



### A Boy's Estimate of His Mother's Work

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast, and sends me off," said a bright youth. "Then she gets my father up and gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast, and sends them to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, she is 'most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

"Are you well paid?"

"I get two dollars a week, and father gets two dollars a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildered look the boy said, "Mother, why she don't work for anybody."

"I thought you said she worked for all of you."

"Oh, yes, for us, she does; but there ain't no money into it."

### Wanted—A Girl

A girl who will be as agreeable to her own brothers and sisters as she is to the brothers and sisters of other girls.

A girl who helps to make home a pleasant place for all.

A girl who can, if need be, wash dishes, make beds and do necessari-

ly disagreeable things, with peace in her heart and a song on her lips.

A girl who can think, walk, swim, row, work with brain and brawn—not a hot-house plant.

A girl with a place for all of her belongings, and who can keep each in its place.

A girl who hates dirt—who hates it had enough to get rid of it.

A girl who understands how to run a sewing machine, and how to wash, starch and iron her own dresses.

A girl who can say "no" and not mean "yes."

A girl who does not know more in one minute than her mother has learned in all the years of her life.

A modest girl.

A girl who will not listen to unclean stories, nor laugh at questionable jokes.

A girl who is proud of her mother.

Find a benefit sometimes in stopping.  
Only insects like you,  
Who have nothing to do,  
Can keep up a perpetual hopping."

The grasshopper paused on his way,  
And thoughtfully hunched up his knees.

"Why trouble this sunny day,  
Quoth he, 'with reflections like these?'"

I follow the trade for which I was made  
We all can't be wise humble-bees."

There's a time to be sad,  
And a time to be glad.

A time both for working and stopping.

For men to make money,  
For you to make honey,  
And for me to do nothing but hop-  
ping."

### Her Grand-mother's Praise

The old saying that praise to the face is open disgrace is still firmly believed by some people.

A young woman who was brought up by her grand-mother, a notable housekeeper and example of thrift, says that the adage was a household guide in her family.

One day her grand-mother went off to pay a visit, and the ambitious girl of sixteen scrubbed and polished, swept and dusted until it seemed as if there were nothing left to do. Her heart beat high with the hope of a word of commendation as she sat in the kitchen doorway, waiting for her grand-mother's return.

When the old lady arrived she looked about her with keen eyes, but there seemed no chance for criticism, until, stooping down under the kitchen table, which stood near the open door, she saw that the south wind had wafted in a bit of fluff from the hen-yard.

With eyes that would twinkle in spite of herself, she pointed an accusing finger at this evidence of carelessness, and said soberly:

"Janet, my dear, I see there's a feather in the kitchen. It's high time I came home!"

### Prize Award

The Prize for best list of answers to puzzles of May 15, including neatness of arrangement, is won by Tommy MacNab, age 16 years, Smith's Falls, Ont.



"They say that fruit's good for a feller's health."

who has no secrets from her, and who is not ashamed to have her mother with her at any time or place.

### Meadow Talk

A humble-bee, yellow as gold.

Sat perched on a red clover top.

When a grasshopper, wiry and old,

Came along with a skip and a hop.

"Good-morrow!" cried he, "Mr.

Bumble-Bee!"

You seem to have come to a stop."

"We people that work,"

Said the bee with a jerk.