

LITTLE FOLKS

Clever Ravens.

(Child's Companion.)

If you look at your maps and find the Arctic regions, you will see at once how much nearer it would be to get to China, if one could go this way, than it is going round the Cape of Good Hope or through the Suez Canal. Many attempts have been made to find a passage called the 'North-West Passage,' and one of the most interesting accounts of these voyages is that of H. M. S.

them. On the land there were plenty of reindeer, hares, and birds. The animals fed on the dwarf willows, reindeer moss, and coarse grass found on the plains. The writer of the book says that it would take a volume to describe the novel and interesting habits of these animals seen in Mercy Bay.

The animals were very watchful and wary, and although they were short of food on board the ship, it was difficult to get near enough to

themselves as friends of the family in Mercy Bay, living by what little scraps the men might have to throw away after meal times. The ship's dog, however, looked upon these as his especial perquisites, and exhibited considerable energy in maintaining his rights against the ravens, who, nevertheless, outwitted him in a way which amused everyone. Observing that he appeared quite willing to make a mouthful of their bodies, they used to throw themselves intentionally in his way just as the mess-tins were being cleaned out on the dirt heap outside the ship.

The dog would immediately run at them, and they would just fly a few yards; then the dog gave another run, and again they would appear to escape him by an inch, and so on, until they had tempted and provoked him to the shore, a considerable distance off. Then the ravens would make a direct flight for the ship, and had generally done good execution before the mortified-looking dog detected the imposition that had been practised on him, and rushed back again.



'Investigator,' commanded by Captain (afterwards Sir) M'Clure.

As this ship entered the Arctic regions it got between two enormous icebergs, towering like mountains on each side; it seemed to the captain and the crew that the vessel would be crushed to pieces—just as you would crush a nutshell between nut-crackers. They escaped into a bay which they called 'Mercy Bay,' being thankful for their deliverance from so terrible a death. In the bay they had to stay, surrounded by ice and snow all the winter.

But they found much to interest

shoot a deer or a hare. Often when they did shoot a deer, before they could get a sledge to get it to the ship, the wolves would have eaten all except the head and a bone or two. 'Half a dozen wolves always were waiting ready to cut off stragglers or pick up a giddy fawn.' The deer huddled together to protect themselves from the wolves and to keep themselves warm, and the hares did the same.

But one of the most interesting stories told is that which forms the subject of our picture.

Some Arctic ravens established

An Arbor Day Transformation

(Sydney Dayre in 'Wellspring.')

'Hoh! I don't like it.'

At the close of his first day at the school in the new place at which he had come to live, Hugh Clifford turned when outside the playground and took a look back. The expression of disapproval on his face grew deeper and, it may be confessed, sourer.

'Regular barn of a building, without a speck of anything pleasant about it. Not a tree, not so much as a leaf or a blade of grass. And I've got to come here every day!'

In truth the bare, square brick building was not inviting to the eyes. The townspeople prided themselves on what was considered the finest schoolhouse in the county, or for perhaps two or three counties around. But having seen that the brick was substantially laid and the staring windows well glazed, they had given themselves no further care in the matter.

Hugh, recently come from a New York village to this mid-western town, turned away with a homesick pain at the back of his eyes which smarted worse than if the tears had had their way.

'I never thought then how lovely