Among the Little Folks.

Jimmy—" I wish I went to school in Russia." Johnny—"Why?" Jimmy— "It takes all day to call the roll."

Visito-" Why, how big you are growing. Tommy! If you don't look out you will be getting tailer than your father." Tommy--Won't that be jolly! Then pop 'll have to wear my old trousers cut down for him."

down for him." A gentleman found his little daughter crying bitterly because she had had a tumble. "Never mind, Winnie," he said; "won't a chocolate make it better?" "No," said the child between her sobs, "but two would do it."

Old lady (to grocer's boy)—"Don't you know that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?" Boy—"That's what the guv'nor told me to do, mum?" "Told you to whistle "" "Yes"m. He said if he ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money."

Hostess-" And does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?" Willie-" No, ma'am." Hostess-" Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?" Willie (confidentially)-" Oh, she wouldn't care. This isn't her pie."

On Monday morning little three-yearold Edith volunteered to superintend the family washing. When Jane put the clothes on to boll, the small overseer gave one look of open-eyed astonishment, then ran to her mother and excitedly exclaimed: "O, mamma, Jane's cooking clothes for dinner!"

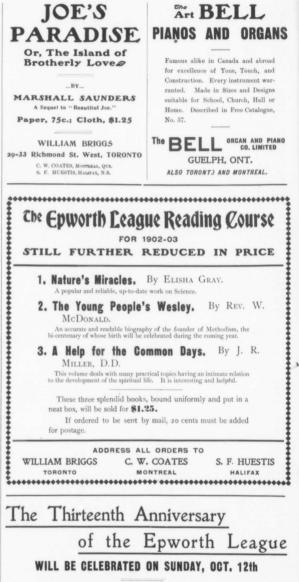
Small Mabel had received a parental injunction to remember at least one thing the minister said at church, and upon her return home exclaimed, "I remember something!" "That's right, dear," rejoined her father. "Now, tell me what the minister said." "He said." replied Mabel, "A collection will row be taken up."

taken up." "Mamma, I want to see my papa." Her mother replied, "No, dear, your papa must not be disturbed." Pretty soon, she said again, "I want to see my papa." The mother replied as before, "No; your papa must not be disturbed." It was not long before she uttered this clincher, "Mamma, I sin a sick woman, and I want to see my minister."

A mother, who was curling the hair of her three-generals good, remarked to a lady visitor, "This makes me so much work, I thail and the to be the the shingled." The child kept meditatively quiet until his ringlets were arranged, and summed up his reflections in the query, "Mamma, when I have my head shingled, then will I be a house?"

The class was reciting, and little Johnny Fellows was the last one on the line. Teacher started with the head, and the started with the head, and the started with the head, and the start of the start of the start Number one ab the feminine of head. As it came nearer and nearer to Johnny he became very much excited, apparently knowing the answer, and waved his hand frantically. "Well, Johnny," said the teacher at last, "everybody has missed now. Can you tell me the feminine of hero?" "Shero!" shouted Johnny, exultantly.

"Children," said the teacher, "while instructing the class in composition, "you should not attempt any flights of fancy, but simply be yourselves, and write what is in you. Do not imitate any other person's writings, or draw inspiration from outside sources." As a result of this advice, Johnny Wise turned in the following composition: "We should not attempt any flites of fancy, but rite what is in us. In me there is my stummick, lungs, hart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick candy, and my dinner."-Exchange.



A PROGRAMME has been prepared for this event, which will add greatly to the interest and success of the exercises. It is a four-page leaflet, containing hymns, responsive readings, etc.

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October, 1902-32