

FOR THE JUNIORS

RESULTS OF COMPETITION.

THE Editor of "For the Juniors" is pleased to announce the results of the competition which closed on July 15th, and to name the following as the prize winners:

First Prize—Alice C. MacDougall, Lindsay, Ontario.

Second Prize—Ruth D. Blowers, Norwood, Manitoba.

What can have happened to our boys in this competition? Not one of them came near the A1 mark, and we always understood that boys knew so much more about birds and their nests than girls did. And we are a little bit disappointed, too, that no snapshots to illustrate the stories were received. But soon two of our readers, at least, will have cameras of their own, and we shall look to them to send us pictures for our Junior Department and show us what expert photographers they are becoming.

We publish herewith the winning stories. One or two others which showed considerable merit will appear in following issues.

STORY OF A ROBIN'S NEST.

By Alice C. MacDougall, Lindsay, Ont., aged 15.

ALTHOUGH my "Story of the Nest" deals with a rather commonplace bird, namely, the robin, I have had what might be called a unique opportunity of watching the various stages in the lives of the birdlings. Just outside my schoolroom window two little robins built their home under the eave of our large gymnasium, and I even had the pleasure of watching the building of the nest.

Both birds laboured diligently, and while many a heedless little sparrow frolicked gaily on the roof and in the neighbouring trees, Mr. and Mrs. Robin faithfully carried long grass and pieces of string, which they cemented together and interwove until a strong, new nest presented itself to their delighted eyes, completely finished on May 7th.

Then the mother-bird laid the little eggs, four of them, and a pale, delicate blue in colour. The eggs were laid on May 8th, almost immediately after the nest was finished, and the mother-bird faithfully brooded over them for two long, weary weeks. The father would make frequent visits to the nest and hover over it in a coaxing manner until the mother-bird would fly away with him for a few minutes' recreation. But only for a few minutes, for she would almost immediately fly back and settle herself again on the nest, where she would sit for hours.

Finally the birdlings were hatched on May 23rd, and they were indeed very ugly little birds, featherless and thin. However, to the parents they appeared very beautiful and both birds would patiently fly back and forth with food for the little ones. The mother would stand on the edge of the nest and grind the food in her mouth and then feed the wee ones. Gradually they grew larger and stronger, gaining also in beauty every day, until they became too large for the nest. One by one they gained courage and, hopping out of the nest, they exercised their wings until finally, on June 3rd, they flew away from the nest. The mother still kept a watchful eye on the birdies, but they never again returned to their first home.

STORY OF A BLACKBIRD'S NEST.

By Ruth D. Blowers, Norwood, Man., aged 14.

IT was a lovely morning, the 19th of May, when I took my ramble through the woods in search of birds' nests. I was passing under an elm tree, when a fluttering of wings made me look up. A blackbird flew out from among the branches. It fluttered about my head, anxiously, while I

peered up the tree and discovered a nest built in the fork of two branches. I managed to get my foot on a branch, and raised myself till my head was on the level of the nest. It was new, I could see, because the mud, with which it was lined, was not quite dry round the edges. It was composed of twigs, straw and a few pieces of wool and was very neat, both inside and out. The mud, or clay, inside was perfectly round and smooth.

I climbed down and went home, not visiting the nest for two days. On the afternoon of the second day I went again and saw one little egg of a green-blue colour, dotted with irregular shaped, brown spots. The black-bird, as usual, was hovering over me in distress, so I came away. When I next went, about two days after, there were two more eggs. I did not visit the nest until three weeks had gone by, then one morning, the 13th of June, I went again and, this time, found three little pink, featherless fledglings, with beaks wide open, crying for food. The mother-bird flew round me in great distress, so I hid behind a tree and watched her. She had a tiny worm in her beak, and this she dropped into the open beak of one of the fledglings, then flew away, only to return a few minutes later with another worm, which was dispatched in the same manner.

After this I came every day to see the fledglings, and by this time the mother-bird did not seem so frightened of me, although she still acted in a rather worried way when I appeared. Each day the little birds gained more feathers, until in about two weeks they were covered with short, downy feathers. After this, they began valiant struggles to fly. Slowly, day by day, they got better, until yesterday afternoon, July 2nd, they managed to fly unsteadily from tree to tree.



Spending the Summer in Cherry Blossom Court.

THE NEW NEIGHBOUR.

TWO little birds sat high up in a cherry tree, Blossoms right and left of them, blossoms overhead; These two little birds chirped away so cheerily, Chatted there together, and this is what they said:

First little bird: "I should love to have you call on me.

You'll find our nest in Blossom Court, Number twenty-two."

Second little bird: "I'm sure I shall delighted be,

I'd like to know my neighbours, and it's very kind of you."

First little bird: "We always spend the summer here,

It's so good for the babies, and the rent is very low,

In fact it costs us but a song,—I haven't the least bit of fear That you'll regret your summer in the Apple Tree Row."

"Tweet! Tweet! Good afternoon."

"Tweet! Tweet! I'll see you soon."

For Mother
the Others
and
Me



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A STORY WELL RECEIVED

The London, England, book reviewers have shown great enthusiasm in reviewing Edgar Wallace's new story, "The River of Stars." It is termed an unusually clever romance. This story is now running serially in the Canadian Courier. If you have missed the early issues they will be supplied on application to the editor of this publication.