

THE BOYS AND GIRLS

The Busy Sun

The busy sun has much to do,
He is at work the livelong day;
He cannot take a nap like us,
He cannot stop to rest or play.

He helps the flowers and grass to grow,
He gilds all places, poor or plain;
He raises water from the seas,
To fill the clouds and send us rain.

He dries the puddles in the road,
He makes the nursery warm and bright,
And never closes his great eye
Until he goes to bed at night.

Yet though he must get very tired—
"Across the sky is such a climb—
He never fails to mark the hour
That tells us when it's dinner time.

The Wood-Shed Party

"Mamma," said Dorothy, "I wish I could have a wood-shed party."

"What do you mean by that?" answered Mrs. Spear, in some wonder.

"Why," explained Dorothy, "all the girls in my class have said they just love to play out in a nice wood-shed, where there are lots of shavings and smooth boards and saws and—"

"Just like ours, in fact," laughed Mrs. Spear. "I think it would be a nice idea."

"Then we'll have it," decided Dorothy, "and it must be on a stormy day, because we like to hear the rain spatter down—it seems so cozy."

"I think it can be managed," said mother. "We must try to interest papa in the matter. I think there must be a little picking up done."

That evening Dorothy sat up a half-hour later than usual, preparing her invitations. The following morning ten little girls found on their desks a square of white birch bark, to which a dainty card was fixed by two tiny bows. On the card were these words:

You are cordially invited to a Wood-Shed Party at Dorothy Spear's, on the first rainy Saturday afternoon, at two o'clock.

A long "spell of fine weather" was patiently passed by the eager girls, and at last came a rainy Saturday. Never was a stormy holiday so gladly welcomed, and at two o'clock ten little cloaked figures came in damp line toward the house.

Wet wraps were left in the kitchen, and then the children trooped out to the great, roomy shed.

Dorothy's father was a ship-builder, and in his leisure he often worked upon some small boat in the shed.

So when the guests came out, they saw first a nice, warm stove in one corner, in which birch bark was snapping comfortably; next, the good-sized body of a sailboat, resting on blocks, to the inside of which led a short stepladder.

In the boat were stools and cushions, and on its deck sat Dorothy's whole family of dolls in holiday dress.

The girls glanced around them and examined all the good points of the craft, and said there was almost water enough outside to sail in.

The logs of wood had been rolled up in such a way as to make a gradual flight of stairs to the top of the woodpile, where a flat board was standing. Each guest was asked to run up the

stairs and drive a nail in the board. There was a prize, in the shape of a dainty birch-bark bombon box tied with baby ribbon, for the one who could drive a nail without "striking off."

There were whole barrels of clean white shavings, from which they picked the longest and arranged on their heads for curls.

At four o'clock came the refreshments, part of which was ice-cream served in little birch-bark cups.

But best of all—a surprise for Dorothy, too—was when Mr. Spear came out with a tray, on which were eleven little boats—perfect models of a brig with all sails set, and ropes, yard-arms, anchor and cabins all in correct position. On the stern of each boat was painted in tiny letters the name of the little guest for whom it was intended.

"Such a lovely time!" they all said, as they bade Dorothy goodnight. "A wood-shed party is the very best kind." Only one little girl said, as she hurried home, "There! Dear me! We had such a good time I forgot all about hearing the rain spatter."—*Youth's Companion.*

Twinkles

The grass-blades twinkle on the lea,
The leaves they twinkle on the tree,
The stars they twinkle in the blue,
The waves within the river, too—
All nature wears a twinkle-smile.
So pleased and happy all the while!

Some Royal Little People

The four children of the Prince and Princess of Wales are called the little children in England because their father will one day be King of England if he outlives his father. There are four of these royal little people. The eldest of them is Prince Edward who was named for his royal grandfather, King Edward of England. The only little girl of the quartette is named Victoria for the late Queen Victoria. The other

two boys are the Princes Albert and Henry.

The King and Queen of England are very fond of these little grandchildren of theirs, and it is said that the queen is always far happier when she is with her grandchildren than when she is in her royal robes at some splendid court function.

King Edward is very fond of his young namesake, and they are often seen together. Young as he is, Prince Edward already has given proof of the fact that he has a kind heart, and that he is already beginning to realize there are great duties and responsibilities ahead of him. While he is an agreeable boy it is said he insists the respect should be paid him that is due the future king of England; it is well enough that he should do this.

It is certain that they are in no sense spoiled children, and it probably would surprise many boys and girls in Canada to know how much like their own lives the lives of these children of the Prince of Wales are. They are dressed as simply as you are dressed, and they have lessons and duties to perform exactly as you have. They do not have their own way in all things any more than you have, for they have a wise father and mother who know that the worst thing that can befall a child is freedom from all rule and restraint. Prince Edward Albert never would make the good and wise king it is hoped that he will one day make if he did not learn in his childhood the value of self-restraint and consideration for the rights and feelings of others.

The Crawfish and Others

devesho reve uoy evaH
yarg hsiwarc eht taH
drawof og of redro nI
?yaw rehto eht seog
.yas, dnA
devesho reve uoy evaH
ohw elpocv emoS
yhwase drawof of
?oh sehsiwarc eht sA

—New York Sun.

What's the difference between Niagara Falls, an automobile and a ham sandwich? Niagara Falls is run by water power and an automobile is run by gasoline. But what about the ham sandwich? There's where you bite.



Mr. Fox shows Mr. Mosquito where he can get a bite.