



## FOR THE CHILDREN



### SPRING—A FAIRY TALE

By C. M. Embree

ONCE upon a time, Spring woke in the early dawn, and said to her mother, "mother may I get up and go out to play? I am so tired of lying in bed," but wise Mother Nature said, "not yet my dear child, do you not hear old King Winter still raging on the hills? If your war-god Prince Sun were here with his regiment of little yellow beams, armed with their shining arrows, you might go, but he has not yet appeared, so lie down and go to sleep again like a good child." So saying old Mother Nature turned over for another nap.

Spring lay quite still for a while and tried to do as her mother had said, but by and by the little pussy-willows that had been sleeping cuddled in her arms, began to purr loudly and push their furry yellow noses from under the blankets, so Spring jumped out of bed and looked at the clock. "The first of April," she exclaimed, "why that's not very early. Mother must have been mistaken. She is getting old, however, and does not know as much as I do." Then she crept softly about the room putting on her beautiful new green gown, with all her splendid jewels of bright yellow but-tercups, silvery sprays of hawthorne, turquoise blue violets, coral apple blossoms, and ruby-red tulips. Around her neck she placed an emerald wreath with pearly-pink mayflowers peeping through the leaves and in her dusky hair a shadowy, white moonflower. Then she drew around her shoulders a long cloak of shimmering misty grey, buttoned with golden daffodils. On her little pink feet she fastened her shoes of dark green velvety moss; then gathering her army, she stole softly out, and marched away towards the snow-covered hills where old King Winter reigned.

Very brave looked Spring's little army as they marched gaily through the woods. First comes Spring with her bodyguard of bristling pussy-willows, then the flags with banners proudly waving in the breeze. Next comes the band of trumpet lilies, Indian pipes, and bluebells. Then the long lines of grass in green uniform and bearing their sharp bright blades, followed by the flower brigade clad in bright colours.

As she tripped along, Spring called to her army, "Who will sing a song of Spring?" and the fluffy little pussies piped shrilly "Pussy-will-ow! Pussy-will-ow!"

Away off on the hills, old King Winter saw Spring coming, and grew white with rage. Putting his bugle to his lips, he blew a loud fierce blast, and at the summons his trusty war-gods came hurrying forth. Jack Frost, with his army of keen cruel little nippers, and the fierce north wind with his millions of little white imps. And alas for poor Spring! With a roar like a thousand fiends they charged on her, and though the grass, with their sharp blades, fought bravely, Jack Frost's cruel little nippers, pinched and bit so savagely, they dropped their broken blades and fell dying to the ground. The pussy-willows came marching up, and the flower brigade drew their pistils but the north wind came down on them with his little white imps, and they were cut down in a few moments. When Spring saw that her brave army was gone, she turned and ran weeping over the hills, with a few poor draggled pussy-willows limping behind. She took off her soiled green gown, her splendid jewels were all gone, and the misty grey cloak was torn to shreds.



A "Riggledy-giggledy" Wheelbarrow Ride.

Gathering the wet, shivering, little pussies in her arms she crept back into bed, crying bitterly, "dear mother, you knew best after all."

And kind Mother Nature did not scold and say "I told you so," but clasped her tired, heart-broken little daughter to her soft warm breast, and kissing away her tears comforted her saying "Never mind, my daughter, Prince Sun will soon be here, then you shall go forth again and conquer your cruel enemy."

And outside the castle, old King Winter roared and laughed in triumph; the north wind shrieked and howled with delight; but the little white imps, feeling sorry for what they had done, made a beautiful snow-white winding sheet and spread it silently over the hill where Spring's brave army had fallen.

### STORIETTES

"MISS MOLLY," the pleasant-faced teacher of the Vernon school, was having great difficulty teaching Jack to read. The new word was "cow" and she had exhausted her usual devices. At last, in reviewing the word, she wrote it in large letters on one part of the blackboard and in small letters at another place. Pointing to the large word she said: "Now, Jack, this is *cow*."

Then, placing her pointer on the small word, she asked: "Jack, what is this word?"

Quick as a flash came the response: "My golly, Miss Molly, it must be a calf."

MY wee girl said yesterday: "I'm going to change my doll's name, mamma. Annie don't suit—she is so *shaky* and *loose*. I'm going to call her Lucy, wouldn't you?"

GLADYS, aged six, would never eat pie-crust but would slyly hide the crust under the edge of her plate after having eaten the filling. One day her mamma saw her putting away the crust as usual, and thought to reprimand her by saying: "Oh, Gladys, mamma doesn't like little girls who do such things."

Whereupon Gladys said: "Well, mamma, I am saving it for the chickens. They like it and I don't, and they ought to have it, for they are better than I am; they lay eggs and I don't."

### THE RAILWAY TRAIN

The railway train rolls by my door  
With rattling, banging din,  
And every trip tends more and more  
To make my senses spin.  
Such shocking tumult shakes the brain—  
That awful, bumping, railway train.

Again it speeds in pounding haste,  
Sounding quite off the track;  
There seems a lot of steam to waste,  
Mercy! it's coming back.  
Those shrill toots agonise the ear—  
I would it were not *quite* so near.

And yet I cannot bear to scold  
Nor blame that engineer,  
For he is only three years old,  
So slam away, my dear.  
Out in the hall enjoy your noise  
And string of little iron toys.

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