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PRINCE UNEXPECTED.

If we lived in Poland we should all know Ghinski's story of Prince Unexpected. It is told in the schools and at go-to-bed time, just as Cinderella is told here to little girls who dream about the glass slipper. Prince Unexpected was promised before he was born to a tyrant king who reigned under the sea. His father did not know that the baby boy was in the palace, or he would not have promised him to another.

It is a wonderful story. Prince Unexpected found a friend in the Princess, the daughter of King Bene. She helped him out of all his difficulties, and when the enemy was too close turned him into all sorts of disguises. Once he was a tree, and those who were pursuing him rested under his branches. Once he was a monk, and gave wise instruction which misled his enemy. Of course, he escaped in triumph and married the Princess and lived happy ever after, but that is a fairy tale.

There is another Prince Unexpected who is very real. I have talked to him and have heard his voice and felt the grasp of his hand, so that I am sure he is an actual person, and not a myth. Not long ago, on a dull morning in a children's hospital, the little tots were very cheerless when there arrived a young man who might be described as a big boy in a sailor's uniform. There came to the hospital a motor lorry on which men brought some big cases which they carried to the hospital hall. When they were unpacked the sailor boy had them taken up to the children's ward, and what do you think was there? The little patients, with wide, wondering eyes, saw lovely toys. There were ships from England, birds from Japan, strange instruments for making music, and buses and taxis that went when they were wound up, and

these the sailor presented to the children. Everybody wondered who it was who could give away such beautiful things. If anyone knew, no one told until he had gone. When he was out of sight all wanted to know his name. He was in very truth Prince Unexpected.

The news soon travelled round the city. It was repeated in the shops and the offices that Prince Unexpected had been in the children's hospital. In the evening great crowds of people went to see the Prince of Wales on his way to a banquet, and they cheered mightily. They knew that he it was who had been to the little ones whose bodies were torn with pain, and the boys and girls along the road cheered the more because of his kindness. Good news travels quickly, and neither Prince nor peasant can do a great deed without reaping some reward.—M. S. M.

A FABLE FROM OLD CHINA.

NELSON BITTON.

The Chinese love to hear stories. Stories from history, and stories from fancy, too, they are ready to listen to with delight. When our missionaries preach to the Chinese, if they are wise preachers, they always tell a story from Chinese history, or talk of Chinese kings and heroes who have said wise things and done noble deeds. And when the Chinese hear such "good words," as they themselves say, they smile gravely and nod their heads and move their bodies gently backwards and forwards to show that they agree and that they are pleased.

There is a proverb in China which is used when anyone who is small and weak tries to make people believe he is big and strong. About such a person the Chinese say to each other,

"The fox is giving himself the air of a tiger."

Here is the very old story from which the proverb comes. Ever so many hundreds of years ago, before anybody in Great Britain could read or write, a king in China asked his servants whether a certain man named Chao (pronounced Jhow) was making everybody afraid of him. One of the king's courtiers gave this reply. He said: "One day a tiger was out hunting, and he met a fox, which spoke to the tiger thus: 'Sir, do not try to eat me. I have been chosen by God to be the king of the beasts. If you eat me, therefore, you will be disobeying God. If you doubt what I am telling you, just allow me to walk along in front of you, and as we go down the road, watch and see if all the other beasts do not take fright and run away.' The tiger agreed, and as they went along all other animals did, of course, run away when they saw them coming. The tiger, however, didn't think that the beasts were running from him, but thought they were afraid of the fox! So, your Majesty," said the courtier, "it is not of General Chao that people are really afraid; it is of your army which marches behind him."

The courtier wished the king to know that the general was not really brave, and that he was, in truth, rather cunning, like the fox.—Christian World.

FISH THAT THINK.

It has been proved by a French naturalist, as the result of a series of interesting experiments, that fish can actually reason, though very slowly.

M. Oxner baited a hook, and fastened a tiny piece of white paper about two inches above it. With the bait he tempted a recently captured fish. The fish, however, was wily, and for seven days refused the bait. Then, when the week-old memory of his capture had apparently vanished from its mind, the fish bit and was hooked. M. Oxner carefully unhooked the catch and replaced it in the water, also readjusting the bait with the warning paper. Three times more the fish bit, with a day's interval between each bite. After that it no longer touched the bait, for the meaning of the paper signal had become known to it.

On the twelfth day the piece of paper was removed from the hook and the fish bit the bait!

The paper was replaced, and for three days the fish refused to tackle the lure, contenting himself with watching it from a safe distance. On the fourth day, however, the fish swam right up to the paper signal, sniffed it, and then descended, and very cautiously nibbled the bait until it had succeeded in eating it all off the hook without swallowing the latter. On the bait being replaced, the fish did exactly the same thing, and so carefully avoided capture. Experiments with other fish had similar results.—Tit-Bits.

SUFFICIENT.

"Do you make your poems pay?" asked the visitor.
"Oh! I manage to keep the wolf from the door," replied the poet.
"I suppose you read them to him!" replied the visitor.

THEY PLAYED HARD.

"Mother, I'm so lonely, I've no one to play with," complained the little boy.
"Well, go and play with Dicky."
"Oh, I played with him this morning an' I don't believe he's well enough to come out yet."



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WITTY TOASTS.

Here are a few witty toasts given at banquets:—

One rather cynical toast ran thus: "Woman—she requires no eulogy; she speaks for herself."

At the wedding breakfast of a deaf and dumb couple one guest, in the speech of the evening, wished them "unspeakable bliss."

The following story comes from Peterboro: "Seven years ago a farmer living near Peterboro hung his vest on a fence in the barnyard. A calf chewed up the pocket of the garment in which was a standard gold watch. Last week the animal, a staid old milch cow, was butchered for beef and the timepiece was found in such a position between the lungs of the cow that the respiration—the closing and filling of the lungs—had kept the stem wound and the watch had lost only four minutes in seven years!!!!

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