



The Prize Essays.

WE have much pleasure in publishing this month the essays on "Why I Like Life in the Country," written by two little girls, ten years of age, viz:—Maggie B. Annan, Dubarton, O. t., and Dora Watts, Goldielands, Settle, Yorkshire, England. They are both very creditable productions, and are as follows:

WELL, because it is healthy in the country. You can go out in the fields and garden and work. You can see the pretty grain in the fields. You can go and gather flowers in the woods, and grow them in the garden. You can go in the shade and play. You can see pretty little squirrels running about. The fruit is nice to eat and you can grow it on your own farm and then you would not have to buy any unless you like. The birds sing such pretty songs all day long. The grass is nice and green to play on. The trees are nice and shady, they have such pretty leaves. It is nice to see the lambs, colts, and calves, running about the field. I like to see the little turkeys, goslings, and chickens running in the yard. I think it is fun to gather in the eggs, and slide down off the straw stack, and play hide and seek in the barn. I like to sail boats down at the creek with my little brother, and gather pretty stones and shells at the lake, and throw sticks in the water and have our big dog bring them out. I like to run to the orchard when the apples and pears are ripe, and get some to take to school. I like to go to school, and I am in the senior third. My brother and I go gathering beech-nuts when they are ripe, and lay them away for winter. Oh, my, what fun we have sleighriding down the hills and skating on the ice. I went up to town with my papa and mamma one day, and we visited the Zoo, and the Island, and still I could not see any nice place for little boys and girls to play on. Out in the country here we have lots of room to play in. This is the longest letter I ever wrote as I am not quite ten years old. And I love my country home more and more every day. And this is my experience of country life.

MAGGIE B. ANNAN.

I LOVE the blue sky, the song of the birds, and best of all the flowers. I like to sit amongst the rocks and trees, and read or think, listening to the chirping of the birds and the bleating of the sheep. Then to wade in the streams, sometimes by an unlucky slip sitting down in the water, sometimes following little boats down the stream till a current carries them away or they stick on a stone, and I must go to the rescue. Then, when tired of this, sitting on a stone, dangling my feet in the water, and building castles in the air. Then the long rambles through the lanes and woods in search of flowers, making daisy chains in the fields full of buttercups and daisies, going walks up the hills, generally coming home minus a shoe, covered with scratches, and both hands and mouth stained with blackberry juice. When haymaking time comes then there is great fun, helping the farmers to make the hay, burying each other in the hay, eating the tea on the haycocks, very often getting a mouthful of hay as well as bread and butter. The farmers have a very busy time. I like watching them at their work milking the cows, ploughing, sowing, reaping, going with the carts for bracken and peat, taking the wheat to the mill, and many other things. In the winter, of course, we cannot do these things, but then there is skating, sliding, and snow-balling, which we can take part in without fear of knocking some cabby's hat off, as in the town. And in the town the snow is always dirty, whilst in the country it is fresh and white. Then skating, spinning along and very often falling plump on the ice. In all seasons the country is pleasant; the air is so pleasant and pure, which in a town where there are large works like the Massey Manufacturing Company and mills it is not so. The flowers, too, of which I am so fond, are abundant in the country, the pale primrose, the golden buttercup, the pretty little daisy, the scarlet poisonous lords and ladies, or jack in the pulpit, the tiny pimpernel, and many others. I think flowers are so wonderful and pretty divided into so many delicate pieces, soft and velvety. I like all flowers, but my favorites are lily of the valley, snow-drop, and daisy. The lily and the snow-drop leave us in some parts of the year, but the daisy—the wee, modest, crimson-tipped, flower—stays with us all the year round.

DORA WATTS.

MANY a child goes astray, simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. If home is the place where faces are sour and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.

Freddie Victor's Time-Table.

My little nephew ran across a paragraph somewhere which said that anybody could save at least two hours of wasted time a day by running on a time-table.

Freddie brought the clipping to me and asked what it meant. I told him that I supposed it meant that a person could save two hours a day by having all his work or amusement planned and arranged beforehand—such and such a thing to be done at such a time, and another thing following directly after, and so on.

Freddie seemed so much interested that I advised him to make out a time-table for himself, and try running on it for a few days. He said he guessed he would, because two extra hours a day would be a great help to him in learning to strike out the fellows, and possibly would secure him the coveted position of pitcher in the school nine.

The next day Freddie submitted the following to me:—

A. M.

6.45 to 7—Gettin' up.
7 to 7.30—Bath and gettin' red dy for brekfus.
7.30 to 8—Brekfus.
8 to 8.20—Prais.
8.20 to 8.30—Hard study.
8.30—Start for skool.
9—Get there (a feller must have some fun in life).
9 to 10.30—Study and resite.
10.30 to 10.45—Reses (ought to be longer).
10.45 to 12—Study and resite.

P. M.

12 to 12.15—Goin' fer lunch.
12.15 to 12.30—Eatin' it.
12.30 to 1—Sloos of things. Playin' ball mosly.
1 to 3—Skool agen. Tuffest part of the day.
3—Skool over. Fun begins.
3 to 6—Bace ball. Bisickle ridin'. Goin' to walk (sometimes with a gurl). Slidin' and skatin' in winter. Flyin' kite. Bothrin' dog. Penuts. Goin' to ride with pa. Shoppin' with ma (wen I don't kno' it beforehand). Kandy. In bad wether readin'. Sloos of other things.
6 to 7—Dinner (grate time for me).
7 to 7.30—Nothin' much. Don't feel like it.
7.30 to 8—Pa gets dun with paper, an' reads sunthin' aloud.
8—Sez I must begin to study.
8 to 8.15—Kickin' against it.
8.15 to 9.15—Study.
9.15—Gwup to bed.
9.15 to 9.35—Windin' Waterbury watch.
9.35 to 9.45—Undressin' and gettin' into bed.
9.45 till mornin'.—Grate big times with dreems, but a feller can't stop to enjoy them much. Wonder why dreems can't hang on more like reel things?

P.S.—Ware do those too extry 'ours cum in?

Rules for Well-Behaved Children.

SHUT every door after you, and without slamming it.

Don't make a practice of shouting, jumping, or running in the house.

Never call to persons upstairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly to where they are.

Always speak kindly and politely to everybody, if you would have them do the same to you.

When told to do or not to do a thing by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it.

Tell of your own faults and misdoings, not those of your brothers and sisters.

Carefully clean the mud or snow off your boots before entering the house.

Be prompt at every meal hour.

Never sit down at the table or in the sitting room with dirty hands or tumbled hair.

Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.

Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.

Let your first, last, and best confidante be your mother.—*Ec.*

A Little Girl's Essay on the Cow.

A cow is an animal with four legs on the under side. The tail is longer than the legs, but it is not used to stand on. The cow kills flies with her tail. The cow has big ears that wiggles on hinges; so does her tail. The cow is bigger than the calf, but not so big as an elephant. She is made so small that she can go into the barn when nobody is looking. Some cows are black and some hook. A dog was hooked once. She tossed the dog that killed the cat that worried the rat. Black cows give white milk; so do other cows. Milkmen sell milk to buy their little girls dresses, which they put water in and chalk. Cows chew cuds, and each finds its own chew. That is all there is about cows.—*Hartford Times.*

Tommy and the Lion.

WE commence in this number "The Eventful History of Tommy and the Lion," in twelve illustrated chapters, showing the horrible fate of a bad little boy, who always said, "Don't Care."



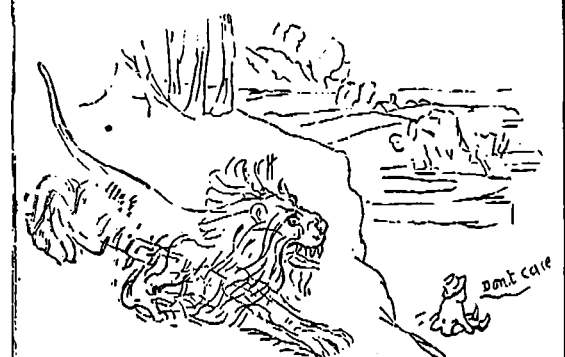
Tommy (a bad boy who said 'Don't Care!')



He says 'I agree.'



A lion lies in wait for Tommy—in consequence



The Lion is going to be down when Tommy