



TODOGANING ON MOUNT ROYAL.

Jim Crow.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

O, say, Jim Crow,  
Why is it you always go  
With a gloomy coat of black  
The year long on your back?  
Why don't you change its hue,  
At least for a day or two,  
To red or green or blue?  
And why do you always wear  
Such a sober, sombre air,  
As glum as the face of Care?  
I wait for your reply,  
And into the peaceful pause  
There comes your curious, croaking cry  
"O, because! 'cause! 'cause!"

O, say, Jim Crow,  
Why, when the farmers sow,  
And the corn springs up in the row,  
And the days that once were brief,  
Grow long, and laugh into leaf,  
Do you play the rascally thief?  
I can see by the look in your eye—  
Wary and wise and sly—  
That you know the code in vogue;  
Why will you then, O why,  
Persist in the path of the rogue?  
I hearken for your reply,  
And into the empty pause,  
There rings your graceless, grating cry—  
"O, because! 'cause! 'cause!"

And say, Jim Crow,  
With all the lore you know—  
Lore of the wood and field,  
Lore of the clouds and the clear  
Depths of the atmosphere,  
To our duller ken concealed—  
Why is it you ever speak  
With a mingled squawk and a squeak?  
You, with your talents all,  
And your knowledge of this and that,  
Why must you sing like a squall,  
And talk like a perfect "flat"?  
I listen for your reply,  
But in the lapse and the pause  
All I hear is your impudent cry—  
"O, because! 'cause! 'cause!"

## "MISS FANNY."

BY E. B. MANWELL.

"Hi! You chaps, come over here.  
Make a back, Little Dabbs, this moment  
for your betters!"

It was the luncheon quarter of an hour, and over the playfields rushed some two hundred boys, the scholars of St. Margaret's. The football season was past, and cricket was "on," for it was early May, and the weather gloriously warm. But to-day was to be given up to a jumping competition; there would be no cricket.

The headmaster's uncle, a rich New Yorker, had come on a brief visit to the old school where he himself had been educated. He had brought some handsome prizes and offered them for a jumping competition. The boys of every form were wildly excited over the event, none more so than a couple of chums about the same age—twelve—Little Dabbs and "Miss Fanny."

Why Dabbs went as "Little," seeing he was the only Dabbs at St. Margaret's

nobody knew "He must have been born Little Dabbs!" thought the boys. As for "Miss Fanny," otherwise Francis Eade, there never was such an unfortunate boy sent to boarding-school.

"Poor little chap, he is so horribly pretty and girlish!" even the kindest of his schoolmates said pityingly. The rest led him a terrible life because of his crisp, curly, golden hair, his pink cheeks and his large blue eyes. They didn't know the boy—yet. So he was just "Miss Fanny" to the whole school; even the masters, catching up the nickname, secretly agreed among themselves that the cap fitted.

Both Little Dabbs and "Miss Fanny" were wild to win the special prize for the junior boys under thirteen—a belt, with a wonderfully carved Indian silver clasp. They had entered themselves and practiced jumping assiduously, particularly Little Dabbs.

The luncheon quarter of an hour was over, and the boys bolterously charged into school. All but two, who lagged behind.

"What's up?" whispered "Miss Fanny," for Little Dabbs' face was all puckered and drawn.

"Brown Major gave me awful kick on the shin with his heel when I made a back for him, that's all!" faltered Little Dabbs, and "Miss Fanny's" face lengthened.

A kick on the shin, and the jumping contest that very afternoon! "Miss Fanny" was strangely quiet for the rest of the morning.

As for Little Dabbs, his hurt shin grew hourly more painful. A sixth-form boy good-naturedly anointed the inflamed part with a private remedy, but shook his head over Little Dabbs' chances.

"I do so want to win the prize!" moaned Little Dabbs in confidence to "Miss Fanny." "But you'll gain it now, for we two are the best of the junior lot, everybody says!"

"Miss Fanny" bit his lip, and screwed up his large blue eyes, as if making up his mind to something. Of course, he should easily win now.

Afternoon came, and with it a crowd of ladies invited from the neighbourhood to see the fun.

The competition was keen enough among the elder boys, the bar being raised again and again to try their powers. At last, the various prizes were won, and there remained only the juniors' contest.

"Oh, what a dear, pretty boy!" loudly murmured the ladies seated on chairs within the ring of watching boys, who all grinned widely at the flutter as "Miss Fanny," his jacket and shoes off, and blushing pinker than ever, stepped into the circle.

Behind him came Little Dabbs, and a number of juniors. The bar was lowered for them, and the contest began. It was at once seen that "Miss Fanny" was the best jumper, and the ladies clapped their hands delightedly. Then the bar was raised gradually, and, one by one, the juniors failed and fell away until there remained but "Miss Fanny" and Little Dabbs, whose shin was getting insufferably painful. Still his pluck kept him up. Finally the bar was again raised.

"Miss Fanny" has missed!" A disappointed groan burst from the eager watchers, and it deepened when the boy, a second trial being allowed each, again failed, knocking off the bar. It was now Little Dabbs' turn. Pulling himself together, with an effort that whitened his face to the lips, he cleared the bar without brushing it, and fell heavily, fainting from pain.

They carried Little Dabbs off the field on a stretcher, to be tended by the doctor. But they carried "Miss Fanny" off shoulder-high, with uproarious cheers.

"Ha! ha! found you out!" said the New Yorker, clapping the blushing boy heartily. "You let him win! Eh?"

"Well, sir, Little Dabbs was so set on winning!"

"Miss Fanny" walked innocently into the trap, and wondered why everybody cheered louder.

When Little Dabbs' shin healed, there was another sports day held, and the prizes were given. Oddly enough, there were two belts with silver clasps pre-

sented—one for the junior who won the final jumping competition, and another for the junior who didn't. From that day forth everybody at St. Margaret's knew that if a boy had pretty features and dainty ways, it was not to say he could not do brave things, and win the hardest victory of all—that over self—Church Standard.

## TED'S VERSION.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

The family had gathered as usual for the morning reading, for Grandma always liked to begin the day with a Bible chapter, and though Rob was secretly impatient to be off, and Nell's thoughts were straying in the direction of a garden party, they dutifully read the verses which came to them, for no one could bear to cross the wishes of the dear grandmother who had been father, mother and home-maker for the orphaned children.

"Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or—" began Ted listlessly.

"That means," interrupted the old lady's gentle voice, "not eating and drinking only, but everything we do. Let us try to read it in that way, thinking what it means."

"Yes'm." Ted stared at her a moment as if not quite comprehending, and then began again, slowly and emphatically:

"Whether therefore ye eat, or drink,—or play the piano—or ride a bicycle—or— or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

There was a titter from the twins, Dilly and Grace. Nell flashed an indignant look at the young reader as if she suspected him of mischief, and Rob waited for reverent grandma to utter some word of reproof. But instead she only said composedly:

"Yes; that 's just what it means, dear," and then she read the next verse which fell to her turn.

As for Rob, he went on his way half-laughing as he thought of the new rendering, but by no means able to dismiss the thought with a laugh. It clung to him with strange pertinacity. He had been very proud of his new wheel, but it had never occurred to him that he was to use it in that way. Once in the course of the morning he came upon Ted, deeply engaged in a game of marbles. Rob stopped and looked at him.

"See here, young man," he said, somewhat gruffly, "when you were getting up that new text this morning, you might have put in your own favourite occupations as well as those of other people. Why didn't you say anything about marbles, eh?"

"I didn't think of 'em," answered Ted, looking up with a pair of honest brown eyes. "But anyway I'm trying to do it. I never play for keeps, and I've lent my prettiest agate to Jack Ray, because he hasn't any."

"The youngster is really trying," Rob said to himself with a low whistle as he whirled away. "There are ever so many things I might do," he muttered.

All the forenoon the thought came coming, now as a hindrance in this direction, now as a spur in that one, and it was because of it that he made a wide detour on his homeward way, and stopped at a pretty house on a quiet street. The one he sought sat on the piazza, a sweet-faced, gracious lady, who arose, sewing in hand, as he paused beside her.

"I've been thinking about you asking me to help in that little mission school, Aunt Lizzie," he said, using the name he had given her since childhood. "You are keeping it up. I know, and if you still want me—"

"Want you? Oh, Rob! you don't know how much I want you if you can really come so far."

He flushed as he remembered the excuse he had given, though it had not been wholly an idle one.

"I thought it would be a long walk from our house. But I have my wheel now, you see, and I might ride out Sunday afternoons, if I can be of any use."

"I thought it would be a blessing to me if it brings you there," she said, heartily, "and to those poor children beside."

There it was again! "Well, I will come," he

promised. At the home gate he met Nell with a roll of music in her hand.

"Have you been taking a lesson?" he asked.

"No, not exactly," she answered, trying to hide a certain embarrassment, and to look as if her next words were the most natural in the world. "I've been trying to give one. Little May Glenn is so anxious to take music lessons, and her mother doesn't feel that she can afford it while there is no one but herself to earn anything, and so I thought—"

She looked up suddenly, met her brother's eyes, and they both laughed.

"The fact is, Nell, some of those old texts that we slip over so comfortably, have a power of meaning in them when they are translated into every-day, nineteenth-century English."

## The Bible.

Study it carefully;  
Think of it prayerfully;  
Deep in thy heart let its precepts dwell;  
Slight not its history;  
Ponder its mystery;  
None can o'er prize it too fondly or well.

Accept the glad tidings,  
The warnings and chidings,  
Found in this volume of heavenly lore;  
With faith that's unfeeling,  
And love all prevailing,  
Trust in its promise of life evermore.

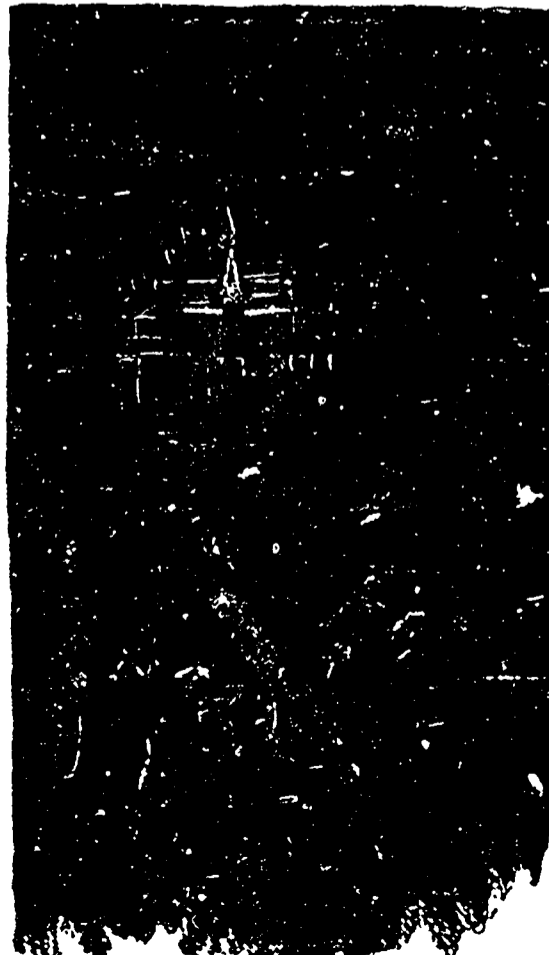
## TAKING REED.

Did you ever watch people walking on icy sidewalks? Those who walk carefully, watching their steps and holding at the fence alongside, get safely over, but pretty soon a boy comes along who just knows he can walk along safely without any help, and thinks it foolish to be so careful about a little ice, and before he has time to think anything more, down he goes. Did you ever try to be good without asking Jesus to help you? If you did, I am sure you did not succeed. There are so many slippery places that unless we have his help we will surely fall. We are in greatest danger when we think we are safe.

## TO SCHOOLS NEEDING HELP FROM S. S. AID FUND.

Applicants for help from Sunday-school Aid Fund will please give full particulars about the school asking such help—the number of scholars and teachers; amount raised for S. S. Aid Fund last year; amount promised toward grant, and number of papers, etc., wanted. Please do not say, "Continue same grant as last year." This requires much search of account books and mailing sheets. State definitely just what is wanted, and how much, if anything, the school can pay toward it.

W. H. Withrow,  
Sec. S. S. Board.



SKATING AT THE VICTORIA RINK, MONTREAL.