great many tables of this adhere religiously of having a plain centr ders. A woman, who sh and with her needle, roses on white satin, and green leaves. with a pair of sharp val of silver gauze, porder and the odd as if they had fallen then applique to the shade of each leaf in the middle could the flowers would hoice. It has struck heme would be at green leaves on the very popular for table ave a long trough of tin the outside with silver or if it be impos foundation of the china, white or For every-day use, linen, with a and applique o the cretonne is a ash together. The cream rder, only the roses e must be a fringe of way of a change one be made with little be made with little The color, if for decoration.

#### E POETS

Father nd cloudy sea-birds ps of the sea cottage

lier light

window night. ssed to the window. eyes

the darkness aring ocean d bleak and wild, crazy casement,

hild? -Longfello. the Women

ine A. Soule) rts are broken?

no sighing dying; mothers' sadness ir gladness.

s are weary? vailing so dreary, en they say: need to pray?" and noble brothers! es and you our mothers hear them sighing dying.

women ard to the morrow can reckon living sorrow? ever and for ever, mighty lever slime,

earts are thrilling re faltering souls ter day.

ildren Sleep Hulse McLeod) set hour, she call hers tered round. o," she moaned,

after day weep." again, lark stain nd heart, ill was left

mart.' od knew best, is the soul sleeps?

n God!" n! my son, ark rum flend

abered you. red wreck was done.' es, my baby boy,

to me. life, moan!" happy homes, e things be, he stone, free?

-Baltimore, Md.

almost indispensable for irs together and not bore more important that ssip, and talk pleasantly ands and the thousand and hour, than that she rues of men and angels; fire happens more fre-ne presence of a disting-

-R. L. Stevenson.

# PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

#### CURRENT TOPICS

In former years it was believed to be the chief work of the doctors to cure disease, but every year it is getting to be seen more plainly that the most valu-able part of the work of medical men is to keep peoable part of the work of medical men is to keep people from getting sick. It has been discovered that many of the ills that people suffer from are caused by dirt. Impure air, polluted water and filthy surroundings cause nearly all the epidemics from which children and grown people suffer. Now-a-days doctors spend much of their time in studying how people can keep themselves well.

At a meeting of the doctors of the Dominion held last week in Ottawa much of the time was given up

last week in Ottawa much of the time was given up to the study of what has been learned about making the surroundings of our homes and the inside of them, too, more healthy. The best way to cure consumption also was discussed and the doctors wanted the government to build a hospital for patients suffering from that disease. Eyers one now believes that there from that disease. Every one now believes that there much truth in the old rhyme,

Joy and Temperance and Repose Slam the door in the doctor's nose.

But the time is still far distant when men and women; yes, and little children can do without the help of physicians.

Among other preparations for the celebration Among other preparations for the celebration of the three-hundredth birthday of Canada will be the massing of 12,500 troops at Quebec. That is many more men than there are altogether in Victoria. Of this army most are volunteers and militia men who have never been in a war. There will, however, he among them soldiers who have served in South Africa and in other battlefields of the Empire. Their presence in Quebec will add to the splendor of the spectacle and do honor to the Prince of Wales, the representative of the King.

The Superintendent of Education will give an-opportunity immediately after the holidays for every

portunity immediately after the holidays for every boy and girl in British Columbia to contribute to the fund for creating a national park above Quebec on the fields where the battles of the Plains of Abraham the fields where the battles of the Plains of Abraham and Ste. Foye were fought a century and a half ago. This great park will not only be a memorial of brave deeds done in Canada of the past but a sign of the unity of the new and greater Canada which stretches from ocean to ocean. This is the reason Earl Grey wants the children to make it beautiful. The celebration is in memory of the bravery, the greatness and the goodness of the past. The setting apart of the national park will show that a new life has begun for our country. To make that life nobler and wiser than that of the past should be the aim of every boy and girl in all our rich and beautiful land.

The President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce The President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce of Toronto, tells the people of Canada that they are too extravagant. He does not believe it is wise for either the people or the cities of Canada to get into the habit of spending more than they earn. He thinks that before a man runs into debt, he should see quite well where the money is to come from to pay his creditors. What is true of men is equally true of cities. Streets and other public works should not be made years before they are needed. Old people will think that President Walker is right. But it is likely that the young men and the new cities will pay little heed to such warnings. heed to such warnings.

The State of New York has passed a law forbidding gambling on the race track and what is more important the governor and other authorities are determined to enforce the law. If the race track cannot do without gambling, they say, it had better be done away with altogether. The money gained without labor of hand or brain is seldom honestly got. The honest workman, whether he digs a ditch or manages a railroad, makes the world richer. But he who wins money at cards or billiards or any other game of chance ariches himself by making some one else poorer. It is hard to see how such people can respect themselves.

News from the Orient shows that the Chinese will not have anything to do with Japan. The big Japanese liners carry neither passengers nor goods from China. There is rebellion in some parts of China and the Coreans would, if they could, drive the Japanese out of their country. The whole world is now anxious ly watching the progress of events in those countries of which Engages. which Europeans and Americans knew very little when your fathers were at school.

It is said that Germany is displeased at the friend-ip between England and Russia. Russia and Gership between England and Russia. Russia and Germany are neighbors and have for many years been close friends. On the other hand England's possessions in the East-border on those of Russia. It is quite possible for Russia and England to agree about these frontiers and about the way they should act with regard to Persia and Macedonia without intending to offend Germany. There is much ill-feeling between the people of England and Germany, but we may hope that the peace of the world may not be disturbed by foolish jealousy. Though the time has not yet come when the nations will not learn war any more, these two great nations will not fight without just cause.

Every day brings the great wheat harvest of the prairies nearer and as the fine weather continues hope rises high in the hearts of the farmers of the prairies. Yet there must be many weeks of anxious watching before the ripened grain rewards their toil. Nowhere is the need for the prayer "Give us this day our daily bread," felt more than in the great wheat country. There, man feels his helplessness. After his work is done it is God who must give the increase. As one stands and watches the miles of wheat growing and ripening in the sunshine he feels that after all, man is very nowerless before the great forces of nature is very powerless before the great forces of nature.

Although it is hard to send lumber overland the demand for it is so great in eastern Alberta and in Saskatchewan that it should pay the manufacturers of British Columbia to sell their lumber to the farmers on the prairies. When we want their flour and they want our wood, fish and fruit, we should be able to do a profitch business with them. to do a profitable business with them. It is this sort of trade that has made the United States so rich.

There are, near Vancouver, a number of Hindoos There are, near vancouver, a number of Hindoos who have not been able to get work and who are very poor. They want, it is said, to go back to India and will be sent home. Their fare back will be paid. It is to be feared the coming of these people to Canada was a mistake. The life here is very different from that in India and their religious beliefs must make their stay in this strange land a difficult thing.

It is not many years since England undertook to bring justice and good government into Egypt. The people who were formerly oppressed and robbed are happy and prosperous but England is the real master

France seems to have tried to do in Morocco what France seems to have tried to do in Morocco what England did in Egypt but the task of ruling the half civilized Arab tribes is not an easy one. It is now some weeks since news came from this far off country. Then it was thought that the French troops had succeeded in putting down the disturbances in Morocco. Now it is learned that the repel Sultan Mulai Hadd has marched into Fee at the head of an acceptance. lafid has marched into Fez at the head of an army and that Germany has promised to support him. Abdul Aziz is the reigning sultan and the French government stands ready to defend him. With people of religions so different as Christian and Mohammadan and nations who love one another as little as the Germans and French the chances for peace in

A great many people think that England would be better governed if women had votes. A still larger number believe that the old way is the best and that then are the proper persons to make the laws. To show that they really want votes a great gathering of women marched through the sereets of London and held a meeting at Albert Hall, one of the largest buildings for holding such meetings in London. There speeches were made by many English ladies and some from the United States. Among the number were many authors, some of whom have shown that they understand the great and often puzzling questions, which all who take part in ruling a free country ought to learn about.

A great deal has been said and written about the way the railway and other great companies in the United States rob the people. It is quite possible both for a man and a company to be very dishonest without breaking the law. Some of the railroad comwithout breaking the law. Some of the railroad companies have, however, gone too far and have been tried in the courts and punished. This, has been brought about largely by President Roosevelt. A few days ago James J. Hill, chairman of the board of the Great Northern Railroad declared that if railroad companies broke the laws made for the protection of the public they should be punished as severely as possible.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway has lately been making a speech in Toronto. Before this railway was planned there was a network of railways in that part of Ontario of which Toronto is the centre. The new road was built from Ottawa to Lake Superior, largely through territory where there were no other lines of road. Its eastern terminus was Montreal and when the prairies became settled the C.P.R. sent the grain and flour of the west to that city and goods manufactured in Eastern Canada imported from England were brought back in the cars to the people of the Manitoba and the territories. The silks, the tea, china, rice and other products of the Orient formed a considerable part of the freight of the trains that left Vancouver for Mintreal. As years went on St. John and Halifax both became ocean ports of the great road. It is only this year that the C. P. R. has undertaken to make Toronto one of its terminal cities, It has done this by huilding a branch from Sudbury to Toronto. In a speech which he made at a great banquet given him in Toronto, Sir Thomas showed that the great prairie country and British Columbia needed the manufactures of Toronto. Canada, should supply her own markets and make the country the great highway for trade between Europe and Asia. This was not to be done by forbidding railroads to come into Canada from the United States but by making the roads running east and west the best and cheapest. He told the story of the beginning of the Canadian Pacific Railroad and praised Lord Strathcona and Lord Mountstephen, two men who had faith

The death of Richard Dibbs, the brakesman who was killed near Russell station on Tuesday night was a very sad thing. Every one must feel sorry for the brother and sisters so suddenly and terribly bereaved.

At the end of the month the Jubilee of St. Ann's Convent will be celebrated. Victoria was a very small place when St. Ann's Convent was opened here. The nuns have won the low of all their pupils and others who know them. Girls taught by them have grown to be wise and good wemen who make all around them happier and better. All Victoria will join with the sisters in keeping the fiftieth birthday of St. Ann's Convent. of St. Ann's Convent.

#### COMPOSITION ON AN APPLE

Tommy Atkins was not a British soldier in a red coat and a smart forage cap, jauntily swinging a two-foot stick as he walked along, but a little red-cheeked ceuntry lad away up in Maine.

Tommy was just an every-day little chap, with no wits to spare when it was a matter of parsing and writing compositions at school, but a smart enough lad for the ordinary purposes of life. He was original, too, in his way, as you will see, but deplorably matter-of-fact, and he took at least two days to see a joke.

but deplorably matter-or-ract, and he took at least two days to see a joke.

One day, just before school broke up for the sum-mer vacation, Tommy's teacher, a bright-faced wo-man whom Tommy secretly adored, made this an-

'Children, the pupils of this grade are extremely deficient in composition. To correct this and pave the way for more earnest work next year, I will assign a task for the vacation, for which I will offer a prize." A murmur of curiosity and excitement passed through the room. A prize! A prize! Tommy's fat cheeks bulged more than ever as he shut his lips firm-

Miss Sanderson paused impressively and each boy held his breath. "I expect each pupil, even the youngest, to write an original composition, not to exceed 200 words, and to present the same at my desk on September first next, and in order to stimulate

"love ribbon," his lips quivered with anxious fear when he heard the teacher say, as she felt the hard, round parcel:

"Why, what is this, Tommy?"

"It's my composition—ma'am," stuttered Tommy, 'I guess—I din't—do it right." He blinked back the tears which would come. He was a conscientious little chap and took his schooling seriously.

Then he broke down, for, after all, he was only a little boy and not a British soldier, as you might imagine from his name, and he had put so much heart into his effort! He did not want the prize so much, but he wished to please his teacher. Now he began to see that he must have missed something that his quicker schoolmates had grasped. It seemed as if it were love's labor lost, and Tommy was sorely disappointed.

appointed.

The teacher opened the wrapper and disclosed to the astonished eyes of herself and her pupils the most unique "composition on an apple" ever seen.

Tommy's matter-of-factness had resulted rather originally this time. There stood an apple, its crimson globe delightfully streaked with faintest creams and yellows, and girdling it like an emerald zone were a number of words in the vivid green of the unripe apple.

apple.

What did the words say?

A buzz of curiosity filled the room. Even Harold Ball, the head boy, forgot his supercilious smile of contempt for all things below his standard of excellence.

The teacher held it up high—but the hand was unsteady, for a trembling child with all his heart in his brown eyes and an agony of disappointment in his chubby face was awaiting her sentence of doom.

The teacher read slowly: "You are the nicest teacher in the bunch. I love you alwuz. Tommy Atkins."

The class giggled and the teacher smiled, but her eyes were dim with tears.

"The English is faulty and the spelling poor; but the workmanship is good and your composition is certainly original."

Tommy breathed again and went slowly to his seat And when a committee of the teachers read the

ought to do? Do you think that we could make the cave big enough for all the animals?" Mr. Jumbo said, "Well, I think the first thing we ought to do, is to go down to the train and get some of the things that we want before the men come back."

All the bears and the monkey thought that was the best thing they could do. They went down right away, and found that all of the animals had gone, but there were lots of things that they wanted to take up to the cave. First they put on Jumbo's howdah—a howdah, you know, is that big saddle they put on an elephant's back for the people to ride in. Then they commenced to hunt for the things, that they wanted, and what do you think they found? A great bass drum, and they also found a smaller drum and a fife, and some big brass horns that belonged to the band. They put all these things in the howdah, and then Mr. Jumbo straightened out his front legs and got up. Just as they started up the hill, the monkey said, "You need a driver," and he grasped Mr. Jumbo's tail and climbed up the tail, just as if he were going up a tree, then he scampered along Mr. Jumbo's back, until he sat right on top of Mr. Jumbo's head. The monkey driver said very proudly, "Get up, Mr. Jumbo," and away they went to the bears' cave. When they got there the bears and the monkey took everything out of the howdah and carried it into the cave. Then the animals all went back to the

when they got there the bears and the monkey took everything out of the howdah and carried it into the cave. Then the animals all went back to the train again, to see if there was anything else they could get.—St. Nicholas.

### "CHILDREN OF THE KING"

That was a very nice speech of Earl Grey's to the pronto children a few days ago. The following is part of it:

Toronto children a few days ago. The following is part of it:

"Children of the King," began Earl Grey, "the Emperor of Austria in this morning's paper is quoted as having said: 'I think children are the loveliest things in the world; the older I grow the more I love them.' I agree with him. Your brave martial bearing, your bright and cheerful faces are evidences that you would each and all of you count it as an honor to offer your very lives if necessary for your country and your King. I hope such sacrifice may never be necessary, but nevertheless I have a request from his Majesty the King. He knows what sacrifices you would make; he knows your loyalty; but he wants you to do something which is difficult, and, therefore, the more honorable to do. He wants you to resolve not to die for the land you love, but to live for it. For that reason he asks that you should study to fit yourselves for the work that lies before every citizen of this country and of the Impire. Learn to control yourselves, be intelligent, take the opportunity our splendid school systems offer to become well informed men and women so that your lives will be the lives of loyal citizens capable and willing in supporting the nation's institutions. If you do these things you will grow to be a strong virtuous and noble people, whose influence will radiate not only throughout Canada, but throughout the whole Empire.

"This year you have an opportunity such as comes."

"This year you have an opportunity such as comes but rarely in a generation of taking part in a great national movement. It is the 300th birthday of Canada. It has been resolved on the initiative of Canadians of French descent that the tercentenary of Quebec shall be celebrated by the consecration as a national park of the Plains of Abraham, that sacred ground where the fate of North America was decided. Children, it is your privileged opportunity to be able to lend a hand in acquiring this historic ground in order that it may be presented as a gift to Canada on her three hundredth birthday."

# WITH THE POETS

A Lost Day Who's seen my day? Tis gone away, Nor left a trace In any place.
If I could only find
Its footfall in some mind-By wand of deed or wordwaters stirred I should not stand at shadowy eve, And for my day so grieve and grieve.

A Child in Spring
Oh, to be a child in the morning of the spring,
With a bob and a bounce and a dance and a swing,
A rally round the Maypole and a touch of eerie glee,
Because the very blossoms are so very kind to me!

Oh, to be a child in the bright fresh weather, With a plunge and a leap o'er the hill and the heather; Whip-top, grace-hoops, hi-spy and ball, And dreams among the daisles where the light feet fall!

Oh, to be a child when the fish fill the streams, And the world is a bubble and the earth's full dreams,
The bright blooms flutter, and the grass comes again.
And the rainbow follows in the path of the rain!

Oh, to be a child and to know nothing matters, When the brook babbles by and the bluebird chatters, And we bob and we bound and we're fluffy and we're light, And we won't come in till it's dark, dark night!

A Warning I mind me in the days of old how always at the gloaming, Would our mother call to summon all us children from our play;
For 'twas down the read and on the shore forever we'd be roaming.
And as gay and heedless as the lark from dawn till close of day.

When the golden-throated robin and the wee, brown-feathered thrushes
All were silent, all were nestling, in the hedges, in the grass,
Then we'd scurry to the cabin by the pool and through
the rushes,
Where the water-hens stirred softly as they heard

our footsteps pass. Then our mother in the doorway with the young ones all would linger,
Smoothing out the golden tangles from each little

Gently twining baby curls around a soft, caressing finger,
Till the dancing eyes grew heavy, and she tucked us all in bed.

But one night we started shuddering at a sudden sound of walling;
Twas a strange and awesome keening, like a soul in direst pain,

From the shadows of the dark blue hills adown the
valley trailing.

And we huddled close in terror as the cry rang out

again.

Then our mother, holding closer in her arms the sleeping baby,
Crossed herself and softly whispered, "'Tis the Banshee, did you hear?
Sure she knows the call is coming, for some soul that's near us, maybe,"
Then we cowered beneathed the blankets and we held our breath in fear.

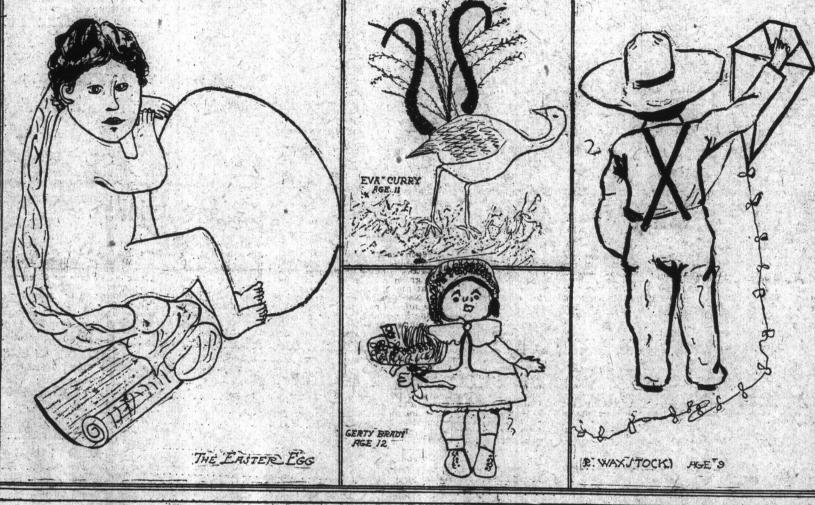
But the sun shone bright as ever in the radiant, golden morning.

And a purple glory lay upon the lovely Irish shore;

And the children never knew for whom that weird and awful warning

Had been sounded through the darkness, for it came to them no more.

The above is a typical poem chosen from the dainty little green and gold booklet entitled "A Garden in Antrim," by Eva S. Molesworth (Toronto: William Briggs.)



enough in the future of Canada to risk their money in a road which few people at that time, believed would pay. Another very important statement made by this railroad president was that the men who managed this great road were honest men. There were in his long speech many encouraging things but perhaps there was none so important as this. The C. P. R. employs a small army of officials and if from the youngest cabin boy on one of its boats to the great traffic manager, they are all to be trusted, the great majority of Canadians must be upright, honest men. One can easily understand that with such a men. One can easily understand that with such a stern, strong, watchful man at the head of affairs as stern, strong, watchful man at the head of alians as the president, the C. P. R. men who attempted to be dishonest would be severely dealt with. It is not a wonderful thing that this man whom the greatest men of many lands delight to honor began life as a poor

Lord Stanley of Preston, was governor-general of Canada from 1888 to 1993. After his return to Eng-land he became, on the death of his brother, the earl of Derby. During his terms of office Lord Stanley visited this province. On the fifteenth of June the Earl of Derby died in London.

Great quantities of provision, large supplies of clothing and many tools will be needed by the great number of laborers that will be employed on the Grand Trunk Pacific which is to cross this province from Prince Rupert to the Yellow Head Pass. If from Prince Rupert to the Yellow Head Pass. If those supplies were bought in this province our merchants and manufacturers would make large profits. There is not now any road into this country by which freight in large quantities could be taken. The people of Revelstoke, Kamloops and Golden all want the road to start from their city. Each city has sent down men to Victoria to ask the government to build a road from it to the northern interior. Before spending money on any of these routes the premier thinks it would be well to be sure that the railroad company would buy supplies from British Columbia. It is only when one thinks that there are hundreds and hundreds of miles in this province where there is not even a trail that we understand what an immense even a trail that we understand what an immens province British Columbia is.

It takes the people of the United States a long time to choose their president and vice-president. The election will not take place till November, but already the Republican party, that is the one President Roosevelt belongs to, is holding its convention in Chicago to name candidates. It seems probable that the man selected for president will be William H. Taft. This election causes tremendous excitement in the great republic and people seem to think about little else while it is going on.

The W. C. T. U. held a convention in this city last week. The women belonging to the Union believe that every one would be better and happier if less intoxicating drink was sold. They are working to close up many of the salcons. The first step, and the one they are trying to take now, is to make a law that will give the people of any town or district a right to close the drinking places if they do not want them. This is what temperance workers are trying to persuade people to do.

If only the boys who are growing up in Victoria now were all to turn out sober men what a happy and prosperous city Victoria would be!

your powers of observation and to keep you in touch with nature study I shall ask you to write a composition on an apple."

"An apple—that's easy," whispered Johnny Dale, again. A shade of scorn, even, passed over the face of Haroid Ball, the head boy, who, upon occasion, spuld write verse that sounded like "Casabianca"

"An apple—a composition on an apple," pondered Tommy Atkins over and over all the way home. He could not see the simplicity of the theme; in fact, he could not even get it through his little thick head how the thing could be done at all.

"Not more than 200 words on an apple! I guess not," reflected Tommy.

"What is the subject?" asked his mother, on hearing of the composition.

not," reflected Tommy.

"What is the subject?" asked his mother, on hearing of the composition.

"I dunno," said Tommy; "I didn't hear her say. But it's got to be on an apple."

Tommy worried a good deal about the competition during early vacation time.

But one day, as he lay in the long grass of the orchard, idly watching the green globes and gray-green leaves of the sturdy old apple trees above him a bright sidea came into his mind. He saw at last how it could be done; he even decided upon the subject, which Miss Sanderson had apparently forgotten to mention, and the very words it should contain.

That night, when the chores were done, Tommy hunted up a sheet of writing paper and his mother's sharpest scissors. His hand was ever more nimble than his wits, and with great neatness and dexterity he drew and erased and clipped away until presently he had a pile of little paper letters. During this process he sniffed and squirmed and wriggled, after the fashion of active boys when engaged in a close piece of work; but at last the work was done to his satisfaction and the letters were formed into words. These he read half aloud to himself. They sounded well, His teacher would surely be pleased with this composition. True it, was short, but he decided it was as much as he could reasonably get on an apple.

Then he stole out into the woodshed for a lantern, and held him to the orchard as fast as his fat legs could run. Climbing the ladder, he selected with great deliberation, from an old apple tree, the largest, roundest, smoothest green apple he could spy, and carefully broke it off, stem and all. In an incredibly short space of time (for Tommy) the task was finished. The letters were gummed and put in their places on the apple, and the apple itself carefully placed on a window sill, where the morning sun might reach it first. Henceforth it was literally "the apple of his eye." A dozen times a day he ran to see if it was ripening the proper way or if any of the letters had come off.

September rame. A double row of

September rame. A double row of bright-faced freckled, sunburned boys, spick and span in clean sailor waists, stood at the schoolhouse door on open-

The pupils of Miss Sanderson's class could easily be detected by the important way each boy carried a roll of neatly tied manuscript.

Tommy Atkins, however, had no roll of paper and no important air. Indeed, it was with a feeling of blank surprise and not a little uneasiness that he beheld the aforesaid manuscripts.

"What had he done? What had they done?" he asked himself.

asked himself.

The teacher had a bright smile of welcome for each returning pupil. As each boy in turn brought up his roll of paper and deposited it with a confident or anxious air, according to his temperament. Tommy Atkins' heart sank lower. He was the last boy to go up to the desk. Laying down his composition, carefully wrapped in silver paper and tied with lilac

boys' effusions and compared Tommy's originality, painstaking effort and loving heart with sheets of commonplace statements—such as, "An apple is good to eat," "Apples grow on trees," etc.—it was unanimously decided that Tommy Atkins should receive the prize.

# FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

The Coming of the Great Big Animal, and How He Helped the Bear Family to Get Ready for Their Visitors.

Papa Pear and Mama Bear and little Jimmie Bear, were talking about the animals in the Circus, and little Jimmie Bear said, "I wonder where all those animals are?" and the Circus Bear said, "Why, I think they must be somewhere in the woods." When little Jimmie Bear said, "Oh, maybe the animals will come to see us! I think it would be fine if we had a nice large cave, big enough for all the animals." The Mama Bear said, "I think that would be nice," and Pana Bear said, "That would be nice," and Papa Bear said, "That would be nice," and the little Circus Bear said, "I think that would be nice, too," and the Jimmle Bear said, "Maybe we can have a bigand the Jimmie Bear said, "Maybe we can have a bigger cave, and have all the animals come and live
with us." And just as he said it they heard a sound,
as though something was coming up the path.

Little Jimmie Bear ran to the mouth of the cave
and said, "There is a very strange-looking animal
coming up the path. It is the biggest animal I ever
saw. It has a nose that reaches clear to the ground,
and it has a thumb and finger on the end of its nose,
and every once in a while it stops and picks up a
piece of straw with the finger and thumb and puts it
into its great mouth. Its teeth are great big teeth
and look like great sharp horns growing out of its
mouth; and its legs are as big around as a stump. Its
ears are great big, big ears. It can move its nose
around and scratch its back with the thumb and
finger on the end of its nose. It has no hair at all,
except on the end of its tail."

Just then the animal made a tre-men-dous noise,

Just then the animal made a tre-men-dous noise, a sort of a blowing and trumpeting sound. The Circus Bear said, "Oh, I know who that is—it is Jumbo, the elephant from our show." Ask him to come into the rays."

Jumbo came to the mouth of the cave, and little Jimmle Bear said to him very politely, "Come in, Mr. Jumbo!" But of course Jumbo could not come into the cave; it was too small. Mr. Jumbo said, "I would like to come into the cave and see the Circus Bear, because he was very good to me when we were in the Circus together." So little Jimmle Bear said, "Try and see if you cannot make the mouth of the cave bigger." Mr. Jumbo said, "I will try." So Mr. Jumbo commenced to dig with his great tusks and pull with his great tunk at the dirt and stones and the roots that were in the way, until the mouth of the cave was ever so much larger than it had been, but it was "till too small for the elephant to get in; so the Circus Bear came to the mouth of the cave and told Jumbo how giad he was to see him.

Mr. Jumbo took hold of the Circus Bear's foot with his trunk, and shook it, just like two people shaking hands. He was so giad to see the bear that had been so good to get things for him when he was in the Circus. He said to the Circus Bear and to all the bears, "Do you know that the other annuals are trying to find this cave? And as soon as they find it, they will want to live here,"

Then the Papa Bear said, "What do you think we Jumbo came to the mouth of the cave, and little