

## FOR THE CHILDREN

### THE THUNDER.

BY DONALD A. FRASER.

When de win' is wild an' roarin'  
An' de rain comes down a-pourin'  
An' de lightnin' sets to chatt'rin' ev'y  
toof;

Wid a whoop an' wid a bellow,  
Comes a hurly-burly fellow,  
An' he starts to rollin' bar'ls along  
our roof.

All night long he keeps dem rollin',  
Like a lot o' boys a-bowlin',  
An' I get all sort o' creepy; dat's de  
troof;

For I feel de house a-shakin',  
An' I lie dere all a-quakin'  
Cause I hate to hear dem bar'ls upon  
our roof.

If dat fellow doesn't drop it,  
When I'm big, I'll make him stop  
it,

An' he'll have to show de quickness  
of his hoofs;

For, if he don't skedaddle,  
I will show him dere's a lad'll  
Shoot de man who rolls ol' bar'ls  
down people's roofs.

—Canadian Magazine.

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### The MARSHMALLOW TOAST.

By P. C. Bouve.

Aileen was the one who thought  
about having a marshmallow toast.

"Lucius, Lawrence, Elizabeth, Bob,  
Helen and me, that makes six, and I  
want seven," said Aileen.

"Why not ask Annabel?" It was  
mamma who asked the question.

There was silence for a minute.

"She's too little; she's only seven,"  
objected Aileen.

"She isn't strong, and can't play the  
nicest games," said Elizabeth.

"I know," said Lawrence, "but  
she's jolly good at guessing."

"She can't run hard at all. She  
isn't a bit of fun, and Lucius turned  
a handspring on the rug. "Don't  
have her, Aileen."

Mrs. Bronson looked at Lucius in  
some surprise. "I thought you were  
friends. Didn't she make a pretty  
book-mark for you?"

Lucius reddened. He was not an  
ungrateful little boy, only too quick  
to agree with whatever was said.  
"Yes, but she's only seven."

"Shes' just right, then. You said  
just now you wanted seven." Mrs.  
Bronson was smiling. "I think we  
shall have Annabel. I want her."  
Aileen's face fell. "She'll spoil the  
party."

"I don't think so; but you will spoil  
it if you are unkind to a little neigh-  
bour."

So it happened that Annabel was  
invited to the marshmallow toast.

"I'll write the notes to all of you  
and to Annabel," said Mrs. Bronson,  
"and we'll do something different this  
time."

"What, mama? Do tell us what  
will it be?"

"Each child shall make up a game  
to play after the marshmallows are  
toasted," said her mama.

"What fun!" said Elizabeth.

"That'll be great!" said Lawrence.

"I don't believe we ever could do  
it," said Lucius.

"We can try. It will be fun try-  
ing," said Aileen. "There's a whole  
week."

Such a week of delightful mystery  
it was. So many whispered confiden-  
ces between big and little broth-  
ers, little girls and mothers and  
aunts, and not a word to be told to

any of the other five! Everybody  
talked about the party except little  
Annabel.

When the day came, the children  
hurried home from school to get  
ready for the party; and at ten min-  
utes of five the little girls and boys  
had arrived at Mrs. Bronson's door,  
each one greatly surprised to find the  
others so prompt.

After an hour's play the children  
went into the dining-room to a dainty  
spread. Later on, Mrs. Bronson  
placed a little lighted candle beside  
each plate, then gave each a tiny fork,  
and the toasting began. Each had a  
bowl to fill, and when they were done,  
they all had red cheeks and red fin-  
gers. They vied with each other to  
make the sweetmeats an even brown.

"I have toasted the biggest and  
brownest of the whole lot," said Law-  
rence, holding up a fat mallow on his  
fork. "Who can make a rhyme to a  
marshmallow toast?"

"O dear, I can't think of a thing  
but ghost!" said Elizabeth.

"There's most," said Lucius.

"I can—I think," said Annabel,  
shyly:

"It's not well to boast

Of marshmallows you toast,

But hand them right off 'to your  
very kind host."

"Bravo, Annabel! You're right,"  
Aileen's papa reached from the door-  
way and plucked the mallow from  
Lawrence's fork.

When tea was over, the children  
went into the library and played the  
games they had made up. Elizabeth  
had made up a charade on Aileen's  
name. She had painted a big paste-  
board eye, and had borrowed Mrs.  
Bronson's step-ladder to make the sec-  
ond act. Lawrence had made a set  
of cards with the names of towns and  
cities on them, and when each child  
drew one, he or she had to take a  
corner or place in the room and call  
it the name on the card. Then, of

course, there were flying trips be-  
tween New York and Boston, Chica-  
go and San Francisco. Lucius had  
a conundrum and Aileen had made a  
guessing-basket. Each child had one  
thing beginning with "N."

"Nuts," said Lawrence.

"Nickels," guessed Lucius. "Nick-  
els or nails."

Elizabeth said neckties. Aileen  
knew, and it was Annabel's turn.

"A necklace," said the little girl.

Sure enough, it was a necklace, and  
Mrs. Bronson said it was a prize, and  
had to go to the child who had guess-  
ed right. So she put the blue beads  
round Annabel's neck, and kissed her.  
"But where's your game, dear?"

Annabel darted out of the room and  
came back with a brown-paper bun-  
dle in her arms.

"It's not much," she said, "but I  
got the pictures out of old books in  
grandma's garret, and made some his-  
torical paper dolls. See, they are the  
kings and queens of England; and  
the thing is set them up just as they  
really came—Henry the Eighth, then  
Mary, then Elizabeth. It's very in-  
teresting. I call it a history game.  
You have to think hard to make them  
right."

"A beautiful game, and a very use-  
ful one," said Mrs. Bronson; and as  
the children gathered about the col-  
oured dolls, in their fine robes and  
royal crowns, it was voted that An-  
nabel had made the best game of all.

"I'm so glad you like it," said the  
child, "and I made it for a present for  
Aileen. It was so nice of Aileen to  
ask me, for I'm just seven, you know,  
and not a big girl like the others."

Aileen's face flushed, "I'm really  
and truly glad, too," she said, put-  
ting her arms round her small guest;  
and all the children said the next day  
that the smallest girl was the biggest  
success at the marshmallow toast.—  
The Youths' Companion.

## What Canadian Editors Think

### ELEVATORS AT VANCOUVER.

(Vancouver World.)

THE news that the question of the  
building of elevators at Van-  
couver for the storage of Alberta  
wheat is to be taken up jointly by  
the Dominion Government and the  
Canadian Pacific Railway, while it  
will cause no particular surprise in  
this city, will be none the less wel-  
come. Vancouver generally has so  
long been aware of the advantage  
which this port offers for the ship-  
ment of grain from the prairie pro-  
vinces that the only surprise which  
may be expressed will be over the  
fact that action in the direction of  
providing ample elevator accommo-  
dation has not been taken long since.  
This is not, as might be thought at  
first sight, any captious criticism,  
for it must be freely conceded that  
large expenditures for the reduction  
of grades and the building of new  
bridges would have to precede the  
arrangement of facilities for handling  
at terminal points.

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### BERTHS COME TOO HIGH.

(Ottawa Journal.)

THE Canadian Railway Board has  
not yet been given authority to  
regulate sleeping car service. Mr.  
W. F. Maclean, M.P., has made sev-  
eral attempts in Parliament to secure  
the amendment of the Railway Act  
to this end, but has not yet been  
able to overcome the indisposition of  
his colleagues to set too strict a bond  
upon a service which lends itself to  
comfort rather than to naked neces-  
sity. P

ficent distances, the sleeping car ser-  
vice passes to the verge of necessity  
for a considerable proportion of the  
population, and the average travel-  
ling man or woman in the United  
States or Canada will be inclined  
to agree that the sleeping car com-  
panies get more than they give, and  
that if the principle of public regu-  
lation of utilities is to be acknow-  
ledged the sleeping car services  
should come under the prescription.  
Mr. Maclean will doubtless renew  
his attempt to have the sleeping car  
companies doing business in Canada  
brought under the operation of the  
Dominion Railway Act. His project  
should be approved by the Govern-  
ment and Parliament.

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### SIKHS IN CANADA.

(Canada.)

WE have looked at the question  
from the Canadian point of  
view and from the Sikh's, and now  
what of the Imperial aspect of the  
question? It seems to us that the  
evil of the dispute, as far as the  
Empire is concerned, lies in the fact  
that there are Sikhs, disgusted with  
the treatment they have received, be-  
ing returned to India, there to tell  
their brethren that their faith in the  
value of British citizenship is lost,  
and that they have been treated as if  
they were not members of the British  
Empire, which they had hitherto  
thought guaranteed protection and  
fair treatment to all under its flag.  
This sort of talk in India, where  
there has been an alarming amount  
of sedition lately, cannot but fan the  
flame of discontent and rebellion. Of

course, we cannot help looking at  
things from a Canadian point of view  
first, but we must not forget that we  
have also our share of duty to the  
Empire to consider.

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### THINKING IN CONTINENTS.

(Montreal Standard.)

THE address which Professor Lea-  
cock recently delivered at the  
annual dinner of the Dominion Com-  
mercial Travellers' Association in  
Montreal, had a thrilling ring to it.  
It was a fine incitement to patriot-  
ism. The tendency is to think in  
parishes, when you have local au-  
tonomy, which seems to narrow the  
mind. The appeal of the speaker was  
for a larger outlook upon the Empire  
as a whole. When Professor Lea-  
cock insisted that in the supreme  
crisis of the Empire, which might  
come at any moment, the people of  
this Dominion would rush to the  
support of the Mother Country, de-  
spite chilling conventions or regu-  
lations which make for aloofness, he  
was greeted with tremendous out-  
bursts of applause. To think in con-  
tinents rather than in counties, cer-  
tainly makes for Imperial breadth.  
That closer-knit feeling of Empire  
which Professor Leacock urged  
would be a fine national asset for  
this Commonwealth.

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### TOO YOUNG FOR NATIONAL HYMNS.

(Victoria Colonist.)

EVERY now and then some one  
tries to write a National Anthem  
for Canada, and every effort is a fail-  
ure. Composers have tried their  
hands at the music for such a song  
with very considerable success, but  
when it has come to a matter of words  
the results have been very unsatisfac-

tory. All the poets and versifiers,  
whom the United States has been able  
to produce in a century and a quarter,  
have not succeeded in producing any-  
thing which the people will accept as  
an expression of national sentiment.  
"The Star-Spangled Banner" is effec-  
tive in a musical way, but is a little  
"draggy"; the words relate to an inci-  
dent, and hence are not suitable for  
a national air. The words of "My  
Country, 'Tis of Thee" are too stilted  
to be really popular, and they were  
written only to go to the British  
National Anthem. Verses made to  
order are usually misfits. The musical  
part of a national song is not a very  
difficult matter. Almost anything that  
will go with a swing will do. It must,  
of course, be simple, so that any one  
can vociferate it at full lung-power.  
"God Save the King" is a good exam-  
ple. You can almost play that with  
a stick of wood on the head of a bar-  
rel. But when you come to write the  
words for a National Anthem it is  
doubtful if any one ever sat down in  
cold blood and wrote such a composi-  
tion that ever amounted to anything.  
Literary merit is not essential. Can-  
ada is not old enough to have evolved  
a National Anthem. The sentiment  
of the people has not clustered around  
any particular person, event or idea.  
When the average rhymster sits down  
to write a Canadian song he tries to  
include everything in it from the  
herring fleet of Nova Scotia to the  
miners of Klondyke, and the result  
is a species of directory. By and by,  
something may happen, or we may do  
something as a people, or some one  
may think of something that will  
catch the popular idea. Then some-  
body will make it into a poem and  
somebody else will fit it to music and  
we will have a genuine Canadian  
anthem.