

For the Boys and Girls

STRANGE COMRADES.

This incident occurred in Massachusetts during an unusually dry season several years ago, when even large brooks were absolutely dry.

One hot Sunday afternoon in August I was reading to the children when we were startled by a barking and scratching at the kitchen door, which opens into a wood-house. We knew it was not our dog as he opens the door himself and goes in and out when he chooses.

I went to the door, and, standing somewhat to the side, opened it, I'll admit, rather cautiously. In walked a harmless looking brown dog, about the size of a hound, and directly after him stalked a full-grown deer with spreading antlers!

I closed the door softly, told the children, who were greatly excited, to keep very quiet, and then proceeded to find out what my strange guests wanted. The dog walked about sniffing the air and at last located a pall of water that was in the sink. He put his fore-paws on the edge and gave a most distressing howl. With all haste I filled a pan and placed it on the floor, and dog and deer drank together while I stood by, adding more water as necessary.

Both dog and deer were very friendly and allowed us to pet them, but they soon became uneasy and when the dog went to the door and barked to be let out the deer followed. We watched them out of sight—strange comrades indeed! The deer kept strictly to heel, and when the dog went under a fence the deer went over in the same place.

Upon making inquiries we learned that they were both the property of a gentleman in an adjoining town. He had found the deer when very small, and had secured permission to keep him. The animal was not given his freedom when hunters were supposed to be about, but it was a hunter's shot that eventually ended the beautiful creature's life while he and his "pal" were enjoying one of their Sunday runs.—Florence Hadley.

THE HYMN OF LOVE AND SERVICE.

Day was dying in the west. God's own beautiful creation, the sun, was sinking once more behind the purple hills. Already the western sky was illuminated with streaks of gold and pink. Across the azure lake was traced a path, by these brilliant rays of golden light, which ended at the edge of the water. Each little ripple as it passed along, shone and glistened in its turn and then suddenly became blue once more.

A group of 'teen aged girls were sitting around a blazing campfire on the eastern shore of the lake. The time for closing had come, and the leader as usual asked which hymn they wished to sing before going to bed.

"Jesus calls us o'er the tumult," called out a number of the smaller girls near the back of the group.

"Ah, no! let us sing 'O Love that will not let me go,'" said one of the larger girls.

"Not No!" fairly yelled a chorus of voices, "Jesus calls us o'er the tumult."

"It is odd," said the camp-leader. "At the three junior camps I have at-

tended this year, at each campfire, when the time came to sing our closing hymn there was not one time but a half a dozen voices called out, before I even had a chance to ask them which hymn they wished to sing, "Jesus calls us o'er the tumult." Why is it that this particular hymn appeals to so many? Have you ever stopped to consider, when you were singing it, why it is your heart and soul go into the words?

"Have some of the words of the hymn become fixed in your mind," she continued, "and have others, like the chaff in grain, been calmly thrown aside? No! If you have once sung it with your heart full of love, you could never discard any of them. This is one of the sacred hymns, an appeal as it is, from Jesus, bidding us follow in his footsteps, as did Andrew, his apostle. Above all the strife, the worries of every-day life, He calls to us, and His calm sweet voice bids us forget for a while our sorrows and our joys and give ourselves to Him in prayer, if it is only for a moment. It is hard, yes, very hard sometimes, to give up our earthly treasures, put them aside, and worship the One, who, though He is not with us in body, is always near us, taking care of us. Just think of this verse for a moment.

"Jesus calls us from our worship, Of the vain world's golden store, From each idol that would keep us Saying, 'Children love me more.'

"We are all God's children, and we must always remember Him as our Heavenly Father.

"God calls us from our joys, our sorrows and pains, from every worry. But what is our call in life? What are we studying the Bible for, every day, girls, in our morning sessions. We are learning about God's word, and thus preparing ourselves so that, if it is God's will, we will be ready to do His bidding and serve Him faithfully and truthfully, with a love in our hearts that will put aside everything else, for the one true God, the God who is Love."

The brilliant colors of the sunset had faded to a greyish black. Only the washing of the water over the pebbles and the murmuring of the wind in the trees broke the stillness in the few moments which followed.

"Which hymn shall we sing to-night?" asked the leader once more. "Jesus calls us o'er the tumult" or—" she could say no more. Already the girlish voices were pealing forth with the love of their souls.

A couple of canoers, paddling past, laid down their paddles and, resting with their heads in their hands, listened to the hymn of love and service. And still they lingered. "Wait, Tom," said one. "Wait till we hear what the girl who is standing in front is going to say." Both young men bent farther forward to catch the soft words, and, still reclining, their heads went down, for the young leader was praying.

And just the same as God's day was ended, and all was still and safe in the arms of the loving Saviour, so were the campers, and they retired to their trundle beds to rest. But each girl, before she lay down, slipped to her knees and offered herself to the One and Almighty Power, the God, who is love.

—Marguerite Calder.

THE ENGLISH ROBIN

By Jesse Taylor, England

The robin is a great favorite with everybody. Children especially love it. It is a pleasure to watch it as it is so tame, and, when noticed, becomes quite friendly. We have admired its lovely, red breast, shaded by gray, and deepening into brown. How graceful and sprightly is this handsome bird! How quick are its movements! What graceful ankles and feet! What a good shape he is, and as for his singing powers they are exceptional and very sublime.

Robins are not all alike, all the world over. They differ in color considerably in different countries. In the north of Europe the robin's breast instead of being red is blue. In Australia it is pink, very much the same color as the breast of an English bulfinch. The first time I saw the Australian robin I did not really know it was a robin because the coloring was so different from what I had seen in England. Not only is the color of the breast different, but its plumage is entirely different. In addition to the breast being pink, the throat is white, the wings are slightly tipped with gold, and the back is a dark shining blue. Although the Australian robin is so

different from the English in plumage, yet it has all the English robin's movements. It shakes itself just in the same way, and bows just as gracefully. It has the same bright and expressive eye. It is also just as familiar and ready to approach anyone. I was not very surprised therefore when I made inquiries about it to hear the words, "Oh, yes, he's a robin sure enough."

One Sunday afternoon when I was sitting reading in the garden, a robin came quite near and perched upon a fig tree that I was sitting under, so I had a good look at him. How wonderful are the robins when you think about them. John Ruskin in his "Love's Meinic" has written about the robin in a very descriptive way. He says, "a robin's beak is its mouth and hands; its bag of tools, its dressing case, its sword by which it defends itself, and its musical instrument." These are very expressive words. We love the robin's voice, it is so plaintive and so sweet. One of its charms is that it sings its sweetest songs in the winter. In the dark and dull days when other birds are silent, the robin treats us to rich and lovely music.

When I was a little boy I was very fond of birds and found a lot of pleasure in watching them, especially at nesting-time. I knew most of the nests in the country-side. I remember a robin with one leg that was very tame. He used to come into the kitchen, and was as friendly as possible. He came every winter for four years

and always found a good supply of crumbs, but one winter we missed him, and, alas, we never saw him again. There was another robin that was tamer still. He was the tamest and sweetest robin we ever knew, so we called him "our robin." We really did nothing to tame him. He began to come every afternoon in the summer time when we had tea in the garden. He was quite tame from the first. He would come into the summer house and perch upon the chairs, upon my knee, and often upon my foot. One day when we came to tea, the robin was already there helping himself to the cake. For some weeks he used to go to my daughter's bedroom every morning and wake her up by singing one of his sweet songs. After that came the robin's breakfast. He got so tame that he would take a crumb from between her lips. I need hardly say that this robin became a great favorite with us all. He was "our robin." We were very sorry indeed that after coming to us so much, and giving us a great deal of pleasure, there came a day when we saw nothing of him. We searched everywhere for him, but he never came again, so we thought he must have been killed.

The Wicked Giant Man.

Luella is a china doll who's sprawled upon the floor,
And Buster Boy's a ragged dog who sits beside the door,
And Mary Anne's a little doll, and Jill's a tabby cat,
And I'm a great big giant man who eats 'em where they're at.

Of course, I'm looking innocent, with specs upon my nose,
With carpet slippers on my feet and ashes on my toes;
But Mistress Mary Wonder Eyes has just discovered I'm
The wicked, wicked giant man who's in her nursery rhyme.

So while I hold my paper up and read the daily news,
Why, Mary keeps her dollies still with many sh-shs and shu-s.
So if you think I'm only dad because I look demure
You better read that nursery rhyme and then you'll know for sure.

For when the dolls are on the floor and Buster Boy's a-drowse,
And little Jill, the tabby cat, is practicing her me-ows,
I come from lands of Make Believe beyond the nursery mat,
A wicked, wicked giant man to eat 'em where they're at.

—Jay B. Iden.

Labor's High-Class Club.

The workmen of Havana, says a writer in Travel, have achieved a position for themselves. Probably in no other part of the world has the laboring man such a club as exists in the opera house building in Havana. The subscription is high—it is two dollars a month—but so are wages, and every chauffeur, cigar maker and domestic servant seems to belong to it.

The rooms are of marble decorated with paintings by famous artists. There is a school; there is free medical attendance; and there are benefits at death. The workmen themselves own and manage the building.

In the cigar factories the larger rooms are furnished with a high rostrum from which during working hours readers, paid by the workmen, declaim political articles from the daily newspapers or poetry or fiction. On one of my visits the reader was dealing with high politics at the top of his voice. What he had to say was not flattering to the otherside, as I judged from the stamping of his feet and the sawing and clenching of his disengaged hand. But you could not judge from the impassive faces of his employers as they rolled their cigars whether they agreed with the newspaper or not. At any rate they must have felt that they were getting their money's worth from the reader.

They Count, Too.

Teacher—"Now, Willie, if James gave you a dog and David gave you a dog, how many a dog would you have?"
Willie—"Four."

Teacher—"Now, dear, think hard. Would you have four if James and David each gave you one?"
Willie—"Yep. You see, I got two dogs at home now."

Sentimental.

"Let me see," said the young man thoughtfully. "I've got to buy some flowers, and some chocolates, and theatre tickets, and—"

"Doing mental arithmetic?" asked the senior clerk.
"No, sentimental arithmetic," was the reply.

Nothing Lower.

Jack—"I don't think I should get zero on this paper."

Teacher—"I don't either, but that's the lowest I could give you."

If you sulk in the corner and refuse to play the game, you do quite as much harm to yourself as you do to anybody else.—Mr. Asquith.

Things You Want to Know About Home Decoration

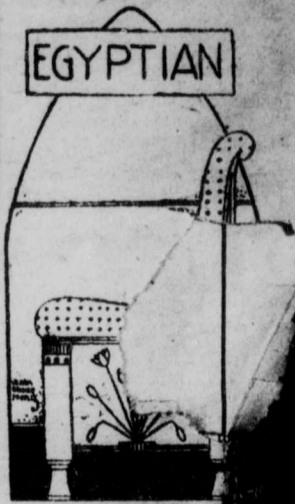
By DOROTHY ETHEL WALSH
National Authority on Home Furnishings.

Earliest Furniture on Record.

We who live in modern homes are prone to take for granted the many comforts with which we are surrounded. The origin of the furniture we use does not concern us. That it be utilitarian in character and pleasing to the eye we do demand, but its evolution from that of early times seems almost legendary. That we may better appreciate the vast field of furniture design, it is well if in the midst of modern surroundings we sometimes give thought to early times, which could boast of much less in the way of comfort than our own. It is well to make oneself familiar with the different periods of furnishings in order to be able to trace its development to the objects of beauty which adorn our homes to-day.

In to-day's illustration is shown an Egyptian chair, one of the earliest types of furniture known to have existed. The distinguishing points of Egyptian furniture were the seats which were made of plaited narrow strips of leather; the metal inlay often placed in the wood; the curved seats made to conform to the lines of the figure; the low couches, without footboards, but with small rests to fit under the neck.

To the student of period furnishings the subject offers fascinating material for research; to the average woman a knowledge of the distinguishing points of the products



of the different eras is sufficient to awaken her interest and make her less casual in her acceptance of home beauty obtainable to-day.



With The BOY SCOUTS

Medal for Toronto Scout.

The Gilt Cross of the Boy Scouts Association has been awarded to King's Scout Ernest Edgar King, aged 17, of the 50th Toronto Troop for saving Norris McDonough, aged 10, from drowning in the Don River near Leaside last summer. This award was made by His Excellency Baron Byng of Vimy, Chief Scout for Canada, upon the recommendation of the Provincial and Dominion Boards of Honor.

According to the information before the Boards which investigated the case, Norris, who could not swim, was holding on to a vine at a place where there was a slippery bank and a deep hole, although he had been previously warned of his danger. Finally he slipped off the bank, and letting go of the vine plunged into the hole. King's Scout King at once went to his rescue and after a struggle succeeded in getting the boy ashore.

As is often the case, no one went to Scout King's assistance, and if it had not been for his courage, promptness and skill there is no doubt that the boy would have been drowned.

Besides the Scout medal, Scout King will receive a special letter of commendation from Dr. James W. Robertson, Chief Commissioner of the Boy Scouts Association for Canada.

Italian Troop in Ottawa.

A troop of Italian Boy Scouts has been formed in connection with St. Anthony's Italian Roman Catholic Church, Ottawa. It is being registered as the 17th Ottawa Troop.

Rover Scouts at Brockville.

A patrol of Rover Scouts has been formed in connection with the 1st Brockville Troop and the boys composing it are looking forward to a most interesting programme of activities. Most of them were former members of the 1st Brockville Troop and none of them are under 17 years of age.

Saskatchewan Secretary in Ontario. On his way from Toronto to Western Canada after attending the special All-Canada Gillwell Training Course held in Ottawa, Mr. W. J. P. Selby, of Regina, Sask., Field Secretary of the Canadian Council for Saskatchewan and Alberta, stopped off at Sudbury, Port William, Port Arthur, and Kenora, Keewatin, meeting local Scouts and Scout Leaders and discussing matters pertaining to their work with them. His visits are reported to have been a real inspiration to our local workers.

They'll Hear Umps Say "Play Ball!"

What patrol wouldn't want to win an inter-patrol competition when the prize for the whole patrol is a trip to Detroit and grand stand tickets to see two major league baseball teams play a game? No, it isn't a dream. It is the prize offered to the patrols of the 2nd Chatham Troop for the spring inter-patrol competition, and believe us, those boys are all on the jump.

34th Hamilton Wine Cup.

The 34th Hamilton Troop, Godfrey S. White, Scoutmaster, attached to Emerald Street Methodist Church, won

the A. T. Enlow Cup for efficiency in Scout work, after a recent competition in Hamilton district troops. The cup was handed over successfully at the Hamilton Craft Exhibition on March 2 following Sunday morning. The added to Emerald Street Scout ushers. Scouts read A. Patrol Leader read the Scout Law. The Rev. C. S. Applegate gave address to the Scouts on "Dress to the Scout." In the part Scouting training of boys as Chris-

The Back

We have most of us doors have been We have got just cosy and bright The fire in the old sofa The lamp's night We have a moment Right into shop And something clatter of the fan And something, a tin in a toast for Soap and And something, a tin in a toast for Soap and And something, a tin in a toast for Soap and

ALL THE

It hasn't fine ornaments, photos, And bowls of Sweet W posties like that. A loud-ticking clock and of prizes, And drowsily purring cat; But tiredness and worn drop; We love that back old shop. Look I sound my head—my



Not All-in thing to do Hubby—"Wife, select trouble covered dinosaur eggs. Pin years old, and are going in the museum." "Wife—"Put 'em all in my I bet they sold some ter-and-egg man last

When you see dead, date him