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SUMMER is fleeting, and perhaps the question of your daughter's education is still undecided. Probably she, herself, doesn't know what she wants. If this is your problem, it is easily solved. Without delay have her name enrolled at Alma College for entrance when the school opens in September. Do not worry about her studies, let her choose something which she fancies, and after she has been in attendance a few weeks, watch developments.

Remember she is surrounded on every side by busy, ambitious girls, each pursuing her own course of study and ever keeping her thought upon graduation day. Your daughter will probably become enthusiastic over music one week and write home that this is what she must study. Perhaps the next week another friend will take her to the Art rooms and relate wonderful tales of sketching expeditions and studio work, and then to learn to paint seems the supreme joy. The next week there is a recital and the pupils studying elocution and expression so arouse her admiration that she decides to study that. And so it goes. Unconsciously your daughter is finding herself, and just as naturally as the flower unfolds in the light, she slips into the course of study which she loves most after she has seen all.

This is one of the greatest advantages of boarding school. It is a little world in itself, and each girl learns to discriminate, to assert her own personality and to solve her own problems.

For all information write to:

Alma College
St. Thomas, Ontario

The King of the Milkweed

By ETHEL BAIN.

A Story for the Girls and Boys.

"Well, of all the things to do," chattered Bushy, the Squirrel, as he watched the atom of life on the milkweed plant. "Here, stop. What are you doing that for?" he asked of the caterpillar as it busily devoured the shell of the egg from which it had just emerged. The caterpillar mumbled something, but the squirrel interrupted it. "Don't you know that it's rude to talk whilst you're eating?" It did not answer, but kept on eating until the last piece had disappeared, then turning its quaint baby face upwards, in a tiny voice it squeaked, "Now what were you saying, Mr. Giant?"

"I'm not a giant, I'm a squirrel," retorted Bushy. "You don't know what a giant is. Wait until you see Mr. Grizzly Bear, for he is a giant. But say, why did you eat your shell? My, but you must have been hungry to do that."

"Yes, I'm hungry," replied the green caterpillar. It was so plump and looked so funny with its yellow face marked with two black arches and its bright green body with its bands of black and yellow. "You ask me why I've eaten my shell," it went on. "Well, I'll tell you. I have eaten my shell so as to destroy all signs that an egg was ever laid there. That bad Ichneumon fly is always attending to everybody's business but his own, and so that he shall not know there was an egg—well, I have eaten it. I suppose instinct makes me do it. I don't know, I'm only a baby."

"Won't you catch cold with no clothes on?" Bushy Squirrel anxiously asked of the naked worm.

"Cold!" the caterpillar squeaked. "Oh, no, for in about three days I shall make my first moult and I have to make three more before I am fully grown. Perhaps if this nice weather keeps on I shall be ready to go into the chrysalis stage in twelve days, but there, I'm so hungry, do please let me eat"—and not waiting for an answer, the future butterfly began to devour the leaf it was on.

"Well, I'd rather have my cosy fur coat, than yours, for all its bright colors," chattered the Red Squirrel as he scampered away.

For the next week he forgot all about the gaily colored worm he had met, until, as he was passing by the milkweed plant one morning, he saw it again, but dear me, how it had grown. It was nearly two inches long now and the surprised squirrel watched it marching along, the long, slender black filaments which grow from the second segment, twitching nervously as it sensed a stranger near.

"Well, well," gasped the squirrel. "Well! But how you've grown. I hardly knew you."

"I know you, Red Squirrel!"—the fat caterpillar squeaked, "but I haven't much time to talk now, for I'm looking for a safe place where I can change into a chrysalis."

"A chrysalis!" chattered Bushy. "What is a chrysalis?"

"A chrysalis is the case I wrap myself up in, and I sleep a great deal when I am in this stage, but all the time there's a big change going on, because I'm not a worm any longer, for I change into a butterfly."

"You a butterfly! Never!" laughed the Red Squirrel.

"Of course I'm going to be a butterfly," retorted the now angry caterpillar. "You just wait and see what happens. Come along and see where I make my chrysalis case and then you'll know where to look for me." Off he marched, and Bushy Squirrel, who is always so inquisitive, followed him.

The caterpillar was hard to please, but at last he decided to hang from a piece of jutting rock. There he began to spin his silken case. "See you again in about two weeks," he cried to the astonished squirrel, who was watching him. Soon he disappeared from view, but still the squirrel could see him wriggling about inside the silky threads.

A few days later Bushy returned to see if the caterpillar was there. No worm, but such a pretty chrysalis was hanging in the same place he had last seen his little friend. The whole body of the chrysalis was an emerald green with a gold and black belt and many dots of black and gold on the shiny green body.

"My, but he's going to be lovely," Bushy Squirrel cried as he watched the

plump case swinging gently to and fro in the summer breeze. "Why, it's only holding on by that tiny black ball. Well I never!" He sat watching it for a long time, then remembered what the caterpillar had said before he closed his case. "Twelve days," he chattered. "I'm coming every day until I do see him, only I'm sure I can't see how he'll come out of that alive." As he returned to his tree house he still wondered, but he never got any farther than wondering, for his little brain could not grasp one of the most wonderful mysteries of Nature. Every day he visited the rock and as he watched on the eleventh day he saw signs of life. "He's alive. He's alive," he cried and rushed home to tell his wife. Soon they returned and this time Mrs. Squirrel had packed the lunch basket, for she said if there was anything to see, they had better stay right there. And well for them that they did, for the next day the something that was alive in the chrysalis case was wriggling, wriggling, wriggling. They watched it closely, but it was well on to high noon before the case burst open, then to their astonished eyes there appeared something, but surely that was never the fat green caterpillar. Painfully the wonderful fly climbed out, often stopping for breath. It seemed hours before it was out of its prison, but at last it was free and slowly moving along the sunny rock spreading its gorgeous wings.

"Oh! oh!" gasped Bushy, and Mrs. Squirrel very softly and sat very, very quiet for fear the beauty might vanish. The butterfly opened its deep orange colored wings to their full width, which is four inches. Then the squirrels could see that on each of the four wings was a black border dotted with white. The black was so velvety looking that it seemed as if the edge was decked with glistening pearls. Then every vein that formed the framework of the wings was traced in black, whilst across the tip of each front wing was a black band and on this band were more lovely pearls. They noticed, too, that along the outside black border of the wings the pearly dots were all in twos. Two by two all the way round, and on the black body were more pearls near to the throat.

Slowly to and fro the butterfly moved its wings, gaining strength every minute until it seemed to poise and get ready to fly away; then Bushy, the Red Squirrel, cried, "Oh, don't go, please. Won't you speak to us?"

The butterfly was startled, for it had been so busy exercising its wings that it had not noticed the little wild folk. It turned, then cried, "Why, it's the Red Squirrel. Well, here I am again. I said I'd be ready in twelve days or so, didn't I?"

"Indeed you did," Bushy replied. "What's more, I've been watching you, and yesterday when I came you wriggled so much that I felt something great was going to happen, so I made Mrs. Squirrel come too, and we watched by you all the night."

"That was kind of you," said the butterfly, "and now you do believe a caterpillar can turn into a butterfly, don't you?"

"Sure I do, and I'll fight anyone who says it can't."

"Well, I'm going to try my wings now," cried the one-time worm. "If nothing happens, I'll come and see you, so good-bye for the present."

"Won't you tell us what your name is?" Bushy anxiously called, as the brilliant fly rose lightly into the air. He circled once then flew down and gently swept his wings over the squirrel's face. "I'm the Monarch butterfly," he cried, then, light as gossamer, he flew off and the squirrels were left alone.

That same evening as Night cast her cloak over the tired earth, the squirrels waited to see the Barn Owl as he passed their way. Noiselessly he came, and they were unaware of his presence until he spoke. "What did I tell you about stopping out late, Bushy?" The Red Squirrel laughed as he answered. "We were waiting for you, Mr. Owl, for we wanted to ask you what a monarch means"—and then Bushy told the wise bird about their little friend.

"Monarch," said the Barn Owl, "means a king."

"A king," chattered the squirrel, "he surely was a king indeed."

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