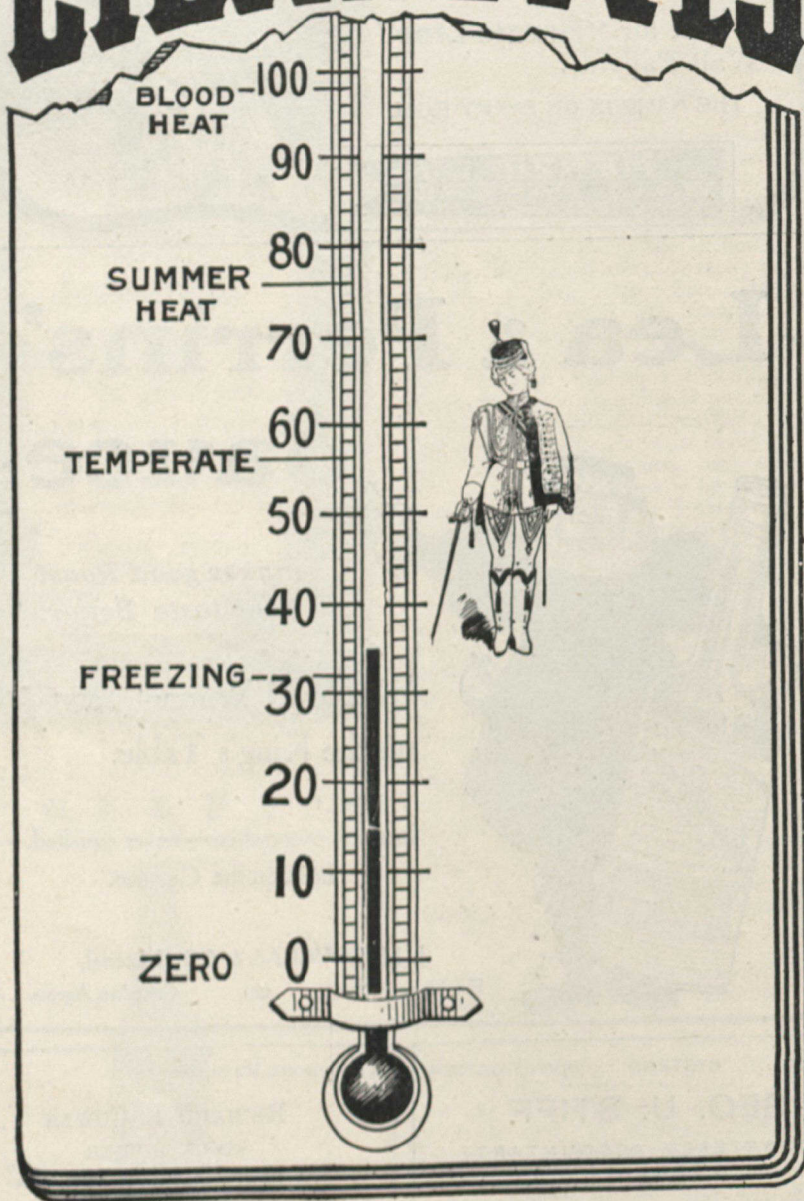


SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES



The weather for the past week has been fairly mild. The average temperature was 35.6, as indicated by the sword point of the famous SWEET CAPORAL girl.

MACHINE CATALOGUES

Engine, Launch and Automobile Catalogues are practically the most difficult kind of work with which the average catalogue maker meets, and many fail in attempting to produce something excellent merely because their plant is not properly equipped and their men not fully accustomed to turning out only the best class of work.

The best is where we excel.

THE JAS. ACTON PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED
59-61 JOHN ST., TORONTO
ESTABLISHED 1888

For the Children

A PICTURE.

I know a tiny baby girl who never grows,
But sits upon a window seat and laughs
and crows,
Her head against a pillow soft, doth gently
rest,
And all day long she's fresh and sweet as
when just dressed.

Her big blue eyes, with baby stare, look
forth at you,
As if to ask from whence you are, and
what, and who!
Her five pink toes call forth the praise of
loving eyes,
One tiny boot has fallen off, and there it
lies.

Her dimpled arms lie quietly still; we hear
no cry,
Although her mother comes and goes and
years pass by.
Her hair upon her shapely head is yet soft
down,
And always wears she, night or day, that
same cute gown.

I wonder who that baby is, so still and
strange,
And if there yet will come a time when
she shall change?
Ah! listen, that was once yourself, your
own her name,
And all these years we've loved you there,
within a frame.

—Kathleen R. Wheeler.

* *

BECAUSE HE WAS A MAN.

It was so hot in the night nursery!
Mother and father were out to dinner and
nurse had gone down to her supper.

The gas was turned down almost to a
spark, and gloomy shadows haunted the
room.

"I'm so firsty," wailed the baby, kicking
back the sheet and peering over her cot
rails at the drowsy six-year-old brother.
"Suck your tongue hard and wet'll come
into your mouth."

Baby sucked hard.

"It's all dry. Oh, I'm so firsty! Get
me a drink."

Geoff pretended to sleep. How could
he face the terrors of that long, dark
nursery?

"Please, Deffery?"

Dead silence.

Baby gave a little sob and swallowed
two salt tears. Then Geoff pulled himself
together and remembered he was a man.
But, oh, the misery of stepping out of bed
not knowing whether there was a bear
underneath it! His face was hot, and he
ran trembling toward the washstand.

Baby rattled her cot rails in eager an-
ticipation; the sound made Geoff think
that something was after him. He could
not run with a glass of water, and went
stumbling through the darkness shivering
with fright.

"Ah-h," said the baby, drinking greed-
ily. "Fank you, dear."

But the hero who had faced the shad-
ows was already tightly curled up in bed
and breathing hard. The perils of the
journey had exhausted him, but the sense
of duty done came as he murmured, "I
had to do it, cos she's only a girl."—New
York Globe.

* *

When nurse says "Master William,
Time to wash for tea,"
I go, because I'm only small,
And got to, don't you see.

But soon I'll be a man, and then
There won't be nurse to call,
And I'll eat my tea just when I like,
And NEVER wash at all.

M. H. C.

* *

WHAT I'LL WISH.

When summer comes I'll roam the fields,
And search for four-leaved clover;
And then I'll wish that holidays
Would never quite be over.