

**BABY WOODCHUCKS.**

The woodchuck family best known to me was the one that lived by the old rail fence just back of the orchard on my father's farm. The mother introduced herself one morning in the latter part of May, just as old Rover and I had started out for a day's fishing. As she fled at our approach, Rover followed and disclosed to me the burrow into which she had fled.

More than one day's sport I got out of that burrow. I took care that Rover didn't go with me when I made my visits, and, instead of digging out the inmates, boy-fashion, I waited for them to come out of their own accord. Several times the old woodchuck appeared; but, feeling sure that there were "more to follow," I patiently watched and waited. Finally my patience was rewarded, for one fine morning, five little cubs came tumbling along the narrow passage after their mother to the entrance of the burrow, and looked with great, beautiful brown eyes upon the outside world. What a marvellous surprise it must have been to them to view the green grass and beautiful flowers!

When satisfied that there was no danger lurking in the immediate vicinity, the mother led the way into the grass, followed by the cubs, which tumbled along in haste to keep close to her. They tried to imitate her in everything; and when she nibbled a clover leaf they followed her example; and soon the sharp little teeth had learned to cut the juicy leaves.

The real object of their first outing was soon accomplished—that of filling their stomachs—and then they began playing about the grass, very much like puppies, but the mother was careful not to let them wander far from the entrance of their home, for if her trained ear caught the sound of something approaching she would hustle the little ones into the burrow.

Once the cubs had travelled only a part of the passage before they heard the deep breathing of the dog at the mouth of the tunnel. The exertion and excitement must have made their little hearts beat fast, and for the first time in their lives they learned what it was to be frightened.

This was only the beginning of their education; for day after day they came out of the burrow, and when they scrambled back, something had been added to their little stock of woodchuck knowledge. A part of this knowledge was obtained by copying their mother, but by far the greater part came through instinct and experience of their own.

Some attention was given to the art of climbing trees and fences, for from elevated positions they could command a much more extended view of meadow and woodland. Yes, woodchucks really climb fences and small trees, though their first attempts are very clumsy. Never a day passed that the little woodchucks did not receive a lesson in danger signals. They soon learned to distinguish among the many sounds that came

to their ears those that threatened harm from those that meant no harm at all. They learned that a dog is not a dangerous foe, as his presence is usually made known while he is some distance off; but they learned to be very wary when a fox was in the vicinity.—From Silas A. Lottridge's "The Woodchuck," in February St. Nicholas.

**NEVER DONE.**

By F. H. Sweet.

How many buttons are missing today?

Nobody knows but mother.

How many playthings are strewn in her way?

Nobody knows but mother.

How many thimbles and spoons has she missed?

Nobody knows but mother.

How many hats has she hunted today?

Nobody knows but mother.

Carelessly hiding themselves in the hay?

Nobody knows but mother.

How many handkerchiefs willfully strayed?

Nobody knows but mother.

How many ribbons for each little maid?

Nobody knows but mother.

How many muddy shoes all in a row?

Nobody knows but mother.

How many stockings to darn do you know?

Nobody knows but mother.

How many little, torn aprons to mend?

Nobody knows but mother.

How many hours of toil must she spend?

Nobody knows but mother.

What is the time when her day's work will end?

Nobody knows but mother.

**TELLING THE TRUTH.**

In a case that was being tried before Sir James Alan Park, a little girl of ten was a witness. As is usual before taking the evidence of children, the judge wished to be quite sure that the girl realised the necessity of speaking the truth. Having answered satisfactorily his questions about the Commandments and the Lord's Prayer and the Catechism, he said in a kindly tone that he had only one more question to ask:

"Just tell me, little girl, what do you do before going to bed?"

The child was silent. Thinking she had not understood him, the judge repeated his question, encouraging her not to be afraid to speak out. At last, amidst silence that was complete and almost painful, she said, as if taking his lordship into her confidence: "I take off my clothes and put on my nightdress!"

**FELT BETTER ALL DAY.**

A story is told of an old gentleman who, on one occasion, shared his seat in a train with a little boy friend. They chatted pleasantly, and the old gentleman listened intently as the boy told him of his progress in school.

During a pause in the conversation his little friend said, quite abruptly:—"Doesn't it make a fellow feel good to do a little kindness?"

The old gentleman, looking into his face, asked, "What have you been doing, Fred?"

"Why," he replied, "I only helped a poor old woman across Broadway this morning. She was so grateful for my help that I declare I have felt better all day for it."

Spray the children's throats occasionally with a very weak solution of carbonic acid and water.

**A SMILE IN EVERY DOSE.**

If your little ones are cross, peevish and fretful, give them Baby's Own Tablets, and they will soon be cheerful, smiling and happy. Worried mothers who use this medicine will find there's a smile in every dose. Mrs. N. Nathieu, Nobsbong, Ont., says: "Before I began using Baby's Own Tablets my little one was always sickly and cried day and night. But the Tablets have regulated his stomach and bowels, given him strength, and he is now good-natured and growing finely." Mothers need not be afraid to use this medicine—it is guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug, and may be given with perfect safety to a new born babe. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**WOODPECKER'S SAVINGS BANK.**

Among the woodpeckers of California there is one kind, popularly called the Carpenter, which is of such careful habits that many a friendly society might take a lesson from it. Although the winter is not very severe, the bird well knows how hard it will then be to obtain food. So it begins early to lay by for the frosty day. It stuffs the holes of trees with acorns, and is artful enough to choose acorns that contain the larvae of insects. The larvae thrives on the fruit, and in the course of time becomes a fattened tit-bit for the bird. Pine trees, on which acorns do not grow, have often been seen dotted or plugged all over with them.

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