

2. What is the correct pronunciation of "*vice versa*"
3. Which is correct, and why? "The bread did not *rise*;" or "The bread did not *raise*."
4. What part of speech is "*like*," in each of the following sentences?

His plans soared up *like* fire.

Approach thy grave *like* one, etc.

She is *like* him.

5. Who attacked Blucher before he came up with Wellington at the Battle of Waterloo?

1. In Canada the Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk and Canadian Northern, the two latter in course of construction. These may be traced on any recent map and the cities through which they pass noted.

2. Each word in two syllables, thus, *vi-ce*, *ver-sa*, with accent on first syllable of each.

3. Rise is correct because the intransitive form is required.

4. In the first two sentences "*like*" seems to be an adverb because it modifies the verbs in each. In the third it is an adjective qualifying "*she*."

5. Marshal Grouchy and Napoleon himself at Ligny, June 16, two days before Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo.

B. A. B.—Kindly answer the following questions:

1. How many states are there in the United States?
2. Which of the following are now states: Arizona, New Mexico, Indian Territory, Oklahoma?
3. Does Tasmania form a part of Victoria, Australia?
4. In what year was the Alaskan boundary dispute settled?

1. Forty-eight.

2. All are now states, which entered the union in the following order: Oklahoma (including all or the greater portion of Indian territory), New Mexico, Arizona. There is now no more territory north of Mexico, except Alaska, of which to make new states.

3. No.

4. In 1903.

### Abbie Ben Adams.

Abbie Ben Adams, may her life be spared,  
Awoke one night and felt a trifle scared.  
For on her shirt waist box, crosslegged, sate  
A Vision writing on a little slate.  
Exceeding nervousness made Abbie quake,  
And to the Vision timidly she spake:  
"What writest thou?" The Vision looked appalled  
At her presumption, and quite coldly drawled:  
"The list of Our Best People who depart  
For watering-places, sumptuous and smart."  
"And am I in it?" asked Miss Abbie. "No,"  
The scornful Vision said. "You're poor, you know."

"I know," said Abbie. "I go where it's cheap;  
I can't afford mountains or prices steep,  
But, ere you leave, just jot this item down,—  
I never leave my cats to starve in town."  
The Vision wrote, and vanished. Next night late,  
He came again, and brought his little slate,  
And showed the names of people really best,  
And, lo, Miss Abbie's name led all the rest.

—Carolyn Wells, in *Practical Ideals*.

### Twenty Froggies Went to School.

Twenty froggies went to school,  
Down beside a rusty pool.

Twenty little coats of green,  
Twenty vests so white and clean,  
"We must be on time," said they,  
"First we study, then we play;  
That's the way we mind our rule,  
When we go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,  
Called the classes in their turn,  
Taught them bravely how to strike,  
Likewise how to leap and dive;  
From his seat upon the log,  
Taught them how to say "Kerchog,"  
And from sticks that bad boys throw  
How to dodge the blow.

Twenty froggies grew up fast;  
Bullfrogs they became at last.  
Not one dunce among the lot,  
Not one lesson they forgot;  
Polished in a high degree,  
As each bullfrog ought to be;  
Now they sit on other logs,  
Teaching little frogs.

### June.

Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
We hear life's murmur, or see it glisten.  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And, groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;  
The cowslip startles in meadows green,  
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean  
To be some happy creature's palace;  
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being o'er run  
With the deluge of summer it receives;  
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,  
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;  
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest:  
In the nice ear of Nature, which song is the best?

—From "*The Vision of Sir Launfal*."