

FOR THE JUNIORS

A Rainy Day Story.

THERE are some people who are always saving their money for a rainy day, but once there was a Little Girl who had a better idea than that. She saved up stories for a rainy day, and when one would come, as they often do in the spring-time, the Little Girl would say to her mother, "Do tell me a rainy day story." And her mother would say, "Oh, but you know such lovely stories, why not tell me one?" And the Little Girl would smile and show a funny dimple that was hidden in her cheek, because this was just what she wanted her mother to say, and right away she would begin.



"BILLIE PILKIE,"

A Fine Western Boy and His Protector.

"Well—once upon a time," and her mother would pick up her sewing and settle herself comfortably to listen. "Once upon a time a Little Boy was playing in a big garden where there were beds and beds of beautiful flowers, and gravelly pathways, and even a little fountain in the centre; but there were no trees in this garden. And the Little Boy thought how nice it would be if there were a big, shady tree way over in the corner of the garden for him to play under. He would build a swing in that tree and go flying up into the tree-top, where he could take a peep into the nests the birds would build there.

"SO he told the Old Gardener about wanting the tree, and the Old Gardener said, 'Come along, I'll find you a tree that you can plant yourself,' and the Little Boy was ever so pleased, but when he saw what the Old Gardener called a tree he was very much disappointed, because it was such a little tree, not even as big as the Little Boy himself. But the Old Gardener said if he planted the tree carefully and watered it well, some day it would grow to be a big tree, just the kind he wanted.

"They planted the little tree, and the Little Boy watered it every day, and it grew and grew and grew. But the Little Boy grew, too, and when the tree was big enough for him to play under, the Little Boy was not a little boy any longer, and was too big to play under the tree. But one day a Little Girl came to the house where the boy, who used to be a Little Boy, lived, and she

played under the little tree that had grown to be an ever-so-big tree, and they built her a swing in the tree where the Little Girl could swing up into the tree-

top where the birds' nests hung—and who do you think the Little Girl was?"

Mothers never can guess these things!

"Me!—and who do you think the Little Boy was?"

Dear me, how could one possibly know!

"Daddy!"

How the Little Girl would laugh and show her funny dimple when she saw how very, very much surprised her mother was, for mothers are the best people in the world to tell stories to, and they would both be so happy over the lovely story that they

would forget all about its being a rainy day.

M. H. C.

Five Little Riddles.

IN spring I look gay,
Decked in comely array,
But in summer more clothing I wear;
When colder it grows
I pull off my clothes,
And in winter quite naked appear.

A Tree.

A man made shoes, but not of leather,
All the four elements mixed together—
Fire, water, earth, and air.
Every customer took two pair.

Horse Shoes.

I move on my head, though supported
by man;
My body is large. Tell my name if you
can.

A Wheelbarrow.

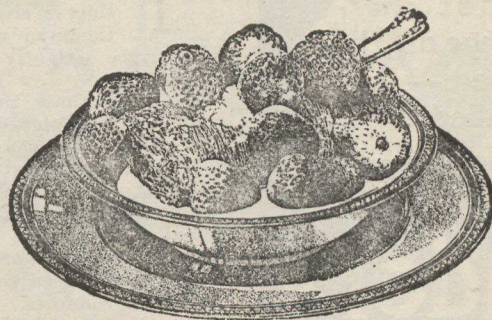
My mission is to measure hours
And with the times to keep apace.
It may seem very strange, though true,
That both my hands grow on my face.

A Clock.

Some shove me up, some push me down,
Some even crack my pane,
In winter I am often closed
To keep out snow and rain.

A Window.

Parliament Has Adjourned



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