

Autumn Fashions.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

The Maple owned that she was tired of always wearing green; she knew that she had grown, of late, too shabby to be seen!

The Oak and Beech and Chestnut then deplored their shabbiness, and all, except the Hemlock sad, were wild to change their dress.

For fashion-plates, we'll take the flowers," the rustling Maple said, "And like the tulip I'll be clothed in splendid gold and red!"

The cheerful sunflower suits me best," the lightsome Beech replied; "The marigold my choice shall be," the Chestnut spoke with pride.

The sturdy Oak took time to think—"I hate such glaring hues; The gillyflower, so dark and rich, I for my model choose."

In every tree in all the grove, except the Hemlock sad, according to its wish ere long a brilliant dress was clad.

And here they stand through all the soft and bright October days: They wish to be like flowers—indeed, they look like huge bouquets!

PUDDIN'

An Edinburgh Story

BY

W. GRANT STEVENSON, A.R.S.A.

CHAPTER I.

"THERE'S a subject for a picture," said Mrs. Fraser to her husband, as the two were crossing the canal bridge on the way to their house in Merchiston.

Mr. Fraser was an artist, and painted principally genre subjects, which, from their sympathy and genuine touches of nature, sometimes mixed with quiet humour, had become popular at the principal exhibitions.

"By Jove, that's good," he said, hurriedly making a pencil sketch of the group. A few boys were having a game at marbles on the banks of the canal, while another, with a little girl in his arms, was looking on.

"That fat-faced boy with the baby must be the principal figure; he is wishing he could join them in the game."

"Perhaps he is," replied Mrs. Fraser, who always looked on the bright side of nature, "but he is a good and careful nurse. See how fond the little thing is of him; look at it patting his fat cheeks."

No doubt the boy's attention was divided, while for his eyes watched the game eagerly, while he kept up a swiveling motion with his body, supposed to be soothing to babies, at the same time humming a song still further to keep his little sister in amusement—both in a mechanical way, for his mind was evidently in the game.

"Any boy will do for the players," said Mr. Fraser, "but I must have the fat one and the baby to give point to the story. 'Divided Attention,' we'll call it."

Mrs. Fraser smiled, partly at the subject, and partly that the "we" gave her a share of the credit in the proposed picture.

"I'll ask him where he lives, and arrange for a sitting," said Mr. Fraser, putting his sketch-book in his pocket and approaching the boy, who, when addressed, turned on him a face marked with honesty, good-nature, and dirt, and as nearly as possible, a perfect circle; his nose seemed to melt into his cheeks, and retire in favour of his frank blue eyes. An old nondescript bonnet was pulled over his shaggy yellow hair as far as his ears would permit; his clothes were evidently made by an amateur, probably his mother, and had as evidently made their first appearance on a larger person, in all likelihood his father.

"Is this your little sister?" said Mrs. Fraser, offering the baby a piece of chocolate, which she hurriedly took, immediately hiding herself shyly in her brother's neck.

"Yes, mum," said the boy bashfully. "What is your name?"

"Jo—eh—Joseph Keddle."

"And where do you live?"

"Doon in the close round the corner, whaur the cairts is."

"Well, I would like to paint a picture of you and your little sister," broke in Mr. Fraser. "Could you come to my house and

stand to me, and I'll give you a shilling, or more if you stand well?"

"Yes," said the boy eagerly. "When'll I come?"

"Well, I'll be ready for you in a day or two. But aren't you at school?"

"Yes, but I can get a line frae my mother, an' get awa' ony time."

"Very well, then; I shall call on your mother when I am ready, and arrange with her." Then adding, as he remembered pre-vious experiences of models being useless by coming in their best clothes, "You must come as you are, you know; don't change your clothes, remember, or you will be of no use to me."

"Nae fear o' that," said Jo, smiling through his blushes; "I have nae itherers to put on."

Mr. Fraser gave the boy sixpence, and with his wife resumed their walk home, but with his wife resumed their walk home, but with his wife resumed their walk home,

"Hi, had not gone far when the boy shouted, 'Mister!' and ran after them at a hobbling trot, as fast as could be expected with the weight he was carrying, and said, in short, paunting sentences—

"I was jist thinkin' that if ye was to ask onybody for Joseph, they might no' ken who ye meant, for they a' ca' me Puddin';" and he blushed again as the two smiled at the appropriate name. "Yonder's the hoose, up the stair beside the cairts," he added, as they were now in sight of the place.

"What was the leddy and gentleman wantin'?" his companions asked when he returned.

"I've to get my photograph ta'en, an'—"
The rest of the sentence was drowned in a chorus of laughter.

"A fine pictur' you'll mak'!"
"I dinna ken, but I've to get a shillin' an' maybe mair for gaun."

"Get away wi' ye!"
"As sure as onything."

"What'll ye dae wi' the siller, Puddin'?" on-asked.

"I'll gie't to my mother, of course."
"Wull ye? I ken what I wad dae if I had a shillin'. I wad buy a knife wi' twa blades."

Puddin' hurried home to convey the good news to his mother—good to him in a double way, for it would allow him to get away from school, and at the same time give him an opportunity of assisting the housekeeping with his earnings.

The moment he got the door opened, he commenced in breathless excitement to narrate his adventure, at the same time harding with pride the sixpence he had received.

"Wulln't it be fine if I can airn some siller for ye, maddie?"

"Ay, laddie; but I'm sorry to tak' siller frae ye, an' it yer faither!"
"I ken," Puddin' broke in, knowing the rest of the sentence, and anxious to save his mother's feelings.

Partly by a natural smartness, and also through his mother making a companion of him in her conversation, Puddin' possessed a shrewdness and sympathy far beyond his years; his perception and conversation with his mother were those of a grown-up person.

His father was a curser, but from his habits Puddin' saw very little of him, as he usually left the house shortly after five in the morn-ing, in order to have the horse and cart ready to start work at six o'clock; and when he returned about seven at night, after attending to his horse, it was only to take dinner, and saunter away to the corner of Fountainbridge to have a talk with his companions, usually finishing up in the public-house, so that except on Saturdays Puddin' seldom saw his father, and had very little thought of him.

Thus his love was all centred in his mother and little Maggie his sister, and he already looked forward to the time when he should be able to work for them; and his mother returned his love to the full, knowing that but for his help and cheery talk her life would be most miserable. There was not much time for lessons with him, and less for play, his time being taken up nursing, while his mother tried to add to the little money her husband gave her by taking in washing. Puddin' knew that unless he kept his little sister there would be little work done. Indeed, the child gave him no choice, preferring to get out with him, and screaming if he offered to go without her, the putting on his bonnet being the signal for her shrieks, so that when he had occasion to go out without her he had to slip his bonnet unobserved under his jacket and saunter in an aimless way to the door, and then bolt off.

It was only on very rare occasions that he had a game at marbles, for he seldom had any, and what few he might be possessed of he soon lost, being usually handicapped with Maggie.

With the directions he had got, Mr. Fraser had little difficulty in finding Puddin's house, and, as he expected, was in time to get him before leaving for school.

"Will you allow your boy to go with me?" he asked, taking no notice of apologies for the state of the house. "He wou' I probably tell you I wished to paint him and his little sister. I did not let you know I was coming,

as I wished to get them without any prepara-tion." A needless precaution in this case, for, as Puddin' had indicated, the poor fellow carried his wardrobe on his back.

"Yes, sir," said the mother; "I'm sure they'll both be pleased, for if Jo gangs, Maggie'll jist roar to get wi' um."

"I've got a cab waiting in the street, and if they could go now, I would take them with me," said Mr. Fraser.

"As ye like, sir; but I wad like to gie Maggie a bit tidy-up."

Mr. Fraser laughed and said, "No, no; I was afraid you would spoil her if you knew I was coming."

The little girl was amusing herself on the hearth, and Jo had only to put on his cap and say "Maggie" to make her set up a scream, which was quickly suppressed when he took her in his arms; and as Jo followed Mr. Fraser out, he whispered to his mother, "Ye'll get a big washin' done the day."

Maggie seemed at first to be a little afraid of the cab, but Jo's presence was a guarantee of security.

"This is rare," said Jo, grinning. "Isn't it, Maggie? I never was in a cab afore, but I've been in a cairt o' en; but this is far better nor a cairt, it's safter an' no' sae shoogly, an' it gangs far quicker. I wad like to drive a cab when I'm big, it's far better nor bein' a cairter." He had hitherto looked forward to the time when he would be able to drive a horse as his father did, but his ideas now expanded to a higher aim, and he sat ponder-ing over the new scheme, and imagining what he could do for his mother with the enormous wage he would get as a cabman, and was still busy building imaginary castles when the cab drew up at Mr. Fraser's house.

Mr. Fraser never had such a model. Jo stood in a way which could not have been expected, and when he was told to take a rest he glanced at the picture which was sketched on the canvas and said—

"That laddie's no' knicklin' richt; ye should knickle deid, ye ken."

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Fraser. "I'll let ye see. Stand there a meenit, Maggie, till I let the gentleman see hoo tae knickle deid. It's like that, see! Oo wadna let a laddie play the way you have 'um on the pictur'."

"Thank you," said Mr. Fraser. "You see, I don't know the game; but just keep that position for a minute till I sketch the action."

"Ay, that's a richt noo," said Jo, when he was told to rise.

Mr. Fraser smiled at the critic's earnest-ness, and said—

"I understand; you must have all your knuckles on the ground."

"Ay," said Jo. "That's the way we ca't knickle deid."

When the sitting was over, Mr. Fraser was so pleased with his models he gave Jo an extra sixpence for himself, and told the girl who answered his ring to take the two to the kitchen and give them some dinner.

Jo's menn had hitherto been of a simple order, and the viands put before him made him wish his mother could share it with him, while the way he sat with Maggie on his knee, feeding her as regularly as himself, showed him to be an experienced nurse.

The plate being emptied, Jo made a motion to leave the table, when the girl said, "Wait till I give you some dessert."

Jo did not understand what was meant, his dinners having always been confined to one course, and when the tempting plate was put before him he had not the heart to touch it, as he felt selfish in having what his mother could not get.

"I dinna think I wad care for that," he said, with forgivable prevarication, "an' I've had plenty a'ready; but if ye like, I'll tak' it hame to my mother, I think she likes these kind o' things,"—a remark which Jo had no ground for making. "I could easy tak' it hame if ye gie'd me a bit paper;" and as he left with the little parcel in his hand and the money in his pocket, thinking of the pleasure he would give his mother, there was no happier boy.

(To be continued.)

A YOUNG LEAGUER.

BY JOHN MACLEAN, PH. D.

TOMMY FOX was one of the Master's laddies. He was always in his place in the Sunday-school and he loved deeply his teacher and the officers of the school. At church he was an attentive listener and an earnest youthful worshipper. He was one of our most active workers in the Junior League, and when we decided to enlist our boys in the industrial work of the League Tom was made foreman of the Boy's Department. We purchased a scroll-saw and all the necessary outfit and I went to see him with the pattern-book in my hand.

He was sick in bed, but his sickness was not thought to be serious. "Now, Tom," said I, "hurry up and get better, for we are all ready for work." He smiled faint-ly, but said nothing. We did not know that he was so sick, for he always repressed himself when visitors came. Seldom did he groan when visitors were present. He was always thinking of others and never of himself. There was no happier partici-pant in the preparation exercises for Christmas than he, and when the practice was over he would stand up the hill home-ward singing lustily as he went. The disease took suddenly a dangerous turn, and as Wednesday evening wore on, he began in great pain to lay his plans for his departure. He was asked: "Tom, are you afraid to die?" "No, ma!" said he, "I am not afraid to die. Jesus died for me, and God loves me."

Later on, as his father held him in his arms he said, "Pa, the arms of God are around me!"

At midnight I was called to see him, and found him on the brink of the river of death. Learning that I had been sent for, he lifted the window-blind, hoping by the light of the moon to see me coming. I spent some time in the sick-room, praying with him and talking to him.

"Two hours more, ma!" said he, as he gasped for breath.

At two o'clock on Thursday morning, my little foreman passed away, and about the last words he was heard to utter were "Blessed be His name!" Another of the Master's laddies called home to learn the secrets of the skies. May we as faithfully serve our Master as my little foreman did, and death shall then have no terrors for us. He has gone from us, and as we turn toward the beautiful God's acre on the hill we almost unconsciously cry:

O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.
Port Arthur, Ont.

THE CHOPSTICKS.

"THEY OUT their food with their daggers, and they eat with pitchforks!" cried the horrified Japanese who first saw Europeans eating in such barbaric and revolting man-ner with a knife and fork.

Light-fingered, deft, and imitative as the Japanese and Chinese are, it takes them as long to learn the proper and grace-ful use of the knife and fork as it requires for us to master the evolutions and eti-quette of the chopsticks.

It is a pretty sight at the beginning of a Japanese or Chinese feast to see the hos- help his guests to sweets, as then is dis-played the best and most graceful play of chopsticks. One can take a lesson as the master of the feast deftly lifts cakes or confections and places them on the plate or paper before each guest. The Chinese chopsticks are longer than the Japanese, often metal-tipped and decorated, and are used again and again. Mandarins carry their own silver-tipped ivory chopsticks to a feast, wipe them clean, and carry them home again when it is over. In the com-mon restaurants in Chinese cities, the chopsticks constitute a lottery for the patrons. All the sticks are kept together in a deep, round box and certain ones are marked on the lower end with a Chinese character or number. The ones who select these chopsticks from the box are entitled to an extra dish or portion without charge.

In the old city of Tien-Tsin, particularly, one is half-deafened when he passes a restaurant by the rattling of the boxes of chopsticks and the shrill voices of the pro-pri- tors screeching the merits of their establishments at the top of their lungs.

In Japan, where exquisite neatness and daintiness mark every part of household living, the same chopsticks are used only once. At a feast, or at an ordinary tea-house, a long paper envelope laid beside one's bowl contains a pair of twelve-inch ones no thicker than lead pencils, whit-tled from clean white pine. To show that they have never been used the two sticks are whittled in one piece and split apart only half their length.

"Rags and bottles!" shouts the itiner-ant rag dealer. "The astute peddler knows the two go together."