

only their wings are very tiny. They'll shed their skin six times, but I'll tell you one thing, they'll not eat them. That's a horrid practice indulged in by many caterpillar babies. There, I see Mrs. Grasshopper has finished laying her eggs, and maybe she'd like a little music. So you must excuse me. Have you ever heard grasshopper music? It's fine.'

'Oh, we've heard it,' said Big Brother, 'I should think your mouth would get awfully tired keeping it up so long.'

'My mouth—get tired. Oh, how funny,' and the grasshopper laughed until he shook all over.

'Why bless you, that music isn't made with our mouths. We just draw our hind legs along our wing covers, and that's all there is to it. Well, Mrs. Grasshopper is calling and I must go.'

'Now, whoever would think a grasshopper could be so interesting,' said Big Brother, as our friend took a leap that almost carried him out of sight. 'Let's get into the water again, I'm tired of sitting here.'

(To be Continued.)

### Donald's Mistake.

(Emma C. Dowd, in the 'Sunday School Times'.)

Donald and Duncan, the Peabody twins, were always together: they never wanted to be out of each other's sight for a minute. Mamma dressed them exactly alike, and scarcely anybody could tell them apart. Even nurse made funny mistakes sometimes. They were as straight and strong and bonny a pair of little lads as one not often sees, and, when they were out for a walk, people would say, 'There are the pretty Peabody twins!' But, when they stopped to say good-morning, they had to greet them together as Donald and Duncan, for they never knew which was which.

The twins had a big heap of sand in the back yard, and they never tired of playing with it. Donald was making a cavern, and Duncan a big house by its side, when nurse came to take them in for their afternoon nap.

Duncan was rather sleepy, and started readily enough; but Donald was anxious to perfect his work, lest it might cave in, and he begged to stay just a few minutes longer.

Duncan dropped to sleep at once, and nurse went downstairs. At the foot she was met by Mrs. Peabody, who wanted her to go down to the store and match some lace, that the dress-maker might not be delayed.

'I will take Master Donald along with me,' she said, and accordingly the little boy went off with his nurse to the big department store, leaving Duncan alone on his pretty white bed upstairs.

'I wish Duncan could have come, too,' said Donald, for he began to feel lonely for the brother who was so constantly at his side.

'Never mind, we shan't be gone long.'

Donald trotted happily on, still wishing, however, that Duncan's hand was in his.

At the big store they passed counter after counter, till they came to the place where laces were sold. Then nurse and the salesgirl were busy matching the bit of lace that mamma had sent, and Donald was left to himself. He strayed from nurse's side, and walked toward a great stairway. Then he suddenly stood still and stared—there was a little boy that looked—yes, just like Duncan! It was Duncan! And he stopped to stare at him! With a glad cry Donald sprang forward, and with arms outstretched he ran to meet his twin.

And then—thump went poor little Donald against a big plateglass mirror. It was only himself that he had seen after all!

The ladies clustered around him, and the nurse hurried up, for the little boy was sobbing with both pain and humiliation. To think that he could have made such a mistake! The shoppers laughed; how could they help it? But Donald didn't feel a bit like laughing.

At home, of course, mamma asked how he had bumped his head, and nurse told the story. Then mamma and the dressmaker laughed, it was such a funny mistake, and Donald went up to bed feeling rather sorrowful. But Duncan waked up, and he had to be told. He looked at Donald, his eyes shining.

'Why-ee!' he cried, and then he laughed.

And, of course, it would never do not to laugh when your twin laughed, so Donald laughed, too!

### The Lily of the Valley.

Once upon a time, a long while ago, there lived in a tiny house near a large garden a fairy mother with ever and ever so many fairy children.

All the children were dressed alike, in green slippers, and stockings, white suits, and white pointed caps with a dewdrop shining on top.

One evening the fairy mother said, 'You may take your small ivory buckets and fill them with dew from the flowers in the garden, but be sure to come home before the sun rises.'

Off they started, running and swinging the buckets in their hands; but, when they reached the garden, instead of working they began to teeter on the grass blades, and play hide-and-seek among the flowers.

And, do you know, they played and played all that night, and forgot all about the dew and the ivory buckets, till the great red sun could be seen.

It was past time for going home and too late to gather dew.

What would the fairy mother say?

'Well hang our ivory buckets on these stems and to-night come and fill them,' they said.

Then they went home, and they felt very sorry when they saw how sad their fairy mother looked.

'As soon as the sun went down, they hurried to the garden. First one little fairy, then another and another, tried to pick his bucket from the stem where he had left it, but it was of no use. All the buckets were tightly fastened to the stems and turned upside down.

They have been fastened that way ever since, and perhaps, if you look in your garden, when spring comes, you will find some of the fairies' ivory buckets.

### The Child and the Clock.

Once on a time there was a clock that stood upon the mantel in a little boy's mother's room, ticking merrily night and day, 'Tickity, tickity, tock.'

It told the little boy's father when to go to work, and it told the little boy's mother when to get dinner, and sometimes talked to the little boy himself. 'Go to bed, sleepy-head,' that is what it seemed to say at bedtime; and in the morning it ticked out loud and clear, as if it were calling, 'Wake up, wake up, wake up.'

The little boy's mother always knew just what it meant by its tickity, tickity, tock, and, late one afternoon, when he was playing with his toys and the clock was ticking on the mantel, she said:

'Listen, little boy, the clock has something to tell you:

'Tickity, tickity, tock,' it is saying, 'Tickity, tock, it is time to stop playing,

Somebody's coming so loving and dear,

You must be ready to welcome him here.'

Then the little boy jumped up in a hurry and put his hobby-horse in the corner, and his pony lines on a hook in the closet, and his tin soldiers in a straight row on the cupboard shelf.

'Now I'm ready,' he said, but—

'Tickity, tickity, tock,

Time to tidy yourself,' said the clock.'

'Oh,' said the little boy, when his mother told him this; but he stood very still while she washed his hands and his rosy face and combed his curls till they were smooth and shining.

'Now, I'm ready,' he said; and—do you believe it?—the very next minute the door opened and in walked the little boy's father.

'I knew you were coming,' said the little boy, 'and so did mother. The clock told us, and I have on my new blouse.'—'Kindergarten Review.'

## BOYS!

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