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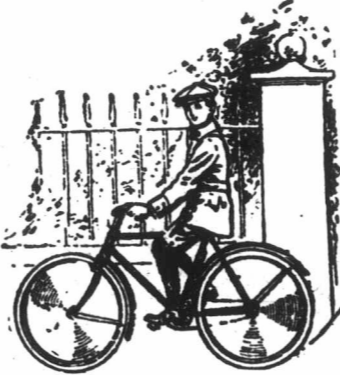
The easy riding qualities of the "PLANET" are the result of years of experience in bicycle building.

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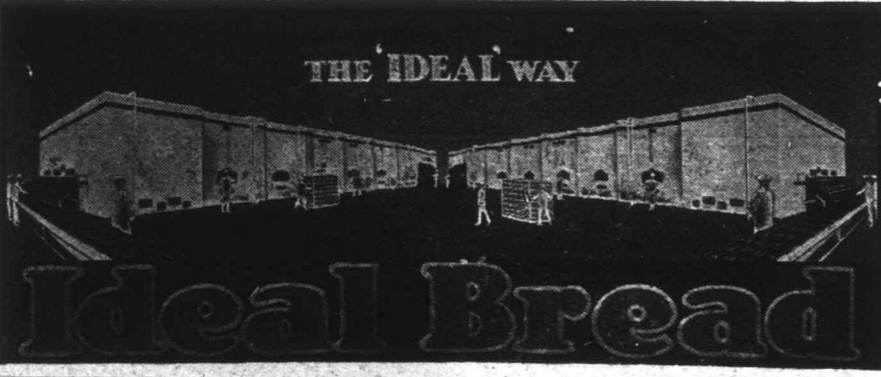
Prices, including mud-guards and coaster brake, from

**\$45.00 to \$60.00.**

**The Planet Bicycle Company** 69-71 Queen St. East  
TORONTO



THE IDEAL WAY



**Ideal Bread**

little head went a-nodding, just like a sleepy child's when it is past bedtime.

Before closing time, Teacher and children agreed that they had better bid their small visitor depart in peace. What had been impossible in the morning was an easy matter now. While the teacher was trying to open a window which stuck, the Bird flew to her and perched on her arm. She tried another window with more success, took the Bird in her hand, and let him feel the out-door air again.

For nearly a minute Black-Cap sat on her open palm considering whether to leave his new abode or to remain. He had had such a good time. But the blue sky seemed to beckon, and the Merry Forest was calling him, and with a sweet little "Goodbye" away he flew—straight to his little Sweetheart in the old birch tree.

Sweetheart was overjoyed to see him safe home again. Pretty soon they flew together to the elm tree, and told Nedly Nuthatch the whole story.

"Well, it beats me," said Nedly at the end, "it certainly beats me. I thought you were dead and done for. Why, Black-Cap, when this wonderful story gets around you'll be the hero of the Merry Forest."

And so he was.

#### WHY DO BIRDS COME NORTH?

The reason of migration from the south to the north in the spring, said Prof. G. A. Cornish in Toronto the other day, was for breeding their young. Probably, because of the fact that the greater land bodies are in the north, the natural home of birds was in northern latitudes, and, therefore, although the birds went south in the winter, they returned north early in the spring and resumed their old habitations. They do not nest in the south, neither do they breed there; but their nests and their natural habitation is the northern part of the United States and Canada.

Illustrating further the remarkable homing instinct of birds, he stated that bluebirds, although they went far south in the winter, would return in the summer to the exact location they had left the previous year, and that all during the warm weather they would be found ranging within a circle of possibly half a mile. The flicker would remain even closer to its habitual abode during its sojourn in the north. Another instance was the English cuckoo, which he described as a parasite, which laid its eggs in other birds' nests and left them for other and smaller birds to hatch. These young, newly hatched birds, he said, would find their way to the southern habitation of their parents, even though their parents had gone long before they were hatched.

In the spring the birds return according to scheduled time. Their flights are governed, of course, by the advance of spring, but it might be safely said that on March 1st they would be due in Southern Ontario; that ten days later they would reach Hamilton, and that they should be due in Toronto a few days later.

There is no doubt that the most interesting and the most mysterious habit of birds is this migration. Their wings, although small, even in proportion to their bodies, are capable of transporting them over great distances in sustained flights, and their unerring sense of direction is a matter which students of bird life have never been able to explain.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about bird migration, Professor Cornish said, pointing to a map of the North American continent, is that when they reach the Gulf of Mexico they do not go round by way of Mexico, but make a sustained flight of 800 or 900 miles across the gulf, and in many cases continue to the northern coast of South America, a

distance of 1,500 miles. In the smallest birds such a flight means that the bird must continuously support itself in the air and give itself forward impetus for sixteen hours.

#### Boys and Girls

Dear Cousins,—

Don't blame me because you didn't hear from me last week. Please, it wasn't my fault at all; it was the mailman's, and if you ask me, he's pretty slow sometimes. Would you imagine it would take a day and a half for my letter to get from my house to the office? But that's what happened last week. This week I'm going to be my own mailman, and see what happens then. (Good thing holidays are over for me, else I might sleep in, and—well, mail might be delayed once more!)

While I am writing this letter it is hailing and sleeting and lightning and blowing great guns outside—a queer kind of Easter day altogether. If I hadn't had a special message to the contrary yesterday, I should have thought that Mr. Winter hadn't left us yet. I guess he forgot his gloves or something on the way north and had to come back to get them. That accounts for the weather all right, doesn't it? But about that special message. I got it in a pet wood of mine yesterday, where I went for the first time since last fall. There it was waiting for me, in a very friendly fashion, too, for the door was wide open for me. In other words, part of the fence had blown down and I just walked in instead of crawling under barbed wire to the peril of my overcoat. In I went, and scrambled about over the leaves, and got into good, soft mud over my shoe-tops, and stumbled over roots and had a beautiful time altogether.

Then I came to a fallen tree, and sat down on it, leaning against another, when, after a minute or two, a queer thing happened. Do you know, I felt that tree breathing as I leaned against it! I did really! It was moving slowly, regularly, just the way your chest does when you breathe! Wasn't that strange? Then I saw what it really was, for the wind was blowing as if it wanted to sweep all the untidiness in the world away, and it was making my tree swing and rock, so that you could see the top branches moving, but only feel the thick trunk. I knew then that the tree was alive and trying to tell me so. Never you mind how I knew, I just did, and when you go out into the woods, you'll get messages like that too. They'll be much truer messages than if you stay playing around the house or the street all day, or go into a stuffy movie and waste all your beautiful Saturday afternoons there. If you can't get into a wood, go and talk to the trees in the park; they're always ready to greet a friend, and all you need do, is just rub your hand three times very gently on the bark and say softly, "Tree! Tree! Listen to me!" Then it will rattle its branches or rustle its leaves in answer, and you're friends for ever. Try it sometime.

I had another message, too. Even at this early date, I found too long green leaves, sticking out of the dead brown leaves, and when I scraped them clear, I found lots of little live plants pushing through the ground, getting ready for the sunshine. I guess they're glad of their leaf-blanket still, though, in weather like this. So, even though things still look dead and lifeless, I can tell you, they are pretty lively underneath, getting ready for the grand spring flower-show. It makes me feel as if I ought to set to work and be tremendously busy at something or other—What about you, all of you?

With much love,  
Your affectionate  
Cousin Mike.