

down for a little while and waited; then she got up and began again to cry. When night came she waddered off, and in a neighbour's yard found an old crust which had been dropped outside of a garbage pail. She ate this ravenously, but the lid was on the pail, and so she could get nothing more.

After this her life was one of constant hunger and suffering. She became very thin. Her fur was rough and dirty, for a cat which is starved feels too badly to take any trouble. Her eyes grew weak and sore-looking, because she had cried so much—cats like Frisk shed real tears when they are unhappy. One day a cruel boy who saw her, said to another, "See me make that old cat run," and then threw a stone, which hit her on the head and made a bad wound. Another day, when the hunger was gnawing her poor stomach until she was nearly frantic—she had not had even a crust for days—she saw a kitchen door open, crept in, and was just about to take some meat off a table, when a woman saw her and drove her out. She did not run very far, because she hoped to go back when the woman was not looking. You see, she was so hungry she forgot fear. But the woman saw her near the house, and in order to make sure of driving her away, she carried out some dirty water and threw it at her. Some of it went over her, and you can understand how miserable she was then. Cats do not like water on their fur, especially dirty water. They are naturally clean animals.

This dreadful life went on for weeks. Poor Frisk had not been able to get even mice, because there were only strange stables for her to go to with strange men in them, of whom she was afraid, and other cats, who considered the stables theirs because they lived there, and the mice, too, if there were any. When poor Frisk became thin and weak from starvation she could no longer smell keenly, and if mice had been about she would not have known it. Cats do not smell keenly unless they are well fed. One day Frisk saw a young bird, not quite able to fly, and she caught it and ate it. After that she robbed nests several times, which was dreadful, but what is a starving cat to do? Any one who leaves a cat to starve is the

enemy of the birds, and is doubly cruel.

But soon the birds' nesting time was over, and the birds were out of reach. The weather was hot, and Frisk was soon in such a sad state from weakness and the treatment cruel boys had given her that she could only creep about in corners near the house which had been her home. She could no longer even look for food. She was slowly dying. One morning she was lying under the porch. She heard a voice. Surely it was one that she remembered! She crawled feebly out, and tried to utter a little cry. The owner of the voice, who was no other than the kind little Frances Ward, who had petted her in the winter, ran to her, stooped down and uttered a cry of dismay. Then she ran back to the lady who was with her, and said, sobbing, "Oh, mother, mother! Come here! This is Jack Barker's cat! The poor, poor thing! She is dying! Oh, what shall we do?"

"You must be quiet, dear," said the nice-looking lady, to whom all this had been said, or rather screamed, "and we will do something at once. The poor cat is very ill, I think, from want of food. You must stay with her a few minutes while I get some."

In a very short time Mrs Ward came back with some warm milk in a cup, and a large apron. She opened poor Frisk's mouth and dropped a little of the milk into it from the end of her finger, and after taking some in this way the poor cat was able to lap a little, slowly and feebly. Mrs Ward said she must not have much at first, but she would give her some more very soon. Then she laid the apron over her body, and, carefully lifting her, carried her to her own house in the next street. A nice bed was made for her in a basket; it was put in a quiet place, where no one saw her but Mrs Ward and the gentle little Frances, and in a few hours Frisk was able to stand on her poor thin legs and look up, oh, so gratefully, into the kind faces of her rescuers, and even to utter little mews expressive of her joy in finding friends once more. But they put her back in her basket, and told her to be a good cat, and go to sleep, as a good sleep was just what she needed. And Frisk did sleep, and eat, and got well, but it took quite a long time, and the fur never grew very well over

the place in her head where the cruel wound had been.

About a week after her rescue the Barker family returned. Coming home reminded Jack of his cat, and he began to look about for her, and even to inquire of the neighbours, but most of them had been away more or less, and they said they knew nothing about her. Then one day he met Frances Ward, and she described the finding of poor Frisk. Jack looked grave.

"Was she dyin' for want of grub, really for want of grub?" he inquired.

Frances nodded.

"Where is she now?"

"At our house," said Frances.

"I'm comin' to see her," said Jack.

When Frances led him to the quiet corner where Frisk's basket was, she was lying in it curled up, fast asleep. Frances walked softly.

"We do not disturb her when she is asleep," she said. "Mother says sleep is good for her after suffering so much."

"All our fault, wasn't it?" said Jack.

"Mother says it is kinder to chloroform a cat than to leave it without care," said Frances. "But we used to take our cat in a big basket, with the cover tied on over it, to Mrs Dill's to board whenever we went away. She was so kind to him, that he did not mind, and we did that every year while he lived. But," she added gravely, "he had the pleasure to pass away in his own home. He had a decent burial, and I can show you his tomb. I made it myself with bricks."

Jack thought a minute, then he looked up.

"Do you want Frisk to keep?" he said.

"Yes, indeed. May I have her? Honest?"

"Yes, honest," said Jack. "Our house isn't comfortable for a cat."

Which was quite true.

MILITARY HONOURS.

The military medal for bravery has been awarded to Bombardier Charles Mains. The recipient of this honour is a son of Mrs Mains, the Treasurer of our Sawyer's Bay Union. Mrs Mains has five sons in khaki.