YOUNG CANADA.

ENTERING THE CALF.

All boys will feel sorry for Harry and Ned, and very sorry that so fine a calf as "Silver Horns" did not get the first premium, when it was so well; deserved. The story is as follows:

Harry and Ned were the owners of a very fine calf, which their father had given them permission to enter for a premium at a cattle show. They were proud and happy boys when the day came and they had set out for the fair, with their treasure in the waggon with them.

They drove into the grounds where the fair was being held, unhitched the horses, spent all the money they had for gingerbread and peanut candy, and without further ceremony waited for the blue ribbon of honour to be put on the budding horas of their really fine calf.

"That's a mighty fine calf," said an old gentleman with brass spectacles and home-braided

"Nover saw any jedges," replied Harry, "but dozens of people said 'Silver Horns' was the finest calf there."

"Are you sure that your calf was properly entered?" asked the father. "Now tell me all about it. You ought to have a certificate of entry. Tell me exactly how and where you entered the calf."

"Entered her!" cried the astonished boys, "why we entered her at the gate, to be sure." Youth's Companion.

THE HONEST OLD TOAD.

Oh, a queer little chap is the honest o'd toad, A funny old fellow is he; hiving under the stone by the side of the road, 'Neath the shade of the old willow tree. He is Iressed all in brown, From his toe to his crown,

Save his vest—that is silvery white.

He takes a long nap in the heat of the day

And walks in the cool, dewy night.

"Yaup, yaup," says the frog.

From his home in the bog;

A NEW KIND OF SPELLING BEE.

If with a few friends you want to while away an odd quarter of an hour, here is an agreeable means of passing the minutes merrily. One of the company begins by naming the first letter of the alphabet, "A"; the player sitting next to him on the left then adds a letter-any letter, provided that, though it will form part of a word, it shall not itself make a complete word. The third person adds another letter, and so the game proceeds until a player has been compelled to pronounce a letter which, with those that have gone before it, will form a word; whereupon he or she will be promptly called upon to furnish a forfeit or fine of come sort. The second letter, "B," is then chosen by the next player, and the game goes on as before. Let me illustrate my description of this amusement. We commence with "a," next player says " b." Evidently ab is part of a word, but not a word in itself. The third player gives "u," and the forth "s"; he might have



KEEPING WAT'II.

straw hat; "I really think it air about the finest little critter I've seed yit."

The boys nor happy then.

"Lank here, said one of two sunbarned old farmers, halling by the waggon, " jes look at this little animal. Aint it a beauty? elicker'n Partier's a rale Jarsey. How much milk does her mother give to a mess, boys? Her equal sint to this size w.

The logs were certain that lettle " Silver Horns," would take the first premium now. All day long the call was the subject for admiration. Old ladies called her a "nice little bessy," eld men said she couldn't be best; and all agreed that she was the fixest call on the grounds, as she really was

When evening came the loys wide home jubilant. Their happiness and excitement knew no bounds. They rushed into the house shouting "She took it! first premium! Wasn't any other calf one tenth so fine ! Harry-rely said so."

"Hat where is the premium?" asked their

"Why, they'll send it out when the rush is over, won't they?" Ned asked.

But the toad, he says never a word. He tries to be good, Like the children, who should Be seen, but never be heard.

When winter draws near, Mr. Toad goes to bod,
And sleeps just as sound as a top,
Itst when May blessons follow the soft April showers,
He comes out with a skip, jump and hop.
He changes his draws
Unly once, I confess,
Every spring, and his old, worn-out coat
With trousers and waistout he rolls in a ball,
And stuffs the whole thing down his throat.
"K-rruk, k-rruk," says the frog,
From his k are in the bog;
Ent the toad he says never a word.

But the total he says never a word. He tries to be good, Like the children who should, De seen, but never be heard.

His leas they are long, and he leaps when he walks,

His legs they are long, and he leaps when he we Cutatepping us all at a bound.

He wears both his eyes on the top of his head, Queer place for one's eyes to be found? You may think him a fright, And of course you are right;

But his ugliness I would defend.

For he dines on the bugs that destroy the sweet He's the gardener's assistant and friend.

"Yaup, yaup," says the freg.

From his home in the bog;

But the toed he says never a word.

He tries to be good;

Like the children, who should Be seem, but never be heard.

said "4," but this would not have answered his purpose, for it would have made the word "abut," and brought him in for a fine or forfeit. He thinks you see, that while saving himself he lias cornered his next friend, but No. 5 quietly says " i," and passes this growing word to the next player, who adds to it the letter "r," thereby forcing the seventh player-who has no choice-to say " c," and so, completing a word—the word "abssice." to pay the penalty.—From "Little Folks" Magazine for August.

GOOD MANNERS.

Boys, do not ferget to take off your hat when you enter the house. Gentlemen never forget to take off their hats in the presence of ladies, and if you always take off yours when your mother and the girls are by, you will not forget yourself when a guest or a stranger happens to be in the parlour. Habit is strong, and you will always find that the easiest way to make sure of doing right on all occasions is to get into the habit of doing right. Good manners cannot be put on at a moment's warning.