

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Day in June.

O what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days,
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and
towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Attil like a blossom among the leaves;
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives.
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters
and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her
nest;
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the
best?
—Lowell's 'Vision of Sir Launfal.'

The Red-headed Boy.

(Alice Daly, in the 'Christian Instructor'.)

'There's that awful red-headed boy in a fight!' The sharp voice belonged to the sharp-faced teacher of the fifth grade, who happened to be on duty at the noon recess. She hurried to the struggling boys, and with the assistance of another teacher, managed to pull them apart.

'Young man,' she addressed the owner of the red hair, 'this is not the first fight you've had on these grounds, but I certainly hope it will be the last.' She marched the panting boys to the principal's office.

In the meantime, a red head had appeared at an upstairs window; one glance from a pair of intelligent brown eyes took in the situation, and the head disappeared.

'Yes, I saw him, with my own eyes, rush at the other boy, grab him by the collar and fling him down!' The sharp voice was pitched so as to enter the principal's ear, and penetrate to his rather kind heart, arousing it to execute a righteous judgment on the red-headed culprit.

'Be seated, boys. What grade are you in?' The red-headed boy looked up.

'Indeed, I'm sorry to say he is still in mine!' The sharp voice had emphasized 'still.'

'Did you attack this boy first?'

'With my hands, yes, sir.'

'Why do you say "with your hands"?''

'Because he attacked me first, with his tongue.'

The principal looked at the other boy, who grinned and flushed.

There was a tap on the door. 'Come in!' called the principal; and a tall young woman with red hair and brown eyes entered. She looked sympathetically into the eyes of both boys, causing them both to blush with shame.

The red-headed boy blushed, because he remembered the fight he had the previous year; and how this red-headed teacher from another grade had walked all the way home with him. Now she had told him that God had made both their heads red; how He had numbered each of those red hairs; how that it did not first happen to be red, but that God had permitted it to be that color; and that it was wrong to fight about it, because it was like reproaching his Heavenly Father for making it red.

'Have a seat, Miss McClain; I'm glad you have come. Now,' to the black, drooping head, 'how did you attack him first with your tongue?'

Both boys' faces got redder. After an embarrassing silence, the red head was thrown back, and a pair of honest blue eyes looked at the principal.

'He don't want to tell you because Miss McClain is here. Please Miss McClain, go

out! then you can come back when we holler "come."'

The blue eyes looked beseechingly into the brown ones. The principal raised his eyebrows; the thin lips of the sharp-faced teacher curled contemptuously; Miss McClain laughed merrily.

'Excuse me, Professor; but perhaps you don't understand. Why, its something about red heads. You see Pat is so sensitive on the subject, that he can't realize that I'm not at all so. Don't mind me, Ernest, just speak the truth,' but the boy only looked more ashamed of himself.

Miss McClain smiled knowingly at the principal. 'He called him a red-headed, freckled-faced Irishman, I expect. Was that it, Pat?'

'Ask him.' Pat Dillon nodded his red-head towards Ernest's black one.

Ernest raised his black eyes, full of tears of shame to his teacher's intellectual face; and the look in her eyes brought him to his feet.

'Professor,' he stammered. 'I—that's exactly what I said, only—that wasn't all. I said that his mother nearly whipped him last night because she saw a light through the transom and though he was still reading after she had told him to put out his light and go to bed, but she found it was only the light from his head. I—I didn't know how low down it was, until—until Miss McClain came in.'

Pat was on his feet before Ernest had finished.

'It was my fault! I promised Miss McClain last year that I would stop and spell "God made it red," before I fought about it; and I forgot to-day; but it is the first red-headed fight I've had since I promised her,' and they all believed it.

The principal rose and shook hands with the boys.

'Now shake hands with each other!—that's right. Pat, my boy, I believe this is to be your last fight on account of your hair. Now, I want you to study your hardest, so I can promote you to Miss McClain's room. I think there you would soon learn to appreciate red hair.'

'Ernest, your teacher is justly proud of you. You can both go.

'Oh, I do hope you can promote him, Professor! Ever since I first noticed him in school, we've had a queer sort of understanding. I'm sure we could make the most of each other.'

'I sincerely hope he will be promoted!' snapped his teacher.

Pat Dillon was promoted at Christmas, and from the day he entered Miss McClain's room—and looked into her eyes, he became a different boy. He was from the beginning her messenger, because, when she looked up to select some one, a pair of eager blue eyes begged to be of service.

The principal watched with interest the developing of the red-headed boy, by the tactful, intelligent, red-headed teacher.

'Miss McClain has the best behaved grade in the school. I've taught it twice;' declared

one senior to another whom she met in the hall, on her way to fill Miss McClain's vacant seat.

'I'm certainly glad to hear it, for I'm awfully nervous about teaching boys and girls of from ten to thirteen; they are simply at an abominable age! I'm not surprised that she has these violent headaches come on suddenly.'

'Don't you worry. If you want any information, just ask that red-headed boy; he's a treasure.'

The nervous senior found the report to be true, and everything had gone on smoothly until the arithmetic class was called, the eight pupils were at the board when suddenly the fire alarm rang.

'The fire drill!' exclaimed the senior excitedly.

'Fire, fire, fire!' shouted a voice in the street below.

The senior sprang from her seat and rushed from the platform. Pat raced down the aisle, caught her in his arms, and hurried her back in Miss McClain's desk.

Interest in Pat's manoeuvres had saved the grade from panic.

Holding the struggling, half-hysterical senior, Pat gave the necessary number of sharp, commanding taps. The grade responded mechanically; but when the little girl who led the line looked into the smoky hall, and saw the white-faced teachers struggling desperately to control themselves, and the crooked lines of crying girls, and excited boys, she hesitated.

'Ernest, lead the line!' commanded Pat, 'and every one hold on to the one in front!'

From the foot of the stairs the principal saw Miss McClain's grade holding their lawful place next the wall. A line too compact to be broken, they came on past him, and in their rear came a red-headed boy, dragging an unconscious senior.

In the morning paper was the principal's account of how Pat Dillon, in the absence of his teacher, had preserved the honor of the sixth grade. Miss McClain read it and was proud of her red-headed boy.

Your case is not the less noble because no drum beats before you when you go out on your daily battlefield.

A Charming Magazine.

'Pretty Pond Lilies' is the phrase that one instinctively thinks of in looking at the exquisite cover of the June 'Canadian Pictorial.' It pictures a typical bit of quiet water close by the shore, where the huge trees just show in the background behind the swaying, rustling reeds, and where the waxy-white lilies, with their hearts of gold open wide to the glorious sunshine of a Canadian June day.

The whole number is full of the spirit of the Canadian summer time with its charms of out-of-door life. Nor is the number less instructive or really informing because full of charming summer snapshots. The breaking of horses in Alberta, the various pictures of the pack train among the mountains of British Columbia, the camp hospital, with its staff—all these breathe the breath of the open and are pleasant to look at, while at the same time one gets in these pictures more genuine information than in whole columns of descriptive matter.

Few better numbers to send to friends abroad have ever been published than this June 'Pictorial,' and every friend to whom you sent a carnival number should have one of these also, so full of the charm of summer life in the Dominion, the camp-fire, the fisherman's shady nook, the early-morning task by the farm-house door, the gently gliding canoe, as well as of the more strenuous life among the Western plains and mountains.

The music in this issue occupies two full pages and is one of the old Scotch favorites that every one will be glad to have. With the music, and all its other attractions, the June 'Pictorial' is certainly great value for ten cents. Get a copy to-day at your news-dealer's or send direct to the 'Pictorial' Publishing Company, 142 St. Peter street, Montreal.

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