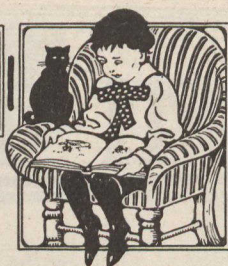




For The Children

Here in this corner you'll always find
Stories and Rhymes of the Children's kind.



Teaching a backward Pupil his A.B.C's.

The Spider Bite.

By M. H. C.

TOMMY was sitting on the green seat that ran around the maple tree at the end of the garden, and watching a big, fat spider climbing up and down the trunk just out of his reach.

"I wonder how many legs he's got," thought Tommy. "I'd like to count them," and he stood up on the seat, and when Mr. Spider came near enough, biff! he gave him a knock with his cap and when he scrambled down the spider was lying on his back with his legs waving wildly in the air.

Tommy grinned, the spider looked so funny, and then he picked him up by one leg, just to see what he would do. As we said, Mr. Spider was very fat, and the leg came off. Then Tommy pulled off two more legs, and Mr. Spider wiggled dreadfully.

"I guess it must hurt," said Tommy. "Perhaps I'd better kill him," and he brushed him on to the grass and squashed him to death with his heel. And then he looked up at the tree and there was another fat spider right in front of him and staring at him.

"She's Mrs. Spider," thought Tommy, "and she's mad as anything at me for killing her husband. And now she'll have to go home and tell all the spider children that their father is dead. I shouldn't have killed him." And Tommy ran out of the garden because he knew he had been a very cruel little boy—and because he didn't like the angry way Mrs. Spider looked at him.

When Tommy awoke next morning he couldn't see out of one eye. It was swollen and very red.

"It must be a bite," said his mama. "Go and show your daddy and see what he thinks it is."

"Spider bite," said daddy,—and Tommy's other eye—the good one—opened very wide in wonder.

"Do you think it was a fat spider, daddy?"

"I would not be surprised, sonny, by the look of that eye."

"Do you think it was a lady spider, daddy?"

"Well, now, that really would be difficult to say. But what makes you think it was a fat lady spider that bit you?"

Mama came into the room just then with some absorbent cotton, a box of ointment, and a big, white

handkerchief, and while she bound up his eye Tommy told them about the spider on the apple tree the day before.

"And Mrs. Spider looked as if she was going to come after me and bite me, and I guess she did," finished Tommy. "but I don't blame her, and I'll never kill another spider as long as I live, no matter how fat and leggy he is." And ever after that when Tommy saw a wiggly spider that

he wanted to kill, he thought of poor Mrs. Spider, who was now a widow, and the spider children—and he kept his promise.

* * *

How Mr. Peacock Went to the Fair.

MR. PEACOCK was proud. He had a fine long train, a splendid crest, and the gayest blue-green coat that ever was seen; and all day



"Which hand will you have?"

long he would strut up and down the barnyard and say: "See what a beauty I am!"

The geese and ducks and turkeys were much displeased at this. "Beauty, indeed!" they said. "Of what use is your beauty? Can it hatch eggs? Tell us that!" and they turned their backs and walked away.

"These are stupid creatures!" said Mr. Peacock. "Why should I stay among them? I will go to the Fair, for there people will see my beauty and admire it."

So he spread his tail like a fan, raised his crested head and strutted off down the road to the Fair. Pretty soon he met some young men who also were going to the Fair. "Aha!" said Mr. Peacock. "These people will admire me!" and he strutted more than ever.

"Look!" said the young man. "What a fine peacock, and what splendid feathers he has! They are just what we want for our hats." They surrounded Mr. Peacock, and, spite of his screams of rage and terror, tore out three or four of his finest tail feathers and went away laughing. Presently he fell in with a large flock of geese which a boy was driving to the Fair to sell. He spread his tail and tried to push his way to the head of the flock, but they took no notice of him and waddled steadily on, keeping close together.

"Make way, you stupid creatures!" said Mr. Peacock. "Keep your dirty feet off my fine train!"

"Quack!" said an old grey goose, the grandmother of the flock. "Keep your train out from under our feet, Mr. Strut! Who asked you to join our company?"

"Join your company, indeed!" cried Mr. Peacock. "Get out of my way, you rude, clumsy thing, and learn how to treat your betters!" and he gave the goose a hard peck.

When the other geese, who loved their grandmother, saw this, they all fell upon Mr. Peacock and beat and peck and hustled him till he ran screaming away, dragging his tail behind him.

He was now in a sad way, covered with dust, and many of his finest feathers were torn and broken; but still, when he came to the Fair he spread his tail, reared his crest and made as much of himself as he could.

"Look there!" said a man. "There is a peacock. Let us kill and stuff him and add him to our show." And he chased Mr. Peacock, who ran off screaming with terror. Coming around a corner he ran into a large dog who was coming the other way.

"Get out of my way!" screamed Mr. Peacock.

"Get out of mine!" growled Mr. Dog, and he grabbed Mr. Peacock by the neck, shook him hard and tore out a great mouthful of feathers.

More dead than alive, the poor Peacock ran and ran and ran, and never stopped till he got home.

The geese and turkeys looked at him in great surprise. "Who is this wretched, shabby bird?" they asked each other. "It cannot possibly be Mr. Peacock?"

"Yes," sobbed the poor creature, "it is I; but I have left my pride behind. If you will only let me stay with you I will do my best to hatch eggs."

But he never could. — *Ladies' Home Journal.*



The "doggy" School in the Garden.



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