

"I will read it again," he said, gently, "so that you may be sure you understand it." He then read it, slowly and clearly, and then walked down the line of pupils, and stood by No. 8, so that he was between her and Mr. X., the sight of whom, he perceived, filled her with confusion and terror.

"Now, you can do it," he said, reassuringly; and to her own delighted astonishment, little No. 8, who had never had the courage to speak an audible word to Mr. X., spoke up distinctly, and went through the solution without a hitch.

"The child came home from school that day perfectly transfigured," said her mother. "I could not believe my eyes when I looked at her."—The 'Christian.'

### Canal-boat Kate.

(By Ada Melville Shaw, in the 'Epworth Herald'.)

'Yes, you are all the time talking about Canal-Boat Kate—which is Kate? The old chestnut mare or the woman in the boat?'

Uncle Ebb was sitting on the wide front veranda with his book of sketches, and the one from which the picture on this page is copied was in his hand. Tom and Jerry, his twin nephews, bored each an elbow into his knee on either side. They had been through that sketch book time and time again, but it was still new, although they pretended by all sorts of questions that they had never heard anything about the 'times' Uncle Ebb enjoyed when he made the sketches—that wonderful summer when he rolled down the side of a cliff, broke both ankles, had to live in a fisherman's hut for weeks and did nothing but listen to yarns and make pictures.

'Now, see here,' said Uncle Ebb, holding the picture of the canal boat at arm's length and squinting at it out of the corner of his eye, 'I've got a proposition to make. It's worth something to know both of those Kates! The mare, she's Kate, and Kate—why, she's Kate, too, only you say it different when you mean her and everyone seems to know which you mean. I've got a proposition to make. Who's in for the job?'

'Is it a hard job?' said Tom, who was thin and pale and walked a little lame.

'Will it take long?' said Jerry, who was fat and rosy, and never walked when he could run.

'Well, it all depends. It is this: The man' (Tom and Jerry loved to be called men by their Uncle Ebb) 'who does the hardest kind of things between now and the end of school and does them best, gets to go to the canal and see Canal-Boat Kate.'

Two squeals split the air.

'But if it's a tie—what if it's a tie?' shouted Jerry.

'Who's to be the judge?' shouted Tom.

'There will be three judges, so it cannot be a tie,' said Uncle Ebb. 'The judges will be declared later.'

'Whoop-ee!'

It was a double whoop all welded into one. The boys knew Uncle Ebb. He was fair and he was kind—jolly kind. The 'man' who failed to see Canal-Boat Kate would not be left entirely in the lurch (only the twins called it 'suds').

Five busy weeks flew away and school was 'out.'

Uncle Ebb took the boys away for a ramble through the fields, and sitting down under the shade of a big oak tree, drew out the dearly beloved sketch book.

'Now, then, what have you been doing?'

'Is it time to judge? Where are the judges? We haven't done anything!'

The twins always spoke half together and mixed up so that no one could tell one breath from the other.

'One at a time. Get still, Tom, my man! Flop down, Jerry, my other man. Lie flat on your backs, that's it. Now think for ten minutes, think hard and then tell me what's been done. Jerry will tell Tom's story and Tom Jerry's. You're never apart, so that's fair. Backs flat—THINK!'

Jerry giggled. He meant to tell Uncle Ebb that if Tom was 'on the square' he would say that ten minutes' straight thinking was the hardest work either one of them could do and it would have to be a tie.



THE OLD CANAL.

After a bit, when Mr. Thought really got hold of the lads' minds, the thinking was done in sober earnest and it seemed only a minute when Uncle Ebbs called 'time!'

Up came the backs.

'Now, Jerry, you're a minute or so bigger than Tom, so your report comes first. What's Tom been up to that's worth while and hard?'

'Didn't blot his themes—not a once.'

'That's easy!' blurted in Tom, only to be squelched by the solemn faced uncle.

'Tell a connected story if you can, Jerry.'

'Well, sir,' said Jerry, looking affectionately at his brother, 'he did a whole lot of hard things. He whispered round one whole day when mother had a sick headache and didn't forget a single solitary one time. I forgot every other time. Then he walked a mile to take a lost puppy home. That was tough 'cause his foot hurt. Once there wasn't pie enough to go round and—'

'Taint fair—telling those things!' cried Tom, getting red in the face and punching his twin to make him keep still. 'Just you wait till my turn comes!'

'Go on, Jerry—anything more?'

'Why, I don't know, sir. He's always doing hard things—doing them up good and splendid—splinkum, you know. Why, you know old Tom, don't you?'

Uncle Ebb nodded and something shone in the corner of his eyes that looked like a dewdrop. The love of his 'man' Jerry and his 'man' Tom for each other was very beautiful to him.

'Well, Tom, my man, what have you to tell?'

'It don't seem fair,' grumbled Tom. 'I was thinking all sorts of things—different.'

'Well, pitch in, and let's have them.'

'He licked a fellow that made fun of me because I'm lame. He couldn't help it, 'cause the fellow said he'd thrash me if Jerry didn't thrash him. The fellow knew we don't believe in fighting.'

'Yes, and what do you suppose he did, Uncle Ebb?' cut in Jerry. 'He'd a quarter—yes, I am going to tell—he had a quarter saved up to buy him some stamps for his collection and he went and bought arnica and sticking plaster to fix the fellow up so's he could go out with his mother to a concert that night! I call that tough!'

'Go on, Tom, what next?'

'O, he's always doing things, but there was one thing—'

Tom hesitated. There seemed to be some trouble with cherry or marble or a crab-apple in his throat.

'Why, you see, when you're out with a lot of fellows and it's prayer-time—'

'O, quit!' implored Jerry, but Tom went right on.

'—why lots of them don't know enough to say their prayers at night and think you're a softy, but that time when we went over the lake and got caught in the storm and had to sleep crowded into the cabin, Jerry he kneeled right down and said his prayers—and made me, too, I was glad to do it, but I was scared to start in.'

'Was it hard, Jerry, man?' said Uncle Ebb, softly, and Jerry nodded.

Uncle Ebb thought for a long while.

The two judges have spoken,' he said at