

"Substitute?" smiled mama. "Yes, that's it. I'll get a substitute. I'll leave Queen Dido for Reminder." Queen Dido was a great cloth doll almost as big as Phoebe. Phoebe got her and set her down directly in mama's way. "Remember, your majesty, you are a Reminder. *Don't you let that cake burn!*" Phoebe said. Then she herself hurried away to get the tea.

Mama worked away very fast. Soon she had forgotten about all the golden cake in the oven. But as she hurried about the kitchen she ran against Queen Dido and upset her. "Dear, dear!" scolded mama gently, "what in the world are you right under my feet for?" Suddenly mama thought! She hurried to the stove and opened the oven door. The cake was browning a lovely brown, but it was not quite done.

"You'll have to remind me again, your majesty," she said, "picking the big doll up gently and setting her down again where she would be the most in the way. Once more busy, hurrying mama forgot, and once more, just in time, she tripped over the great doll on the floor. This time it reminded her instantly. The cake was "done to a turn." Another triumph for her majesty!

"Didn't she make a beautiful Reminder?" Phoebe said when she came home. "I thought she would." "Yes," mama laughed, "she really ought to have a piece of the golden cake!"

—Annie Hamilton Donnell

In School and Out of School in Labrador

By Rev. D. C. Ross, B.A.

We started at daybreak. We had no road, but climbed mountains of rock piled one on the other, then slid down the other side. At mid-day we took lunch beside a little stream. The day was cold and clear, and our food was nearly two months old; but nothing ever tasted better. It was prepared for me by my mother before I left home. As the shadows of night were falling, we arrived at the first house on our path. The following night we reached St. Paul's River. A deep dark river separated us from the village. We called for a ferryman, and after repeated efforts we heard the question,

"Who are you? Where did you come from?" I gave my name, and said I came from Halifax. The next answer was not reassuring. I was told to go back to Halifax. It was so late in the winter, that the poor people had given up all hope of having a teacher that year. They would not have been much more surprised, if I had dropped down from above. Soon a dark object was seen approaching in a birch bark canoe, and we received a royal Labrador welcome.

The next day I began teaching some twenty scholars in a little one-roomed house heated by a large square stove three stories high. The children came dressed in all sorts of garments. The first hour was spent in religious exercises; then the work began. My eldest scholar was thirty-five, and the youngest about five. They were all bright and happy.

I can now see two little half-Esquimaux girls, with their little moon-shaped faces and bead-like eyes, stand up to say "A, B, C". In three months time they could read fairly well. Their mother told me that the great trouble was to get them away from their books to bed. At first they were very timid, but soon we were fast friends, and they cried when I had to say good-by. On Sunday, old and young gathered in the little school-house for service and Sunday School.

Some of the homes were spotlessly clean, others the opposite. Many of them have few books and no papers. They do not know for months what is going on in the world. However, they are happy and contented. The little boys and girls are brought up almost on the water. They are taught to handle a boat and drive a dog-team from early years. They are fond of snow-shoeing. They eat bread and butter, meats, potatoes, and especially fish of all kinds.

The boys, just as soon as they can handle a line, are taken out with the father to the fishing grounds. This is a great day in a boy's life. The girls help in cleaning and drying the fish. They climb up the highest mountain and watch for the returning boats, and can pick out father among many others.

Trenton, N.S.