

Children's Department.

A Boy Army.

The King of Spain is the youngest ruler in the world. According to some people, it is a hard thing to be a king, but there is not a boy anywhere who would refuse the title if he could have as much fun as Alfonso did not long ago. A king, by law, is the commander-in-chief of the army of his country, and one of the first things he does, on being crowned, is to take charge of the army. This the King of Spain could not do, because—and this is another point in which he is different from all other kings—he was born a king, his father having died shortly before he came into the world. A baby, as everyone knows, couldn't take his place as commander-in-chief of a great army, so the Spanish people had to wait until he grew old enough to do it in the proper way.

When a ruler takes command of an army, he reviews it. But that would not do in this case. How would it look to see a boy who had only worn trousers about a year and half, reviewing a lot of grown soldiers! So just here is where the fun came in. For months beforehand some big soldiers were drilling a babies' army, whose members were from five to eight years of age. When they could drill like real soldiers, they were given uniforms and guns; and one July day last summer the king took command of the army of his country through these boy soldiers.

It was a grand sight. On a broad esplanade, in the City of San Sebastian, the 700 boys were drawn up, two deep. They were dressed just like Spanish regulars, in suits of blue, cut like a dress suit, the trousers having gold stripes down the sides, the swallow-tailed coats trimmed with gold braid and buttoned across the breast with gold frogs. On the shoulders were gold epaulets. The officers were dressed like the soldiers, only they had more gold lace and braid than the rest.

A Tonic

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Mr. Byron Crandell

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The hats were trimmed with gold braid, and on the buttons of these suits were the likeness and name of the king. The soldiers carried little bayonet-rifles, with rosewood stalks and silver-mounted barrels. The rifles held small cartridges that exploded with about the noise of a firecracker. Each soldier had also a brace of tiny pistols. There they stood, waiting for the king to come. After a while a grown up order-

ly, on a big horse, dashed up, saluted the eight-year-old lieutenant-colonel who commanded the regiment, wheeled, and rode away at full speed. The lieutenant-colonel, who was on a beautiful pony, with long white tail and mane, gave an order to the lieutenant. The drums, in the hands of a boy drum-corps, sounded a long roll as the captains called their companies to arms. Instantly every rifle was held over the shoulder at exactly the same angle. A cloud of dust was now seen in the distance. Up dashed the king in a carriage with the great General Tolaviega, who had drilled the boy-army. They were followed by the king's personal staff. The carriage passed the whole line, each captain saluting the king as he went by. "Present arms!" cried the young lieutenant-colonel. The boys did it so well that the thousands of people looking on cheered loudly.

Then King Alfonso, with golden spurs on his boots, mounted a beautiful white pony, and walked it back the whole length of the regiment, taking his stand under a purple silk canopy to review his troops. The band played the national hymn, and the little soldiers wheeled into line and marched along exactly as well as any grown ones could. The king returned the salutes of the officers as they passed him, and, when the review was over, the boy-band kept playing patriotic airs until the young soldiers went into a banquet. Thus ended the great day. It was a sight never before witnessed in the world.—*The Household*.

A True Story.

Dear children, I am going to tell you a true story about two little boys who go to school to me. It happened to-night. When I came in from my work I heard several members of the family ask where Richard and Taliaferro were. No one could tell. In a short time their mother was enquiring of the servants, and, at last, one of them said she had met the two boys about two miles off, and they were then going in an opposite direction to home. We waited awhile longer for them to come in. And now it was near supper time, so we began to feel more anxious as it became so dark, and one of the servants was sent to look if she could see or hear any sign of them. Seven o'clock came and still no tidings. The cook went in search of the boys, supper was forgotten, as we wondered where our dear little boys could be. There is a big river running in front of our house, and some one thoughtlessly mentioned that they were seen there during the afternoon, which quite overcame their good mother. She had been brave until then, but, oh! the dreadful thought, it was heavy upon all our hearts. These little boys have three dogs which they harness and drive like horses. They are their constant companions, mounting and playing together. Now, to-night, it happened that all the dogs were at home. We could not find out whether they went with the boys or not. We would have felt easier if the dogs were with them, for we could not drive away the dark thought that if they had gone with them they would not have left them unless the boys were drowned. By this time all the servants and tenants were hunting in four or five different directions. The father suggested to lop the gong, so that if they had lost their way the sound might guide their little wander-

Consumption.

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Births, Marriages, Deaths.

DEATH.
At "Goodwood," Orillia, on Saturday, December 29th, Basil Robert Rowe, in his 82nd year.
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

BIRTH.
On the Festival of Holy Innocents, the wife of Rev. Edgar Pickford, Bolton, of a daughter.

ing feet home. Oh, children! it was a dreadful sound to hear that loud, discordant ringing at night, and an awful sight to see the lights far up the hills and down towards the river, to hear voices calling upon the children in first one direction and then another, to see the mother so broken-hearted listening to every sound. Again and again we asked, and still the answer: No tidings. But God is so wonderful and good. We hear voices in the distance, then answering voices, then the sweet words, "They are found." Are there any words so sweet to a mother's heart? Now the voices swell and send back many times the sweet refrain: "Found, found," and soon the big men came up with the little boys upon their shoulders. They had been found five miles from home; a man had taken them on his wagon, and once again we have our boys. I don't think they will leave home again without telling mother. And, dear children, when I saw their mother press their pale faces to her bosom so tenderly, I thought just so God welcomes His returning children. No matter how naughty we have been we are always welcomed back with love, and the angels rejoice and heaven resounds with joy at a sinner's return home.

—Borax is a convenient thing to have on the kitchen shelf.