

thing or see anything but the black spot at the end of the canoe. That spot was the half-breed's head.

At first he was exhausted with the fierce exertion of the chase, but in his excitement he soon forgot his aching legs and arms. Nor was he breathless any longer. When he inhaled, the air seemed to press upon a vast new compartment in his breast, and he knew, with a throbbing exultation, that it was his "second wind."

Nearer and nearer he crept until he could see the ripples break and play on the bronze shoulders a head of him. Occasionally the half-breed turned his head. But he said nothing. He knew now that he needed all the breath that was in him to escape the white, drawn face behind him.

Gradually the feeling went out of Robert's arms and legs entirely, although he knew that they were still beating steadily, and he found it harder and harder to keep the little waves that lapped his cheeks from getting into his nose and choking him. His eyes blurred to all else but the half-breed's head, and something hard and heavy settled in his chest just over his heart, and throbbed and crowded there as if it were trying to burst through.

The swimmers were struggling eastward, and with the coming of evening a fresh breeze had sprung up and was blowing almost in their faces. It had little or no effect on Robert except to make the waves higher, but it caught the light and cast it twinkled and swung it about like a cockleshell. Many times the half-breed was forced to raise himself in the water and kick it around into place.

When he sank back he would glance over his shoulder at the swimmer, now close upon him; then he would slide back deep into the water and dive ahead resolutely.

He, too, was wearing out. The end must come soon—the white shoulders strained steadily nearer, and the white man was trying to think what he would do when he caught the red man.

About that time two men pushed their way through the jingle bushes that fringed the lake shore and looked across the wide stretch of water.

"There's a canoe adrift," spoke up the younger of the two—a grey, quiet man, with a wind-scorched face. "I saw a moment of loose inspection the older man answered, gruffly: "Not drifting, Ball; it's coming this way square in the teeth of the wind. It can't be the boy's canoe." There was an odd sinking in the older man's voice.

"Something is swimming behind it," exclaimed Ball, with a note of excitement in his voice.

"Too small for a bear and too large for a muskrat. But what is driving a canoe?"

Just then the dark spot in the water with the crescent ripple in front of it flashed white—the white of a face as the swimmer shifted in the water.

"It's a man!" For many minutes the two stood watching breathlessly. There was not a sound from the water, not even the splash of a swimmer's feet. Steadily the mysterious canoe crept nearer, with the head behind following doggedly.

Suddenly its prow leaped out of water and from behind it the bare, brown body of the half-breed shot upward. The canoe pitched and rolled like a nervous horse under its burden. It is not easy to board a canoe from the water.

The head of the swimmer behind glowed through the water. There was a sudden splash and a brown body and a white body struggling and gasping in the water. The released canoe bounded forward and listed idly to the wind. Then the white man, with a smooth again, with the exception of a few widening ripples where the struggling swimmer had gone down.

The spell that bound the two spectators was broken. The younger man ran splashing into the water up to his knees, up to his waist, up to his shoulders. The canoe was out of reach, but after a seemingly endless time two grappling, naked forms came up, and the men caught them by the hair and dragged them into shallower water. Reeling, staggering, choking, the two still struggled for supremacy.

"Uncle Norman!" gasped Robert, with a sudden look of recognition flashing into his bloodshot eyes. "I've got him—the incendiary! and then he pitched forward into his uncle's arms. Bell, who was the company's explorer, had the half-breed by the throat, and was dragging his burden after Uncle Norman Collins out of the water.

As they chafed Robert's blue, pinched hands by the side of the little fire—each of the two had lent him some article of their own clothing—Bell said:

"That's what I call grit."

"Grit!" snorted Uncle Norman Collins, and there was a husky note in his harsh voice: "grit—I should say so!"

After a moment's vigorous rubbing he said, explosively: "And he can go to college as long as he wants to. I'll pay the bills."

### Chats with the Children

A SONG FOR EVERY DAY.

The weary world's a cheery place For those with hearts to win it; Thank God there's not a human face But has some laughter in it!

The soul that comes with honest mirth, Though health and fortune vary, Brings back the childhood of the earth, And keeps it sound and merry.

The plodding world's an eager place For those with wit to use it! Who're all arid bidden to the race Let him who dares refuse it! The simplest task the hand can try, The dullest road of duty, Knowledge can amply glorify, And art can crown with beauty.

A busy, bony, kindly place Is this rough world of ours, For those who love and work space, And all health and fortune vary. To klud and just and grateful hearts The present grace is given To find a heaven in themselves, And find themselves in heaven!

### THE MAY-DAY CELEBRATIONS IN WALES.

In a small town in Wales there is a regular May Day festival every year. It was at first intended to amuse the school children, but the grown up people were so delighted with it that it was at length decided to hold the feast every first of May and to make it more gorgeous and attractive every year.

One of the little girls is chosen by the vote of her school fellows to be the May Queen, and a committee of ladies arranges all the details of the festival, chooses the Queen and the other costumes for the court; maids of honour, etc., for everything is done as well as possible.

When the great day arrives, the Queen is dressed in a lovely white silk or satin frock with a long train, and trimmed with flowers, and the maids of honour all dressed in silks and satins hold up her majesty's train.

Then the procession starts, all the trades people contribute something to it by sending gaily decorated carts and carriages, the firemen, and policemen all go in uniform, and the Queen's carriage is followed by all the school children of the city. When they come to the Guildhall as the city hall is called, the Queen enters in state followed by her court, and is escorted upon a dais at one end of the hall, after which it is crowned. Then follows a may-pole dance, and other games, winding up with a grand parade and march past the throne.

Then there is dancing on the lawn in the evening.

It would be nice if we could have something like that in Toronto would not it?

The little girls would all be vying with one another as to which should become the most popular. The queen is always chosen from amongst the little girls under 12 years old. It must be very nice to play at being queen even if it is only for one day; and as for wearing a white satin gown with a real train, which of the little girl cousins has not longed to do that?

Perhaps we may have a May Day celebration in Toronto one of these days.

### HE KNEW HOW MAY GRAY.

Those who have chaperoned a company of young ladies sent into the country by the "Vacation Fund" will perhaps be able to cap this story, told by the London Advertiser:

Many years ago, when Londoners had not the excursion facilities for getting into the country that they enjoy now, a Cockney maid was staying at a farm-house, and soon made her mark at home.

Charley was wandering round, closely examining the top, ends and sides of a certain trim, well-made object fenced around in the paddock. He stood at it for a little while, then shook his head dubiously.

"What are you looking for now, Charley?"

"Where's the doors and windows, uncle?"

"Doors and windows? Why, that's a haystack!"

"No fear, uncle, you don't humbug me! Hay don't grow in lumps like that!"

### DEAF AND DUMB CHILDREN.

As I was walking through a country lane in England some years ago I saw a group of children coming towards me. It was a procession of school children out for an airing, and did not at first seem any different to the majority of such gatherings. The children were just ordinary children, and I should have passed them without noticing them particularly excepting for the peculiar gestures they were making, and the utter absence of the usual laughter and chatter. As they approached I could see some of them making strange motions with their hands, which were never still a moment. One of them would point to something that had attracted his attention, and then the rapid working of the fingers of both hands would begin again.

only understanding in a moment what was meant.

I spoke to one of the teachers and she told me it was the deaf and dumb school.

Poor little children! and yet they were perfectly happy; they noticed everything around them, and the scurrying of a rabbit across the road was the signal for an chorus—if it may be called such—of excited gestures. They were being taught to speak, but deaf mutes very seldom exercise the gift of talking and lip-reading even when they have learnt it; they always prefer signs, and the deaf and dumb alphabet.

When they do speak their voices are very peculiar; they are always pitched in one monotonous key; they pronounce words very slowly and distinctly, with a decided accent on all the vowels. Some of them can understand lip reading so well that no one would think they were stone deaf. When one little boy went home, his sister used to forget that he could not hear her, and call to him when he could not see her face, and when he did not answer she would suddenly recollect that he must watch her lips to understand what she was saying.

### COUSIN FLO.

#### PUZZLES.

##### SYNOPIATE.

Example—Synopiate bo(a)st leaves best. Synopiate a word meaning truths and leave a word meaning greases. Synopiate a word meaning wares and leave a word meaning delities.

Synopiate a word meaning a part of the face and leave a word meaning an insect.

Synopiate a word meaning hurry and leave a word meaning to dislike. Synopiate a word meaning to collect and leave a word meaning to keep.

Synopiate a word meaning strokes and leave a word meaning untruths. Synopiate a word meaning attics and leave a word meaning plenty.

Synopiate a word meaning heaps and leave a word meaning pastry. Synopiate a word meaning parts of plants and leave a word meaning deays.

The synopiated letters placed one below the other in the order given will spell the name of the cousin's friend.

#### MISSING WORDS.

The dog . . . . . at he boy who jumped . . . . . and caught up his . . . . . which he threw with all his . . . . . at the dog, who ran away, . . . . .

#### ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Three young men came to their father and told him they wanted money to pay their debts; he asked how much they required.

"Thomas," said James, "owes \$25, John \$75, and I owe \$90."

"Here is the whole amount," said their father, handing James \$190, "I pay your debts, and do not come to me for money again."

The young men went away, and returned in a few hours. Thomas had a new \$10 coat, John a watch costing \$30, while James had given \$30 for a horse, and yet they had received for all the money they owed and had paid cash for their purchases all out of the \$190.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF JUNE 9th.

##### DECAPITATIONS.

1. Brook—rook, 2. helm—elm, 3. chat—hat—at.

##### SQUARE.

I O S T  
O T T O  
S T A R  
T O R Y

##### MISSING WORDS.

She caught up her train and walked rapidly across the lawn in front of the house. But her father opened the French-window and called to her, so she went back with her train trailing after her.

##### MARKS.

Bertha Boland 8; S. J. Murphy, 4; Mary & Kearney, 4; J. E. Thomson, 3; T. McArthur, 2; Berenice Gordon 2; F. McOrthy, 7.

Cousin Tom Matthews has sent a very good puzzle for us to solve; cannot some of the other cousins invent some of their "think-knots" as well? They must not be too difficult, or the younger cousins will have no chance.

##### A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I use the Californian Cold Process; do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing, can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last year I sold directious to over 120 families in one week; anyone will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such, and feel confident anyone can make one or two hundred dollars round home in a few days. I will mail a sample of fruit and complete directions to any of our readers for nineteen (19) two-cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc. I am going to begin work at once to catch the spring trade.

FRANCOIS CASEY, St. Louis, Mo.

### Domestic Reading

Happy is he who makes one other trust God more than before.

There is nothing in one world of any importance at all except the favour of God.

The only important thing in good works is the amount of love which we put into them.

The value of everything in life depends on its power to lead us to God by the shortest road.

To know God and to understand His ways is the great end of life, and to walk in His presence is all sanctity.

The habit of working for God only, of doing our good for Him, and caring little about its success, and of doing it secretly, is the royal road to confidence in Him.

Without recollection we cannot acquire the habit of walking constantly in the presence of God. Nothing in the whole of the spiritual life, love excepted, is more necessary. The habit of recollection is only to be acquired by degrees. There is no royal road to it.

There is room for the best to be better, and they can become so only through struggle and failure. The ideal seems to recede as we advance, and height to rise over height till we would faint rest rather than climb. Two natures wrestle in our breast, and as we grow more fiercely in our youth, as it is decided then, in, as a rule, continued, both light and darkness. Love seeks victory to report to Heaven; sin seeks a slave, to be at her will for ever. Truth and falsehood, love and hate, Heaven and hell, the devil and God, meet in the dawning man as they do nowhere else.

Love is always building up. It puts a line of beauty on every life it touches, gives us hope to discouraged ones, new strength to those who are weak, new joys to those who are sorrowing, thus enabling them to go on in life's ways, when, without the cheer, they must have sunk down in their disheartenment. It helps the despairing to rise and start again. It makes life seem more worth while to everyone into whose eyes it looks. Its words are benedictions. It does good and never evil all its days. It is like God, Whose name is Love. It carries in its influence a perpetual revealing of God. It goes through the world like an angel of joy and peace, singing into human hearts the song of Heaven, scattering every where good seeds which shall yield a harvest of righteousness.

I deny not but that it is of the greatest concernment in the Church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely to be trusted, but do contain a poison of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do procreate, as in a vial, the purest effluency and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills a reason itself—kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embodied and stored up on paper in them, beyond life. We should be wary, therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books.—Milton.

### Goldwin Smith on the "Anglo-Saxon"

Writing in The Weekly Sun, Dr. Goldwin Smith says: "To say, with any approach to exactness, how much of Anglo-Saxon blood, and how much of the blood of other races there is in the mixture now called Anglo-Saxon, is absolutely beyond our power. The increase of a dominant race is less than that of a subject race because its members are more restrained from marrying and having children by economic and social considerations. Anglo-Saxon alliance, therefore, if it rested on pedigree, would have a sandy foundation."

### The Archbishop of Montreal.

MONTREAL, June 11.—The pallium will be imposed upon Mgr. Bruchet by the Church of Notre Dame, on Monday, August 9th next. Mgr. Dubreuil, Archbishop of Ottawa, will officiate at the imposing ceremony, and Mgr. Larocque will preach the sermon. The date chosen is that of the first anniversary of the Archbishop's consecration.

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