

SUNSHINE GUILD

(Conducted by Marie.)

Dear Friends,

I must ask you all to remember the Fresh Air Festival. A few-cent pieces will send a child into the country and provide a good meal and a day to be remembered in the Fresh Air and among the flowers. I want you all to read these verses as I think they are very appropriate:

THE CALL OF THE CHILD.

The country in the summer time—
Who'd leave it for a day?
For every hedge is clad in green
And every garden gay.
Through meadows starred and poppy-red
The laughing streamlets run,
And myriad butterflies come out
To want'on in the sun.

The cities in the summertime—
How stifling every street!
See how the children fret and pine
And languish in the heat.
How sadly droops each heavy head,
How wearily they sigh
For shady lanes, where tall trees spread
A canopy on high.

Will you this golden summertime
Give all the help you may
To make some city children glad
For one long glorious day?
Grant the drab canvas of their lives
A single brightening touch;
To you it means so little, and
To them it means so much!

Dear children won't you try and remember when you are planning your picnics and summer holidays all the dear mites who will have no summer holidays or picnics unless you send along your cents to help us in giving them this one glorious day.

The children in the St. Charles circle are working delightfully. I have just received a beautiful Post Card Album and 5 rag Dollies for the children's Hospital and also several rag books for the Day Nursery. Many, many thanks for your loving and thoughtful help, dear children. I will forward these without delay.

DON'T FORGET THE FRESH AIR FESTIVAL.

Yours lovingly,

"MARIE."

NOBLE LIVING

"Few," it is written, "and evil are the days of man." Soon, very soon, we and our affairs will have passed away. Undoubted generations will trample heedlessly upon our tombs. What is the use of living if it be not to strive for noble causes and to make this muddled world a better place for those who will live in it after we are gone? How else can we put ourselves in harmonious relation with the great verities and consolations of the infinite and the eternal? And I avow my faith that we are marching towards better days. Humanity will not be cast down. We are going on—swinging bravely forward along the grand high road—and already behind the distant mountains is the promise of the sun.

Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL., M.P.

THE BUSINESS OF BOOKS

The real business of books is to build up mind and character—the love of justice, truth, and mercy.

JOHN MORLEY.

PROOF POSITIVE

A servant girl had been sent on an errand. On returning, she said to her mistress. "Oh, ma'am, there's been a young man following me." "Oh, indeed," replied her mistress. "Yes, ma'am. I know he was a-following me, because he kept looking round to see if I was a-coming."

AWKWARDLY PUT

Overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, a lady took refuge in a shop, where she employed the time in making some purchases. "You seem very quiet today," she said to the youth behind the counter. "Yes, madam," was the reply; "just look at the weather! What respectable person would venture out of doors on a day like this?"

Miss Penny—"Are you sure that your Johnnie didn't break the glass on our hot-bed while throwing snow balls this morning?"

Mrs. Faith—"Yes, indeed. He not only told me he didn't do it, but solemnly promised never to do it again."

THE VERY MAN

A Parliamentary candidate for a Scotch constituency came across a crofter, who seemed to be dissatisfied with both candidates.

"It's nae use a-talkin' to me, sir," said the man to his would-be representative in Parliament—"not a bit o' use. The kind o' man we want here is a richt-doon rascal—one that disna care a rap for man or beast!"

Hopeless as the case appeared to be, the candidate bravely persisted in expounding his views, and soon succeeded in interesting the seeming irreconcilable. Indeed, the crofter was so carried away by the earnestness and enthusiasm of the vote-seeker that, glowing with satisfaction, and anxious to make amends for his first reckless remarks, he seized the candidate's hand, and exclaimed:

"Sir, ma vote's yours! Ye're the very man for us!"



TEMPERANCE GENTLEMAN:—"Tom Timpkins, if you continue like this there is only weeping and gnashing of teeth in store for you."

THE INCORRIGIBLE:—"Ain't (hic) got a tooth (hic) in me 'ead."

TEMPERANCE GENTLEMAN:—"My friend, teeth will be provided."