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Young Folks' Circle

THE GOOD-NIGHT ANGEL

THE GOOD-NIGHT ANGEL
The good-night angel comes at eve
Across the quiet hills,
And tucks the sleepy blossoms in
Beside the meadow rills,
On uplands wide each drowsy bird
He cradles in its nest,
And in dewy valleys far
Rocks the wild winds to rest.

He pauses in his gracious guise
Where little children play,
And blesses each before he speeds
Upon his kindly way.
And ere he passes back to heaven
Beyond the sunset bars,
To watch the babies, birds, and buds,
For lamps he lights the stars.

— L. M. Montgomery.

MURILLO'S MULATTO
The famous Spanish painter, Murillo, had a little mulatto boy named Sebastian, had a little mulatto boy named Sebastian, the son of Gomez, a negro slave. The little fellow was employed in the work-room in which the pupils of the master carried on their studies, and had to grind the colors, clean the palettes, and wait on the youths, who often treated him with ridicule; but something occurred in the studio which soon engrossed all their attention.

One morning one of the students found part of his work complete which he had left unfinished the previous day; and the amazement of the young men increased when day after day they found adthe amazement of the young men increased when day after day they found additions, and sometimes corrections, made on their canvases. They accused each other of tampering with their work in their absence, but this was strenuously denied, and matters reached a climax when one of them, who had commenced a picture of the Descent from the Cross, on going to his work in the morning, found the head of the Madonna painted in! How it got there they could not imagine, as it was better than they could have painted it; so they told the master of the mysterious circumstance, and showed him the head. He was surprised at its excellence, and thinking Sebastian must know about it, as he slept in the room every night, he told the boy that unless he found out the unknown artist by the following morning, he should be severely whipped.

The poor little mulatto was in an agony of terror, for he himself was the mysterious painter. Having a natural genius and intense love for art, he had all this time been secretly studying and practising on the canvases of the students be-

this time been secretly studying and prac-tising on the canvases of the students before they came in the morning, and listen-ing earnestly to the master whilst he was giving them instruction; and being but a slave, and in dread of the scourge, he thought that if he confessed it were he, it would only subject him to still worse pun-ishment for his presumption; so he re-solved to expunge the Madonna's head,

and never paint any more.

But when he rose early in the morning to carry out his intention, and looked at the beautiful face, he had not the heart to rub it out, but set to work to finish it instead. And so absorbed was he as the time went by, that it was only on hearing a rustle behind him that he turned his head and beheld the students, with the

head and beheld the students, with the master himself, looking on in admiration. The poor little slave fell on his knccs, imploring pardon; but Murillo, kindly raising him up, asked him what reward he should give him for his skill and industry. Sebastian only asked for his father's freedom, which Murillo at once granted, and giving him his own liberty also, received him amongst his pupils. He soon distinguished himself, and became a celebrated painter; but he was better known as Murillo's mulatto than by his proper name of rillo's mulatto than by his proper name of Sebastian Gomez. He died in 1690, having survived his master but a few years. His principal works may still be seen in Seville.

REASON OF CHINESE QUEUE

In ancient times Manchuria was subject to China. The prince of Manchuria once sent a minister of state with ceremonial gifts to pay tribute to the

ruler of China.

The Chinese high official, wishing to ridicule the Manchu minister of state shaved off his hair, leaving only a queue. Then they put a long garment on him, which had an embroidered square of cloth

in the front and back, and having sleeves shaped like horsehoofs.

They put a string of beads on him, a cap with a tassel, and black shoes. Then they said to him: "This is a very fine style; our emperor wishes thus to reward out."

The Manchu minister returned greatly delighted, and the prince was also much pleased. He ordered all the men to shave

The Manchu thought it very good form, but in reality it was done to deride them. The Chinese looked on them as animals, and compared them to horses. animals, and compared them to horses. The garment with the square of embroidery back and front was like a saddle; the string of beads, hanging down, like the bridle reins; the sleeves pointed, and turned over, like a horse's hoof; the black shoes also resembled hoofs. The cap with the tassel was like the horse's mane, while the queue was like its tail.

the queue was like its tail.

A man dressed in this style, down on his hands and knees, greatly resembles a horse, and it was with this idea in mind that the Chinese first so dressed the Man-

chu minister.

Afterward, when China came under the rule of Manchuria, all Chinese mandarins were ordered to dress in this style, and the people were also to adopt it, all men being made to shave the head, leaving the braid only.

Thus the dress designed by the Chinese to deride the Manchus, the former were afterward compelled to accept as their own ceremonial costume.—The Day Star. chu minister.

WHAT BECAME OF THEM?

The other day little Philip wanted a pair of rubber boots. Paps tried to reason him out of it, but the youngster persisted in his demand. Finally papa told him a little story—one he had

persisted in his demand. Finally papa told him a little story—one he had read in the newspaper. The boy was all attention, and the story proceeded:

"A little boy in Baltimore had been given a pair of rubber boots by Lis father. He waded in the water with them—water ran over the tops of the boots—boy took cold—mother put his feet in hot water—grew worse—doctor came—little boy died—undertaker—funeral."

The small boy listened attentively to the end of the story, and the father was congratulating himself on the impression he had made, when, with a long breath, Philip asked: "What did they do with the boots?"



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