r. Let this settle, then pour bottle for future use. Dip a water, with it rub the soiled water, with it rub the solled fully, and then wash it with brass ornaments over with a brush dipped in ammonia nse in hot water, dry and th a leather. The polishing en the brass is cold but not

th has been neglected should arm beer. Dry with nice soft while boiling a quart of beer the size of a pigeon's egg, Wash the oak all over with purpose. Leave till dry and sual.

sual. hat have been burnt, should hat have been burnt, should a water, as this although it ms, also makes the Saucepan astead of soda water, fill it we till next day, then bring burnt particles will come off and there will be no after ef-

that is equally good for, or ollcloth, is easily and satisfactory to use, Ingredition (odd pieces do quite well), dle-ends), half a pint of cold at the one well of the cold street one well as the co dle-ends), half a pint of cold atine, one gill of parafin, into a jar, and add the water, cool oven till melted. When he parrafin and the turpen-Keep well covered. Use swax and turpentine.

OF BULBS

nd the clay, or sad people under the steeple.

d men, nd weeping. l on in vain nd sleeping.

and hear, and grieving, day and a year, all be as the living.

call, a foot-fall rumpets blowing, with their call g and going.

weather Lover together,

o breast, hark! but laughter.

A SHELL

sea shell istened to it agic music winding through it, ild, s' twining bugles ing faintly—

sea shell, stened to it; dy's pulses ating through it, brating quickly, f a body g, throbbing sickly—

n a little, of sages; read a little sea shell's music, here abiding, and wonders

cy gliding, -New York Sun.

HAN GOLD

better than gold, a thousandfold, a thousandfold, mind at ease, hat always please. for another's woe, enough to enfold s better than gold.

onscience clear, ad in an humble sphere ontent and health, ad cares of wealth; thought oor man's cot; n nature's plan, of a gentleman.

poor man's sleep ps on his slumbers deep on the downy bed ts aching head, te deems land of dreams. hinking mind,
boks can find
Australian ore,
and good of yore,
poet's lay,
passed away;
n will thus unfold
tter than gold.

eaceful home, characters come heaven of life, sister, or wife. ne may be, heaven's decree,

WITCHERY

nvy thee, dling close, witchery fair one's heart.

se: "Forsooth. mine;

the inspiration of a fair to its God.
—Frederick J. Scott.

engaged an actor for his a week. He "made good" insisted that his stipend be blars.
Mansfield.

a big success in the role."
nt, "what do you suppose

A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

The United States fleet has reached Magdalena Bay in Southern California. During the month of May the ships will be in San Francisco and then it is intended that they will sail for Puget Sound. The Governor has invited Admiral Evans to visit Victoria and Vancouver. If it comes, the commander will probably be Rear-Admiral Thomas, second in command. Admiral Evans retires from command while the fleet is in San Francisco in May. His place will be taken by Rear-Admiral Charles Sperry. At present it is intended to send the ships across the Pacific to the Phillippine Islands. They will call at Australia on the way and then come back to New York by way of the Suez Canal.

on the way and then come back to New York by way of the Suez Canal.

It is a wonderful thing to think of these battle-ships passing round the world. It shows that the people of the United States have the utmost confidence in the friendliness of the nations of the world. If the fleet were to meet an enemy on the ocean we could easily believe that the fight would be a fair one but in the narrow channels like the Suez Canal or the Straits of Gibraltar or even in the Mediterranean Sea the fleet might be taken at a disadvantage. But there is little doubt that having already proved the seaworthiness of the ships and the capability of their officers the fleet will return in safety. The trip will, however, cost our neighbors a great deal of money.

There was a terrific fire at Big Timber near Butte, Montana, last week. The town was almost destroyed. No loss of life is reported but hundreds of people must be homeless.

A machine has been made that will traverse the air. This is not a balloon but a sort of flying machine called an aerdrome. It was made by Professor Andrew Graham Bell of New York. It did not fly far before it broke but it did fly, which is the important thing. So many wonderful inventions have been made in the memory of living men that nothing now seems impossible

when we can speak to people hundreds of miles away and listen to the voices of singers or orators who have been long dead when men have learned that their messages can be carried across sea and land to ships whose position is not known what wonders may we not believe possible?

Mr. Lloyd George, who some months ago settled disputes between masters and men in the north of England and so prevented great loss and suffering has a plan for giving work to many thousands of the idle people in Great Britain. He hopes to see a great number of factories established in England for the manufacture of aniline dyes. These dyes which are produced from coal have been made chiefly in Germany. If this plan succeeds and the British immigration who have come and are still coming to Canada do well, we may hope to hear less of the suffering and poverty of the old land.

A great many of the members of the parliament at Ottawa as well as thousands of good men and women throughout Canada believe that it would be better for this country if the manufacture and importation of cigarettes could be stopped. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been asked to introduce a law that would have this effect but he and his ministers do not think it would be wise to do so now.

This will not make much difference to Victoria (so far as the boys are concerned), for we have a law that forbids any one selling tobacco to boys. It is a pity that this law is so often broken for there is not a boy who does not know that smoking is bad for him.

There is trouble in the negro republe of Hayti in the West India Islands. Some of the white residents of the island have been killed and it was said that all are in danger. A number of people have taken refuge with the French ambassador. From the despatch it would seem that the black men believe that their white neighbors wish to take the government out of their hands as some of them tried to do not long ago. France is very angry with the way the ambassador and subjects of that country have been treated. French, German and British warships are on their way to Hayti and if they arrive in time they will protect the white inhabitants of the Republic.

The heavy rains of last week have done much damage in Washington and Oregon. The Columbia and other rivers are very full and in some places have overflowed their banks and carried away bridges and damaged the railroads. In some places there have been heavy landslides.

In the state of Michigan there is a great college called Ann Arbor, whose students have disgraced themselves, their college and their country. Because one of their number who acted like a rowdy at a theatre was roughly treated by a policeman, the young men wrecked the building and destroyed everything in it. The young men who had so little self control as this mob of students give little promise of ever making good citizens. It is hard to see of what use the education has been which has not lifted these lads above the crowd of rowdies that loaf around the street corners.

The boys should read Mr. Dawson's speech in Wednesday's paper. It is as interesting as any tale and it is true. Mr. Dawson is going to print a newspaper which will tell the people of England all about Canada. Though still a young man, Mr. Dawson has done more than most old men.

Canada is getting a very large income but she is spending more. Much of the money spent is for railroads and other public works. So far, Canada has, on the whole, managed her public business well. She has had dishonest servants who have cheated the people. Many of these have been found out and punished but there are others who have been successful. No member should ever get an honest man's vote who has had anything to do with a dishonest piece of work or one that has cost too much.

Almost ever since the settlement of Canada began

Almost ever since the settlement of Canada began the farmers have looked upon the forest as an enemy. Trees have been cut down and burned by thousands to clear the land. Lumbermen have been allowed to do their work in the most wasteful way. Beautiful trees that would have furnished shade for houses and shelter for the cattle were uprooted and the farms left bare and desolate looking.

But within the past few years all this has been changed. It was found that a great part of the timber in the United States had been cut down and that unless great care was taken there would soon be none left. The prairies of Manitoba and the Northwest were, for the most part, destitute of trees and as they were settled an increased demand for lumber arose. Ships come to Victoria and Vancouver from all quarters of the globe to buy fir and pine and cedar. Now even the people of Canada begin to see that unless great care is taken it will not be a great many years till our forests, vast as they are, have disappeared.

The people of the United States want to buy our

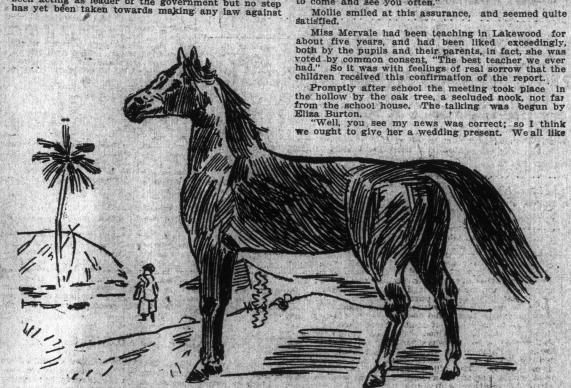
less great care is taken it will not be a great many years till our forests, vast as they are, have disappeared.

The people of the United States want to buy our wood to make paper. This pulp wood, as it is called, is made from spruce, fir and some other trees. The trees need not be very large and straight so that the forests from which the best timber has been cut would still give pulp wood. Of course the people of the United States are quite willing to pay for all the wood they buy. There are many business men in Canada who think that it would be foolish to sell this wood to manufacturers in the United States. They say that if the paper was made on our own side of the line it would give work to Canadians and there would be much more money spent in the country than if the wood alone were sold. They want the government to make a law charging an export duty on the pulp wood. It is believed that if the government do this it will pay the paper manufacturers of the United States better to build their mills in Canada than pay the price of the wood, the duty and the freight to bring it to the paper mills of the United States. However this may be, not only the Ottawa government but the government of British Columbia has resolved to put a stop to the waste of trees. There are forests in Alberta, on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, and these are to be reserved. Trees are being planted on the prairies and it is found that if care is taken

they will grow. New forests are being planted in the eastern provinces. In British Columbia, although miles of forests have been destroyed by fire we have still the grandest evergreen forests in the world and we have learned in time how important it is that we

There is, as most of you know, a Liberal Government in England. The leader of the government is Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. In Canada we should call the British premier an old man but many British statesmen have been active long after the time when most men are satisfied to rest. In the English parliament there are two houses. The House of Commons represents the people. The House of Lords is not elected. It is composed of gentlemen who hold their seats because they were born owners of titles and estates. Although not elected by the landowners they really represent them. Since no law can be passed without the consent of this body many people in England think it should be reformed or done away with altogether and this government was expected to find a way to make the change. Many of the wisest and best of Englishmen believe that laws would be changed too easily if it were not for the House of Lords.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has been ill, and it is feared he never will recover. Mr. Asquith has been acting as leader of the government but no step has yet been taken towards making any law against



Drawn by William Ready, Aged Twelve Years, Norwood, Oak Bay Avenue.

buy small plots of land.

Boys and girls in British Columbia must expect to have many hard questions in geography asked this year. Until now the greater part of the population of this province lived in a strip along the southern boundary of British Columbia and in the southern half of Vancouver Island. There are farms along the Fraser River in some places as far north as Clinton. In the rest of the province the only inhabitants have been trappers and miners and lumbermen working long distances apart and a few Indian tribes. Much of this great territory has not even been explored. But now the Grand Trunk Pacific railroad is to be built between the mouth of the Skeena River and Edmonton. As soon as spring opens gangs of men are to be set at work clearing land and grading the road and as soon as the road is built settlers will take up farms near it. Prince Rupert is to be the western terminus of the road. Trails are being built to carry in supplies. All this will bring custom to the merchants of Victoria, Vancouver and Nanaimo. Gold has been discovered on a branch of the Finlay River and whether there is much or little there many people will go to search for it. Then there is likely to be mining on the Queen Charlotte islands, so it is said, and the road is to be built across the island to Alberni. Farmers are going into Okanagan and are settling around Ashcroft, while some are coming to Vancouver Island. Altogether it looks as if it would be a busy summer in British Columbia.

There is to be a gathering in London in June of people belonging to the Episcopal Church from all parts of the world. Men from almost every nation in the world will be there. Negroes, Chinese and Japanese will meet their fellow worshippers from England, the United States and Canada, Australia and New Zealand. They will differ in almost everything except their belief and their worship. The coming together of so many good men can hardly fail to make the world better. They will see that however different men may look their deepest feelings are the same.

They are having hard times in Japan. Nations cannot run into debt any more than people without suffering loss. Japan spent a great deal of money in the war with Russia. When nations borrow money to build railroads, bridges or canals, they usually get it back. But the money spent in war is lost. Sometimes territory is gained and now and again the enemy is made to pay the expenses of the war. Japan is feeling now that, however brave a nation may be, the cost of war is very heavy. The Japanese are a very wise and industrious as well as brave people, so that they will get over their difficulties in time.

The little quarrel between China and Japan has ended. China has agreed to pay for the damage done the Tatsu Maru but Japan promises not to send any more supplies to Chinese rabels. The Portuguese at Macao are bad neighbors. They not only sell arms, but they are notorious smugglers and gamblers. There is a report that the Japanese, like the American navy, is going on a cruise.

MISS MERVALE'S PRESENTATION

The pupils of the Lakewood school were evidently in a state of great excitement. During the afternoon Miss Mervale had noticed an unusual and all-pervading restlessness that distracted the attention of nearly every one of her fifty-four pupils; but she was entirely unable to account for it.

tirely unable to account for it.

Strange to say, Miss Mervale herself was the unconscious cause of the disturbance. At the noon hour, Eliza Burton, the biggest girl in the school, had come racing back from her hastily despatched dinner, with the last course still in her hand, and bufsting into the select circle of her companions, who always partook of their luncheon under the large maple in the corner of the school grounds, exploded with the startling intelligence:

Iligence:

"Miss Mervale's going to be married;"

"What!" cried the general chorus.

The information was repeated.

"She ain't, yer foolin'," drawled Timmy Simpson,

She ain', yer foolin'," drawled Timmy Simpson, sceptically.

"I won't let her get married," whispered little Mollie Snow, with the tears coming into her eyes at the thought of parting from her beloved teacher; for, in Mollie's experience, women that get married usually went away somewhere and never came back, like her oldest sister, who had been married several months before.

"But it's true," persisted Eliza, "My big brother was in Corwell this morning, and he came back with the news. He says she is going to marry a lawyer fellow in Corwell."

"Why, that's the chap as is allus comin' here to see her." exclaimed Timmy, "I noo what he was after; I seen it in his eye. I guess it must be true."
"Wull, ef she's to be mairrit," broke in wee Bessie Murray, whose accent betrayed the country from which her parents had lately arrived, "Ef she's to be

her so well, it would be a sname to let her go away without something to remember us by."

"What'll we give her?" demanded several.

"Give her a nice piano, isaid Mollie.

"O Mollie," cried Timmy, "Planos cost a heap o' money. We couldn't buy a plano, even if we all saved up for a hundred years."

"Well, buy her a horse and buggy; so's she can come out to see us often," persisted Mollie.

"No, Mollie," answered Eliza, "your tastes are too expensive. We'll have to think of something cheaper."

Timmy Simpson then gave his opinion:

cheaper."

Timmy Simpson then gave his opinion:

"I think we want to git all the money we kin; and then talk about what the present's to be afterwards."

"Yes, we must have a committee to collect subscriptions," exclaimed Eliza.

"What's them?" asked little Walter Lee.

"Why, the money, of course, you little ignoramus," snapped Eliza, impatiently; while poor Walter hung his head at the sharp rebuke. "Two or three of us must go around and collect some money from all the pupils in the school. Everyone ought to give something."

thing."

It was finally agreed that Eliza Burton, Timmy Simpson, and Peter Scott should form a committee to collect and look after all moneys, and that the question of what the present should consist would be discussed at another meeting to be held the next week.

Accordingly, on the day appointed, the hollow by the oak tree contained the majority of Miss Mervale's class. The committee reported having collected fifteen dollars, with a few scholars yet to hear from.

Now, what was the present to be? That seemed

Now, what was the present to be? That seemed to be as hard to decide as at the previous meeting. Some wanted a purse, and some a silver teapot; others thought a feather boa or a muff would be just the thing. At last Bessie Murray said:

"Ma mither said that when she was a wee bit lassie, they gie'd a present tae the mistress o' the schule she went tae."

mairrit, we'll hae tae gie her a present. My mither says folks aye get presents when they're mairrit."

Everyone thought this was a good idea.

"Yes," said Eliza, "Let us children get up a wedding present for her all by ourselves."

The school-bell rang, and Eliza had just time to arrange that a meeting should be held, after dismissal, down in the hollow by the oak tree, where they could meet undisturbed, "For," said Eliza, "We must not let Miss Mervale find out."

While the school was assembling the news quickly spread among the pupils; so that by the time they were settled in their seats, nearly everyone in the room had been made acquainted with it.

This, then, was the cause of the "uneasiness that prevalled in the Lakewood school that afternoon. However, the lessons dragged on till the time for dismissal drew near; when, all at once, little Mollie Snow's feelings overcame her, and she burst out cryling. Miss Mervale left her desk to find what was the matter with Mollie and to comfort her. When questioned, she blurted out:

"'Liza Burton says you're going away from us to get married. You aln't, are you?"

Poor Miss Mervale blushed deep crimson, but taking Mollie on her knee, she dried her tears and said:

"Yes, Mollie, it is true. I am going to be marwhich are about the same thing," Eliza said. "Til tell you what we'll do. We'll get Miss Mervale a silver water pitcher, and when we are giving it to her, we'll call it a carafe; it sounds more stylish."

This was a fine idea. The committee was empowered to go into Corwell and purchase the finest "carafe" they could get for the money. Eliza Burton was to prepare a speech which would be recited by Phil Brooks, who was selected to make the presentation and the ceremony would take place at the public examination on the last day of the school term.

Everything was carried out as decided. The committee went into Corwell accompanied by Mrs. Burton, and bought the silver "carafe." Eliza set to work on the speech, commencing it thus:

"Dearly beloved Teacher, as you have decided to terminate your connection with Lakewood school, after being with us for five years, we, the pupils of the school desire to present you with this carafe as a slight memento of our regard and esteem," and so on. After wishing her every happiness in her future life she concluded it with a verse of poetry:

For now we sever, each from each,
And learn what we have lost in thee;
Alas! that nothing else could teach
How great indeed our love should be

"Yes, Mollie, it is true. I am going to be married; but you must not cry. I am not going far away. My home will be in Corwell; so I will be able to come and see you often." The Examination Day came at last. All the inhabitants of the Lakewood district, large and small, were present in their best clothes. There were also several visitors from Corwell, amongst whom was the "lawyer chap" who was going to marry Miss Mervale.

The examination exercises, consisting of questions and answers, interspersed with songs and recitations, proceeded slowly, very slowly, the children thought; but at last it came to an end, and the chairman, Eliza Burton's father, arose and made a brief speech, expressing the regret that all felt at losing the services of so valuable a teacher as Miss Mervale. "However," he concluded, "the children themselves have something to say on this point. I will now call on Master Phillip Brooks."

He paused and the door of the vestibule in front

He paused, and the door of the vestibule in front of the school opened, and Phil entered, bearing the silver "carafe" on a red velvet cushion. He advanced awkwardly to the front, stopped abruptly in front of Miss Mervale, scraped his throat nervously, and began:

Miss Mervale, scraped his throat nervously, and began:

"Dearly beloved Teacher—"
But, O Horror! Whether it was the unusual significance of the occasion, or the sight of the tears that were starting in Miss Mervale's eyes, that flustered him, it is impossible to say; but the grand speech that Eliza Burton had taken such pains to write, and he to learn, went out of his head completely. What he did say, was:

"Dearly beloved Teacher—here's a jug for you."
And thrusting the pitcher into her hands, he turned and fled out of the school.
Half of the children tittered, and the other half glared at the awful wreck Phil had made of the great ceremony. Miss Mervale could not help smiling, in spite of her tears; but she thanked the children so sweetly that they felt quite consoled.

If one were to ask a pupil of the Lakewood school what a carafe was, the reply most likely would be, "something Miss Mervale did not get for a wedding present.—Donald A. Fraser.

NATURAL HISTORY

Kindness Among Ants

Sir John Lubbock, in a lecture treating of the subject of ants, told the following teuching story: Amongst a colony of ants which he had observed, one ant was born a cripple.

It was most pathetic to watch the tender care which was shown toward the unfortunate ant.

This is like the well-known story of the blind rat which was led about by two of his comrades, each of which held in its mouth the end of a stick which the sightless one held firmly between his teeth.

It is interesting to look whom

teeth.

It is interesting to look upon such instances of sympathy among animals, when human beings so often act differently to each other, and drive the weakest to the wall.—Children's Missionary Maga-

A Goliath Spider

A Goliath Spider

Our common house spider is the dread of the housemaid and death to the unwary fly, but otherwise seems to be a harmless insect. Its bite is sometimes poisonous, but cases are rare where its bite has been fatal in temperate climates. As we approach the equator, however, we find that spiders, like all insects and reptiles, become more venomous as well as increase in size.

Far up in the mountains of Ceylon and India there is a spider that spins a web like bright, yellowish silk, the central net of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines, or guys, as they are called, measure sometimes ten or twelve feet long; and riding quickly in the early morning you may dash right into it, the stout threads twining round your face like a veil, while, as the creature who has woven it takes up his position in the middle, he generally catches you right on the nose, and though he seldom bites or stings, the contact of his large body and long legs is anything but pleasant. If you forget yourself and try to catch him, bite he will, and, although not venomous, his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak, and you will not forget the encounter.

The bodies of these spiders are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath.

that I completely forgot the trolling line that I held in my hand. The birds were diving into the river all around us, and I was about to make a remark to one of my companions when, like a flash, the line went slipping through my hand at a lightning-like

When I looked over the water I could hardly be-

When I looked over the water I could hardly believe my eyes.

About thirty yards from where I sat rose a large osprey with a fish in its sharp claws.

I felt my line rising from the water and saw that I had hooked the fish that was being carried away by the feathery thief. I had securely tied the end of the line to the boat, and when the bird could fly no further and seemed to be somewhat puzzled that it could not go on with its prey, it let the finny captive drop and with a peculiar cry flew out of sight.

—St. Nicholas League.

FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

A Sleepy Little Boy A Sleepy Little Boy

"Up! Up, my boy, it's time to dress,"
Calls Father in the morning;
And then, a second afterward,
There comes another warning.
"What! not up yet, you lazy boy,"
Says Father quite severely,
"It's fifteen minutes since I called,
And breakfast 's ready, nearly."

Now what I really want to know, is where those fifteen minutes go.

Buttons Buttons

A boy must dress himself, you know,
Before he is a man,
But buttons always want to go
The queerest way they can.
I struggle with them every day,
And tug with all my might,
And still they seem to have a way
Of never going right.
And yet when mother takes a hand,
They go so easily,
That I can never understand
Why they won't go for me.

Tangled Hair

When you fix your hair
Tangles, bear in mind,
Must be combed with care;
And it's best, you'll find,
Not to tug and pull and hurry,
Putting tempers in a flurry,
But a gentle girl to be,
Then they come out easily.

"Sam-Bo, I don't know what to do!" Les-lie sat down on the sand and clasp-ed his hands round his

dewn on the sand and clasp-ed his hands round his knees.

"What is the mat-ter, Mas-ter Les-lie?" asked the tall Ne-gro, as he sat down be-side the lit-tie boy. "What do you want?"

Leslie and Sam-bo had been friends ev-er since Sam-bo had come to sing on the beach; he was a real ne-gro, but he could talk to the little boy quite well.

"I'm go-ing to a par-ty," ex-plain-ed Les-lie. "It's one in which ev-e-ry, one dress-es up and does something to a-muse the oth-ers. Al-lie, my lit-tie sis.ter, you know, is go-ing to dress up as a lit-tie girl from Spain, and Mo.ther is teach-ing her a Span-ish dance; it is so pret-ty! But I don't know what to be."

Sam-bo thought hard for a min-ute.

"What do you say to be-ing a black man like me?" he ask-ed at last. Les-lie clap-ped his hands.

"The ve-ry thing," he cri-ed joy-ful-ly. "But what could I do?"

"Sup-pos-ing I teach you a lit-tie song, like the nig-ger boys sing," sug-gest-ded Sam-bo.

"Yes, I should like that, and let's keep it a se-cret. Won't Al-lie be sur-pris-ed?" cri-ed Les-lie.

Sam-bo laugh-ed, show-ing all his white teeth, but he had to go a-way then, so no-thing more could be said.

Ev-er-y day af-ter this Les-lie came to the beach.

Ev_er-y day af-ter this Les-lie came to the beach, where Sam-bo met him and taught him some of the On the day of the par-ty his black friend took Les-lie to his own house and black-ed the lit-tle boy's face all ov-er, "just like a real nig-ger." He gave him a cur-ly black wig, and dress-ed him in such fun-ny clothes.

clothes.

"I don't know my-self," Les-lie said when he looked in the look-ing glass.

He went home wrap-ped in a big cloak, and Mother and Al-lie were as much sur-pris-ed as he expect-ed.

He en-joy-ed the ev-en-ing im_mense-ly, and he was clap-ped for his song, and when the lit-tie boys and girls were tir-ed of play, some big peo-ple came to a-muse them.

Les-lie was watch-ing them, feeling ve-ry sleep-y, when sud-den-ly he sat up wide a-wake. For there, bowing to the peo-ple in his fun-ny way, was Sambo him-self!

bo him-self!

Les-lie was so pleas_ed, and clap-ped as loud-ly as he could when the song was ov-er, and made his way as quick-ly as pos-si-ble to speak to him.

"Oh, Sam-bo, you ne-ver told me you were com-ing as well!" cri-ed Les-lie, and the big ne-gro, smilling down at him, re-pli_ed:

"No, Mas-ter Les-lie, that was Sam-bo's se-cret."

Peter lived on the prairie. When he was three years old, the first railway train came through. Uncle Peter carried the small boy to see it.

A boy on the train threw a peach to Peter. He ate it, and laughed with delight.

"Don't throw away the stone," said Uncle Peter. "We'll plant it."

Peter's chubby brown little hand patted the soft earth over it. That first season he watched the green shoot break through and send out a few leaves. The next season it was tall enough for Peter to jump over it. The next season it was so tall he couldn't.

When Peter was eight years old there were seven

couldn't.

When Peter was eight years old there were seven peaches on his tree. One for each of the family, and not one of them had ever tasted anything so good before. He planted all the stones.

Today Peter is a big boy. He has eight well-grown trees, which carry health and delight to all the neighborhood. And he has a young orchard coming on, which will, some day bring more money than all his father's crop.—Youth's Companion.

WITH THE POETS

When the summer, still half-hearted, Wooed the tender buds which started, With their little lips half-parted, Eager for his kiss.

Then we freed us from the tether Of the hated wool and leather, Rushing forth to greet the weather In a barefoot burst of bliss.

Ouch! I still can feel the trouble
At the first step on the stubble,
As the tender soles bent double,
Cringing at the sudden pain;
But the flat stone warmly prest them,
And the tuft of turf carest them,
And the water, how it blest them!
Kissing at the throbbing vein.

Wayward feet, by wounds tormented, Snuggled in the mire contented. Germs! They were not yet invented To alarm the indiscreet. Germs, indeed! What self-respecting Germ would dare be caught infecting Mother Earth, who was protecting Her own baby's battered feet?

O ye men of might and Mammon
In your quest for stuff and gammon,
Pause a moment and examine
These days by the side of those.
Ho, those barefoot days diverting!
Ho, to watch the water firting!
Ho, to feel the summer spurting
Up between your tickied toes!
—Edmund Vance Cooke in the Circle.



Drawn by Norman Alexander, Aged Nine Years, 1159 Yates Street, Victoria, B. C.

"Well, what did they "gie" her?" mimicked Eliza.
"Ma mither said the gie'd her a carafe."
"A carafe?" exclaimed everybody, "What's that?"
"I dinna ken. I thought some o' ye wad ken, sae
I did na speir her."
"Oh, I know what a carafe is," said wee Mollic.
"It's a big animal wif a long neck, what eats tops o' trees."

trees."

A loud laugh greeted this definition, and Timmy said he didn't think Miss Mervale would like a giraffe for a wedding present.

Although no one knew what a carafe was, the very mystery surrounding it seemed to convince the children that a carafe must be the proper thing to get Miss Mervale for a wedding present.

Eliza Burton thought a moment, and then she said: "Look here, some of you boys run back to the school, and look in the dictionary, and see what a carafe is. You can climb in the window if the door's locked."

locked."

Timmy and Peter scampered off, and were not long in returning with the desired information. "A carafe is a water-bottle for table use."

"Is that all it is?" some cried in disappointment.

"Just the thing," was the general opinion, how-

"Useful as well as ornamental. No family complete without one," pompously declaimed Phil Brooks, who, by the way, was the crack reciter of the school. "But no one puts bottles of water on their tables here," objected one girl.

"No, but they have nice silver water pitchers,

while the upper part is covered with the most delicate slate-colored fur. So strong are the webs that birds the size of larks are frequently caught therein, and even the small but powerful scaly lizard falls a vic-

A writer says that he has often sat and watched the yellow and scarlet monster—measuring, when waiting for his prey with his legs stretched out, fully six inches—striding across the middle of the net, and noted the rapid manner in which he winds his stout threads around the unfortunate captive. He usually throws the coils about the head till the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked.

In many unfrequented dark nooks of the jungle you may come across most perfect skeletons of small birds caught in these terrible snares, the strong folds of which prevent the delicate bones from falling to the ground after the wind and weather have dispersed the flesh and feathers from the body.

A Bird-Fish Story

Persons who have traveled up the Shrewsbury river cannot but display interest in the osprey or fish-hawk, as it is commonly called. It files about with the ease and grace of its kind, and, sweeping down, dives sometimes ten feet into the river, emerging with a struggling fish in its claws.

One summer, some friends and myself were trolling on the Shrewsbury with very little success. As we drew near a small island the osprey seemed to be very numerous. I was very much interested in them, and I was so absorbed in my observations