



BOOK FIRST - BOY AND GIRL | "He's none so full now, the! "You say you'll give me the Floss isn't," said Bob, as he kicked halfpenny now," he said, with dif-

(VI. Instalment.)

treble voice, as he shuffled along, they was.' keeping his blue eyes fixed on the river, like an amphibious animal Why, there's that dog, now " Bob over the fields ever such a way.' I see it myself-I did-at the rot- swim-I would. atchin' i' your feyther's barn."

Yap, feeling the withering into seem behindhand with Bob in on the top of it, like Noah's ark, Bob's chest. contempt for a dog who made so and keep plenty to eat in it-rabpoor a figure

'No, no,'' he said, ''Yap's no good at sport. I'll have regular Bob, I shouldn't mind And good dogs for rats and everything, I'd take you in, if I saw you swim- it me. when I've done school.'

'Hev ferrets, Measter Tom, said Bob eagerly, "them white ferrets wi' pink eyes; Lors, you might catch your own rots, an' you might appalling. "But I'd get in an' Bob to rise. put a rot in a cage wi' a ferret, an' knock the rabbits on th' head when see 'em fight-you might. That's you wanted to eat 'em." what I'd do, I know, an' it 'ud be the Fair, as the things flew out à' tion might have fewer charms for round homeward, not without cast- done something different. just as good," added Bob, by way who'd win." of note or addendum, after a moment's pause

"But, I say, Bob," said Tom, in nasty biting things they'll bite a tails ?" fellow without being set on. 'Lors! why, that's the beauty

on 'em. If a chap lays hold o' your ferret, he won't be long before he hollows out a good un-he won't." fell.

At this moment a striking incident made the boys pause suddenly in their walk. It was the plung- the halfpenny-I've won it fair." ing of some small body in the water from among the neighbouring bul- tight in his pocket. rushes: if it was not a water-rat, Bob intimated that he was ready don't," said Tom. to undergo the most unpleasant

'Hoigh! Yap-hoigh! there he " said Tom, elapping his hands, as the little black snout made its arrowy course to the opposite bank.

"Seize him, lad!" seize him!"

the water up, before him, with an ficulty, while he exerted himself to agreeable sense of being insolent keep the command of Bob's arms I know the chap as owns the to it. "Why, last 'ear, the mead- 'But at this moment, Yap, who ferrets," said Bob in a hoarse ows was all one sheet o' water, had been running on before, returned barking to the scene of ac "Ay, but," said Tom, whose tion, and saw a favourable oppor

who foresaw occasion for darting mind was prone to see an opposi-in. "He lives up the Kennel Yard tion between statements that were not only with impunity but with at Sut Ogg's he does. He's the biggest rot-catcher anywhere—he Denet B roll of the biggest rot-catcher anywhere—he biggest rot-catcher is. I'd sooner be a rot-catcher nor Round Pool was made. I know inte-a relaxation of his hold, gay there was, 'cause' father says so. it a fierce tenacity, and with a ne anything I would. The moles is nothing to the rots. But Lors you And the sheep and cows were, all exertion of his force, mun ha' ferrets. Dogs is no good. drowned, and the boats went all Tom backward and got uppe But now Yap, who could get no

hold of Tom, and, almost throttling

"Ah, but if you got nothing to Yap, flung him into the river .- By eat for ever so long?" said Tom, this time Tom was up again, and having more than the usual share Any reening the withering in this imagination becoming quite before Bob had quite recovered his of boys' justice in him-the justice tail and shrank close to Tom's leg, dread. "When I'm a man, I shall Yap, Tom fell upon him, threw him much as they deserve to be hurt, had not the superhuman courage make a boat with a wooden house down, and got his knees firmly on and is troubled with no doubts con-

bits and things-all ready. And now," said Tom.

then if the flood came, you know, "Take it," said Bob sulkily.

ning," he added, in the tone of a benevolent patron. "I aren't frighted," said Bob, him on the ground. to whom hunger did not appear so Tom loosed his hold, and left sant to give up a rat-catching when

"Ah, and I should have halfbetter fun a'most nor seein' two pence, and we'd play at heads-and- But you wanted to cheat : I hate a That was his usual mode of view chaps fight-if it wasn't them tails," said Tom, not contemplat- cheat. I shan't go along with you ing his past actions; whereas Mag-

their baskets, an' some o' the cakes his nature age. "I'd divide fair ing a regret towards the rat-catchwere smashed But they tasted to begin with, and then we'd see ing and other pleasures which he must relinquish along with Bob's

"I've got a halfpenny o' my society. own," said Bob proudly, coming

"You may let it alone, then," out of the water and tossing his Bob called out after him. "I shall a tone of deliberation, "ferrets are halfpenny in the air. "Yeads or cheat if I like; there's no fun in playing else; and I know where "Tails," said Tom, instantly firthere's a goldfinch's nest, but I'll ed with the desire to win. take care you don't. . . . An' "It's yeads," said Bob hastily, you're a nasty fightin' turkey-cock, snatching up the halfpenny as it you are .. Tom walked on without looking

"It wasn't," said Tom loudly round, and Yap followed his examand peremptorily. "You give me ple, the cold bath having moderat ed his passions. "I shan't," said Bob, holding it,

"Go along wi' you, then wi' your drowned dog; I wouldn't own such 'Then I'll make you-see if I a dog-I wouldn't," said Bob, getting louder, in a last effort to sus-"You can't make me do nothing, tain his defiance. But Tom was

round, and Bob's voice began to falter a little as he said-"An' I'n gi'en you everything,

an' showed you everything, an' ni-"But I'll make you care, you ver wanted nothin' from you.



continued, pointing with an air of disgust towards Yap, "he's no more nor the land. I'd water, no more nor the land. I'd harassed in this way, let go his hastly decided." "I don't care about a flood com- sufficient purchase before, set his that, he was not utterly a sneak

But Tom, you perceive, was rather a Rhadamanthine personage cerning the exact amount of their "You give me the halfpenny deserts. Maggie saw a cloud on his brow when he came home which checked her joy at his com "No, I shan't take it; you give ing so much sooner than she had expected, and she dared hardly

Bob took the halfpenny out of speak to him as he stood silently his pocket, and threw it away from throwing the small gravel-stones into the mill-dam. It is not plea

you have set your mind on it. But "There the halfpenny lies," he if Tom had told his strongest feelsaid. "I don't want your half- ing at that moment, he would have penny; I wouldn't have kept it. said, "I'd do just the same again.

The Dodsons were certainly a nandsome family, and Mrs. Glegg was not the least handsome of the sisters. As she sat in Mrs. Tulli ver's arm-chair, no impartial ob server could have denied that fo a woman of fifty she had a very comely face and figure, though Tom and Maggie considered their aunt Glegg as the type of ugliness It is true she despised the advantages of costume, for though, as she often observed, no woman had bet ter clothes, it was not her way to wear her new things out before her old ones: Other women, if they liked, might have their best threadnot to be provoked into turning Glegg died, it would be found that lace in every wash; but when Mrs. she had better lace in the righthand drawer of her wardrobe, in the Spotted Chamber, than ever Mrs. Wooll of St. Ogg's had bought

But Bessy was always weak! So if Mrs. Glegg's front to-day was more fuzzy and lax than usual, she had a design under it : she in-tended the most pointed and cut-ting allusion to Mrs. Tulliver's bunches of blonde curis, separated from each other by a due wave of oothness on each side of the parting. Mrs. Tulliver had shed ears several times at sister Glegg's nkindness on the subject of these nmatronly curls, but the consousness of looking the handsomer em, naturally administered upport. Mrs. Glegg chose to wear her bonnet in the house to-day. untied and tilted slightly, of cours

-a frequent practice of hers when she was on a visit, and happened to be in a severe humour : she didn't

know what draughts there might be in strange houses. For the same reason she wore a small sable tippet, which reached just to her shoulders, and was very far from meeting across her well-formed chest, while her long neck was protected by a chevaux-de-frise of mis-As the child grows he recognizes cellaneous frilling. One would the words and often the tunes. La need to be learned in the fashions ter, he will ask for his favorite of those times to know how far in the rear of them Mrs. Glegg's slate coloured silk gown must have been : but from certain constellations of point the mother has accomplished small yellow spots upon it, and a mouldy odour about it suggestive of a damp clothes-chest, it was probable that it belonged to a stratum of garments just old enough to have cabulary.

ne recently into wear. Mrs. Glegg held her large gold grammar when talking to a child. Baby talk is funny for the grown ratch in her hand, with the manydoubled chain round her fingers, ups for a while, but the difficulty and observed to Mrs. Tulliver, who the child faces in overcoming this ther one, two, three blocks," etc. had just returned from a visit to is tremendous. As the child grows older a story

the kitchen, that whatever it might be by other people's clocks and hour should become a part of each watches, it was gone half-past day. This is really a lesson in lantwelve by hers. (To be continued.)

CHILDREN CRY FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Enger, three; ring finger. four; lit-

Everyone knows that a normal

hild has an active mind, but many

or train this vital part of their

hild's life, leaving all mental de-

velopment to the teachers in the

schools. Those parents are indeed

in their towns or city, for the kin-

think is through play. The mo-

ther can begin to sing Mother Goose

rhymes to the mere infant in arms

fourth year.

Training Little Children tle finger, five, and that is all you see." "What the child imitates he Bu Mrs. Lenore R. Ranus

begins to understand." That is the great purpose of the finger plays As the child grows other stories can be added to the story hour. parents do nothing to strengthen A normal child, from about 2 years of age on, loves the stories of "The Three Bears," "The Three Pigs," 'Little Half Chick,'' 'Little Red Hen," and other similar simple fortunate who have kindergartens tales, a list of which will be found at the conclusion of this article. dergarten gives systematic mental

In telling stories to children, estraining to children as early as the pecially to very young children. avoid the element of fear. Children The easiest way to teach a child love best the stories they have heard before. A good rule is to let the child choose his own story. Mo ther can introduce a new story when she deems best. Another good plan is to have the child tell mother songs or shymes and then begin to a story sometimes, as this will aid self-expression and be a lesson in sing or recite himself. Up to this language.

To teach counting, make use of three things: Strengthened the me the play spirit again. In bouncing mory cultivated an ear for music a ball, repeat the old-time jingle, and the ability to carry a simple 'One, two, buckle my shoe.'' You tune, and enlarged the child's vo will be surprised at how quickly the little ones will begin to count. Be sure to use only the best Again, in building blocks, make a game of counting by saying, "Give mother one block," then "Give mo

It is unwise to teach a child under 3 numbers higher than ten. They are well started if they are able to count as high as this correctly.

136

To develop the power of concenguage. The mother should begin with the finger plays when the tration, without which no human hild is 8 or 9 months old, such as being can be successful in life, This is the church and this is there must be a certain amount of the steeple," "Pat-a-cake," and directed play each day. Children the counting lesson, "The thumb are given this in kindergarten, and is one; the pointer, two; the middle the mother can also give it to them



chaps as sold cakes an' oranges at ing the possibility that this recrea- any more," he added, turning gie was always wishing she had CHAPTER VII. Enter the Aunts and Uncles.

led his brows, but declined to and shaking him. plunge, trying whether barking vould not answer the purpose just as well. Tom's blood was thoroughly up: footsteps. But it produced no efas well.

"Ugh! you coward!" said Tom, he went at Bob with a lunge and fect, except the sense in Bob's drawers, as well as curls in various "Ugh! you coward!" said Tom, he went at Bob with a lunge and fect, except the sense in Bob's degrees of fuzzy laxness; but to and kieked him over, feeling hum-threw him down, but Bob seized mind that there was a terrible void look out on the week-day world liated as a sportman to possess so hold and kept it like a cat, and in his lot, now that knife was gone. from under a crisp and glossy poor spirited an animal. Bob ab- pulled Tom down after him. They He stood still till Tom had passtained from remark and passed struggled fiercely on the ground sed through the gate and disapchoosing, however, to walk in for a moment or two, till Tom, pin- peared behind the hedge. The the shallow edge of the overflowing ning Bob down by the shoulders, knife would do no good on the river by way of change. thought he had the mastery.

you can't," said Bob.

'No, you can't.'

"I don't care for you."

"Yes, I can."

"I'm master."

"THE COURIER" A Paper for the Western Home is the big independent Weekly of the Canadian West. Accurate News Service and an Abundance of Valuable Reading Matter will make it well worth your while to subscribe. DON'T DELAY --- DO IT NOW **USE ATTACHED FORM** 'THE COURIER", 1835 Halifax Str., REGINA, SASK Enclosed please find \$2.00 for which I ask you to mail "The Courier" to my address given below for one year from date: Name:,..... P. O, Address :.....

Yap agitated his ears and wrink- cheat," said Tom, collaring Bob An' there's your horn-handed knife, then, as you gi'en me. . . .' Tom's blood was thoroughly up: footsteps. But it produced no ef-

ground there-it wouldn't vex

out a pocket-knife to him who has once tasted a higher existence ? No: to throw the handle after the hatchet is a comprehensible act of desperation, but to throw one's pocketknife after an implacable friend is clearly in every sense a hyperbole, or throwing beyond the mark. So Bob shuffled back to the spot where the beloved knife lay in the dirt, and felt quite a new pleasure in clutching it again after the temporary separation, in opening one blade after the other, and feeling their edge with his well-hardened thumb. Poor Bob! he was not sensitive on the point of honour-not a chivalrous character. That fine moral aroma would not have been thought much of by the public opinion of Kennel Yard, which was the very focus or heart of Bob's world, even if it could have made itself perceptible there; yet, for all

in her life, although Mrs. Wooll wore her lace before it was paid front, would be to introduce a most dreamlike and unpleasant confusion between the sacred and the secular. Occasionally, indeed, Mrs. Glegg wore one of her third-best Tom, and pride or resentment was a feeble passion in Bob's mind com-pared with the love of a pocket knife. His very fingers sent en-marriage had hurt her sister's Knife. His very fingers sent en-treting thrills that he would go and clutch that familiar rough buck's-horn handle, which they had so of-ten grasped for mere affection, as it lay idle in his pocket. An there were two blades, and they had just been sharpened! What is life with-out a pocket-knife to him who has



Many of Canada's Citizens of German descent have made a splendid record of sacrifice in defense of the principles of freedom and the land of their adoption.

German names appear in almost every Canadian casualty list-German names appear on every Canadian war fund list and many times on the subscriptions to Canada's War Loans.

These Canadianized Germans know and hate the Prussian doctrine of might with its frightfulness, its arrogance, its unprincipled repudiation of its written word of honor, its cruelty and brutality, as much as any Canadian can.

Thousands of Germans in Canada left Germany to get away from Prussian tyranny and militarism, and to-day their sons are fighting shoulder to shoulder with other Canadian boys to prevent the Prussian beast from making a second Germany of Canada.

And their fathers and brothers at home are helping them by subscribing to Canada's war loans.

Every loyal Canadian can help the cause of freedom and justice-can help his boy in the battle line-by subscribing to the next Victory Loan for as many bonds as he can find money to pay for.

Get Ready to buy Victory Bonds

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada