

## For the Boys and Girls

### UNCLE PETER'S CHERRY PIE.

Of course you remember the valentine party given by the Bunny Hollow folks, and the Squirreldale folks, for the benefit of Uncle Peter and Aunt Sally Thumpalong, and Uncle Timothy Greentop?

Well, up to that time Uncle Peter had been as kind as possible; but suddenly he became so impatient that Aunt Sally couldn't do a thing to please him. She said it was because he was worn out with his long siege of rheumatism, and she didn't blame him until he demanded cherry pie—made of fresh cherries; he scorned Aunt Sally's dried ones. In the middle of March, too, and bitter cold at that.

Poor Aunt Sally! She ran across the road to ask Granny Cottontail's advice. "And Peter says," she remarked, "where there's a will there's a way; that if I wanted cherries myself I'd find a tree somewhere—boo hoo!" And she threw her apron over her head and cried, she was so tired out.

"Well, well! That's too bad," exclaimed Granny soothingly. "Peter must have rheumatism right bad to be so unreasonable! But never mind, Sally—Peter shall have his cherry pie!" she laughed.

"First," she continued, "you sit down by the hearth and take off those thin wet shoes; I've a heavy pair for you—and some woolen stockings, too. And here's a cup of hot tea to comfort you."

Then Granny bustled to another room and in less'n no time returned with the shoes in one hand and the stockings in the other, and she told Aunt Sally to change at once or she'd be sick. "And who'd take care of Peter then?" she remarked.

"Now," she continued, "we'll make a mock cherry pie and Peter'll never know what's inside of it unless you tell him."

First she took a string of peach kernels from the rafters, and told Aunt Sally to pound one of them as fine as possible. Then she spied Quilly Quick scampering past the house and she raised the window and called to him and asked him if he

would run round to Moses Muskrat's house and borrow a cup of cranberries for her—she knew that they had a plenty.

In a very short time Quilly returned with the cranberries and Granny thanked him and asked him how his Ma was—and gave him two delicious seed cakes.

Then she whisked up enough pastry for a tiny pie—and filled it with cranberries—and the peach kernel, to make it taste like cherries. Such a beautiful pie!

When Aunt Sally took the pie—nicely browned—home to Uncle Peter and told him Granny Cottontail had made it for him, he was perfectly delighted, and said: "Granny's smart as she can be—and I knew you'd find cherries if you looked for them."

Aunt Sally had just opened her mouth to say there were no cherries in the pie when Doctor Pedley walked in. He was the rabbit doctor and had come to change Uncle Peter's medicine.

After he had felt Uncle Peter's pulse he asked him how was his appetite.

Uncle Peter said, "Very poor—I don't want anything but cherry pie and Granny Cottontail made a fine one for me this very morning." Then he told Aunt Sally to cut it—maybe the doctor would like to have a piece.

The doctor did want a piece and he smacked his lips over it and said: "Where under the sun did Granny get cherries in March? They're out of season." Then added: "It reminds me of Maria Brown and Gobbler Short. I was in the woods this morning getting calamus root and there was Maria thrashing round at a great rate. I asked Gobbler Short what she was doing. And he said—'behind his wing: 'Would you believe it? That turkey hen's hunting a nest. Did the same trick last year and every egg was frozen. Goodness me, doctor—I wish you could help me.'"

"I told him I'd see what I could do, but maybe if Granny Cottontail knows where to get fresh cherries in March she'll know how to prevent a turkey hen from laying in the snow." And Doctor Pedley laughed and said good-bye.

But whatever your soil they should have manure. Not on the roots, but where the roots can grow into it as they go farther down and spread farther out.

A well-planted peony will rejoice your heart every spring by the increased vigor of its growth. And do not worry about the ants which sometimes climb the stem to suck the sticky sweet juice that covers the buds. They do no harm. The peony comes as near to being immune to disease and death as anything I know of.

One of my difficulties in getting people to realize the beauty of the peony is that they form their judgment of it from one or two bad sorts that they have seen in some neighborhood garden. If you would know the beauty of the peony go to some garden or nursery where you can see such varieties as Madam Calot, Sea-Shell, Adolphe Rousseau, Ne Plus Ultra, Fastiva Maxima, Queen Victoria, Duchess de Nemours, Victor Hugo, Lady Bramwell, Officinalis Rubra, La Tulipe. I should be willing to guarantee that I could convert anyone into a peony enthusiast in five minutes provided he had some natural appreciation of the beauty of flowers, by simply showing him one bloom each of any half dozen of the sorts named.

### The Awakening.

The stream once more escapes its stilly death  
From Winter's carcass slips its chilly breath;  
The sun with love draws near,  
And warms the heart of earth,  
Who Summer soon will rear,  
When Spring is given birth.

—D. O. C.

### An Oversight.

Sandy McIntosh started to build a small outhouse. He worked from the inside, and as he had the material close beside him, the walls were rising fast when noon arrived, and with it his son John, who brought his father's dinner.

With honest pride in his eye, Sandy looked at John over the wall on which he was engaged, and asked:

"How do you think I'm gettin' on?"

"Fine, father; but how dae ye get out? You've forgot the door!"

One glance around him showed Sandy that his son was right; but, looking at him kindly, he said: "Oh, but ye've got a grand hold on ye, John! Ye'll be an architect yet, as sure's yer feythed's a buldier!"

When ordering goods by mail send a Dominion Express Money Order.

## Antiquities at the Royal Ontario Museum.

Comparatively few people are aware of the fine collections of antiquities which are displayed in the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology in Toronto. Space in the building is already at a premium and those in charge live in constant hope of the erection of a new wing, which would permit of an advantageous display of the many interesting and instructive specimens at present packed away in storerooms.

From time to time the Department of University Extension, University of Toronto, issues bulletins designed to keep the public in touch with noteworthy additions to the archaeological collections and keep people posted on the historical value of the museum's exhibits. A recent bulletin describes sections of the Chinese, Canadian and Indian pottery collections, as well as recent additions to other groups.

A Lohan or Apostle of Buddha, the gift of Mrs. H. D. Warren, amply illustrated and described in the pamphlet, attracts considerable interest. It is a Chinese pottery figure of the Tang dynasty, measuring 41 inches in height. The statue, which is delicately modelled in white clay, and covered with green, yellow and white lead glazes, is supposed to be one of sixteen Lohan or disciples of Buddha thought to have been taken from a remote mountain sanctuary in Chihli some years ago. The Lohan, represented as a young man, was a human being who had reached the end of the eight-fold path and had attained perfection and enlightenment. Other statues of the Lohan group are to be found in the British Museum, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Metropolitan Museum in New York, where there are two, the University Museum in Philadelphia, and the Matsukata Collection in Japan.

Of no small appeal to Canadians both from the patriotic and artistic point of view is the description of the Museum's two cases of Canadian-made pottery. This collection is the work of J. S. Keele of the Dominion Department of Mines, Miss Adeline Wadsworth and the pupils of Miss Grocock at the Central Technical School, Toronto. The clays are taken from Muskoka, and various other parts of the Dominion from coast to coast.

From the ancient New World has come a distinctive group in the pottery section, namely Indian pottery from the Casas Grandes region of northern Chihuahua, Mexico. This was originally part of a collection which was divided between the Museum at Santa Fe, New Mexico; the Archaeological Society of Washington, by which it was deposited in the National Museum; and the Royal Ontario Museum, thus giving these three institutions remarkably complete series of this class of early pottery. The pieces, of which numerous illustrations are given, are done in plain, black, red and polychrome. The unusually thin walls of the vases bear witness to the skill of the potter and the fine quality of the clay used, while the design and coloring excites admiration. This pottery is known to have been made before Columbus even dreamed of a New World.

The impression of a preponderance of art over utility is given by a beautifully executed wheel-lock petronel, a recent addition to the Arms and Armour collection. This gun, the gift of Robert Mould, is of German workmanship, dating from the latter half of the sixteenth century. Despite the fact that the stock of the gun is delicately inlaid with stone and the butt terminates in a pear-shaped formation much like a spear-head in appearance, the weapon was apparently deadly enough for the age. The German Reiters gained no

small reputation for themselves due to their skill with this weapon which had the advantage over the more ancient match-lock gun that it could be carried in a holster loaded for quick action.

Reminiscent of a period in English History, about the middle of the eighteenth century, when there was a revival in the fashion for oriental objects of ornament, is a Chinese Chipendale mahogany cabinet. This is an addition to the T. Eaton collection. It is distinguished by its pagoda-like design of top and the delicate fretwork. It is the fore-runner of the modern China cabinet and very similar in appearance as well as in use.

Typical of Roman burial custom is the front of a Roman boy's sarcophagus made in the second century A.D. and bearing on it a medallion portrait of the deceased. As was the fashion in that age there are figures on the sarcophagus of the boy's game-cocks and rabbits. This example of ancient funeral sculpture comes from Bologna.

## When Words Fail Us.

There are many things in everyday life which we find difficult to describe. For instance, how many people can describe the difference in favor between tea and coffee? It sounds simple, but it requires the services of an expert in beverages to do so.

Dictionary descriptions are considered to define an object so accurately that no other description is admissible, and in most cases the information is conclusive. But take the word violin, which the dictionary describes as "a four-stringed musical instrument played with a bow." If this information were supplied to a Pitcairn Islander and he were asked to draw the instrument—assuming, of course, that he had never seen a violin—the result would be alarming.

Only a mathematician can describe a spiral staircase; most people attempt to do so by a circular movement made with the finger.

Everyone who has seen a concertina "knows" it, but the chances are that an attempt to describe the instrument would hopelessly confuse ninety-nine out of every hundred people.

In most descriptions one has to call in the assistance of comparison. The description of flowers is impossible without a standard—which must be well-known—as a basis of visual comparison.



Miss Millionbucks — "But you are penniless."

Cholly Redcent — "But if you marry me I'll have a hundred dollars at least. I have a bet of that amount you'll marry me."

I have never seen a ghost and have no hope of seeing one.—Mr. Arnold Bennett.

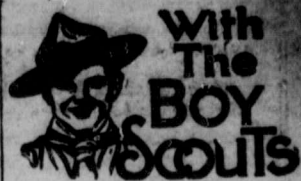
Only one couple out of every 1,000 married people live to keep their golden wedding.

## LUNCH COUNTER CARS ON NATIONAL



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Lunch counter cars which will care for the needs of passengers in the colonist, first class and tourist cars of the main line trains, who do not desire to use the regular dining cars, have been placed in service between Winnipeg and Toronto by the Canadian National Railways. The suggestion of the lunch counter cars was made by Mr. Walter Pratt, General Manager of Dining, Sleeping and Parlor Cars, and of Hotels.



Why the Baby Believed.  
Wolf C. — "Man, I think the baby swallowed that little bell. Shall I shake her and see?"

### Let Hamilton Has Good Game.

A game in map reading and drawing topped the programme at a recent meeting of the crack 1st Hamilton Troop, and was followed by a game in which discs were arranged on squared paper. In the latter game the boys were given two seconds to look at the arrangement of the discs, after which each patrol went back to its own corner and tried to place similar discs in the same order on other squares. In this the Ravens and the Owls tied.

### A Strenuous Task.

Customer — "Sixty cents seems very high for eggs. Haven't you any cheaper ones?"

Scout Poultry Farmer — "No, me'am. I'm sorry I haven't. You see it's very expensive producing them. One egg is a whole day's work for a hen."

### Scouts in Safety Work.

The Boy Scouts are co-operating with the Ontario Safety League in accident prevention work. A recent instance is their activity in broadcasting a Safety League warning about the danger people, and particularly children, were exposing themselves to in climbing out on the great ice hummocks formed along the shores of the Great Lakes this winter. At some points Scouts with larlat ropes patrolled the shores where these formations were particularly attractive to the venturesome.

### As He Understood.

Patrol Leader — "Heat expands and cold contracts. Give me an example."

Tenderfoot — "In summer the days are very long; while in winter they are short."

### What Scouting Is.

Baden-Powell says: "Scouting is a game in which elder brothers can give their younger brothers healthy environment and encourage them to healthy activities such as will help to develop citizenship."

"Its strongest appeal is through Nature Study and Woodcraft. It deals with the individual and not with the company. It raises intellectual as well as purely physical or purely moral qualities. At first it used to aim for these ends—now by experience it is known that where properly handled, it gains them."

### Service.

Recruit — "The Scoutmaster says I am to get my uniform from you."  
Quartermaster — "Sure, Buddy. How will you have it—too large or too small?"

### Is Baldness a Blessing?

Bald people usually bemoan the loss of their hair and sigh for the locks which have gone for ever. But there is at least one advantage which comes from baldness.

For example, have you ever met a bald man who was consumptive? It has been proved that bald men are peculiarly immune from this disease. One doctor has said that out of five thousand consumptive patients not a single one was bald.

Baldness is sometimes caused by bad dieting; but more frequently by letting the cold and damp penetrate to the roots of the hair. A man will emerge from a barber's shop with his hair wet even on the coldest day.

Excessive exercise is liable to bring on baldness. Athletes become overheated, and when they cool off, their scalp becomes chilled.

### Where is El Dorado?

Some time ago, when the ruins of an Aztec city were discovered in the Amazonian forest, they were popularly supposed to be those of El Dorado, the golden city to which Raleigh and many other adventurers were said to have been lured, some to their death, and a few to fortune, in Elizabethan times, when the wildest stories of the New World found credence.

El Dorado sounds like the fanciful names which the Spaniards and Portuguese gave to the cities they established, such as Buenas Ayres, Santiago Los Angeles, and so on.

But the fact is that El Dorado is not a city at all, and never was, although it would make a fine-sounding name for some new capital.

The story goes that Orellana, the lieutenant of the great Pizarro, pretended he had discovered a land of gold between the Orinoco and Amazon, but when it may be proved delusive, the big mother with oil and rolled it dubbed El Dorado, whether there is a story is difficult to