



YOUNG CANADA.

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This little chap, with his sleigh and his snow-shovel, has been taking such brisk exercise that he fairly tingles to his finger ends with warmth. The glow of health blooms in his cheeks and sparkles in his eyes. Hurrah for Canada, with its winter sports and summer joys! It is the grandest country in the world.

DORIS' WONDERLAND.

Little Doris was named for her great-grandmamma, who lives on the old Taylor homestead down in Maine, and who, as Doris' papa says, "though eighty and odd, is as smart as a cricket!"

Doris Elizabeth Adams Taylor was a pretty hard name for a little girl to speak, but now Doris is five years old, and she scarcely lisps at all.

Mamma thought she was too small to travel, but papa protested, and so Aunt Fan took Doris down to Maine, where she has spent the whole summer with dear

great-grandmamma on her pleasant farm. Wonderful stories Doris tells of the charming sights and experiences she enjoyed during her visit; stories of Brindle and Rachel and Dolly and Da'sy, the four Jersey cows; of Star and Turk, the great black oxen, which ate from her hand as gently as Jerry, the curly dog.

Then there was the week spent with Aunt Fan and Uncle Tom, by the shore of the pond in a little white tent, with only a canvas roof to shelter them from the weather.

There was the dear little squirrel that lived in the leafy house above their tent, and ran down the great oak tree and over the table among their dippers and pans.

There were crickets that sat on Doris' pillow at night and chirped their jerky lullabies; and a great brown owl that called each night from the wood, "To-whoo, to-whoo, to-whoo!"

Down by the water's edge there were shining, sleek little frogs and minnows that darted round the boat for crumbs.

Across the pond were the loons, that swam about and screamed; and queer, great birds they are, that can never walk, but must always swim or fly.

Doris has learned their call quite well, and very often she and Arabella, on their imaginary boat, the sofa, set sail to visit the loons, but frequently it happens that they land, ere long, on the sleepy Isle of Nod!

PAPA TURKEY'S WARNING.

Poem by a St. Nicholas League member, in competition for one of its prizes.

"Say, pa," said Tommy Turkey,
One dark December day,
"What makes you look so sad and thin,
While I am fat and gay?"

"I feel as happy as can be,
For now the cook is kind,
And gives just twice the food to me
That once I used to find."

"Come here, my son, while I explain:
You're young and cannot know
How danger, woe, and dreadful pain
Beset a turkey so.

"I've heard your grandpa often say
That every girl and boy
Just dote on turkeys fat and gay,
And pick their bones with joy.

"And so I say, beware, dear son;
Reduce your weight, and so live on."

TATTERS.

Tatters lives in New York, and the people who own him think he is the greatest dog in the world. His mother was a particular friend of "Tip," the great big, wicked, man-killing elephant. But one day Tatters was stolen and put into the pocket of a man's overcoat. He behaved well at first, but after a time he jumped from the overcoat pocket in the elevated train, seized a muff belonging to a lady, and treated it as though it were a rat. Later he became a member of a family, and there he has really made himself a necessity. When there is fun and laughter, Tatters barks and jumps about in a wild state of excitement; and when there is sorrow, he is very still and tries to make it plain to everybody that he knows that they are in trouble. He is very punctual in his habits, is Tatters, and when his bedtime comes he takes his mistress' gown by the hem in his mouth and insists on her taking him to his basket. He remains there quietly until morning, and then he insists on getting into bed; his basket suits him no longer. He was very ill, and the doctor cured him by giving him pills, and now when he sees the doctor he insists on having some medicine. But Tatters has one bad habit. He will kill cats.