

more he wished for the puppies. At last he thought of a plan.

'Harriet,' said he, 'you're most too little to be in the Wild West parade, and you can't be in it at all unless you get the puppies. Then you may be the keeper of the bears.'

Poor Harriet was dreadfully disappointed. Big Brother found her on the back door-step, crying.

'Why, look here,' he suggested, 'I would trust you with the puppies. I'll put slats on a box so you may have a cage for the bears. I'll nail the box on Richard's old cart so it won't slide.'

Thus it happened that four brown bears who loved their keeper—one loved her so much he kissed her on the chin—four brown bears were in the wonderful parade. It happened also, that a man who wished to give a puppy to his four little nephews offered to exchange a tent for the bears. That tent was almost good as new!

This isn't really the end of the story, because it is only the beginning of the time when Big Brother owned a tent instead of four brown puppies.

If Teddy Hadn't Been Good

(Emma C. Dowd, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

If Teddy hadn't been good that day,
He wouldn't have gone to the fair;
If he hadn't gone he wouldn't have seen

The dear little girl dressed all in green,
Who made his acquaintance there.

If he hadn't met this dear little maid,
This maid with the big brown eyes,
He wouldn't have gone to her house at all,

And he wouldn't have slipped and had the fall
That brought him good Doctor Wyse.

If he hadn't had good Doctor Wyse,
Who cured him quick as could be,
We'd never have known his sailor son,
Who invited us all—yes, every one!—
To a journey across the sea.

Just think! What if Ted for a naughty hour

Had thrown that pleasure away!
And so, though for you there never may be

Such a wonderful voyage across the sea,
You'd better be good to-day!

Little Miss Fluffy.

One windy day a proud little hen was walking across the yard. The wind blew very hard and ruffed up her fine feathers. 'I don't like this at all,' she said. 'I will go and scratch in the garden bed.' Away she ran and flew right over the garden gate and began to scratch in the sweet peas Marv had planted not long before. In a few minutes Mary ran into the garden and drove little Miss Fluffy out into the yard. 'What must I do?' said little



—From 'Darton's Leading Strings.'

DINNER AHEAD MAKES EVEN A STUBBORN DONKEY PULL.

hen. 'Fly away over the fence and play in the meadow,' said Mary. 'No, no, I will run down to the big pond and wade with the ducks,' said the

little hen. 'Hush, hush, you foolish little hen, you can't wade. Your feet are made for walking,' said Marv. 'But I know I can wade,' she said, and off she ran and jumped in the pond. Her little head went right under the water, but a big fat duck who was good-natured pushed little hen back to the edge of the water. She jumped out and flew fast, over the meadow fence, saying as she went, 'Cackle! cackle! cackle! Ducks can wade, but little hens must walk or fly.'—'Child's Hour.'

TEN DOLLARS For One Photograph

Have you sent your entry for the Camera Contest, which closes on August 1st?

The Competition is for the most interesting picture.

Artistic merit will, of course, be considered, but the general interest of the photograph will be the chief factor in the contest.

There will be seven prizes as follows: 1st, \$10.00; 2nd, \$7.00; 3rd, \$4.00; and the next four, \$1.00 each.

Send prints, which need not be mounted, as early as possible, securely protected by cardboard, and enclose a slip with a full description of the subject of the photograph.

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