

**Caught in the Act.**

Dark night,  
Not a sound;  
Pillow fight  
Is the round.

Master comes  
With a light;  
Not a sound  
Of pillow fight.

All asleep  
In their beds;  
Master comes,  
Counts the heads.

"Top" is gone,  
Disappeared.  
Master says,  
"As I feared."

Master hides  
By the door;  
"Top" glides  
Along the floor.

Master speaks,  
"Top" falls;  
Master says:  
"Look out for squalls."

"Top" yells  
Like a steer;  
Master says:  
"Not so, my dear."

"Top" is licked  
On the spot;  
Four on each  
Quite hot.

And he vows  
That nevermore  
He will creep  
Along the floor.

R. B.

**Sport in the Adirondacks.**

A shrill whistle, followed by an Indian war whoop, interrupts my dreams, and my friend and I are soon on our way, impatient to keep our appointment with the trout in the Jordan, which empties into the Racket river in the midst of the Adirondacks. The sun is just tinting the tops of the big pines and we are cheered by its promise of a fine day as we tramp for a mile through the bush to a small dam, where we prepare to fish down stream. My companion gets the start of me, and dropping his line into a likely hole, begins the fun by capturing a speckled beauty.

The next is mine, for I carefully wade close to the bank to try beneath that big rock. A sharp tug tells me that I have one; a short struggle, then out he comes and I have him safe.

They are biting well and every hole gives us two or three. Soon we are half a mile down, where a detour must be made to avoid a big jam of logs. Before we clamber out on the bank I decide to have a try beneath them, and throw my line in, letting it float down towards the logs; the current whisks it under. A tremendous tug so surprises me that I promptly sit down in the cold, icy water. Fortunately I keep hold on my pole and am up with a gasp to find that my fish is still hooked. I have not a very clear idea of what passed during the next five minutes; a confused splashing, darting and tugging, till there is a tremendous flop and I find myself on the bank, both hands around a trout that really weighs two pounds, though in my eyes he is a tenner. I fancy I hear some of my readers say that he was a minnow compared to some they've caught, but it was my first trout fishing and I was well satisfied. To crown our success we each arrived home with enough trout to satisfy a dozen healthy people with mountain appetite.

L. R. P.

**Fun at the Crib.**

Come and have a laugh. Come all ye thin and bony ones. Come and see Tommy when he goes to the bath to offer up the yearly sacrifices. The usual preliminary shiverings take place and one toe finds its way in; then gradually he sinks into the strange element. As he slowly dissolves we fear he is lost, but not so; some is left and you soon see that he is a born swimmer and that the time may come when he may be renowned for his aquatic skill. After swimming around on one foot he, endeavors to show the boys that "he is not afraid to dive." A graceful flop taken from one corner of the crib proves this satisfactorily, and he comes up looking like a half drowned hen. The boys all applaud, and after dressing Tommy wends his way collegeward with the air of a hero.

**The Lewis Phonometric Method**

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF

Larger Quarters. Better Accommodations.  
Advantages Unsurpassed.

**STAMMERING.**

Registered at Patent Offices in Canada and the United States.

The management of The Lewis Phonometric Institute in removing from Petrolia, Ont., to Detroit, Mich., has not only made a desirable choice in securing a permanent location for its school, but has also provided better accommodations to meet the requirements of a rapidly increasing attendance of pupils. More than One Hundred pupils have graduated within the past eight months a record of cures unprecedented.

Refer to Mr. W. H. Graham, Ridley College; Prof. Geo. Hynson, Principal National School of Elocution and Oratory, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Edna Chaffee Noble, Director, Detroit Training School of Elocution. Write for the Cause and Cure of Stammering and Stuttering, and particulars regarding our Summer Course for Students (special tuition).

Address all communications, **The LEWIS PHONOMETRIC INSTITUTE, (Registered),**

339 WOODWARD AVENUE, DETROIT, MICH.