



A Rest by the Wayside

FOR THE CHILDREN

THE WIND'S FUN.

By MAUD LINDSAY.

ONE day the wind blew through the town, and oh! how merry it was. It whistled down the chimneys, and scampered round the corners and sang in the tree tops. "Come and dance, come and dance, come and dance with me," that is what it seemed to say.

And what could keep from dancing to such a merry tune? The clothes danced on the clothesline, the leaves danced on the branches of the trees, a bit of paper danced about the street, and a little boy's hat danced off of his head and down the sidewalk as fast as it could go.

It was a sailor hat with a blue ribbon around it; and the ends of the ribbons flew out behind like little blue flags.

"Stop!" cried the little boy as it blew away; but the hat could not stop. The wind whirled it and whirled it and landed it at last right in the middle of the street.

"Now I'll get it," said the child, and he was just reaching his hand out for it when off it went again, rolling over and over like a hoop.

"Nobody can catch me," thought the hat proudly; "and I do not know myself how far I shall go."

Just then the wind whisked it into an alley, and dropped it behind a barrel there. When the little boy looked into the alley, it was nowhere to be seen.

"Where is my new sailor hat?" he cried.

"Ho! ho! I know," laughed the wind, and it blew behind the barrel, and fluttered the ends of the blue ribbon till the boy spied them.

"Hurrah!" said he; and he ran to pick up the hat in a hurry.

"The wind shall not get my new hat again," he said; and he put it on his head and held it with both hands all the way home.

But as for the clothes on the clothesline, and the leaves on the trees, and the bit of paper on the street, they danced on and on, till the wind blew away; and that is the end of my story. — *Kindergarten Review.*

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GOSSAMER-BUILDERS.

By W. L. S.

UNCLE Rollo considered thoughtfully a moment before giving an answer.

"I can't really tell, Hester," he said, at last. "I haven't ever seen any my-

self, but, then, I haven't seen everything, by any means, you know."

Hester, from the footstool, nodded silently. Uncle Rollo's whimsical ways puzzled her sometimes, but he always explained things sooner or later, even if he did tease.

"I remember when I was about your age," he continued, looking down at her, "I used to believe firmly that there were fairies. You couldn't have convinced me that there were not."

The girl's eyes brightened. "That's what I—" she began.

"But I used to believe almost anything," said her uncle, "particularly because of my nurse, who had red hair."

He paused a minute, but Hester did not ask what red hair had to do with it, so he went on: "She would tell me that the gossamer on the grass was built overnight by the fairies. They did it to catch the dew to drink and to bathe in. Just before the sun came up, my nurse said, all of them would come out and have a grand time. The fairies would climb up the beams towards the sun, and splash each other and sing; and a lot of things like that," he concluded.

"How pretty!" cried Hester, nestling her footstool nearer.

"It was pretty," admitted Uncle Rollo, "and I used to think about the fairies whenever I went out before the gossamer disappeared in the morning. But I couldn't understand where the fairies went to, or what they were like, or why we shouldn't see them — just catch a glimpse of them, you know."

"I've wondered, too," said Hester. "Then one day I found out all about it," said her uncle. "It was spiders all the time."

"Spiders!" said Hester. "Ugh!"

"Not at all, Hester. It isn't polite to say 'Ugh!' at spiders, especially when they fool you into thinking that they are fairies, and build such very pretty things."

Hester looked her distress. "Do spiders really and truly make the gossamer, Uncle Rollo?"

He nodded. "Don't be afraid," he said. "They are little bits of spiders, you know. I never saw them, any more than I have seen fairies, but I know a man who has. They spin those threads out of their bodies, like regular spiders in the attic. These threads are very wonderful and fine and strong. They form nets, and they catch food in them."

"I know!" exclaimed the girl. "I've seen little white cones, just like funnels. Do they make those, too?"

"Surely," said Uncle Rollo. "And

they do another queer thing. You've read about the Indian magicians who throw a rope up in the air and send a boy up on it, and he disappears?"

She nodded.

"Of course that is a trick," said her uncle, "but these spiders do something very like it. They throw up a thread that the wind catches, and it flies out and up, like a kite. The spider clammers up along this rope, and sees what he can see. Of course, the rope is tied to the grass or something first."

"I should call him a fairy all the same," said Hester, after a pause. "Anything, even if it is only a spider, that can do things like that ought to be called a fairy."

"Then I can say that I believe in fairies," said Uncle Rollo.

"Then I can," said Hester, smiling. — *The Youth's Companion.*

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IN DADDY'S BED.

By ANDREW BRAID.

All night I lie within my crib,
Alongside daddy's bed,
So snug and warm, and tucked in nice
From feet right up to head.

But when the morning comes at last
I jump in with my dad;
And when he says, "Good morning, boy,"
And kisses me, I'm glad.

He tells me stories, just like books,
Of Joseph, Bruce, and Tell,
And Daniel, Ali BaBa, and
A whole lot more as well.

And when my daddy is at work,
Alone, I play at some—
I'm Samson when he goes away,
And Bruce when he comes home.

And when we have a pillow fight,
Goliath is his name,
And mine is David; and we have
Oh, such a jolly game!

I always beat him, 'cos I'm strong,
Though I am only four,
So strong dad says he thinks that I
Could batter down a door.

And then I get the paper knife,
And cut off daddy's head—
Not really though, for if I did
'Twould muss up all the bed.

I just pretend. Like David in
The Bible picture-book,
In which on Sundays after tea
My daddy and I look.

And sometimes daddy lies quite still,
And will not move or stir;
He says I'm Lilly Pussy Ann,
And he is Gully Vir.

He says that Gully Vir was big,
Far bigger than a tree;
And that the Lilly Pussy Anns
Were littler far than me.

I crawl all over him, until
Dad gives a great big shout,
And tumbles me among the clothes
And rolls me in and out.

But sometimes daddy feels so tired,
He says his heart is sore;
So I just cuddle in with him,
And love him all the more.

And then he tells me of my mam,
Who died long, long ago—
I was only a baby then,
And of course I did not know.

So dear old gran'ma to me 'tends;
She's kind as she can be;
But, oh, I often wish that mam
Could come and play with me!

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