapid rate the coachman had driven them; also cruelly docked and with the check-rein tight to the utmost demand of fashion.

"Spot," said one of the horses, "I'm shivering with cold, and tortured with this abominable bearing-rein and tight collar. Let us make a break for the country, and try to find our old home and kind master."

"Don't try it, Petrel," answered his comrade, "though I am just as sick of this wretched harness as you are, not to speak of the bare-faced theft of our tails, and they saying the eighth commandment in the church. Still, my dear comrade, I must repeat, don't try to run away; we couldn't run far with this sleigh at our backs. It would end in a big smash-up and the whip for us."

"Oh, pshaw, Spot; you are always preaching!" exclaimed Petrel, stamping his foot impatiently.

"Well, yes, you are right," responded Spot, emphatically, and trying to nod his poor tired head as we do; but as we see, it is fastened back so tightly he cannot say yes, with a nod, as we do. "You see, Petrel," continued Spot, "though we horses are very wise and know more than most men, still I must confess to have learned something of men's ways from the talks our friend the kind boy, Dick Niven, has with our ignorant hard-hearted groom, Nettle; and if I were in the pulpit in this church here, I would give the men a bit of a horse's mind on what I have heard Dick Niven say about the eighth commandment and the stealing of our tails. Goodness knows what we'll do without them in fly-time!"

SLIDE 2.—DOCKING PROCESS.

"True, true, Spot," said the other horse quickly, "I simply dread to think of the horse-fly, and I am positively ashamed to be seen since I've been docked. Dick Niven is right. Those people may well call themselves 'miserable sinners' in church after their treatment of us. There wasn't a prettier pair of horses in town, though I say it, than we were before we were mutilated in this way. All for fashion, too! I declare, Spot, it makes me long to kick some one when I think of it!"

"And no wonder, dear Petrel," returned Spot, as he shivered in his harness.

"No wonder, indeed!" echoed Petrel; "I tell you what it is, Spot, when I feel this dust-brush instead of my own tail at my back, I wish I was a coal-heaver's horse, who doesn't go in for fashion, instead of a carriage horse, whose master or groom declares *must be in the fashion*, forsooth! Things have come to a pretty pass when we, who came to town high-spirited colts, look with envy upon the unamputated horse of the coal-heaver!"

"I'm with you, Petrel," put in his comrade, hastily. "I'd a thousand times rather be Dick Niven's horse Nobby, and be hired out for any chance load, than belong to Mr. Highflyer with this horse-hair duster on my back, for all the world like the feather lamp-chimney cleaner, once the *feathers of a lovely bird*, but now sticking up on the mistress' bonnet."

SLIDE 3.—SHOWING LADY WEARING EGRET PLUME IN HER BONNET.

"Dick Niven says," continued Spot, "that the beautiful egret is shot down by the cruel hunters when she is caring for her young, just for her tail feathers to trim up the women with! So you see, Petrel, the poor mother-bird and her young all have to die to fix up these bonnets! Is it not terrible, Petrel?"

SLIDE 4.—BEAUTIFUL EGRET.

"Terrible, indeed, to slaughter such a magnificent bird!" exclaimed Petrel, stamping his feet as if to run away. "It's my opinion, Spot, that you are on the wrong track, when you preach to me to bear my wrongs patiently, lest I get the whip for running away from such cruel creatures as men and women. See, good comrade, how I have to seek to rest the tired muscles of my neck by straining my head sideways; and you also, poor fellow. Ah! good Spot, I see you are shedding tears over your wrongs. But I'll not weep, I'll stand it no longer, I'll run away!"

At this juncture two boys who had but just emerged from a small mission church around the corner, came along, and in passing several of the horses one of the lads had stopped to say a friendly word. This boy was none other than the friend of animals of whom we have heard

the horses Spot and Petrel talking. Yes, Dick Niven it is, who, coming up to where Spot and Petrel stand, as we see in the picture, calls out cheerily:

SLIDE 5.—DICK NIVEN.

"Hello! Spot and Petrel; hello! I say." On hearing the well-known voice of Dick Niven, there is a musical whinny from both horses.

(Operator will repeat Slide 1.)

"See! Ben," said Dick to the boy who was with him. "See! these are the grand-looking horses you've heard me tell about at the Band of Mercy. Aint they dandies, except for being docked and having their heads jerked back with the check-rein?"

"You bet, they're dandies, Dick," replied Ben, the boot-black; "so sleek and shiny as if a barrel of hair-oil had been let on 'em through the fire-hose," said Ben, grinning.

"It's dirty mean of groom Nettle not to have thrown a blanket over them," said Dick Niven, stroking the neck of Petrel to keep him quiet.

"Yes, it's beastly mean of him," said Ben; "I bet he'd wrap his own greedy self up in the fur coat of his master or his mistress 'fore he'd stand in a wind like this—enough to blow a fellow's hair off. Where is groom Nettle, anyhow, Dick?"

"Oh, I guess he's kicking his heels on the warm side of the church-door, or playing cards in the cabmen's shelter round the corner," replied Dick.

"Yes, Dick, you bet your boots that's what he's at. Groom Nettle is always looking out for number one. Mean snide!" said Ben, blowing on his rather grimy fingers, being in business for himself after school-hours as a boot-black, and who had been pressed into the Band of Mercy service by the boy, Dick Niven.

"But, say, Dick," continued Ben, the boot-black, "Say! are you agoin' to spend the day acryin' over these here horses and go without any dinner, save a blowin' of yoursel' full of wind, or are you agoin' home?"

"Don't try to be funny, Ben, for you miss it every time," replied Dick, patting the neck of Petrel, and speaking kindly to the restive and tightly curbed animal, while he added, "I'm coming home, Ben, before you could shine a gentleman's razor-pointed toe. But first I am going to unfasten the cruel and hideous check-rein on both these poor horses. If I don't, Ben, this one here is bound to run away."

"All right, Dick," said Ben, grinning. "But hold up a jiffy till I get my head under a sleigh robe. So as I won't have to swear in court I saw you do it. Search me, I don't know, is all they'll get out of me. Go on, give the horses a chance. I'm near smothered under this here robe. Fire away. Say when?"

"Now, Ben, all right, you may unwrap your pretty head," said Dick, laughing, as he whistled a Band of Mercy tune. "See, Ben, how glad they are to have the use of their heads. Now hand over that blanket, please—the one groom Nettle covers up his precious body with, and I'll throw it over the two of them; it will be better than nothing. Our horse Nobby has a fine blanket mother made out of samples of cloth patched together. And now, Ben, for a race to the corner, then home; but first, I must drop my card into the sleigh."

"Your card!" said Ben, in good-humored fun. "I guess what's on it is, 'Dick Niven, as works at odd jobs arter school,' eh?"

"Yes, Ben, you've hit the bull's-eye this time. The card is about the best job I've got—the Band of Mercy job; and my card shows the check-rein on and off the horses. Come now, let us hustle. Mother told me to bring you home to dinner; we have raisin pudding to-day, so hustle up. One, two, three and away!"

"You bet I'll skute," said Ben, grinning. "It isn't every day I gets raisin puddin'. Your mother is a brick, Dick."

"No, she aint," said Dick, out of breath with the run. "A brick is too hard for mother; she is more like a soft pillow."

SLIDE 6.—DICK AND BEN.

"Hello! hello, Ben!" loudly called a boy running after them, firing a snow-ball at Ben's back. He was a very well-dressed boy, his boots and pants bespattered with mud. "Hello, Ben. Hold up, I say."

Ben halted in the run, because the three boys attended the same school, but Dick did so very reluctantly, for he did not like the boy, and did not wish to keep his mother and little sister waiting for their dinner. He was hungry, too, for raisin pudding, so he said breathlessly:

"Don't stop, Ben. Bobbie Flint is not a good sort, and mother doesn't wish me to chum up with him."

"Oh, pshaw, Dick; Bobbie's got lots of tin anyhow, so I'll halt," said Ben, a little crossly, and making a step backward to meet Bobbie Flint, who ran up out of breath.

SLIDE 7.—DICK, BEN AND BOBBIE.

"Well, Bobbie, what's the row?" shouted Ben.

"Only this, kid," replied Bobbie Flint, twirling his chewing-gum from one cheek to another; "I want a shine."

"You bet!" responded Ben, the boot-black, scanning him critically. "But where under the sun did you get mud to-day? Your church is just round the corner from your house, and the snow hasn't melted worth a cent about there!"

"I know all that, crazy. But I wasn't at church. No, not much. Dad and ma took a car and went visiting. Dad told me to go to church, but I went on a jolly lark instead, boarded a car out to the eastern rail depot. Played robbers in the muddy yards with some other fellows. Set two dogs on a cat. Didn't they make her fur fly! You bet! Knocked down six sparrows with my catapult. But, say! I forgot that Band of Mercy supe, Dick Niven, was listening. I suppose he'll be mean enough to tell a cop about my catapult. But mind this, Dick Niven, if you do I'll get even. See if I don't."

"You'll hand over that *murderous catapult* to me, Bobbie Flint," said Dick Niven firmly, "or you'll hand it over to this policeman coming down the street. Choose quick!"

"Take it then, you Mercy supe," said Bobbie, sulkily; "but mind I'll get even."

"All right, Flint, I'm ready for you," said Dick; "but I do wish, Bobbie Flint, you'd act on the square with the animals and birds."

"Give us a rest, Niven," replied Bobbie, crossly. "Now, Ben, here is your corner. I'll go round with you and get a shine. I don't want to show up at home with all this mud on. Dad will kick up rough about my spoiling my new suit. Come on, I'll make it ten cents—five for the shine and five to brush me up. Here we are at the corner, I'll skute round with you," said Bobbie Flint, sure that the offer of ten cents would fetch the boot-black.

"Can't be did, Bobbie," said Ben, jerking at his uncomfortable starched Sunday collar. "Can't be did. I aint goin' to work seven days in the week for you nor any other man."

"Good for you, Ben," said Dick; "you're right in with the fourth commandment this time."

"Such rot!" cried out Bobbie Flint, angrily. "My dad says the commandments were only made for them Jew fellows. There goes a car. Those men work on Sundays, so ought you, you lazy fellow. Do you see the cars, I tell you. They run, and you should work, too."

SLIDE 8.—HORSELESS CARS.

"Yes, I sees the cars. I know they run. I aint blind," returned Ben. "But the slaveys as runs 'em is scared of getting the grand bounce if they refuse to work Sundays. They aint in an independent profession like I be. See!" he added proudly, while firing a snow-ball at a telephone pole.

"All right, soapy Ben; but I'll get even, see if I don't," shouted Bobbie, spitefully, as he ran round a corner after throwing a snow-ball at Dick's cap, knocking it sideways.

"I wish Bobbie Flint would act on the square instead of trying to get even and knocking a fellow's cap on his ear like a soldier," said Dick, good-humoredly, while taking off his mits and unbuttoning his overcoat, for the sun had come out bright and warm.

Two blocks farther on brought Dick and Ben to Spruce Street, which was little better than a lane in comparison with Bower Avenue, which was to the front of it. The home of Dick Niven was at 15 Spruce Street, being one of a row of neat frame cottages.

The father of Dick Niven and his little sister Molly had been dead for two years, when we first became acquainted with Dick. His father had been an honest, industrious pedlar of fruit, with a far-ringing voice as he sang out, "Strawberry ripe here! Fresh Oakville strawberry!" Dick's father had owned his horse and cart, and had treated his co-worker, the horse Nobby, with kindness and consideration. Dick and his good mother had deeply grieved at the death of this honest pedlar of fruit.

SLIDE 9.—NOBBY AND HIS CART.

Nobby, the horse, was now largely the bread-winner of the small family—the widow of Niven hiring out the horse and cart to carry any light load, or as an express waggon. The horse Nobby was well cared for by Dick, and indeed was petted by each member of the family. He stood in a small stable in a little back yard which Dick's little sister Molly called the garden, because in summer dandelions and sweet clover showed their pretty heads among the green grass. The back wall of Nobby's little stable was almost close to the grand brick stable in which were housed the pair of long-suffering horses, Spot and Petrel, with whom we are now all well acquainted, and whom we have seen standing shivering, docked and wearing the cruel check-rein which their friend Dick Niven, we must remember, had loosened while they had stood outside the church waiting to draw their mistress home. The master of Spot and Petrel was absent from town, but their mistress, Mrs. Highflyer, and her little son Nelson, had gone to church.

SLIDE 10.—DICK'S MOTHER AT DOOR OF COTTAGE.

Here we see the good woman, Dick's mother, opening the door for her dear boy; we hear the sweet voice of a little child singing the second verse of a Band of Mercy song, to the tune of "God Save our Queen." Let us listen, as the boys did, to little Molly as she sings:

SLIDE 11.—BAND OF MERCY HYMN.

(TUNE—*God Save our Queen.*)

“Oh, may we ever find,
 Sweet joy in being kind,
 A happy band.
 We'll keep our cards with care,
 With Pledge so broad and fair,
 And Badge of Mercy wear
 Throughout the land.”

“Well done!” shouted Dick, cheerily, and entering the bright living-room of the three-roomed cottage, plainly furnished indeed, but comfortable and spotlessly clean, the mixed smell of onion stew and raisin pudding filling pleasantly the nostrils of the hungry boys.

“Well done, I say!” repeated Dick. “But where are you, my five-year-old sister?”

“I’se in here, Dickie, in mother’s bedroom an’ mine. I’se feedin’ the sparrows on the window-sill, with some crumbs mother gave me. See, Dickie, an’ Ben, too; but Ben might frighten the sparrows, so he must peep gently with his one eye.”

“My eye!” said Ben, grinning. “I’d have you know, Sissy, that Ben, the boot-black, have more than one eye. For I seed two on ’em in the gents’ toes as I give ’em a shine. How’s that for I?”

“All right, Benny,” said little Molly. “You may peek with your two eyes, an’ as you’re so smart, you’ll be able to count all the raisins in mother’s sweet puddin’; else if you only had one eye, you’d think you only got half the count of raisins mother gives Dickie an’ me.”

“That’s so,” said Ben, laughing.

“See, Ben,” continued little Molly. “See! don’t the sparrows peck pretty out of Dickie’s hand?”

“You bet they do, the hungry little beggars,” said Ben; “but I never saw anybody feed ’em before. They’ve pretty spots on ’em too, an’ I guess I’ll never fire stones at ’em any more.”

“Come to dinner, children!” called the kind mother from the next room, as she bustled about the base burner with oven attached, the live coals shining brightly through the transparent mica. “And Dick, my son, take Ben into your bedroom and both of you wash your hands; then please come to our nice hot dinner.”

SLIDE 12.—NEAT COMFORTABLE LIVING-ROOM, THE MOTHER WITH HER CHILDREN, DICK AND MOLLY AS WELL AS BEN, SEATED AT TABLE.

“Dick, my son, please say grace,” reminded his mother.

“Yes, mother, but may I say one out of my own head? I’d rather.”

“Certainly you may,” replied his mother, kindly. All bowed their heads excepting Ben, who stared wonderingly at Dick as he prayed:

“Oh, heavenly Father, grant we pray Thee, that this good dinner may make us all so strong, that we shall be able to protect all Thy defenceless creatures from cruel treatment. And, dear Lord, grant that we may not be so horrid greedy as to eat up everything and not save a bit of dinner for Trixy and the stray dog, or a bite of apple for Nobby, our good horse. Amen.”

When Dick ended grace, as his mother served each one with a large plateful of nice hot stew, Ben, though he wiped a smile off his face with his hand, said a loud “Amen,” resolving that should Dick’s mother give him one of the shining red apples he saw on a side table, he would save the whole core for Nobby, the horse.

The little party ate the stew with hearty relish, not a word being spoken for several minutes. When Dick and Ben were given some more, little Molly found voice to say:

“Dickie, when you were to church, I went out to the stable and talked to Nobby, so I did; and, Dickie, I waited until I heard Spot and Petrel go out of their stable to fetch Mrs. Highfly and Nelson home from church, ’cause mother told me Nobby would be more lonesome when he did not hear Spot and Petrel talking and stamping their feet, see!”

“Yes, Molly, I see; and you are a good little girl for keeping Nobby company. All animals love to be taken notice of and dislike moping by themselves.”

“Say!” said Ben, spilling some of the stew he was carrying to his mouth, in his astonishment. “Say, Dick, you never let this baby go to the stable alone, the horse might kick her!” and the boot-black drew one of the child’s long fair curls through his fingers, meaning to be kind.

“I’se not a baby!” cried Molly, red with anger. “I’se a quarter past five, an’ I can feed our cat, an’ the sparrows, an’ sweep the floor, an’ sew patches, an’ go to church, so I can. An’ our Nobby wouldn’t kick me any more than mother would, nor Dickie, nor—nor than—than Queen Bitoria! So there!”

This hasty little speech of Molly caused them all to laugh merrily, and Molly liking the sound smiled through the tears that had brimmed her blue eyes on Ben alluding to her as a baby.

“There is no fear of our good horse Nobby hurting my little girl,” said her mother; “he’s as gentle as a lamb to her, dear old fellow. Did you go into Nobby’s stall, my dear?”

“Oh, yes, mother, an’ I plaited his long tail, an’ he letted me, an’ he peeked round at me, an’ he smiled at me with his long nose, so he did,” said the little girl, gleefully.

"I guess poor Spot and Petrel would like to have borrowed our horse's long tail more times than he could spare it," said Dick, his eyes on his good mother, as she served the sweet raisin pudding.

"It's dirty mean to dock a horse," said Ben, his face beaming with smiles on Mrs. Niven giving him a generous supply of the pudding. "I heard a policeman tell a gent, whose shoes I was a-shinin', that he had seen a horse docked the other day, and the poor animal suffered so much from being seared with a red-hot iron, as well as the docking, that he gave such a big sob as turned the cob sick for two days." Here the boot-black cried out "Oh!" and fell to rubbing his knee, on Trixy, the cat, creeping softly to his side and sticking a pair of sharp claws into his knee in begging for a bit.

Little Molly laughed merrily, and getting off her chair, carried the cat back again to her patch-work bed by the stove.

"Our puss went to you because she thought you were anodder boy," said Molly, "and our puss thought you would give her a bit, 'cause you wouldn't know we don't feed her at table. Isn't she a cunnin' puss?"

"You just bet she is," said Dick, as he and Molly helped their mother to wash the dishes, fold the cloth and gather up the crumbs."

"Here, Trixy!" called out Mrs. Niven. "Here are the scraps for you. Come, puss, to your oilcloth in the corner. You see, Ben, I can easily wash the bit of oilcloth, and so, our pretty rag-carpet is neither greased nor stained."

"You thinks of everything, ma'am," said Ben, sorrowfully. "Now, my step-mother

SLIDE 13.—BEN'S STEP-MOTHER.

just says cats is dirty beasts, an' she up with the broom or rake an' drives 'em out when I brings 'em in out of the cold since I joined the Band of Mercy."

"You have a nasty step-mother an' I hate her!" cried Molly, with a stamp of her tiny foot, "but I just love cats, they are so soft an' buzz so pretty. Do you know, Ben, what I'se goin' to do when our Trixy dies? Guess."

"Bury her," replied Ben, promptly.

"No! no!" cried Molly, clapping her chubby hands. "I knowed you couldn't guess. I'se going to have a muff made out of her fur coat for mother. See!"

SLIDE 14.—SHOWING MOLLY AS SHE TALKS—THE CAT BESIDE HER.

"Yes, I see that will be a dandy muff," said Ben, stroking the cat, who had jumped to his knee.

"Now, my dear children, and you also Ben, come and sit around the stove," said Mrs. Niven, affectionately, "and we shall eat an apple and

have a quiet talk, until it is time for us to shut up house and go to Sunday School. Tell me, Dick, what the text was this morning?"

"That's too easy, mother; give me a harder question—and you will say so when I tell you that it is the text on the wall in my bedroom, 'Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.' Mr. Young was the preacher, and he explained the text very well; but I wished he had said something more than he did about showing mercy to the poor defenceless animals; but, never mind, next Sunday Mr. Young preaches altogether on kindness to animals. Anyhow, I practised what our good Mr. Young preached, by unfastening the cruel check-rein on those long-suffering horses, Spot and Petrel, so I did."

"Oh, Dick!" cried his mother, "I know it was a merciful act to ease the poor horses; but I hope groom Nettle did not see you do it—he has a nasty temper, you know, dear."

"Yes, mother, I know he has, but I'm not a coward, so I left my card about the check-rein in the sleigh, so he won't blame any other fellow, for groom Nettle knows my card all right. But, oh! mother dear, what noise is that? I think it is that poor stray dog whining outside. I'll run out and let him into the stable with Nobby. Come, Ben."

On the return of the two boys, little Molly said:

SLIDE 15.—THE CAT-TRIXY.

"Now, listen, Ben, with your two ears, I've going to tell a cat story, the way the children do at Dick's Band of Mercy. Once upon a time—I mean nudder day—Nobby's visitor, the stray dog, creeped in under the fence and comed into our yard. But, Dickie, what is the stray dog's name, I want to say it?" asked Molly in the middle of her story.

"Call him Stray," answered Dick, promptly.

"Very well, Dickie, I will. Well, Ben, Nobby's friend Stray was cold and wet 'cause it was raining, and, I spec', hungry, too. It was the nudder day when Dickie had saved a crust of his bread and put it on the fence for the sparrows 'fore he went to school. Well, Benny, the sparrows were so scared when Stray crept under the fence, that they let the crust fall down, an' it dropped right into Stray's big mouth. Wasn't that too funny for anything, Ben? Eh?"

"The fun was all on the dog's side," answered Ben, grinning. "But say, Sissy, what about the cat? You said you was goin' to tell a cat story."

REPEAT SLIDE 14.—MOLLY.

"So I is, Ben, goin' to tell a cat story right now in a minute. It was on the day that mother was out next door a-dessin' an' a-washin' Mrs. Timms' new doll-baby, an' so I put my rubber shoes on—the beauties

Dickie gave me that he made out of newspapers; but they aint the same color as newspapers. Anyway I put the shinin' rubbers on, an' I went out into the garden, an' held dear dad's umberel—the one Dickie told me dad used 'fore he went up in heaven. Well, Ben," continued little Molly, as we see her talking in the picture—"well, Ben, I holded dad's umberel over Stray for fear he'd take a cold in his head, an' I wiped a drop on his nose with my hancherif, so I did. Then our cat Trixy creeped out of her out-door house—a box with a bit of carpet an' straw in it—an' say, Ben, what do you think our big cat Trixy did? Guess?"

"That's an easy one, Sissy," said Ben. "I guess your cat flew at the stray dog an' blinded his eye."

"She never!" exclaimed Molly, angrily. "An' you shan't stroke our nice, good puss any more, so you shan't, you nasty horrid boy."

"Molly! Molly!" said her mother, reprovingly, "tell Ben what a good Band of Mercy eat our Trixy is."

"Very well, mother, so I shall. Well, Ben, our good puss saw I was getting wet, so she crept out of her out-door house an' went down the garden in the rain, an' she stood up on her dandy-long-legs, an' lifted the latch of Nobby's stable door so that Stray could go in, an' he did go. Wasn't that sweet of our puss, Ben?"

"Yes, you bet it was. We'll make her a member of our Band of Mercy. Eh, Dick?"

"All right, Ben. I'll call on you to nominate the new member. I wish some of the little kids in our Band had as fine a set of furs as she has."

"This here new coat of mine is as warm as any cat's fur," said Ben, smoothing the sleeve of his coarse cloth coat with pride.

"Ben, my boy," said Dick's mother, "it's none of my business, I know, and I hope you won't mind my remarking on it, as your mother and I were old friends, but I must say since you've joined the anti-tobacco and chewing-gum league, you look quite like a gentleman."

"Oh, say!" said Molly, laughing, "see our Trixy a-lookin' at herself in Ben's shinin' boot. Isn't she cunnin'?"

SLIDE 16.—THE CAT LOOKING AT HER REFLECTION IN BEN'S BOOT.

"Cats make very pretty pictures," said Dick, sitting down on the floor beside the stove and stroking the cat. "They are very useful, too, in scaring away rats and mice; indeed, in cold storage vaults and granaries they are of great service. I wish we could have a cat tax, which would make them be better cared for. Cats are very fond of those who are kind to them. Listen, wee Molly, to my cat story. Once upon a time a lady took sick. She had a cat of which she was very fond. Well,

this cat moped and pined while her good friend was ill. She must have thought the family was starving the lady, for every day she brought the choicest bits of her own dinner to the bedside of her friend, and one day, as a great treat, she carried a mouse she had killed and two fat cockroaches, and laid them beside her face on the pillow."

"Ugh! how very, very nasty of that cat," said little Molly, making a grimace.

"Children," said Mrs. Niven, "it is nearly time we were all starting for Sunday School. I shall go first and put on my bonnet and coat; and, Molly, dear, you must now say to Ben what you promised me you would about using the word 'hate.'"

"Very well, mother, but I doesn't want to," said the little girl, drooping her head; "but I 'spose I must, Ben, 'cause I promised mother I would when you and Dickie were out in the stable. But I doesn't want to say it, so I'll whisper it, Ben, over in this corner by mother's sewing

SLIDE 17.—MOLLY WHISPERING TO BEN.

machine. I'll whisper, Ben, so as only you and God can hear."

"All right, Sissy, here I am."

"Well, Ben, can you hear me whisper?"

"Yes, Sis."

"Well, Ben, I promised mother to say to you that I was sorry I said I hated your step-mother, 'cause she chases cats out with a broom or a rake. An' now, Ben, I've said what mother told me to say, but I'se afraid, Ben, I hate her all the same, so I does. But, Benny, I've said what mother bid me, haven't I, Benny?"

"Yes, you have, Sissy," whispered Ben, "an' I hate her, too, 'cause she licks me for nothin', an' she dashes scalding water on dogs as I bring in to get warm, so, Sissy, I'm goin' to run away from her soon, an' I'm goin' to live in the working boys' home, so I am, sure pop!"

"Molly! Molly!" called her mother, "come now, dear, and get your coat and hood on."

"Yes, mother, I'se comin'. Now, please listen while the boys are out sayin' good-bye to Nobby, an' givin' water to the stray dog. Listen, mother, if I know my verse. Are you listening, mother?" asked the little girl, as her mother buttoned on her warm coat.

"Yes, dear, I am listening. Go on; say your verse."

"Very well, listen close, mother:

"Little hands and dimpled fingers
Are not made to pinch and tear;
But to move in deeds of kindness,
And to fold in thoughts of prayer."

"Do I say it all right, mother?"

"Yes, little daughter, you do say it all right, but I want you to remember to practise what you preach, as our Dick says. Now, come, boys, it is time we were starting for Sunday School," said the good woman.

"Mother!" whispered Dick, as they went their way to Sunday School. "Mother, may I ask Ben to come back to supper with us? His home is so noisy on Sunday. They play cards for money; and poor Ben is really trying to be a good boy. His step-mother is not a good woman. May I ask him, mother?"

"Yes, Dick, you may. I must speak to Mr. Young about him. I should like him to learn a trade. Yes, ask him to come and spend every Sunday with us, where he can eat his dinner in peace and quietness."

"Thank you, mother; you never forget to practise the 'golden rule.'"

"I am afraid I do sometimes, my son. Molly, child, give mother your hand going up the steps, they are a little slippery. Now, try to be a good girl in church, my dear."

SLIDE 18.—DICK DELIVERING THE "DAILY POSTER."

Monday morning came, and Dick and his mother were up and dressed by six o'clock. The stove was raked out, new coal poured in, and the ashes removed by Dick, who then hurried away to the office of the *Daily Poster*. On procuring his parcel for delivery, he rushed through many streets, dropping the newspapers into the letter-boxes of the many subscribers of the *Daily Poster*. After doing his work cheerfully and promptly, Dick ran through the dusk of early morning to his home, whistling merrily and catching the December snow-flakes in the palms of his hands as he ran. The city clocks were ringing, striking and chiming in a musical tangle the hour of eight o'clock as Dick reached the corner of Spruce Street, ran along to No. 15, and entered the door of his cottage home.

"Well, mother dear, here I am. Are any of the clothes ready for me to hang out on the line before we sit down to our breakfast?"

"Indeed, no, Dick," replied his mother, bustling about, "my hands can't fly at the wash-tub, as your feet do in running around delivering the *Daily Poster*. But breakfast is ready; so come, my son, before the porridge gets cold; you'll be hungry, as usual, after your run; there is no tonic like honest toil in the frosty air."

"That's so, mother," said the boy, "and our tonic is no patent medicine swallowed down in pill form, eh, mother?"

When breakfast was over Dick went out to the stable to feed and water Nobby, pet and talk to him, make his stable clean and tidy, see that the window-hole at the floor was open to let in the fresh air, and the

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

Mr. Highflyer's horses, and in meddling with his sleigh robes. Oh, Dick! I feared groom Nettle would do you harm. Oh, my poor, dear, fatherless boy, my boy!" cried his mother, sobbing.

"Don't cry, mother," said Dick, putting his arms about her, "and don't fear. You remember Job said, 'That which I most feared has come upon me;' now, mother, I do not fear what groom Nettle, or any other man, can do unto me, for 'the Lord is on my side,' and I may say on the side of poor Spot and Petrel, too."

As the brave boy talked his mother dried her tears and became calm. There were a few minutes of silent thought, when Mrs. Niven said:

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Dick. Nobby is not hired out until this afternoon. I'll wake Molly, bath and dress her, give her some hot porridge, and then drive her over to her uncle's for the day. Afterwards, we shall engage Mr. Pinder to defend you. We have \$310.00 saved, and I dare say Mr. Pinder will not charge us over the \$10.00."

"He won't charge us anything, mother, because we won't retain him. A lawyer could only tell the truth, which he would first have to learn from me; then why not save the money and speak for myself? Yes, I'll be my own lawyer. And, mother, I'd rather uncle didn't know anything of this, until it's all over; it would only fidget and worry him, and I can plead my cause, the cause of the animals, better, if uncle isn't in court. And we are bound to win," added Dick, trying to cheer his mother. "I am sorry to be obliged to miss school this morning, but I must try and make it up. Now, mother, I'll go and hang out the clothes that are in the basket all ready for me, while you dress yourself and Molly. Then I'll hitch up Nobby and drive Molly over to uncle's, and afterwards come for you, mother, and we'll drive to court in state."

SLIDE 22.—SPOT AND PETREL WITH THEIR CARRIAGE FACING NOBBY IN HIS CART OUTSIDE THE COURT-HOUSE.

An hour and a quarter later in the morning, Spot and Petrel having drawn groom Nettle, as the accuser of the boy, Dick Niven, to the court-house, stood facing Nobby, as he patiently waited in his easy-fitting harness, for Dick and his mother, who were for the first time in their pure and upright lives within the walls of a court-room.

"I am ashamed to look you in the face, Nobby," said Petrel, frothing at the mouth from the tightly drawn bit. "Yes, Nobby, I am actually ashamed to look you in the face after the way in which our cruel groom has acted to your kind young master, Dick Niven."

"And well you may be ashamed, Petrel," said Nobby. "It's a monstrous piece of injustice to bring my dear master into court, just for

giving you the use of your own head. And you tell me if Dick hadn't eased you, that you were on the point of running away!"

"That I was, indeed," replied Petrel. "Your master, Dick Niven, has told our stupid groom over and over again, that the *bearing-rein lessens* the horse's *strength*, and forces him to work with *cramped muscles* instead of by his own weight—does not prevent the horse from falling, as ignorant people say; but actually makes us fall much more badly when we do trip on those wretched icy or muddy asphalt pavements. If men knew as much as Dick Niven, I tell you what it is, Spot, we would have paper shoes, after the new German patent. Dick Niven says we horses would never slip if we wore paper shoes. Yes, Nobby, your kind young master often tells our groom all this, but he pretends he is deaf, or else abuses the boy."

"Yes, indeed, I often hear him through the stable wall," said Nobby, "and I often wonder you don't kick him. Why, don't you?"

"Well, it's just this way, Nobby," answered Petrel, angrily, "I don't kick him because my comrade, Spot, is always and eternally preaching patience!"

"Well, Spot!" said Nobby, wonderingly. "That's a queer text for a horse to preach on. Why, even men, who know so little about horses, confess that we are the most patient of animals!"

"Yes, Nobby," returned Spot, "I know they do, and knowing how patient we are, is the very reason they take a mean advantage of us. All the same, dear Nobby, I must preach patience to my comrade, Petrel; because if we horses cease to set men a good example, I don't know how it will all end."

"Well, yes, good Spot, perhaps you are in the right," remarked Nobby, thoughtfully; "but all the same, it was a gross piece of impertinence on the part of your cruel groom to summon my dear young master to court. Poor boy, without a father, too."

"Yes, indeed, it is an abominable shame!" cried Spot and Petrel indignantly, as they stamped their feet in anger.

In the court-room, cleared of all loafers, Dick Niven had been accused by groom Nettle of interfering with his horses.

"The beasts is owned by Mr. Highflyer," said the groom; "but they are more like my own beasts, as I have the care of them, an' as I likes to see 'em hold their heads up—the lazy brutes. I told the master an' the missus as they must wear the tight check; an' here comes this saucy young rascal, with his confounded Band of Mercy nonsense, an' unfastens the check, an' drags about the sleigh robes to dress the horses up, as if they was human beings. But I have no fear, your Worship, but that you will severely punish this errant beggar, as interferes with the property of

a rich gentleman like Mr. Highflyer, not to speak of me, his groom, your Honor. Why, your Worship, this boy, Dick Niven, has the cheek to lecture me, as was with horses 'fore he was born, on using the whip. Why, sir, what were whips made for, but to use. But this young stupid tells me the whip makes them strain theirselves, ass that he is. Then he lectures me on what he calls the cruelty of docking.

"Now, your Honor being a gentleman knows that fashion is everything—everything, sir, with carriage horses. Why, even the ladies likes to see 'em lookin' so smart-like as when docked. If my horses don't stand still, even in fly-time, I gives 'em the whip, 'cause I knows my business, sir, and I won't stand 'bein' lectured to by this here kid. Horses, is only horses, and can be bought so cheap, your Honor, that the fact is it doesn't pay to be a pampering of them, especially when a man owns them, body and bones." And the groom, red with rage, took his seat.

SLIDE 23.—DICK NIVEN PLEADING HIS CASE IN COURT.

"Dick Niven!" said the Court, "what have you to say to the charges against you? Have you no lawyer to defend you, my boy?"

"No, your Honor," replied Dick, modestly and respectfully; "though we are not beggars, as groom Nettle has called us, still, sir, since father died mother and I try to save—yes, and do save—a few dollars every month—but I beg pardon for taking up the time of the court. But I would not agree to mother spending money on a lawyer, your Honor, who could only tell the truth, which he would first have to learn from me. So I am here, sir, to answer to the charges against me. I am here to plead for the poor horses, sir, and for myself," added Dick, gaining courage on seeing the magistrate look kindly at him. "There are just two items in groom Nettle's charges against me, which I shall notice, your Honor. First, he speaks as if he owned the horses, body and bones, as he has stated. Well, your Honor, I claim that Mr. Highflyer, by purchase, owns them; and I don't think groom Nettle had any right to summon me to court in the absence of his master—who has always treated me with kindness—and who really, by purchase, as has been said, owns the poor horses in question, sir. But, your Honor, I claim that there is One who has a higher claim to the horses than even Mr. Highflyer—One who has said, 'All the beasts of the forest are mine, and so are the cattle upon a thousand hills.' Secondly, I maintain, sir, that groom Nettle, in persuading his master to agree to the *cruel*, the *hideous* process of docking the horses, has broken the eighth commandment—has, in seeking to *revise the work of the Creator*, committed a theft of the *horses' own tails*. Therefore, your Honor, it has been clearly proven that

groom Nettle, not being well up in *his duty to horses*, it is *my duty* as a Band of Mercy boy, to endeavor, as my pledge tells me: 'To try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage.' This is all I have to say to groom Nettle's charge, sir. This is my defence, your Honor, that in giving Spot and Petrel the temporary use of *their own necks*, I was merely carrying out my Band of Mercy Pledge. Further, sir, I firmly believe that had I not given this temporary relief to those dark bay beauties, they would have made a dash for freedom; and perhaps, quite unintentionally, sir, ran over the little children who were coming from the mission church near by. This, your Honor, closes my defence, excepting that, in reply to groom Nettle's complaint in that I had meddled with his sleigh robes, I would say, sir, that here, too, I merely carried out my Band of Mercy Pledge in throwing a rug over the poor, closely clipped horses. Ah, your Honor, the shame of it, that a coachman will wrap himself in furs to the eyes, and leave his noble friend and co-worker clipped and shivering in his harness. Ah, sir, my heart aches for the poor animals, horses, and dogs alike, sir. And now, your Honor, this closes my defence."

That Dick's boyish manner and words, given with so much earnestness, had made a good impression his mother noted with thankfulness, and groom Nettle, starting to his feet with ill-concealed rage, said excitedly:

"Your Honor, may I have the last word?"

"Well, no," replied the magistrate, coldly. "The last word is for the Court. But you may speak if you will be brief."

"I will, your Honor," quickly responded Nettle in cringing tones. "Your Honor is too great and wise not to see that this meddling boy is a little off on the subject of animals. Why, sir, only think, this crazy Band of Mercy boy, actually has the impudence to tell me, as has been about horses all my life, an' he with only a poor worn-out nag, as is only fit for the bone-yard—this impudent feller, I say, has the cheek to come to my stable an' tell me as I had oughter to clean out the feet of my horses every night! Just think of it, your Honor, clean 'em out every night! Sure your Honor knows, being a gentleman, as it would make them as tender as a chicken, so it would, not to speak of the waste of time of it. Me as doesn't waste time a-washin' my own feet but once in six months!"

At this unsolicited confession on the part of groom Nettle, a roar of laughter filled the court-room, in which Dick and his mother with relieved feelings took part.

The verdict was given in Dick's favor, with the advice to ring up the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, or call a policeman. The costs of the Court were to be paid by groom Nettle, which were to be

handed over to Dick, to repay him for the loss of a half-day at school, the magistrate adding laughingly, "That the money would help to feed the poor worn-out nag, Nobby," adding further, that "he hoped soon to see a law passed making docking, over-head check, and too much, or in/leed any, use of the whip a criminal offence."

As Dick and his mother prepared to leave the court-room, the magistrate called out :

"Dick Niven! Dick Niven! take your good mother home. And see here, you premature pleader-at-the-bar. I am going home by Bower Avenue, and shall drive round to 15 Spruce Street, and shall go in and have a talk with you and your mother, as well as have a look at that worn-out nag Nobby, whom Nettle says is only fit for the bone-yard."

"All right, sir, mother and I will be right down glad to see you, sir," replied Dick, joyfully, as he prepared to follow his mother out of the court-room, but lingering a minute to add :

"Nobby will be delighted to see your Honor, and will be a living witness not only on my side, but on the side of Band of Mercy treatment of the poor animals, sir. Good-bye, your Honor.

"Good-bye, until this afternoon, my boy."

SLIDE 24.—BAND OF MERCY SONG TO TUNE OF "GOD SAVE OUR
QUEEN."

"God help our loving Band," etc.

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