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GE FOR THE YOUNG FOLI CURRENT TOPICS There was a serious fire in Boston on Thursday week; some shipping was destroyed and many of the wharves and warehouses burned.

one country to another It may end in a union of these states under one government. All of them have much to learn before they are really free countries. A band of foolish people have made a raid into Manitoba from the United States Their leader claims to be Jesus Christ They are armed with rifles. How little like the gentle Saviour these wild

The trouble in Central America has spread from

and foolish men and women are! On the 10th instant, there was a terrible fire at trand. Forks. Most of the hotels in the city were surned as well as a great number of other buildings. Grand Forks is a busy mining town, where much of the ore from the Boundary country is treated at the Granby smelter. More and better buildings will soon be erected, but in the meantime some of the home-less people will be badly off:

The grand celebration at Quebec began on the sixteenth of the month. On Friday, July 10, the detachment of the Fifth, under Captain Winsby, left Victoria to take their part in the military exercises of the celebration. Very soldierlike they looked as they stood on the wharf ready to depart on their journey. They will have a long story to tell when they come back of the sights they saw in Quebec. Although we hope they will never so on a more days. Although we hope they will never go on a more dangerous expedition, we know that the members of the Victoria militia are ready, if duty calls them, to face danger and death itself.

Away up among the northern icebergs, Dr. Fred-Away up among the northern tenergs, Dr. Freu-erick Cook has been watching many months for a chance to find his way to the North Pole. Since last October his wife has been waiting anxiously for a letter. At last one, written in December, has reached her. In it Dr. Cook says that he hoped to start for the Pole in January. Some of you may remember an account of the journey through the Arctic ocean made by Nansen, which appeared in your page some time ago. It was from Nansen's straits that Cook hoped to set out on the last stage of his long journey.

Russia is an immense country. Although her wheat fields are almost boundless and her mines rich, the greater number of her people are very poor. It was hoped that the great railroad lately built through Siberia would, by opening up a fertile country, bring better times to the distressed people. But the war with Japan made times even harder than before. Now Russia wants to borrow a very large sum to build more railroads and carry on other public works. The great money lenders of the world are quite willing to let Russia have the money she needs, for they know that the country has great resources for they know that the country has great resources

Bodily strength and skill are, after all, not the gifts to be most desired by a young man. When the athlete, be he boxer, wrestler, rower or runner, reaches middle-age, he cannot compete with younger men. If he is purely an athlete, his interest in life is gone and he is wherever.

men. If he is purely an athlete, his interest in life is gone and he is unhappy.

How different this is from the scholar, the statesman or any other man who has cultivated his mind as well as his body! His life becomes fuller and richer as he grows older, and when he dies he leaves behind him work that will not only make him remembered, but make the world better.

After all, beautiful and wonderful as these bodies of ours are, they are but the casket that holds the treasure. The athlete spends his life in making the casket perfect, but, too often, when it is opened it is found empty.

It is expected that there will be an election this to see that there will be an election this fall for the Dominion parliament, and the Conservatives are getting ready. The Liberal party, led by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, has been in power now for nearly twelve years. Many of the electors think there should be a change. Every one acknowledges there has been mismanagement in some departments of the civil service. Until last year times have been very good. Though everyone knows that this was chiefly owing to the many bountiful harvests Canchiefly owing to the many bountiful harvests Can-ada has had, the rulers of the land profit by the con-tentment of the people. The truth is, governments have very little to do with making times good or bad, though it often suits politicians to say they

At a meeting held in Nanaime, the other day, Mr. Francis H. Shepherd was nominated for the Conservatives are determined not to be taken by surprise this year.

The House of Commons at Ottawa has voted for a fast service from Great Britain to Canada, and from Canada to the Orient and to New Zealand and Australia. It is believed that by this means Canada will grow very rapidly both in wealth and importance. There were many people who, thirty years ago, did not believe that British Columbia would ever be really united to Ontario and Quebec, Among those who saw that Canada would in the future he ever be really united to Ontario and Quebec, Among those who saw that Canada would in the future be a prosperous and united country was Donald A. Smith, a Hudson's Bay factor at Winnipeg. He has lived to see his dream fulfilled. Now as an old man Lord Strathcona is planning the All-Red route. It will take, it is said, five years to build the fast ships needed and to perfect the railroad service. Lord Strathcona may not live to see this latest scheme. Strathcona may not live to see this latest scheme fulfilled, but if it succeeds, as he and many other wise men hope it will, he will be remembered as one of the most far-seeing men of his time.

On Friday, July 10, Mr. Bryan was nominated as Democratic candidate for president of the United States, at the convention in Denver, Colorado. At States, at the convention in Denver, Colorado. At Lincoln, Nebraska, he sat with the telephone to his ear and listened to the cheering in the great hall What a wonderful thing it is that the human voice can be heard for hundreds of miles! Sometimes it seems as if there were nothing left to discover, and yet no man today can restore life to the tiniest creature when once it has been taken away. The electric current can be confined or directed, but the greatest scientist cannot tell what it is. Although men have made all the powers of nature their servants, there are many things they do not yet understand. How is the grain that grows so plentifully servants, there are many things they do not yet understand. How is the grain that grows so plentifully in the harvest fields of the world to be brought to the millions of hungry people who suffer for want of it? How are disease and want and suffering to be banished from this beautiful world of ours? These are some of the questions that the wise men of the future will have to find answers to, and both Taft and Bryan seem to understand that one of the duties of the ruler of a great state is to prevent the rich and powerful from robbing the poor.

Last week there were two great events in which

the whole world was interested. In London there is a meeting of the great athletes of the world, at what is called the Olympic games.

Long ago in Greece that brave and learned peomet every four years to see who among the different tribes of the race was the strongest. The victors in the games were covered with wreather. ferent tribes of the race was the strongest. The victors in the games were crowned with wreaths of wild olive and held in great honor. These meetings are believed not only to have helped the Greeks to make themselves the strongest and most beautiful of nations, but to have made them brave and loyal to each other. It was believed by many people that it would be a good thing for all the nations of the world if men chosen from among them for their strength and skill could meet one another as these ancient Greeks used to do in ancient times. Contests were arranged under the old name. The first was held at Athens in 1896. This year the meeting is in London, and never before was so great interest taken in the games. The France-British exhibition is goding on at the same time, and London is full of visit-

ors from all parts of the world. At the beginning of the contest the athletes of Great Britain and the United States were most successful. This shows that in strength of body men of the Anglo-Sexon race excel in the twentieth century as they have done in those that are part ne in those that are past.

The Quebec bridge is to be rebuilt, and this time the government promises to see that no pains is spared to have the work done with the greatest skill and supervised with the utmost care.

We are apt to forget that famous men have sorrows and joys like the rest of us. Sir Gilbert Parker, the noted Canadian novelist, is mourning the loss of his mother, who died at Believille, Ontario, on the fifteenth of July. She was an old lady of seventy-four. The tender love of a strong man for his aged mother is a very beautiful thing.

The results of the McGill matriculation examination show that Victoria college students have done well. Victorians should be proud of them and proud of their school. Jean Robinson is head again, as her classmates will be glad to see. She has kept her place not only by her ability but by hard and honest work. Such students win not only high rank, but the esteem of both teachers and classmates.

It is puzzling that it takes so long a time for the wise men at Ottawa to form a plan to enable every man in Canada to vote for the candidate whom he chooses to represent him in parliament. It ought not to be such a difficult matter, one would think, to arrange that every man should have a chance to mark his ballot as he believes to be right. The Elections Bill has cost the country much money, and the members a great deal of time. If all the men in Canada were honest about voting this would not have been necessary. been necessary.

Vancouver Island will be opened up from north to south if the railroads for which the Dominion government has granted subsidies are built. The money promised is only a small part of the cost of the railroads, but it will be a help if any company under-takes to build them. One of the roads is the exten-sion of the E. & N. from French Creek to Campbell River. The other is planned to be built by the Van-couver Island & Extension Railway Co. from Campbell River toward Fort George on the G. T. P.

Map-makers must be busy people these days. A geography is scarcely issued from the press before it is out of date. We have barely got used to Alberta and Saskatchewan on our maps of Canada, and now Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba are to be enlarged, while Keewatin and Ungava are to disappear.

Manitoba will extend to Hudson Bay and will own the Nelson river, with Fort Churchill at its mouth. In our own prov-ince the land to which Prince Rupert is the en-trance is being opened up and will, before long, contain many towns and some cities. On Van-couver Island, the railway to Alberni must find a place on the map, and its western terminus, of which few thought it worth while to learn the exact situation, will be a large and busy scaport.

The most important law that has been passed in Ottawa for a long time is that which forbids the pium in Canada. China the evils which follow the use of this follow the use of this drug are known and dreaded. Among the Chinese here the danger is felt, and it is but a few vent the spread of the habit of using the drug. But the prohibition

will cause great loss to those, engaged in the business. When the Britbusiness. When the British government put a stop to the slave trade, all who had been allowed by the laws of the land to engage in the business were paid for their losses. Much as the British nation hated slavery, they felt it would be wrong to cause the slave owners to bear all the loss which even so great a reform caused. The action of the British parliament has always been looked upon as worthy of imitation by all honest people.

Ittle about it. How many of the readers of this page for instance, have read Parkman's books on early Canada? Well, well, better not push that question, but if really good stories are wanted, and you can get hold of Parkman by any means, you will have found a new friend.

There is one story he tells (but of course Champlain tells it himself in the first place) that nearly meant the loss of the great Frenchman at an early

For the first time, the editor's drawer is empty. For the first time, the editor's drawer is empty. The children have sent no good pictures in, and we have had to borrow from St. Nicholas. The campera, too, have forgotten us. Well, we do not wonder. Who could think of newspapers when the moon is shining on the water or when they are sitting round the camp fire or frolicking in the waves? But don't you ever look into those little round pools on the rocks or in the sand and watch the strange and beautiful creatures there? Has no boy found a bird's nest among the branches of a tree and peeped at the mother bird as she fed her little ones? Who has seen the star with the red and bine lights, or sat and watched the wonderful sunsets on the warm evenings? If you think these things too lovely to describe, perhaps you are right. But be sure you see them and the many other beautiful things around you. De not miss half the pleasure of your holiday by neglecting to use your eyes.

Long ago in Greece that brave and learned people that the Sermon on the Mount was meant to be obeyed. He will not try to injure anyone and he loves his enemies. Though he is a rich man, he lives as plainly as the poorest peasant. When he is not writing books he works in his fields with the laborers. He does not believe in war, and thinks that rich men should sell all that they have and sive to the poor.

give to the poor.

Count Leo Tolstoy, for that is this famous man's name, has written many books against the government of Russia, and others in which he teaches people how they should act towards one another. He is, too, a great novelist, though his books are not suitable for children.

suitable for children.

There have been many outrages committed in Russia during the past two years. Bombs have been thrown and people in high places killed. Plots are going on all the time in spite of the watchfulness of the police. The Czar is a prisoner in his own palace.

On the other hand, thousands of peasants are starving for want of proper food, while the great scales live in lugary.

On the other hand, thousands of peasants are starving for want of proper food, while the great nobles live in luxury.

The government has been trying to put down the discontent with an iron hand. Those who committed outrages and who have taken part in the plots, have been punished without mercy. No pains has been spared to find out the enemies of the government, and great severity has been shown. Count Tolstoy has watched what was going on, until he could keep sflence no longer. Although he is eighty years old, he has not forgotten how to write. No Russian paper dare publish his letter, so it is written to the London Chronicle. But there are a thousand secret societies in Russia, that will have translations of it before this. This great man tries to show his fellow-countrymen that the punishments of the government are even more cruel than the murders committed by the revolutionists. It may be that the old man's words will be heeded and that oppression and all the crimes that follow it will cease. On the very day that Tolstoy's article appeared, a fresh plot to murder the Czar was discovered at Sonnorvict, in Russian Poland.

ABOUT PEOPLE

A curtain veils the early home life of English Royal Princesses. In the case of the Princess Maud of Wales now Queen of Norway, the curtain was lifted about the lime of her wedding by one on the inside, and the facts made known were both amusing and instructive. She was brought up on the sensible Continental principle that a useful purpose in life was to be served. She was not permitted, it appears, to read a book or to see a play unless the book had been read or the play seen. She was never allowed to make visits unaccompanied by one or both of her parents except to the home of her French governess, and never received gifts except from her own family. Curiously, too, the number of her toys was limited, and nearly all her dolls—few in number—came from the then Marquis of Lorne, with whom the Princess Maud was a great favorite. "She was ten years old," says this unknown informant, "before she was allowed to own a watch." Queen Maud of Norway

unknown informant, "before she was allowed to own a watch."

Yet this little Princess had a pretty happy time. She cared for music and became an excellent planist, learned both German and French from her two governesses, and received a very careful religious training. In connection with this it may be recalled that she was christened, not in the Chapel Royal, as was then customary, but at Marlborough House, and that Dean Stanley officiated on this important occasion.

Princess Maud was a child of varied tastes, a devotee of hobbies. She liked riding and cycling—and likes them still—got very fond of photography (in which art her mother is so skilled), took up bookbinding, learned to spin, and studied many handicrafts with more than passing interest. No doubt, too, her influence in stimulating other girls usefully to occupy their leisure time was very great. And when she was married, the dressmaking class at the People's Palace made for her a tea-jacket, of which the bride was, and is now, extremely proud.

Sunday Childrens Little Tots

The Time Champlain Was Lost

In the general stirring up of history occasioned by the Quebec Tercentenary, the stories of Champlain, Jacques Cartier, Montcalm, Wolfe, and all of those who had an early and important finger in the pie, are being vigorously dusted, pulled to pieces, or patched together to let the whole country know just what is being celebrated and why. Of course, Canada is a baby among nations if one goes looking back to Egypt, Greece, Rome, or queer old China, but three hundred years considered all by themselves make a respectable length of time to look back upon. And, after all, it is not how old a man is, but how much he has been able to accomplish that counts, and it is just the same with a nation. Canadians have a history that is worth looking into, and as a rule they know altogether too



STUDY OF A CHILD . PERCY BLUMLEIN, AGE 16 CARROLATURE OF A CHILD . O & TRONSTAD, AGE 17 ST NICHOLAS

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but if reelly good stories are wanted, and you can get hold of Parkman by any means, you will have found a new friend.

There is one story he tells (but of course Champlain tells it himself in the first place) that nearly meant the loss of the great Frenchman at an early stage in his Canadian adventure. Champlain, who always got along in a friendly way with the neighboring native tribes, accompanied them on a war expedition in the fall of 1815 against the Iroquois. On the return around the north-east corner of Lake Ontario the Indians went on a great stag hunt. By-the-by, their method of capturing the animals is of inferest Interlacing bushes, boughs and twigs from a certain point in the wood to form a large V-shaped enclosure, they spread out in a circular formation about the open end of the V, and, gradually closing in, drove the animals, with which the weeds abounded, into the enclosure, where, unable to escape, they were an easy prev. Perhaps there was, something too tame and wholesale about this method, anyhow Champlain's attention was caught rather by a strange bird he saw, with a bill like a parroquet. If was yellow, save for a red head and blue wings, and he had never seen another like it. Trying to approach it more closely, he followed it from tree to tree, until he suddenly realized that he was out of sight and sound of the savages in a deep wood, of which he knew hothing. He had no trail or sign of human existence to guide him, and as the sun was not out that day, he had no means of telling east from west, or north from south. After trying in vain to-find his way back, he was forced to spend that night at the foot of a tree. For three dars, however, the dull, sunless weather continued, and for those day he wandered here, there, everywhere, seeking some way out. He managed to kill and cook some birds, for he had his gun, with him, but with nothing to tell him that he was not own wandering still deeper and deeper into the unknown country and seeing only the tracks of savage beasts occasionally, prospec

ABOUT ANIMALS

New Experiences for a Lion

Captain Hennebert, of the Belgian army, who has long been in the African service, amused a lecture audience a few weeks ago with a story about a young black woman he saw last year on the shore of Lake Tanganyika at one of the Missions of the White Fathers.

Tanganylka at one of the Missions of the White Fathers.

"I must tell you first." said the captain to his audience, "that at these Catholic mission stations the black women are invariably clad in a cotton gown extending from their shoulders to their feet. This young woman went out into the forest to pick up dead limbs for firewood.

She tied up her bundle of fagots, balanced it on her head, and was trudging along the narrow path

when just as she turned a sharp corner around an enormous rock she saw a large lion in the path, and they were instantly face to face in uncomfortably close

"The girl stopped so short that her bundle of wood fell to the ground behind her. The sudden apparition caused the lion to settle back almost on his hind quarters. He was getting into the attitude for a spring, but his surprise was so great that very likely he did not know exactly what he was going to do.

Quick as a flash it occurred to the woman that if she turned to flee she would probably be killed at once; and simultaneously she did the thing that saved her life.

once; and simultaneously she did the thing that saved her life.

"She gave one pull at a cord and her gown was loose and open from top to bottom. She whipped it off her shoulders, swung it through the air, and the cloth came down like a mep over the face of the lion.

"This was an entirely new experience for the animal. He was blinded, baffled, dumfounded. He sprang out of the path and fied like a rabbit.

"No one knows just how it happened, but he carried the gown with bim. A bit of it may have twisted around his neck or perhaps some of it got into his mouth; at any rate, the lion and the gown disappeared together into the bush, and the young woman was not anxious to hunt for her garment.

"Some astonishment was created by the reappearance of the girl in the village with her bundle of wood on her head, but in the attire of the mothers of the previous generation, which was nothing at all. Bits of the gown were later picked off the bushes for some distance from the place of this curious meeting, and the larger part of it was finally found in one piece, but so full of holes that it was beyond patching.

"The girl was the village heroine, very proud of her sudden fame and quite certain also that she had no desire whatever to meet another lion."

Intelligence of Wild Birds

How does the wild bird meet emergencies? Dr. Francis H. Herrick says a sparrow will pluck a horse hair from the mouth of a nestling, while another bird like an oriole, will stand by and see its mate hang until dead without attempting to release it.

A robin will tug at a string which has caught on a limb, but is never seen fully to meet the situation by releasing the string. It will make several turns of a cord about a limb and leave the other end free without any relation to the nest, so that its effort is useless. It ties no knots.

The gull, according to abundant and competent testimony, will carry shellfish to a considerable height, drop them on the rocks or hard ground and repeat the experiment until it gets the soft meat. This suggests the intelligence or even analogical reasoning, but probably does not rise above the associative memory. Does the adult bird show intelligence in serving the proper quantity of food and in distributing it to the young? No. What the old bird really does is to test the throat of each nest-ling and await the result. If a bird does not respond quickly the food is withdrawn and another is tested. Thus

withdrawn and another is tested. Thus is the od always passed ound until the bild with the proper reaction that such tests are delib-

erately or consciously made. The amount of food taken by the young is determined by the gul-let, which acts as a brake upon the tendency of the nestling to gorge to suffocation. The bird with the full gullet can not, as a rule, respond and must wait. Does the parent bird show intelli-gence in the kind of food served, or in the treat ment which it receives?
While a good deal of instinct is involved in all these matters, the parent does not act like a ma-chine, but the yeung are provided with food adapted to their growing needs. A gull chick one-half hour old gets small pieces of predigested fish, while at three weeks of age it may be invited to bolt a whole squid.

nal ears, but inside the head the ear bones are very crude. Snakes "hear," however, by feeling vibration of sound on their delicate scaly covering, and searching for sound vibra-tions by protruding the wonderfully sensitive tongue, which is filled with thousands of microscopic nerves. Their sight is very keen in distinguishing moving ob-jects.—From "Nature and Science" in June St. Nicho-

FOR THE LITTLE TOTS " Puzzled When I was little like you, Blue Eyes,
When I was little like you,
Three things there are you would like to find
Whether I used to do:
Did I know when the sleep began to be?
Could I ever tell what wakened me?
Did I ever dream on till a dream came true
When I was little like you?
When I was little like you, Fair Hair,
When I was little like you, Fair Hair,
When I was little like you,
These were the things that puzzled me,
And none of the three I knew.
And I can not tell when the sleep is here,
And I can not see what wakes me, dear,
And I never dream on till the dream comes true,
Now I am older than you!

—St. Nicholas. When I was little like you, Blue Eyes,

-St. Nicholas. My Grandmamma Grandmamma wears a soft gray gown; It's silky when I smooth it down. I hope I'll wear a soft gray gown When I am old like her.

Grandmamma's hair is snowy white; It almost sparkles in the light, I hope my hair will be as bright When I am old like her.

Grandmamma's smile is very sweet; My papa says it 'can't be beat.", I hope my smile will be as sweet When I am old like her.

Grandmamma knows I love her well; I love her more than I can tell. I hope little girls will love me well When I am old like her. -Eva March Tappan, in Youth's Companion.

Little Cub Bear

Little Cub Bear

The next morning early the little cup bear heard the "bang! bang!" of the beaver's tail and rushed to the mouth of the cave and there he saw a large animal, with two horns on the end of his nose, and a funny looking skin, hard and horny. He knew at once that the animal was a rimoceros that the lion had told about before. The owl said: "Who-o-o-o, w-h-o-o!" and the animal answered with a terrible snort and r-o-a-r. Then the rhinoceros came to the mouth of the cave and the little bear said: "I am glad that you came, because we are trying to build a house that will be large enough to hold all the animals that used to live in the circus, and the giraffe tells us that there is a large cave back of this cave, and if we can only break through, we will have a house that will be big enough for us all." Then the rhinoceros said: "What can I do, for I would like to help: your brother was good to me when we were in the circus, and I would be glad to do anything that I can." The little pub bear said, "I think that with that great horn of

yours, you could help to tear out some of the dirt and rocks, and the monkeys and the bears could then carry them out. Perhaps the elephant could be hitched to the charlot, and we could carry out some of the dirt and rocks in the charlot." The rhinoceros said that he would be glad to do this.

So he walked into the cave and began to pick at the sides of the cave with the biggest one of his two horns. And soon the rocks and big lumps of dirt came tumbling down. The little cub bear stood near the rhinoceros with a basket in his hands to carry out the dirt; but he could not carry out the hig, heavy pieces, so he had to get his father and mother to help him. All the other animals came in and sat down near the door of the cave, and watched the rhinoceros dig, out the rocks and dirt. Pretty soon the cave was a great deal bigger than it was before, and as the rhinoceros had grown tired he stopped his work and went out to take a rest. At last the cave was big enough to hold all the animals. To be sure, the elephant and the giraffe had to get down on their knees and crawl in, because they were so tall, but they did not mind that. It was now supper time, so all the animals had their supper, and by the time, it was dark every one of them were fast asleep inside the cave.—From Curtis D. Wilbur's "The Bear Family at Home," in June St. Nicholas.

THOROUGHNESS

THOROUGHNESS

The story is told of two boys who were preparing a lesson in Latin. It was the first time they had studied together. They read it through with considerable care, then one grabbed his hat to leave for some other duties. The other stopped him by saying they must read the lesson again. Though expressing some surprise, the first yielded and they went through the text carefully, with grammar, notes and lexicon. Then the visitor rose the second time and reached for his hat, but the other replied that they must go over the lesson a third time.

Though somewhat impatient, the companion remained to put the finishing touches on the lesson, saying that he did not understand, before, why the studious young man always got an "A" grade. "We must go through the lesson once to learn it," was the reply; "we must read it a second time to know that we have learned it and the third time to know that we will not forget it."

The rule of this boy is the rule of life, that is, the kind of life that is called success. The hop, step and jump method may be all right, if the character of the work and the capability of the student permit it, but that is usually at the expense of the thoroughness and at the expense of the thoroughness and at the still greater expense of an honest reputation for doing things as they ought to be done. There is no rule which demands going over a thing a third time, but there is a rule for the mastery of anything that is undertaken. It may require persistence and repetition, but the acquirement is worth the cost.—Lutheran Evangelist.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Juvenile Logician "Ma, is there any pie left in the pantry?"
"There is one piece, but you can't have it."
"You are mistaken, ma—I've had it."

"Johnnie, your mother tells me that you are developing an ear for music."
"Yes, mum; but this ain't it. I got this in a fight."

A Brilliant Pupil One of the board of education, going his rounds, put the following question to a scholar in a country school:

"How do you parse the sentence, Mary milked

the cow?"

"Pupil—"Cow is a houn, feminine gender, singular number, third person and stands for Mary."

He of the Board—"Stands for Mary? Now, how do you make that out?"

Pupil—"Because if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how on earth could Mary milk her?"—Chums.

A curious court story went the rounds some little time ago about a lovely foreigner, one of whose verbal slips gave King Edward occasion for a hearty laugh. A very lively personage with a delightful accent, she made such a favorable impression upon the King that he asked her to be his partner at bridge. he asked her to be his partner at bridge. "But, sir," she said, "I really don't know how to play." The King would take no denial, however, and she became rather embarrassed. "I assure you, sir," she said, "I could not think of playing. I don't know the difference between a king and a knave." There was an awkward silence, and then she realized what she had said and was covered with confusion. The King, of course, laughed it off, and now tells the story with gusto.

A village cricket match often lacks something—certainly not enthusiasm, but occasionally a display of proficiency, and sometimes the necessary number of men are not forthcoming.

When Chawley-in-the-Mud played Podburgh-in-the-Hole, two of the players had to umpire for their side, and one of them was anxiously waiting to bat. "How's that?" cried the bowler, as the ball struck the batsman full on the leg.

"Out!" cried the umpire, fairly itching to go in. "Ow do you make Oi out?" grumbled the batsman. "You were leg-before," cried the umpire, "and I, is umpire, say you're out, so you are out!"

"All right!" said the disconsolate swiper. "Till be umpire when you're in, and when I say 'Out!' you'll be out—and that'll be first hall!"

WITH THE POETS

Small Beginnings

Sir Wm. Van Horne was a newspaper boy on a Lord Strathcona was a clerk in the Hudson's Bay

C. R. Hosmer was a telegraph operator.
Sir Thomas Shaughnessy was a telegraph operator.
R. B. Angus was a bank clerk.
Lord Mount-Stephen was a clerk in a dry goods tablishment.
Senator Cox began life as a telegraph operator.
William Mackenzie was a school teacher.
D. D. Mann was a lumberjack.
Charles M. Hays was employed as a clerk in a rail-ay office.
Russell Sage was a grocer's clerk.
Levi P. Morton was a dry goods clerk.

A Hundred Years From Now There's a picture in the window
Of a little shop I know,
With boys and girls dressed as they were
A hundred years ago,
And since I saw it, I have thought
And keep on thinking how
The children, maybe, will be dressed
A hundred years from now.

Will girls wear caps or farthingales,
Or hoops in grand array?
Will they wear bows like butterflies,
Just as they do today?
Will boys wear jackets short, or tie
Their hair in queues? Just how
They'll really look, I'd like to know—
A hundred years from now.

What do you think the girls and boys
Will eat in those far days?
Will they be fed on breakfast foods
In many sorts of ways?
Will all the good and tasty things
Be worse for them than rice?
Will ice-cream soda make them sick.
And everything that's nice?

Will children's books have pictures then,
Or just all reading be?
Perhaps they'll be hand-painted and
Most beautiful to see.
But when I think of those I have,
I truly don't see how
They can be any prettler
A hundred years from now.

Sarah Noble Just in Tuly St. No.

-Sarah Noble-wes, in July St. Nichalos