

they have just glanced through to the newsboy at the foot of the stairs. They might easily throw them away, but they know the boys can sell them again, and thereby make a few extra pennies."

And the stout man himself, when he reached the foot of the stairs, dropped a pace behind his neighbour, and hastily slipped his paper into the hands of a ragged newsboy.—Youth's Companion.

A GOOD PARROT STORY.

Our next neighbour owns an amusing parrot, which is always getting into mischief, but usually gets out again without much trouble to herself. When she has done anything for which she knows she ought to be punished, she holds her head to one side, and, eyeing her mistress, says in a sing-song tone: "Polly is a good girl," until she sees her mistress smile; then she flaps her wings and cries out: "Hurrah! Polly is a good girl!" She has been allowed to go free in the garden, where she promenades back and forth on the walks, sunning herself, and warning off all intruders.

One morning a hen strayed out of the chicken yard and was quietly picking up her breakfast, when Poll marched up to her, and called out, "Shoo!" in her shrill voice. The poor hen retreated to her own quarters, running as fast as she could, followed by Poll, who screamed "Shoo!" at every step.

A few days later, Poll extended her morning walk into the chicken yard. Here, with her usual curiosity, she went peering into every corner till she came to the old hen on her nest. The hen made a dive for Poll's yellow head, but missed it. Poll, thinking discretion the better part of valour, turned to run, the hen, with wings wide spread, following close after.

As she ran, Poll screamed in her shrillest tones, "O Lord! O Lord!"

A member of the family, who had witnessed the performance, thought it time to interfere in Poll's behalf, as the angry hen was gaining on her. He ran out, and stooping down held out his hand. Poll lost no time in travelling up to his shoulder. Then, from her high vantage-ground, she turned, and, looking down on her foe, screamed: "Hello there! shoo!"

The frightened hen returned to her nest as rapidly as she had come.

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

This famous painter, whose beautiful work any of our young people may see reproduced, by visiting most any library or art gallery, was born in 1829.

He began painting when very young. When only nine years old he received a silver medal from the Society of Arts for a large drawing of the Battle of Bannockburn. What an industrious little boy he must have been!

We fear that you would laugh at him to-day if you could see him as he dressed the day he received the silver medal. He had on short, white frilled trousers; white socks, showing the bare legs between the socks and the trousers; patent-leather shoes; a large, white frilled collar over a white tunic; and a bright red necktie. His golden, curly hair hung down on his shoulders.

When the secretary called out the name of the one who was to receive the medal, the little white frilled lad walked up shyly and so quietly that the Duke of Sussex, who was giving out the prizes, did not notice him. After waiting a few minutes, the Duke said, "It seems to me the gentleman is a long time in coming for his prize."

"He is here, your Royal Highness," said the secretary, pointing to the child.

At first the Duke was so surprised to see such a little boy among the prize winners that he could only gaze in astonishment, then he had a chair placed for the child to stand upon so that the audience might see the shining, happy face of the golden-haired boy.

THE RIVER NILE.

There is probably no river in the world more famous or more remarkable in many ways than the Nile. It flows through the whole length of the land of Egypt, and gives the people all the water they ever get for their fields, and for their flocks and herds.

Every year at a certain season the waters of the Nile begin to rise, until the banks are overflowed. Then the water overflows the land till the villages and towns look as though they stood in the midst of a great, wide sea.

While the water is rising, the sky is without a cloud. The sun shines brightly. No rain ever falls in Egypt, and so this rising of the Nile is very mysterious.

After the water has overflowed the land, it begins to recede slowly, and finally flows on in its bed as peacefully as any other river. In its rising it has watered and enriched the land, and the people in this way are enabled to raise abundant crops.

Yet the water is so constantly needed that pumps are placed along the bank. These are always raising the water into sluices, canals, and tanks, from which it can be taken for all purposes. In ancient times, pumping was all done by hand, and crowds of slaves were all day long engaged in this work. One would raise the water and pour it into a basin a few feet above the river. Then another would pump from this basin to a second basin, and so the water was raised to the top of the bank.

It was very slow, toilsome work, but the people did not know how to do it any better, nor did they have steam engines as we now have.

Be Happy!



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BE CONSIDERATE AND KIND.

No doubt you know the story of George Washington, who took off his hat to a negro, saying he would not be outdone in politeness. A boy never loses anything by a polite, kindly act.

One rainy day, not long ago, a poor old woman, in a faded calico gown and sun-bonnet, started to cross the street. The rain beat down on her thin, bent shoulders. Nobody seemed to notice her in the least; indeed, one man in his haste to get out of the rain almost jostled her off the crossing. I daresay the poor old soul was used to being jostled and pushed from pillar to post. Just then a lad of perhaps twelve or fourteen years of age, well dressed and carrying a silk umbrella, ran after the old woman and held the umbrella over her clear across the street. There was no false pride about that boy. He escorted that old woman as courteously and gently as if she had been a fine lady in a fine silk gown. Some boys might have been ashamed to be seen walking with such a shabby companion, but not he, because he was a gentleman born and bred.

WHAT TO DO WITH A BAD TEMPER.

When something tempts you to grow angry, do not give place to that dangerous prompting. It may be difficult for you to conquer yourself and to control your temper, but a victory gained under provocation will mean strength for future battles, and increased strength of character. Even when under strong excitement to do and say hard things, be careful to hold your words and actions. Do nothing and say nothing until you shall have had time for sober reflection, and you will be surprised at the ease with which you can overcome a turbulent spirit.

Those who control tongue, hands, and spirit in the face of great provocation are heroes in the strife, and deserving of high commendation. Besides, what is gained by yielding to temper, to angry passions? To do so might bring a momentary feeling of relief, but a sense of regret, and even of shame and sorrow would soon creep over you, and you would then earnestly wish that you had controlled your temper. By yielding to sudden outbursts of temper, friends are often separated for life, and wounds inflicted which will never heal while time with us lasts. We thus harm others and ourselves, destroy much of happiness, and weaken our own strength of character. An outburst of temper, like the bursting of a steam boiler, is ever a cause of untold harm, for no one can calculate in advance of the evil of its far-reaching results. See to it, then, that you starve out your temper. Do not cultivate it, refuse to feed it, and it must die of itself.

BABIES IN CHINA.

When a Chinese baby takes a nap, people think its soul is having a rest—going out for a long walk, perhaps. If the nap is a very long one, the mother is frightened. She is afraid that her baby's soul has wandered too far away and cannot find its way home. If it doesn't come back, of course the baby will never waken. Sometimes men are sent out on the street to call the baby's name over and over again, as though it were a real child lost. They hope to lead the soul back home. If a baby sleeps while it is being carried from one place to another, the danger of losing the soul along the way is very great. So, whoever carries the little one keeps saying its name out loud, so that the soul will not stray away. They think of the soul as a bird hopping along after them.