

ol. XXVII.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 13, 1906.

No. 21.

THE MORNING KISS.

imma's darl ng does not cry When out of her sleep she wakes.

kıss And then her breakfast takes.

he romps and plays about all day; But I want to tell you this,

every morning she wakes up She must have her morning kiss.

er face and hands get very smeared, But she never looks amiss.

ad it does not hinder mo her from giving Her darling a morning kiss.

TEDDY.

One cold, rainy day was in the steam cars, n my way to see a riend. How verybody looked! The window, the wind blew n every time the door was opened, two or three babies were crying, and there was no fire in the stove. No wonder everybody was cross. I felt cross my-If as I looked around, and was just going to et an ugly frown come stween my eyes, when the door opened again, and a lady with dearest, sweetest little boy I had ever seen walked in.

The little boy was ot cross. His face not cross.

vas so smiling and 1-right that the frown shamed and smoothed itself away.

ar!" he said, in a sweet, clear voice that was heard all through the car.

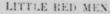
were soft and easy.

"See what pretty little marks the rain are in this car ut holds up her mouth for her morning makes on the windows, just like glass beads playing tag," and he laughed

I hadn't thought of it before, but they a drink. As he came back he looked around and said: "What nice people there

> I looked around too, for I had thought wher. came in, "What cross people there

are in this car," but now every face was smiling and gentle.



An Indian baby's first year is spent strapped up in a tight little cradle, such as you have seen in pictures. When the little feet get out of the cradle they will soon learn to run about. Then the little red man will mount on a cornstalk and take such rid-s as you take on a cane or a broom.

As so n as the little ted wom in is out of her eradle ste begins to carry a doll or a puppy on her back just as her mamma used to carry her.

But the litt'e red boys and girls do not play all the ti e. They earn to help the r mothers, and a good Indian mother takes great pains to teach her children to polite. She teaches them that they must never ask a person his name; they must never pass between an older person and the fire: and they must never. never speak to older people while they are talking.

When a little red man forgets these very

Can it be that these little red men e n After a while he went to the tank to get teach us lessons in politeness? - Selected



THE MORNING KISS.

Suddenly the cross bally began to cry. good rules, and is rude, what do you that was coming between my eyes grew The little boy called over to it, "Peek a suppose his mother says to him? I am hamed and smoothed itself away.
"What nice, soft seats there are in this baby changed its mind about crying and "Why, you act like a little white child!" goo-goo-ed!" instead.