

Drawing Lessons for School Children



1. Drawn by Lorne Stoneberg, Grade II, Colborne Street School. Winner of first prize.

SIX BEST IN GRADE III.

1. Roy Older, Empress avenue school.
2. Wilfred Dunn, Princess avenue school.
3. A. Templar, Talbot street school.
4. Ralph Shaick, Rectory street school.
5. Edna Southen, King street school.
6. Isobel Ferguson, Colborne street school.

SIX BEST IN GRADES I, II, AND III.

1. Lorne Stoneberg, Grade II, Colborne street school.
2. Langford McGregor, I.B., Princess avenue school.
3. Roy Older, III, Empress avenue school.
4. Wilfred Dunn, III, Rectory street school.
5. A. Templar, III, Talbot street school.
6. Norah Lowe, II, Lorne avenue school.

SIX BEST IN GRADE II.

1. Lorne Stoneberg, Colborne street school.
2. Norah Lowe, Lorne avenue school.
3. Harry Griffith, Chesley avenue school.
4. Leonard Sherwin, II, B., Princess avenue school.
5. Leslie Hueston, St. George's school.
6. Frank Lettich, King street school.

SIX BEST IN GRADE I.

1. Langford McGregor, I.B., Princess avenue school.



2. Drawn by Langford McGregor, Grade I.B., Princess Avenue School. Winner of second prize.

2. W. Jacques, I.B., Simcoe street school.
3. Leval Mooney, Rectory street school.
4. Mamie O'Brien, Empress avenue school.
5. Irene Jones, I.A., Talbot street school.
6. Fred Stephens, Grand avenue school.

CRITICISM ON SILHOUETTES BY GRADES I, II, AND III.

Your criticism this week will neither be very long nor very severe, for I think you have done well, and that is one reason why I am asking you to paint outdoor games for your next lesson, and I want you to enter into the spirit of it, and put lots of snap into your pictures.

Don't you feel that Lorne Stoneberg's hockey boy is going to be on the winning side?

Make your boys and girls play to win. Paint them with so much action that we feel their hearts are in the game, and that they are having no end of fun.

Now, let us notice some of the mistakes you made, that your next pictures may be even better than the last.

You manage legs pretty well now, but your arms in many cases are much too thin, quite as though you painted



3. Drawn by Roy Older, Grade III, Empress Avenue School. Winner of third prize.

Orlie Pettitt, Rectory street.
Phyllis Graham, Rectory street.
Kate Proctor, Empress avenue.
Norman Wilson, Empress avenue.
Ruth Mantz, Grand avenue.
Hazel Springer, Talbot street.
Wilfred Ferguson, Talbot street.
Mary Hickson, Talbot street.
Gertrude Richard, Talbot street.
John Gillett, Simcoe street.
Hazel Dyer, Simcoe street.
Edna Humphries, Simcoe street.
Eleanor Reynolds, Simcoe street.
Dorothy Welch, Princess avenue.
Margaret Coleman, Talbot street.
Tootsie Clark, Empress avenue.
Thelma Jarvis, Empress avenue.
Teenie Smith, Rectory street.
Reggie Curtis, Rectory street.
Norman Hastings, Talbot street.
Willie Watson, Grand avenue.
Maud Beagle, Rectory street.
Marjory Partridge, Grand avenue.
Irene Jones, Talbot street.
Gertrude Richards, Talbot street.
Theodore Knowles, Grand avenue.
Alfred Fawcett, Grand avenue.
Dorothy McConary, Talbot street.
Cyril Deacon, Talbot street.
Willie Gilman, Talbot street.
Margaret Jones, Simcoe street.

GRADE II.

Reah Harris, Colborne street.
Jean Menzies, Lorne avenue.
Perry Todd, Talbot street.
Norman Sharran, Rectory street.
Thelma Schmidt, Princess avenue.
George Mount, Chesley avenue.
Harold Hardy, Empress avenue.
C. Moyer, St. George's.
Mary St. John, Colborne street.
Addie Wallace, Lorne avenue.
Gilbert Guymer, Princess avenue.
Beatrice Kerr, Colborne street.
Margaret Emerson, Colborne street.
Merley Clark, St. George's.
Frank Shillington, St. George's.
Mary Owens, St. George's.
Edith Castle, St. George's.
Jim Morrison, Rectory street.
Andy Shingcombe, Chesley avenue.
Marle Modland, Rectory street.
Carle Cline, Colborne street.
Vera Salch, Chesley avenue.
Nellie Morris, Chesley avenue.



1. ILLUSTRATING OUTDOOR WINTER GAMES.

Magdalene Chivas, Chesley avenue.
Willie Everett, Empress avenue.
George Brook, Empress avenue.
Leon McVannell, Empress avenue.
Gladys Grenfell, King street.
Madge Wood, Colborne street.
Gertrude Webster, Talbot street.
Verna Wood, Talbot street.
Madeline Miller, Talbot street.
Harold Jeffries, Talbot street.
Rosie Matthews, King street.
Harry Hawthorne, Empress avenue.
Louise Hawthorne, Empress avenue.
John Harrison, Chesley avenue.
George Barker, Rectory street.
Edith Robin, Lorne avenue.
Edward Slater, St. George's.
Wilfred Keene, St. George's.
Hazel Haskett, St. George's.
Lionel Parker, Colborne street.
Arthur Gillies, Rectory street.
M. Malloch, St. George's.
Ruth Robeson, St. George's.
Kitty Munday, St. George's.
Ida McIntyre, Empress avenue.
Walter Hier, King street.
Digby Hard, Talbot street.
Frieda Daly, Rectory street.
Willie Green, Rectory street.

NEXT LESSON FOR GRADES I, II, AND III.

This time I know you will enjoy what you are to do. We have been making action studies, so it will not be a difficult task to paint boys and girls playing some game out of doors in the snow.

There are some games that you like to play so well that when you go to sleep at night you go on playing them in your dreams. If you shot your eyes now and think about it you can see boys or girls playing the game you like best. Perhaps they are playing hockey or sleighing, or making a snowman, or they may be taking what the boys call "air-flips" from the top of the fence into a big snowdrift.

If you just think of it long enough with your eyes closed, you will see it all so plainly that you will want to go out and have a good time with them.

When you see some children playing next, just stand a moment and watch them. If you look beyond them and up, you see sky all around. When you let your eyes drop you may see trees and houses against the sky. Perhaps there is a fence just behind the children, and you can see only a few

GRADE III.

Arnold Wheeler, Princess avenue.
Jessie Carter, King street.
Lena McConnell, Chesley avenue.
Albert Garner, Princess avenue.
Katherine Hole, Princess avenue.
Rita Gorman, Princess avenue.
Jack Smith, Talbot street.
Ernest Wooster, Empress avenue.
Clare Rea, Rectory street.
Lily Miles, King street.
Leslie Bowman, King street.
S. David, King street.
Norman Piper, Princess avenue.
Marjorie Tanton, Lorne avenue.
Kenneth Drummond, Lorne avenue.
Madeline Keith, Lorne avenue.
Charles Cowler, Lorne avenue.
Lena McConnell, Chesley avenue.
Fenton Glinz, Chesley avenue.
Tom Bell, Chesley avenue.
Clara Stewart, Chesley avenue.
Gordon McLean, Talbot street.
H. Bridgman, Talbot street.
Ella Stokes, Simcoe street.



4. Drawn by Wilfred Dunn, Grade III, Princess Avenue School. Fourth best drawing.

Herbert Penny, Rectory street.
Stanley Orum, Rectory street.
Anderson Kepp, Rectory street.
Marlin Fox, Colborne street.
Wilfred Short, Rectory street.
G. Noble, St. George's.
F. Graham, St. George's.
A. Templar, Victoria.
James Tichon, Victoria.
John Bryant, Empress avenue.
George Watson, Empress avenue.
Gladys Wilson, Empress avenue.
Josephine Fitzgerald, Colborne street.
Leon McCulloch, Colborne street.
Beth Evans, Colborne street.
Sue Smith, King street.
Marjorie Reynolds, Princess avenue.
Winnie Cliff, Lorne avenue.
Louie Kirkpatrick, Chesley avenue.
Kathleen Bray, Talbot street.
Cecil Cox, Talbot street.
Gladys Clark, Chesley avenue.
Ida Churchill, Lorne avenue.
Myrtle Dunn, Princess avenue.
Nellie Linder, King street.
Verna March, Colborne street.
Harold Nichol, Empress avenue.
Charlie Hawthorne, Empress avenue.
R. S. Raw, St. George's.

"The Way Things Vanish."
"Across the flowing river,
On a pretty little hill, far
away, look like a little city.
There rests a little city.
And a busy little mill."

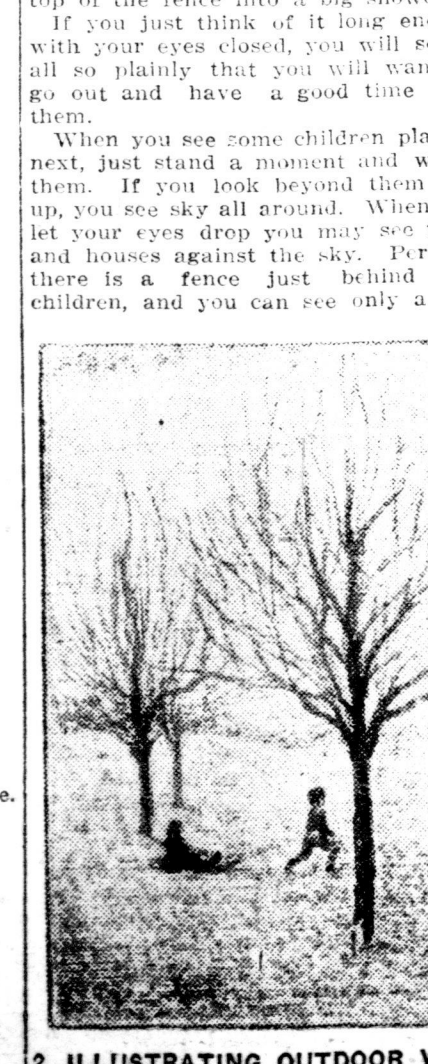
"And everything that goes that way
Doth small and smaller grow;
The people on the long curved bridge,
The boats that move so slow."

"I am sure that in the little streets
A tiny people walk;
I am sure that everything is neat
And small, and clean as chalk."

"But not for some time yet, because
A small child, from beneath the
And she should reach the other side
I saw her disappear."
—Elizabeth Chase.

Perhaps you have noticed the same thing and could tell her the reason.
You are to use black crayon, not charcoal, and are in no case to copy any picture that I have made for you, or that any one else has made for you. You must not see any picture but the one that is in your mind while you are painting yours.

I am giving you two illustrations in today's paper, so that you can see the sort of thing you are to do.
I want you to arrange your trees in different groups, however, and although you may have the children in your drawing, or rolling snowballs, you must make them as you see them, and not as I did. It would be better to paint them doing something



2. ILLUSTRATING OUTDOOR WINTER GAMES.

tree tops coming above it. If there are no fences or houses in the way, you will probably see a low fringe of trees coming against the sky—so low down and far away that you can see only tops, no trunks at all. The snow seems to stretch all the way from you to these distant trees.

The snow is white, so our white paper will do for it. And have you ever noticed that the winter sky often looks as white as the snow-covered ground? As I write now, at 5 o'clock in the evening, it seems lighter than the white paper upon which I am writing.

We can leave the white paper for the sky as well as the snow.
We are sure to see some fine big trees quite near us. Perhaps they are no bigger than the trees that, far away, look like a low fringe against the sky, but because they are near us they stretch away up against the sky, their branches spreading out high and wide into a beautiful network through which we can see patches and glimpses of the light. Did you ever notice how small things grow, the further they go away from us. I am going to give you some verses which tell what one little girl thought about it.

"The Way Things Vanish."
"Across the flowing river,
On a pretty little hill, far
away, look like a little city.
There rests a little city.
And a busy little mill."

"And everything that goes that way
Doth small and smaller grow;
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daytime, so your picture will look quite natural without them.

Be sure that your pictured boys and girls are not standing around stiffly, getting frozen. Make them play hard, and look as though they were having a very jolly time.

Write a note on the back of your picture, telling what they are playing, and print your name, grade and school.

Auction Habit Hard to Shake

WOMAN WHO SAYS IT GOT GRIP ON HER.

What She Saw at a New York Auction Sale—The Accumulation of Half a Year's Tragedies.

"The auction sale habit is as bad as the gambling habit when it gets a grip on you," said the woman from the west, "I never went to an auction sale before I came to New York, but now I simply can't stay away."

"What started me auctioning was this: Every time I admired a choice bit of antique bric-a-brac or Colonial mahogany the owner would enthusiastically exclaim: 'Oh, yes, I picked that up at an auction.'"

"So one day I hesitated at the sign of the red flag, and was truly lost."

"It was a rickety old place, up on a hill. The stairs were steep and narrow and dirty with the accumulation of years. The middle of each step was worn hollow and they were all afloat, which gave them a doddering sort of air, quite in keeping with the rest of the establishment."

"At the top of the stairs was a large room with great windows at each end through which the light penetrated dully. The ceiling was low, yellow with age and stained with water marks and snow. Doubtless the walls were in harmony with the ceiling in this respect, but they were hidden by the accumulated estates from half a year's tragedies for this was the city's auction sale, and these were the good and chattels and all the earthly belongings of the rich and the poor, the unknown ones who, either by accident or design, had been tossed into the whirlpool of the city's wreckage and gone under without making sign or outcry."

"On one side were piled trunks and trunks, and still more boxes, big ones, little ones, medium size ones, brass-bound, iron-bound, leather-bound, valuable or worthless, it made no difference—the unknown ones who, either by accident or design, had been tossed into the whirlpool of the city's wreckage and gone under without making sign or outcry."

"If I bought a trunk, I would find it full of old-fashioned furniture, and all the marks of a half-century-old world. Some looking as if brought forth from beneath the cobwebbed rafters of some old farmhouse, and others there was of undoubted modernity, a trunk that in its day was the very acme of fashion, both in style and size, a hair-covered round-topped affair, scarcely larger than the ordinary suitcases of today."

"It needed no professional deliver to tell me that its original owner was a lady, and that once it must have been the receptacle for dainty faces and ribbons and the frills and pretty furbelows of 1820. I was, however, looking at a trunk that in its day was the very acme of fashion, both in style and size, a hair-covered round-topped affair, scarcely larger than the ordinary suitcases of today."

"One end of the room was set apart for musical instruments, and here the gamut was run from a beautiful rosewood grand piano to a cheap, gaudy accordion. And there was a harp and a guitar and a mandolin, and a desecrated little melodeon that vibrated oddly if you pressed the pedal, and made one think it must have belonged to the possession of the hair trunk."

"There was furniture, too—a motley collection of hideous plush-covered things, with occasional pieces of mission and oak or two mahogany chairs and one or two upholstered sofas and a couple of ottomans, and a spinning wheel and a hair-covered round-topped affair, scarcely larger than the ordinary suitcases of today."

"And everywhere bundles of clothes, bunched together and tied with coarse twine, lying scattered from walls driven into the crumbling plaster. My lady's wardrobe was strewn up next to that of a dapper tailor-made suit, and a pair of exquisite lace and silk-embroidered gloves, spilling its dainty fluffs and frills over blue overalls, mud-spattered and worn and patched."

"Dainty fingerless dangled against a couple of heavy flannel shirts, coarse of texture and much too clean, and in strong contrast to a pair of enormous hobnailed shoes were several pairs of satin slippers and French-heeled shoes, some had initials on them and one said, on a narrow silver plate, 'From Anna to Will.'"

"And there were hats—lots of high and low degree—one labeled Fifth avenue topped by one from the Bowery, one from a hatter in San Francisco next to one with a Paris shop mark, and so on in democratic disregard of the standing of either maker or the erstwhile wearer. In one hat that bore a nearly obliterated insignia of a famous establishment near Madison Square there was still fastened a worn ribbon hatmark that had originally been blue, but had become a dull neutral tint, containing the frayed remains of three elaborately-embroidered initials, in the style of birthday gifts of twenty years ago. In the crown of a large soft, black slouch hat there still lay crumpled a brilliant bandanna."

"In one corner were gathered baskets of glassware and crockery, two or three small gas stoves, pans and kettles, and many more of the essential but unbecomingly articles of everyday use. A toothbrush still leaned upright against the side of a glass, a shaving brush was in a mug just as it was left the last time by the man who used it, and a piece of soap still adhered to part of a silver soap bowl. In the glass bottles of a table and a can of pepper, and on an open bowl still held squares of cut sugar."

"A circuit of the left and all the carefully assorted and numbered estates brought one back to the auctioneer's desk—not a modern roll-top, if you please, but a plain, high-built, unvarnished wooden desk on four very slender legs, exactly like the desk in the old Salem

custom house where Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote 'The Scarlet Letter.' So suggestive was it of this historical bit of office furniture that I was tempted to raise the lid and look for Hawthorne's carved initials."

"Under this desk a huge chest filled with strong locks obtruded itself on my notice. This was where trinkets and jewelry and other small articles of value awaited their turn to be put up. A rosewood case richly lined with satin and filled with wedding silver in patterns of bygone days was among its choicest contents. There was an old style silver vase set with a Tiffany mark, and a complete silver service engraved with a coat of arms and a London imprint with the words 'Silversmiths by Royal Warrant to His Majesty King William IV.'"

"There were nearly a hundred watches ranging in material from what looked like iron turnings to small gold timepieces, one of them with a monogrammed dial. It was sold for \$3, and these were others that sold for 35 cents."

"A brass jewel case with exquisite filigree work and wonderful hand carving simply fascinated me. When the heavy lid was raised, on the inside of the box was a pawn ticket, dated a few months previous, for 2 pearl necklace, \$200. The ticket was sold for \$3."

"One package contained seventeen valuable rings, but no other kind of jewelry. In one of the rings was inscribed 'I died on my part'."

"In another envelope were three partial sets of false teeth, the front ones set with gold. They were sold for \$1.50."

"There were eyeglasses, some with black silk guards and some with slender gold chains still attached to them, and there were less fashionable spectacles that looked like, as if still moist from someone's eyes, but nothing was more than a dead personality, nothing was too useless or too worthless, valuable or sacred to sell."

"Everything, even to the toothbrush and an infant's shabby little shoe, was bid for and bought."

"After the last trade had been disposed of, and the auctioneer, wiping streams of perspiration from his face, proclaimed, 'That's the last, and a city official responded, 'That's good' for was it 'Thank God?' and the two or three clerical assistants sat back with sighs of relief, the crowd dispersed and went chattering down the stairs."

"Yes, everything in my flat I bought at auction. I haven't room to put another thing, and I've spent all my money, but when I'm lonesome I just put on my hat and go to the nearest auction sale."

—New York Sun.

notably in the lower right-hand corner of the margin with lead pencil.

The drawings are to be made on white paper with black crayons.

The eight best from each grade are to be handed in not later than noon on Saturday, the 7th of March, and the results will appear on the following Saturday, the 14th of March.

A. A. POWELL.

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SUPPRESSION OF OPIUM SMOKING.

An observant traveler who reached Hong Kong the other day from the interior by way of the West River tells of a great change so far as the use of opium is concerned. He points out that the edict issued by the throne on the subject has had a marvellous effect on the people—and especially those who have learned the seductive power of the drug.

On the river steamers and passenger boats, where hitherto there has been a free use of the pipe, there is now a marked diminution. The steamers trading to Changmen have notices conspicuously posted prohibiting the use of the drug on board, and not only are the notices posted, but they are observed. The traveler declares that on a voyage on a passenger boat to Changmen he did not see a single opium smoker. This speaks well for the action of the Chinese authorities.—North China News.

THE COST OF GOOD HEALTH

Will Be Lessened by the Timely Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

How much money is wasted on useless medicines. How much time is lost; how much pain endured simply because you do not find the right medicine to start with. Take the earnest advice of thousands who speak from experience in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and you will save time, money and above all, will have perfect health. Proof of this is found in the statement of Mr. J. A. Roberge, a well-known resident of Lachine, Que., who says: "I am a boatman, and consequently exposed to all the vicissitudes of weather. This exposure began to tell on my health. The cold led to weakness, loss of appetite, pains in the limbs and side. I tried several medicines but they did not help me. My condition was growing worse and a general breakdown threatened. I slept poorly at night and lost much in weight, and began to fear that I was drifting into chronic invalidism. One day while reading a newspaper I was attracted by the statement of a fellow-sufferer who had been cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had spent much money without getting relief, and I hated to spend more, but the cure was so convincing that I decided to give these pills a trial. I am now more than thankful that I did so. After the first couple of weeks they began to help me, and in seven weeks after I began the pills I was as well as ever I had been. I am now convinced that had I not tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the outset I would not only have been spared much suffering, but would have saved money as well."

Rich, robust and free from all the ailments that afflict mankind, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new rich blood. That is why they cure such common ailments as anemia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuritis, heart palpitation, erysipelas, skin troubles, and the headaches, backaches, sideaches and other ills of girlhood and womanhood. These pills are sold by all medicine dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

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