

# FOR THE JUNIORS

## Little Lady Springtime.

**L**ITTLE Lady Springtime

Called on us to-day,  
A-wearing of a flower-sprigged frock  
And a bonnet gay.

She bore a blossom in her hand,  
And oh! her smile was sweet;  
May sunshine clung about her head,  
Green grasses kissed her feet.

Birds and bees and butterflies

Whisper, "She is here,"  
When Little Lady Springtime

Visits us each year.  
M. H. C.



Little Lady Springtime.

## A Dog That Was a Hero.

**L**OST in the woods of New Brunswick for five and a half days and exposed to the cold and rains of early winter as well as to the danger of attack by wild animals, Jane Burabe, a little seven-year-old girl of St. Andre, owes her life to a spaniel dog.

The child was returning home from a wood lot whither she had gone to carry her father's dinner. After losing her way she wandered for miles into a dense cedar swamp. Hundreds of people scoured the woods for the lost child but without success, and it was thought that she must have perished from exposure.

At 4 o'clock in the morning, five days after the child's disappearance, the dog which belonged to John Cyr, a neighbor of the Burabes, leaped upon his master's bed and refused to be quieted until the latter got up and dressed. After breakfast Cyr decided to follow the dog, which continued to be uneasy and eager to lead the way into the forest. For six hours they tramped through the woods in a straight line. Suddenly the dog barked loudly at their approach to a big tree and there the child was found. She was numb from the cold and too weak to walk, but alive and conscious.

The girl said the dog had found her the day before, but that she was too weak to follow him. He had gone for help and got it, and showed by his actions that he knew there must be no time lost, if the girl were to be saved.—Our Dumb Animals.

## Little Green Caterpillar.

**O**NCE upon a time there lived in a meadow a little Green Caterpillar.

Little Green Caterpillar was very happy. And why should he not be happy? The great golden sun in the blue sky shone down brightly. The flowers nodded pleasantly. The birds sang sweetly overhead. Best of all, the waving grasses tasted, oh, so good, for Little Green Caterpillar was always hungry.

"You are very ugly, Little Green Caterpillar, and very lazy, too," said the ants as they passed. "All day long you lie in the sunshine and do nothing but eat."

Little Green Caterpillar looked up and smiled, but went on eating.

Mr. Bumble Bee stopped with a message from Spider, the spinner. He could not help telling Little Green Caterpillar how very ugly he was. But Little Green Caterpillar went right on eating.

A cloud of butterflies passed by on their way to the butterfly ball. They smiled kindly on Little Green Caterpillar, and said:

"Wise Little Green Caterpillar! Just eat, and eat, and eat!"

And so Little Green Caterpillar went on eating until he became so tired and sleepy that he no longer cared to eat. Then he began to hunt for a warm bed in which to rest himself. He was so tired he could hardly crawl to the lowest branch of a bush. There he found a nice green leaf in which to wrap him-

self away from the cold wind which began to blow. Little Green Caterpillar pulled his green blanket over his head, but his toes were cold.

"I must spin a shell," sighed Little Green Caterpillar, for he was very sleepy now.

So Little Green Caterpillar began to spin, and spin, and spin. By-and-by his toes and even his nose were covered with a pretty grey silken sheet. So Little Green Caterpillar curled himself up in his cocoon cradle and went to sleep.

Soon Jack Frost came dancing along, the merry little elf! He patted lovingly the heads of the nuts, and made a mirror of the pond behind the barn.

The Snow King came creeping over the mountains, throwing a winter cloak over everything. But Little Green Caterpillar slept on, and on, and on, until the Snow King took his white cloak and hurried away over the hills to the land of ice and snow. The brooks and rivers were free again, and danced down the mountains to find the sea.

The trees dressed themselves in their new green leaves. Soon the flowers pushed their heads through the brown earth to swing in the sunshine. Then Little Green Caterpillar awoke. He crept out of his cocoon cradle and stretched himself.

It was a warm spring day, and Mr. Bumble Bee came busily buzzing along to make the first calls on his friends of the meadow. He paused at the cocoon cradle. It was empty. But there beside it, with his wings spread ready for flight, was—not the ugly Little Green Caterpillar, but a beautiful Meadow Brown Butterfly.

## OUR SPRING COMPETITION.

**H**AVE you found the bird's nest yet about which you are going to write a story for our competition? Look for it every time you take a walk in woods or the country these fine spring days, and remember that when you have found it these are the things you must be careful to notice and tell about when you send in your essay:

- (1) On what day of the year did you find the nest.
- (2) What kind of bird lived in the nest.
- (3) Was it an old or a new nest, and of what was it made.
- (4) When were the eggs laid.
- (5) Describe them and tell how many there were.
- (6) When were the birdlings hatched.
- (7) Tell the date on which they first learned to fly.

You will notice a great many other things which we have not mentioned, but put them all in your story and send it along.

### Rules of the Competition.

The essay must not be more than three hundred words in length. It should be entitled "The Story of the Nest." It is open to boys and girls up to the age of eighteen. It should be written on one side of the paper only, and name, age, and address must be clearly stated. All essays should be in this office by the morning of July 15th, and should be addressed, Junior Competition, Canadian Courier, Toronto.

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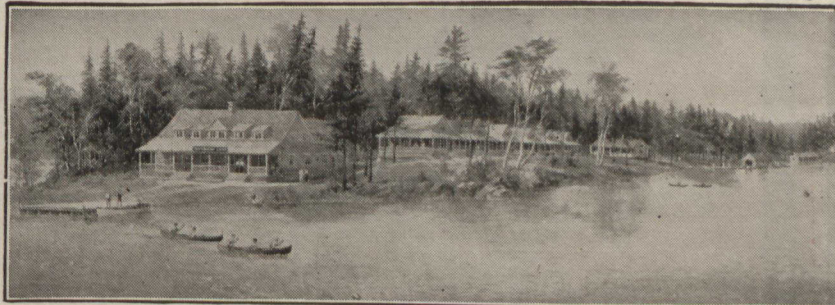
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