is a very pretty addition to

Beautiful Old Age. et a woman whose old age bloom of youth. We wonder and what her secret is, reasons: prget disagreeable things!
" well in hand and inflicted"

t of saying pleasant things. oo much from her friends, work came to her congenial sions, and did not believe all and unkind.

at kind words and a smile riceless treasures to the disas she would be done by, and come to her, and there is a her head, she is beloved and

a long life and a happy one. ar Wisdom conomy and for comfort to

shows signs of cracking, to a good shoe dealer and vent further damage. , do not put them too near will stiffen and crack. ide in a dry but not warm

s too tightly laced retard the case even the thickest leather et from being cold. should be taken

Have Pearls!

constantly to preserve their box they will become yellow in time they will really die, to ever revive them be placed in hot water, or grease. Clean them with a damped and rubbed gently rwards rub them gently with nois leather. away wrap them in jeweler's box lined with colored silk

n an experienced jeweler can that the flaw will never be

Hors d'OEuvres. happy at home it generally mething wrong with her own

nice, good woman sets out never considers the injurity ple into the bargain.

she is semetimes a little cd such a pity that she and e thrown away on each other. o herself in a spirit of great yen Proof.

RICAN SILKWORM THE WINTER

ve imagined to look at him ver architect and builder. reat, nasty, green caterpillar: said and gotten out of his way eer blue and red knobs were g could be pretty on a cater-

ld conquer your dislike long carry him home and keep or pear or maple leaves, for about what he eats, you r opinion in regard to him e—in fact, does live—only to i fatter all summer long; but a for the arduous toll and nter.

is his first chill winds to anis on the way, Mr. Cater-ne for eating is at an end. He i his winter home. s is all very well on summer matter when the snow is on or his home he chooses a con-le or whatever happens to be has been feeding. pin a rough framework, en-

weaves away, gradually shut-t, as he works inward from

and he has vanished com-ct to find his winter home ct to find his winter he s far too clever for that. ngly fastened in the outer ith intent to deceive. At a e structure looks simply like clinging to the branch. ramine it. You can see no ou part the fibres carefully at cil down, you will find a cur-

c and bend inward. Imme-is removed, they spring back ffectually concealing the en-

eally double. It consists of a losely-woven, parchment-like firm in texture that it is dif-

resemblance either to a moth fter Mr. Caterpillar has fut his caterpillar coat begins to d he gradually wriggles out remains of it—a crumpled

e cocoon.

Latin term for haby, and, as wrapped in swaddling bands, s his feet, wings and antenact

s his feet, wings and antenac rown pupa skin. The an-over the wings, which, in the body. ring this prison suit will fibres carefully at the hidden a great, soft, furry Cecropia in the sunshine until strong

al red, his body red and white rings a beautiful mosaic of my black and white markings cous creature, for he is own stern silkworm,

is accused of stinginess. As erely thrifty. He heard that d criticized severely the manhe purse strings tight. Not an asked him for an inter-an address, and told him to an address, and told him told him told him tage managing. When the ered into a garret in a poof town. There sat Lauder light of a single candle, and ye goin to put doon what e reporter assured him, will a notes during a natural sure of the same o le notes during an intervieus," he boasted. "Weel, there save the licht." And he ble

A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

The most important event of this week to Caninians is the report made by those whose duty it as to enquire into the way the men and women gaged to do the public work of the country have prormed their duties. There are in the employ of a government of Canada a large number of peoty. The majority of these are bookkeepers whose try it is to see that the money paid out for working for the government is honestly and carefully pended. The civil servants you know most about done for the government is honestly and carefully expended. The civil servants you know most about are the postofice clerks and the mail carriers. Many of you have been in the customs house and have paid duty on a parcel. The money received for stamps or paid in duty belongs to the Ottawa government, and what is left after the expenses of the offices are paid, is spent in buildings or other public works. If the officials are lazy or careless or stupid, money is wasted; if they are dishonest it is stolen. The report of the commissioners states that in many departments of the civil service people are employed, not because they are the best men and women that could be found to do the work, but because they or their relatives have helped to elect members of the government party to parliament, and ause they or their relatives have helped to elect members of the government party to parliament, and that more officials are engaged than are needed. Two departments are specially condemned. These are Department of Marine and Fisheries and the Department of Militia and Defence. In both of these there has been shameful mismanagement. A great deal of money paid by the people of Canada to keep soldiers ready to defend the country and to equip and train volunteers has been wasted. In the very mportant department whose duty it is to see that ighthouses and buoys are erected, that harbors are beepened, that the fisheries are preserved and prospened, that the fisheries are preserved and pro-ted and that the government surveying ships and disers are kept fit for duty, there has been so much mey squandered that there is little doubt that the tes paid by the people of Canada has gone into pockets of dishonest employees of the govern-

Perhaps the worst part of this disgraceful busi-

Perhaps the worst part of this disgraceful business is that no one seems to mind so very much. Supplies have been paid for that were never used, men and women have received wages for work that was never performed, bad materials have been supplied, and poor work done, and the people of Canada are told that if the Liberals have done this, the Conservatives would have been just as bad if they had had the chance.

If this is really true, if the whole people are so dishonest that no one is fit to be trusted to serve the public faithfully, Canada need never hope to be a great nation. But it is not true. There are many thousands of honest men in the country today who have never wilfully wronged any man and who are never wilfully wronged any man and who are never work may be. No upright man will employ a dishonest servant, and the people of Canada will see to it that those civil servants who are not worthy of trust shall be dismissed. This the Premier of Canada has promised to do, and already some of those responsible for the wrongdoing have resigned their positions.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has sent in his resignation as premier of England, and King Edward has called on Mr. Asquith to take his place. This was really a form, though a necessary one, for Mr. Asquith has been acting premier for some time. It is now said, however, that some of those ministers who worked with Mr. Campbell-Bannerman will be asked to resign and that others will take their places whom Mr. Asquith considers better fitted for the positions.

From the report of E. B. McKay, surveyor general, a new city of Prince Rupert has a splendid situam, and a much better climate than most people prosed. All the settlements along the coast are owing and many prospectors and others are going the Queen Charlotte Islands.

Every one will be pleased to learn that all the ospitals getting a government grant must take in onsumptive patients after this. Every one cannot of to a sanitarium, and some people have suffered rom want of propes care and treatment. This will o longer be the case.

The little country of Finland, in the north of Russia, has a parliament of its own, although it is part of the Russian empire. Perhaps some of you will remember that a number of those who were arrested for attempting to kill the Grand Duke Nicholas some time ago in St. Petersburg, came from Finland. It appears that the diet, or what we should call the house of commons, in Finland expressed sympathy with these assassins. The Czar will dissolve the house and order a new election. The people of this little Northern province are very jealous of their liberties; yet we cannot feel that those who justify murder are fit for freedom.

Immense sums of money have been borrowed by British government to enable the near records the British government to enable the poor people of Ireland to buy land from the great landowners. So many of the landlords have been willing to sell and so many of the tenants want to buy that the government of England cannot furnish the money just new. In a few years the farmers of Ireland will own the land they till, and their friends believe they will be happy and contented.

The sinking of the torpedo boat destroyer Tiger in the Channel and the loss of a large part of her crew was an unfortunate accident that makes us realize what a horrible thing war is. If the battle in which the Portsmouth reserve flotilla engaged was real instead of pretended, it would not have been thought strange if thousands instead of scores of lives had been sacrificed. Boys must not, however, forget that disgrace and dishonor are more to be feared than death.

At many stations along the line of the C. P. R. between Montreal and British Columbia there are beautiful flower gardens. Seeds are sent out by N. S. Dunlop, who has charge of this part of the work of the great railroad. The people of every district liave in this way a chance to see what flowers and plants grow best, and by watching the station grants at work and talking to them, they can learn how to grow flowers themselves. It is very pleasant of the traveling for many hours in a crowded car to leok at a lovely flower garden. When, many years grow, Mr. Dunlop planted the first railway garden, he did not, perhaps, think that he was at the same time sowing the seeds of a love of flowers among the Cunadian people. Gardening is delightful work, and it is a great pity so many boys and girls leave it all for the grown-up people to do. There is no good reason why every school yard should not be a beauty spot. Flowers and vines could be planted close to the schoolhouse and around the fences without interfering with the playground.

think that the Russians are exercising authority to which they have no right in that territory. Manchuria belongs to China, but both Russia and Japan have railroads there, and in their management of them act very much as if the country belongs to them. To this Mr. Fisher, the American consul, objects.

There was great excitement in Berlin a few days ago when a law was passed making German the only language that could be publicly used. When Poland was conquered in the eighteenth century the country was divided between Prussia, Austria and Russia. Prussia is now the chief part of the German empire. The Poles are a proud race and cherish their old customs and their language. More than their old customs and their language. More than their years ago Germany deteated France and took from her the territory of Alsace-Lorraine. The inhabitants of this conquered province are Frenchmen. Many-people in the north speak the Danish language, and there are several other small districts where languages other than German are spoken. These people will find it a great hardship not to be able to hold public meetings when they please and to listen to speakers in their native tongue. At the same time it must not be forgotten that it is much more convenient and better in many ways for the people are anxious to learn the language. As a rule people are anxious to learn the language of the country they live in. In Canada, the French of the

province of Quebec still speak the tongue of Cartier and Champlain. There is no doubt but that their language has knit the people of that province closer together and separated them from their fellow-Canadians of British birth. It is a question whether such a change should be forced on a people

A United States visitor, L. M. Shaw, told the peo-ple of Montreal a few days ago that Western Can-ada will very soon be filled with prosperous people. No one who has seen how fast the Western States have filled up need doubt this. If Canadians do not forget that riches never yet made a nation great, but that righteousness and purity and courage have brought greatness to many a nation, whose land was neither large nor fertile, they will do well.

Andrew Carnegie, the great American millionaire, has added five million dollars to the ten millions already set apart by him for pensions to the teachers of universities who are no longer able to do their work. Perhaps some of us think that there are many poor people in the United States who are less able to provide for their old age than these teachers are. A man must, however, be the best judge of what he ought to do with his own money. It is a good sign when rich men look upon their wealth as held in trust for the good of others.

A great many counties in the rich and populous state of Illinois have declared that no liquor shall be sold in them. It is wonderful how suddenly men everywhere have come to see that the drinking of mother went out and stood in the yard near the boy

"You musn't look at it yet, mother," he said. "I have scarcely started it, but I think it is going to be the best work I have done yet."

He was busy as he spoke, molding the great mass of snow into the shape that he wished it to take. His hands were red, and he had been standing in the snow for a long time, but he had no thought of the cold.

"Maurice," said his mother, after a while; "are you sure that you can ever accomplish anything with this? You are so poor, and so unknown; and it takes a great deal of money for a young man to get a start, even, with work such as this. What a dreadful thing it would be if you worked at it for years, and yet never made any headway."

it would be if you worked at it for years, and yet never made any headway—"

The boy looked up with a keen glance.

"You've been listening to Uncle John," he said.
"Mother, if P thought I should never make a dollar with this, or should never be known outside of my own family, I would have to do this work anyhow. It isn't something you can control. It takes hold of you, and you have to do it. I want to help you, mother, and I'm going to help you, too, but I might as well say now that my heart will never be in plowing and hoeing and tending cattle. I will do those things because I ought to do them to help you; but this is the work of my life."

As soon as he had spoken he thought that he might ave wounded his mother's feelings and he dropped he handful of snow and went up to her.

"Never mind. little mother," he said cheerily, "I'll



Drawn by Lottie Miles, Aged Eleven Years, 813 Heywood Avenue, Victoria, B. C.

beer and spirits is the cause of crime and poverty, and that the trade is bad for the sober men as well as for the drunkards.

On Monday there was an election riot in Lisbon. It appears one party wanted to count the votes at night and the other wanted to leave the counting till next day. The dispute led to blows and soon knives and pistols were being used by the excitable Portuguese throughout the whole city. The boy-king Manuel must see that the task of governing a people so ignorant and impulsive is not an easy one.

As we learned some time ago the British ambassa-As we learned some time ago the British ambassador to the United States is busy with members of
the United States government preparing a treaty
which will settle all matters between England and
Canada on the one side and the United States on the
other. Mr. Bryce has lately been in Canada to learn
the views of the Canadian government. It now appears that Canada will not allow the United States
as free use of the Niagara river and its water power
as that country wishes. While the ambassadors are
trying to settle the fisheries dispute the government
of Newfoundland have seized two American fishing
schooners who were fishing for cod with trawis. The
trouble about the Newfoundland fisheries has lasted
for hundreds of years.

In our own city, the council are making plans for a good summer's work. All who wish employment in the city this summer will get it if nothing unforeseen

The Central school boys and their parents will be sorry to hear that Mr. Deane, the principal, will stop teaching at midsummer. The country will get a good inspector, but the Central school will lose an excellent principal. The children and teachers will all be glad of the Easter holidays. In the ten days you will have some splendid walks and some of you will pay visits. Who will write the best letter to The Colonist describing a walk or a visit? If you can make a picture to go with it, so much the betcan make a picture to go with it, so much the bet

Everybody praises the drawings. While some are better than others, all have done well. The editor is specially pleased with the boys and girls who have not been discouraged because the first pictures were not reproduced, but who tried till they succeeded. Some of those will appear soon. We are very sorry to hear that the Ready boys have left Victoria. Wherever they are we will be glad to hear from them. Willie should work hard and try to draw from nature, as well as copy other people's pictures. He has much talent.

THE GOOD FORTUNE OF MAURICE

"Why don't you put that boy of yours to work?" asked the old man, who sat at the corner of the fire-place, with his feet against the jamb.

The weary-looking woman in front of the fire sighed a little as she answered:

"Maurice works a good deal. Uncle John. He cultivated that patch of potatoes all alone, and that is the only crop that has done us any good this year."

"Yes, and what did all that work amount to?" cried the old man, irritably. "Whenever anybody wants him he is foolin' away his time with a handful of clay, or with a jack-knife and a piece of soapstone, or something of that kind. What makes you let him go on like that? He'll never amount to a hill of beans. I'll bet you know that I've trained my boys differently. I'm bringin' them up to work, and I'm not goin' to have any foolishness around me."

"Maurice will come out all right, Uncle John," said the mother, proudly. "He's a good boy, and has never falled to help me where he could. But the boy has a talent, and energy and ambition to be something—"

"Be somethin'. Pooh!" cried the old man. bringing his feet down with a good deal of unnecessary clatter. "Talk to me about that boy's bein' anything? Why, he'll have to come to my boys for something to eat, before five years have gone. Look at him now!

Clatter. "Talk to me about that boy's bein' anything? Why, he'll have to come to my boys for something to eat, before five years have gone. Look at him now! As I'm a livin' man, there he is, out in the front yard, makin' a snow-man! That's the fellow with ambition, hey? If he was one of my boys, I'd go out there

The old man clattered out, and as he passed the boy in the yard answered his good-night with an angry sniff. But when that brought forth no comment from the boy it made him angrier, and he reined in his horse as soon as he had mounted, and called out teeringly:

out jeeringly:

"So that's the way you help your mother, hey?
You are goin' to make a livin' by playin' in the snow.
like a 6-year-old baby?"

"Maybe so, Uncle," answered the boy with good natured indifference, "This is a good way to start,

The big, fat horse started down the road with a suddenness quite unusual with him; and then the

do the best I can with the farm work, and try to make a living with it: but neithen Uncle John nor any one else should grudge me the little time I take for this other, outside of the farm," in The mother smiled at him and went back into the house; and then the boy worked on with feverish haste, utilizing every moment of daylight.

"The snow's just right for it," he said; "and I'm just right for it, too;"

As the sun went out of sight in the west the moon came into view in the east, and under its clear light the snowy landscape was almost as bright as day. Still Maurice worked, swiftly and silently, with the rare pleasure that comes to those that have found the one thing in life.

rare pleasure that comes to those that have found the one thing in life.

"Maurice" called the mother, suddenly, opening the door; "your uncle left his notebook here, and I am sure he'll need it early in the morning. Hadn't you better ride over, and take it to him?"

"All right," he answered, smoothing away at the snowy mass a moment before he left it. "I'm pretty sure to get another 'going over' and I think it pleases thim."

A few minutes later he was riding briskly down the road after his uncle, soothing the pony's neck as he went, and whistling softly to himself. Only two miles away was the farm that made his uncle the envy of half the country; and as he approached he saw that there was some unusual excitement. The whole family was out, two or three of them with lan-terns, the light from which danced and made fantasshadows over the snow.

book already and are out hunting for it. But I didn't think it was sc valuable."

when he came nearer, however, he saw that a stranger was in the group; a man who leaned heavily against the fence, and whose face was pale.

"It's no use talking to me," blustered Uncle John, with quite unusual warmth. "If you hadn't been standing right in the way the horse wouldn't have run over you. I never ran anybody down before. How do I know what you was a-tryin' to do? You might have been fixin' to rob me, for all I know."

"No matter for that," urged the man, as though he had urged the same thing before; "you might have decency to give me shelter for the night."

"Well, I won't do it, that's flat," said the old farmer, whose hardness of heart had long been a proverb throughout the country. "I'm not goin' to take in tramps that wanders about, gettin' an excuse to stay at houses so's they can steal anything they can get their hands on."

The farmer had turned about and was starting for

get their hands on."

The farmer had turned about and was starting for the house, but all at once he discovered that Maurice stood near, looking at him wonderingly.

"What do you want?" he asked irritably.

"I brought your notebook," replied the boy briefly, "An' I s'pose you are waitin' for a chance to ask this man to go home with you? You and your mother are always doin' such things as that," he said rudely.

"That's the very thing I was going to do," replied the boy boldly, and turning to the stranger he said:

"If you'll let me help you on my horse, I think you may be able to ride that far. It isn't more than two miles."

may be able to ride that far. It isn't more than two miles."

The boys, his cousins, laughed jeeringly, and his uncle grunted as he went back into the house; but Maurice did not hesitate. He led his pony near, and helped the stranger into the saddle, noticing with anxiety that the man's ankle was badly swollen and seemed to be paining him excessively.

"I think mother can put something on that ankle that will help it," he said, as he took the bridle and walked away along the snowy road. "She knows a good deal about such things."

The stranger rode silently, in spite of the boy's attempt to keep up a conversation, for he was suffering very much. Yet, as they reached the house and the door opened and allowed the cheerful light to stream out into the yard, he smiled gratefully.

"That's pleasant to look at," he said. "I am cold, besides being hurt."

besides being hurt."

And then, as Maurice helped him along the path from the gate, he suddenly started and cried: "What's Only something I was trying to make with snow,"

"Only something I was trying to make with snow," replied Maurice, intent upon getting his guest into the house and within reach of the fire. "Mother, this gentleman's hurt, and I hope you can do something for him. See; his ankle is dreadfully swollen."

And then, without a moment's hesitation the good woman set the largest chair near the fire and began preparations for bathing the wounded ankle and swathing it in soothing applications.

And this is the way in which the stranger was received under Mrs. Parker's roof.

Next morning the strained and the way better

Next morning the strained ankle was better, and the stranger was able to hobble about the house a little, with the aid of a crutch that Maurice had treasured for years as one of the mementos of his father.

"Father was sick for a long time before he died," he told the guest, "and he had to use a crutch all the time. It is glad we happened to have it."

And in the course of the morning the stranger, 1146 Fort street, Victoria, B. C.

found his way out into the yard, and stood beside the "snow-man" that had aroused the wrath of Uncle

It was crude work; any one could see that. An old table from the kitchen had been used for a foundation, and had been covered with snow until it bore a very close resemblance to a snow-bank. Crouching on the bank near the man was the figure of a bear, with her little ones arund her; and while the group was grade anough these was a grace and spirit about was crude enough, there was a grace and spirit about the figures that sent a light to the observant eyes of

stranger.
"Have you done anything else?" he asked, as Maurice came up and stood beside him.
"Not much of any account," said the boy. "I am always working with clay, but I don't make much

"Let me see what you have done?"

"They went back to the house, where Maurice showed the work over which he had spent many an hour when most boys of his age were sound asleep.

"What are you going to make of yourself?" asked the guest, after a long and silent inspection of the figures.

Maurice flushed, misunderstanding his meaning. "I suppose you think as Uncle John does. I shall be a farmer, from present appearances, but I shall always do this work anyhow. I can't keep from it. I'm never happy unless I am at this. If I could only do it well—but I'm afraid I shall never be able to do that"

And then the stranger seemed to form a sudden resolution. He walked into the kitchen, where Mrs. Parker was busy with the dinner, and said:
"Mary, have you forgotten all about Jack?"

And then Maurice saw his mother throw the kitchen fork across the room and rush to the stranger, whom she seized around the neck and hugged as though her life depended upon it.

"It's brother Jack!" she cried to Maurice. "It's little brother Jack, whom I haven't seen since he was your acre!"

your age!"
Well, but there was a time for half an hour after; but at last they sat down together, and the stranger who was no longer little, told them about his wan-derings since he left the home-roof so many years

"I came very near going on, and never letting any one know that I had come so close to my family," he said grimly. "Brother John's reception was not very cordial, was it? But the boy here decided it, after your kind greeting. I think I'll stay awhile, and

He looked at Maurice as he paused, but it was some time before the boy understood what the glance One day the guest, who had found such a place in

meant.

One day the guest, who had found such a place in their hearts, came into the room where Maurice was working with a lump of clay, and said:

"At it again, hey? How would you like to go where you could have the training that would enable you to do that work well? How would you like for some one to give you a chance to make yourself a "eal sculptor?"

Maurice paused and looked up, with his lips parted and his hands clasped.

"Tve a little money saved up," the elder went on; "and I have ever so many influential friends. I have been writing to some of them, and the result is—well, there's a place open for you."

"But—but the—the farm, Uncle Jack," murmured the boy, afraid to believe that there was such good fortune for him in all the world.

"Oh, the farm? Well, I'm a pretty good farmer myself, and I'm going to hire some help and get it out of the kinks, just to show brother John how to run a farm," said the uncle with a merry twinkle in his eyes; and then he turned away to keep from seeing how Maurice was looking at him.

"Take care there—you are turning that statue into mud with those tears," he said jokingly, a moment afterwards.

SHORT STORIES

. Boys and the Saloon

The Mayor of Boston lately sought the views of a half dozen school boys about stopping a saloon near the school building. He said:

"Well, I'm going to let the boys of the school tell me what they think of the place."

The next day half a dozen of the boys, ranging from ten to fifteen years of age, called on the mayor. Each boy gave some reason why he believed the saloon ought to be taken away, until it came to the last one, a youngster of twelve. He looked at the mayor squarely in the eye, and gave as his reason:
"My school gives me a chance to be Mayor of



Drawn by Earl Irvine, Aged Seven Years, 916 Kings Rd.

Boston some day; the saloon can't. I think us boys ought to have all the show we can get to be mayor. That's all I know about it."

The mayor threw himself back in his chair and laughed heartily; then, straightening up, he said to the last spokesman.

"My boy, you have said more than did all the politicians and the teachers. You shall have the show to be mayor. That saloon will have to quit business at once."

The boys gave the mayor a hearty cheer, and marched out of his office. They had conquered, and were consequently happy and triumphant.—Congregational Work.

OUR LETTER BOX

Dear Editor—I went away on a little journey with my mother about a month ago. We started on the third of February, at 1 a. m., for Vancouver, where we arrived shortly after seven. We took the east-bound train at half-past three in the afternoon. In two days we arrived at Calgary. We changed cars there and took the northbound train. We atrived at Strathcona at half-past seven.

There was a little girl who got on the cars at Calgary, who said she was going to Didenbury. The real name is Didsbury, but she could not pronounce it right. We would pronounce it Deadandburied, and she would say that was not the right way to pronounce it, and she would try to say it again.

Well, I think I will close, as my letter is getting rather long.

GABRIELLE PAULY.

FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

The Thrush's Song. A brown thrush sang in a cedar tree.
The wild notes loudly rang.
I watched and listened attentively,
And this was the song he sang:

Tweet! Tweet! Stitch it—it it—it it—with a needle Stitch it—it it—with a long, long thong.
Toot-tot, toot-tot. Tough, tough thread'll do,
Johnny wants a jacket that is strong, tweet, tweet,
Twit, twit, twit, twit twe-e-e.

Tweet! tweet!
Put it—ut it—ut it—on his shoulder Who will? We will. Who will? Wee-e-e! Johnny will be careful when he's older Older.

Who will? He will. Who will? Hee-e-e!
Twit, twit, twit, twit twe-e-e-e! Then the song grew hushed in the cedar tree, And I didn't so very much mind, For if it had a meaning at all, you see, 'Twas a meaning that I could not find.

-John Lea Sleepy Time. Good-night, little baby; I've counted your toes, I've kissed all your fingers, And rumpled your nose.

Good-night, little baby; The day's gone away; The big, tired darkness Doesn't know how to play.

Good-night, little baby; My arms are the bed, My heart is the pillow, • My love is the spread.

-Anita Fitch, in the Century. Ted's Old Lady.

Ted was a country boy, and he was always happy, for he loved the fields and the flowers, and it was never his wish to go to any big towns like most of

his school-fellows.

Ted was playing one day at the back of the house when he heard his mother calling him. Like a good boy, he ran to where his mother was stand-

ing.

"Now, Ted," she said, "I want you to run up to the house on the hill to take Daddy's dinner to him."

An old lady lived all alone in the house on the hill, and Ted had always wanted to speak to her.

He had heard his father say how kind she was to everyone, so you cannot wonder that Ted ran all the way and was quite out of breath when he at last reached the top of the hill where the house stood. Ted's father was a gardener and went to the house every day.

every day.

When he got to the garden he could see his father. where, "Now, what shall I do?" Ted said to himself. "I ow; I'll knock at the door, and then I shall see the

Now, what shall I do?" Ted said to himself. "I know; Fil knock at the door, and then I shall see the kind old lady.

So Ted timidly went up to the big door, pushed the knocker up and let it fall, for it was as much as Ted could do to reach it.

Down fell the knocker with a loud bang, and very soon a little old lady answered the door.

"I want Father, if you please," said Ted.

"Who are you, little boy?" the old lady asked him, Ted told her, and she directed him to the stable.

"When you have seen your father, come back here, Teddy, will you?" she said to him.

Ted was in high glee, for he had seen the old lady, and when he had given Daddy his dinner he ran back to where she was waiting for him.

"Here are some apples for you," she said.

"Oh, thank you!" Teddy murmured, putting the rosy apples in his pocket.

Ted was a very happy boy that day, for, besides having been given the apples, his mother rewarded him with a fine bowl of milk.

As he sat on the window-sill and drank it, he thought himself the luckiest boy in the whole world.

Harry's country home has a short asphaltum driverom the road to the main entrance.

"Harry," said his mother, one day, "the hired man saway, and I think you had better sweep the drive

this morning.

"Oh, it isn't necessary," returned Harry. "Billy Bliff is going to learn to ride a bicycle on it this

WITH THE POETS

A March Doll

A March Doll

The dolls in the play-house sat sad and forlorn,
The children had left them that bright winter morn;
For out in the yard they were making, you see,
The finest great dolly that ever could be.
Her brow was like marble; her leicle eyes
Shone bright as the stars in the mid-winter skies.
Her gown, soft and spotless, was fit for a queen;
The frost-fairles wove it of changeable sheen,
Now white-new so sparkling it made your eyes wink,
Then turned, just at sunset, the daintiest pink.
But when the next morning the rain pattered down,
And dripping and dropping, spoiled dolly's fine gown,
Then, quite out of sorts at her sad, shabby plight,
Without bidding good-bye, she slipped off out of sight,
And so, while the showers beat fast on the pane,
The children returned to the play-house again,
And the poor, slighted dollies were hugged and carressed;
For when rainy days come, then our old friends are
best,

And many a stranger that makes quite a show Forsakes us ere long like this dolly of snow, -Youth's Companion. A Cat Tail

(Ellen Manly in March St. Nicholas.)
The little old woman to town would go
To buy her a Sunday gown,
But a storm came up, and the wind did blow,
And the rain came pouring down;
And the little old woman, oh, sad to see!
In a terrible fidget and fret was she—
In a terrible fret was she!

The little old man was cross and cold,
For the chimney smoked that day,
And never a thing would he do but scold
In the most unmannerly way.
When the little old woman said: Listen to me!"
He answered her nothing but "fiddle-dee-dee!"

Then she whacked the puggy-wug dog, she did,
As asleep on the mat he lay,
For a puggy was he of spirit and pride,
And a slight like that he couldn't abide—

Then Muffin, the kitten, said, Deary me! What a state of affairs is this!

I must purr my very best purr, I see,
Since everything goes amiss!

So Muffin the kitten, she purred and purred
Till at last, the little old woman she heard—
The little old woman she heard.

And she smiled a smile at the little old man, and back he smiled again.

And they both agreed on a charming plan For a walk in the wind and rain. Then, hand in hand, to the market town They went to look for the Sunday gown—For the coveted Sunday gown.

Then the chimney drew and the room grew hot,
And the puggy-wug dog and the cat
Pheir old-time quarrels they quite forgot,
And snuggled up, close on the mat,
While Muffin, the kitten, she purred and purred,
And there never was trouble again, I've heard—
No, never again, I've heard!