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n a really ugly frequently, "Oh, ll handsome but the care of th roper diet and viate the inevitse that as a no special care urs. This is a d general health less, strength the later growth. that a thorough se of a brush fi s the washing of g to perform for the child's beeth eansed by moth-

breakfast table n him this nepresenting himbed hair. The ry fillings, and ces of a skilful required. After-year the teeth ny necessary at-ficial teeth are a uld be spared to as possible. The lel more or less e enamel is des-nal causes (and e restored) the d requires to be ends not only on taken with them, to health. The th bad digestion, that but imper with vitiated di contribute to the condition of the unless they are ts of the teeth. a great measure good astringen ng gums is con ice, tincture of ne ounce. Add a half full uth twice a day. the selection of a cuttle-fish bone, avoided. They he enamel. The t in view in the paration of teeth of using them, any steps are the perfect adald be stirred to tly homogeneous sed or rubbed which contain vohomogeneous or rubbed ich, like charcoal, ir, should be put and kept closely wder for frequent ing recipe: Finely powdered myrrh, one ounce; cam-other very nice Powdered orris ared chalk, two ces; otto of rose, in, two drachms; ssence of vanilla



CURRENT TOPICS

The American fleet is nearing the shores of Aus-alia. The people of New Zealand could scarcely we given the visitors a more hearty reception. Kind essages were cabled to the president of the United tralia. states and a grateful and friendly answer received.

the Commander Peary is on his way, to the h Pole an expedition is leaving Havre, France, to for the South Pole. Although all the Coast in hern regions has been seen by explorers and much named, little is known of the Antarctic regions.

In Portugal there are signs that there is dis-contint among the people and that arms and am-munition are being secretly taken into the country. It is feared that those who planned the murder of King Carlos and his son are again plotting against

The young queen of Spain has gone to visit her mother, Princess Beatrice, of Battenberg, at the beautiful Isle of Wight. Queen Victoria will be glad court and to live simply in her mother's home with only her babies to remind her that she is no longer a girl free from care.

A very terrible but a very grand sight must be the blazing oil well at Tampico, Mexico. It is said that the flames reach a height of five hundred feet. When the fire began a child's hand could have covered the hole from which the oil came. Then it became a vol-cano whose crater measured 100 metres across. These rivers of oil beneath the earth's crust are very won-derful things. derful things.

Last week all lovers of cricket had a chance of seeing some excellent play at the champion tourney. Each of the public schools should get up at least one eleven. The private schools have cricket clubs and there is no reason why public school boys should not engage in a game which brings out much that is best in a how. Them are grades to suit all tester and all in a boy. There are games to suit all tastes and all are good when fairly played. But play, after all, is not for either boys or men the chief business of life. So long as this is remembered neither boys nor girls can take too much pains to excel in sport.

Those who have lately visited Vernon say that the country is very beautiful and fertile. Already peaches, grapes and apricots are raised in Peachland, Sum-merland and many other districts, while there are fine orchards of apples and other hardy fruit. One gentleman declared that the day would come when the sides of the mountains would be clothed with vineyards. A convention was held there last week to study the best methods of watering the land and many of the speakers told how the desert can be made to blossom as the rose.

England, Newfoundland and the United States England, Newfoundland and the United States have agreed upon the terms on which American fish-ermen will be allowed to catch and cure fish during the season of 1908. The codfisheries of Newfoundland have been a source of trouble between England and France ever since the treaty of Utrecht. In later years United States fishermen have made claims which were considered unjust by the people of the island. The matter is soon to be settled by arbitra-tion and the present agreement is meant to prevent trouble during the present season.

After remaining in the water for more than twenty After remaining in the water for more than twenty hours, T. W. Burgess, who tried to swim across the English Channel was forced to give up the task. Though only a mile from the French Coast the cur-rent was so strong that he could not make way against it. Is the world any better for such tests of endurance? No man should refuse to venture his life in a good cause but whether the fame of having won the Marathon race or swam across the channel is worth the risk a man runs who strains every muscle and nerve in his body to the utmost does not seem so

sailing up into the air with his aeroplane. Count Zeppelin says he is pleased with Wright's success but believes that his motor balloon is better than Wright's believes that his motor balloon is better than Wright's aeropiane. Neither of the inventors is easily dis-couraged, and if ever men can take voyages through the air both of them will be remembered with honor. When Watt or Stephenson or Hudson were trying to make engines, railroads or steamboats, there was no telegraph to tell all the world of the failures of the inventors and it was only after they had succeeded that they became famous that they became famous.

and stores and hurt and frightened respectable people. If this noisy drunken mob had been Galicians or Ital-ians we would have said they were unfit to be Cana-dian citizens. It adds to their disgrace to know that many of them were the sons of honest God-fearing parents. In Springfield, Illinois, the next day, a race riot began which was more terrible but not less un-reasonable. One negro committed a crime and a mob drove unoffending men with their wives and little children out of the city, destroyed property and took life. The soldiers who were called out had to charge on the crowd with their bayonets before they could disperse them. For days the soldiers were obliged to guard the city and if it had not been for the resolu-tion of the governor many more crimes would have tion of the governor many more crimes would have been committed. Hatred is a terrible master and the men who yield to it are more dangerous than wild

beasts. There seems to be rebellion going on in China all the time. We have very little idea of the extent of this great country and cannot form any notion of its provide the extent of the extent of the seems to be rebellion going on in China all the time. We have very little idea of the extent of the time. We have very little idea of the extent of the time. We have very little idea of the extent of the time. We have very little idea of the extent of the time. We have very little idea of the extent of the time. We have very little idea of the extent inmense population. When we read of a thousand number indeed compared with the hundreds of mil-tons of peaceful people. It is another matter when the hear that Japanese merchants are supplying the wonthe since the selzure of the Tatsu Maru and China as not forgiven Japan for forcing her to apologize for her incult to her flag. Now another Japanese ship has been seized in Chinese waters. The other day japanese officers tried to arrest a fellow countrymen in the city of Pekin, whom they suspected of being say and a traitor, and when he would not yield, shot insuit. Germany would not dream of allowing officers to arrest a German rebel in London. The repart Japan is determined to be ready to building two more fine battleships. Whether these of ballding two more in the battleships. Whether these is building to show the would that she is prepared to battle, time will tell.

The flower show delighted all who saw it. Many ' more children might have gardens of their own. There should be more school gardens on the island

A BREEZY

AUGUST MORNING

should be more school gardens on the island and in Victoria. There is no reason why the school grounds should be so bare as most of them are. If next year, there is plenty of water the good example set by the High School and Kingston Stratt school should be Street school should be

> Earl Dudies, lately ap-pointed Governor General of the Commonwealth of Australia took passage Australia took paweek on the Aorangi last week very distin Another very distin-guished visitor to Victoria was Pole Carew, one of the British officers who served in the Boer war. On Monday school will open again and the boys and girls will come back ready for work. Of

> > as

course they would have liked another week's holiday, but then they have enjoyed a delightful summer. In all the world it is much to be doubted if the children of any city have had as much room for er and as much room for play as the boys and girls of Victoria during July and August. The grown people may grumble as they will about the dust

At Le Mans, in France, Wilbur Wright has been

if anybody couldn't wear white, any time! And then, the responsibility!—the bride's bouquet, and her train, and her smelling salts!—oh, well, she might need them! It is a good thing you have a trusty lit-tle head on your shoulders. I only wish Mr. Tomp-kins were half as reliable!" "I am," protested Mr. Tompkins, aggrieved.

is near on your shoulders. I only wish Mr. Tomp-kins were half as reliable!"
"I am," protested Mr. Tompkins, aggrieved.
Quip as reliable! Except that I'm a little—some-times—absent-minded."
"A little!" echoed the bridegroom. "Hear the man! I give you my word, he's afraid now that he'll mislay me somewhere before the ceremony, and not know where to put his hand on me when the time comes!" Cousin-Ralph-to-be tried his best to frown, and failing, went on looking as if the world was all made of chocolate ice-cream, and he was just about to sit down and eat it up. This simile was Rob's, and was much applauded by Mr. Tompkins.
"Miss Dodo looks a good deal that same way," he remarked, glancing at Dosia's sparkling face. "Ruh!" observed Harold, loftily, "that's because she's going to a ball-wedding—a ball-wedding of the world!"

Harold was seven, and was a little bitter, as well Harold was seven, and was a little bitter, as well as lofty, because he was going to be left behind. Dosia's hands would be full enough, Mrs H.arris had declared, without having her little brother falling downstairs or getting lost—Harold was forever get-ting lost—out at Cloverfields. Mrs. Harris herself was away, traveling in the South with her invalid hus-band, and Rob and Dosia were taking care of each other and of Harold, with trusty Nora to look after them all.

"Never mind, dear," said Dosia, soothingly. "Be a good boy, and you shall go to a wedding, too,

"Honk! honk!" Mr Tompkins' automobile was tooting merrily at the door, and every one jumped up to look out.

"I'm going to take Ralph up in the machine," cried Mr. Tompkins. "I can keep my eye on him that way. And mind you and Rob take an early train, Miss Dodo, so that you will have plenty of time to put on that peachblow gown!" "We will!" cried Dosia, sparkling more than ever as she thought of what Rob called her "trousseau," the lovely, lovely peachblow chiffon, with all its

rily without. "We 're off!" shouted Mr. Tompkins, putting his head in at the front door. "This your suit case, Miss Dodo? We 'll take it along, and then you won't have anything to carry but

This your suit case. Miss Dodo? We 'll take it along, and then you won't have anything to carry but the baby!"
The was off, in the midst of a protesting roar from Harold. Then the toilets were finished, lunch was eaten. Nora, was left to shut up the house, and after a wild final scurry to catch the train. Dosia found herself, exhausted but safe, flying away through the subshine toward Cloverfields.
An hour, more or less, and then there was the obvious there was the wide old house, there was the velvety green between, across which the bridal party was to walk, in pretty rural fashion. On the very threshold the wedding galety leaped out and caught them. Everywhere was sunshine and fragrance and the delictous stir of expectancy and excitement. Bridesmäids were arriving by twos and threes; caterers were bustling to and fro, and servants hurrying to obey their orders, lorded over by black Dinah, one beam of complacency and importance; expressmen were driving up with packages; ushers were appearing from everywhere and nowhere, and begging to be toid exactly what they must do: Aunt Esther, majestic, eagle-eyed, indefatigable, was directing matters from garret to cellar, and continually stumbling over poor, dear, handsome Uncle George, who had 't the least idea what to do himself, and was forever while in the way of everybody else. And in the midst of it all, dear Cousin Alicia, serene, aughing, dimpled, looking like any flower herself in her little blue gingham frock, was as untified by the furry about her as if it had been black Dinah's wedding in the way of everybody else. And in the midst of it all, dear Cousin Alicia, serene, laughing, dimpled, looking like any flower herself in her little blue gingham frock, was as untified by the furry about her as if it had been black Dinah's wedding in the way of her way. You 're to have the furry about her as if it had been black Dinah's wedding the prosents? Yes, and go up whenever you like. You was in the there?

Your bag is there.'

Your bag is there." A song came bubbling over Dosis's lips, when she ran up the stairs at last. Cousin Alicia was so dear, everything was so gay, so delightful! Hareid was safe with Dinah. Her Day was beautiful after all! It was early to dress yet, but she would just shake out her gown and have it ready. Lips smilling, eyes shining, heart too full to notice what hands were doing, she unstrapped the

FOR ST NICHOLAS

suit case, threw it spen-and fell back, gasping, on

the bed. Instead of peachblo chiffon, prin, starchy folds of purple calleo; instead of tiny, high-heeled slippers, stout Number Seven shoes; Number Seven shoes; instead of lawn and lace and all the fripperies of her "trouseau," the senher tronseau, the sen-sible and frugal outfit which she had herself packed that morning for Nora's visit to her sister! Bob in his haste—oh, it was plain enough—had set Nora's has instead of set Nora's bag instead of hers in the hall, and Mr. Tompkins had gone off with it unsuspecting.

Regs and Tags and Velvet Gowns "N there was a new boy at school yesterday, in" he had great patches on his knees: in' when we stood own of the boys didn't choose him; 'n' his face stood lookin' off the water at the ships. Served him is the had been ratiling on in this fashion for at least fifteen minutes; and mamma, who was reading up for the next club paper, hardly heard a word, but the top of the book with a little star. "Perhaps he was watching for his ship to come in." as the could have seen the rest of her face he would have done some thinking before he said any "His shipt "Timp"t Hould a boy the boy with a star. There was no mistake as to the hopelessness of the situation. Everybody realized that, at once, when Dosia flew down to When Dosia flew down to the parlor to tell Aunt Esther, it happened that everybody except the bride was there, gathered for some last consulta-tion, and after the first moment of snearbless ment of moment of speechless dismay, everybody began to make suggestions, all at once, and all equally frantic and impossible. Couldn't they send back and get the other suit case? Couldn't they tele-phone and have Nora bring it? Couldn't some-body lend Dosia a gown? Couldn't she go as she was?--that was dear, kind, dim-sighted Uncle George! Everybody knew all the time that it was really too late to go or send back, as Nora would have left the house by this time, taking the other bag with her; and nobody had a suitable dress to lend; and as for

Her brother smiled. "No, I can't hear what you do," he said. "You see, that's what they call an ex-periment in sound. The sound-waves run up from the bowl of the spoon all along the string into your ears.

ears." For a long while Bessie rang the "Bells of Co-logne"; then Will showed her how a drop of mercury could be separated into a hundred parts, and yet join together again in a round, shining drop that ran rund and round the saucer, "just like a quick little silver bug" Bassie said silver bug," Bessie said. " I like experiments, Will," said Bessie, "Don't

you know any more?"

"Not any that I could do now," said her brother. "But some time, if you'll soak a piece of shoe thread 'all night in very, very sait water, and then dry it out, I'll the a ring to one end of it, and the other end I'll fasten round the electric fixture. Then I'll light it and lef, it burn all the way down, and still the ring won't fall."

ring won't fall." "Why won't it, Will?" demanded his sister. "Well, just because the salt crystals are so placed that they are strong enough to bear the weight even when the thread is nothing but ashes. That's all I can tell you now. You'll have to wait antil you take a course in chemistry and physics before you really

"And when I get to college I'm going to," said Besls of Cologne.—Alice V. L. Carrick in Youth's Companion.

WITH THE LITTLE TOTS

The Little Old Man in the Automobile You surely have heard of the old Woman, I know, Who lived in a Shoe, oh so long, long ago! She had such queer notions and terrible ways-What would we all do if she lived in these days

As all of her children were supple and young, She packed them in closely, pulled up the shoe's

tongue, And then laced the shoestrings across, very tight, And her children all shumbered until it was light.

A little Old Man, who is popular here, Has a way of his own, that is almost as queer-His house is not mostly of leather-but steel; And, instead of a Shoe, it's an Automobile.

And as for the children, there's room for each one. (They all are so happy, so brim full of fun!) What sport by the roadside to picnic each day— Pick berries and flowers—then up and away!

Some morning you'll see them—oh, such a big load, Just flying along, like the wind, on the road! You cannot mistake them, for all in the car Are singing and shouting wherever they are.

Their laughter and noise can be heard half a mile, But every one nods or responds with a smile. I'd far rather ride with this Man—wouldn't you? Than dwell with the "Woman who lived in a Shoe?" —St. Nicholas.

Rags and Tags and Velvet Gowns

more. "His ship! 'Tisn't likely a boy like him would have a ship—is it now? Course he can't help the patches, p'rhaps," said Ted. condescendingly, "but he oughtn't p'rhaps," said Ted, condescendingly, "but he patches, p'rhaps," said Ted, condescendingly, "but he oughtn't to come to a pay school with us. Harold Winston said it wasn't-suitable; and so did all the other bays. He ought to go to the public school, where the patches are." Mamma's brows went up in a fashion that would have alarmed Ted if he had happened to look at her, but he was stroking the spotless knees of his own velvet trousers. but he was stroking the spotless knees of his own velvet trousers. "I used to know a boy who wore patches. "Yes, I used to play with him every day. Patches and bare brown feet, and a hat without any brim." "Was he a nice boy?" Ted asked, doubtfully. "Was he a nice boy?" Ted asked, doubtfully. "I think, taking everything into consideration, he was the nicest boy I ever knew." said mamma, with an emphatic little nod. "And I ought to know, for I went to school with him for years." "N' when the boys choosed up did they leave him out?" asked Ted. "Oh, dear me, no!" said mamma, decidedly. "They wouldn't for the world have done anything so im-polite." Ted looked blank for a second

National Dental following direc-

pass through

t least once a day, at thing. For this take a little soap, ning up and down ection to the friceth, such as bit-

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br years. ance that children have their teetl urgeon to see that teeth are not de-portunity of timely second set. rinse the mouth use of the tooth

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4. 5

The British government has passed a law which will give all the very old people in the kingdom enough to keep them from want. There are some statesmen who lear that, if people are sure of support in their old age they will waste their money in their youth and others who do not think England can afford to spend so much money on the aged. David Lloyd George, who has the management of the revenue of Great Britain has gone to Germany to see how pen-sions are paid there. There are some who say that he has gone to find out if England and Germany can agree to spend less money on their armies and battle-ships. Whether this is so or not, it is a good sign to see that the statesmen as well as the kings of Great-Britain and Germany are on the best of terms.

King Edward, after bidding good-bye to his ne-hew, the German emperor, went to ischi in Austria, where he met the aged ruler Francis Joseph. Here, he was entertained with the greatest hospitality dur-he of one thing there can be no doubt, and that is that the king of England believes war to be a terrible evil and that he thinks no honorable means should be left untried to keep peace between the na-tors. In this he differs from the kings of old, who hoked upon it as their duty to send or lead their armies against their enemies. Our king ought to have the love of the mothers of his great empire whose sons are spared to tend them in their old age. He has well earned the title of the Peacemaker of Europe. work tomorrow will have a successful school year.

From all accounts the barvest on the prairies will be a bountiful one in spite of the hot dry weather. The winter wheat has been harvested and before you read this thousands of immense threshing machines will be preparing the grain for market. Though, reaping, binding and threshing needs many hands. The farmers' wives and daughters are very busy cook-ting for the crowd of men that follow the steam thresher from one farm to another. If the weather is, sood it is a happy time, notwithstanding the hard work, but if continued rain fails the farmers are anxious lest the wheat should be spoiled, while frost means great loss. The farmer of the middle west is a mappy man when the last car load of wheat has reached the elevator where neither rain nor frost can ed the elevator where neither rain nor frost can

Ire it.

President Castro of Venezuela, who has used the glish and Americans as well as all other foreigners ing business in that country so badly, has insulted bland by driving out the minister who represented at Caracas. The government of that country has irrnined to punish the insolent ruler. It was ought that the United States would interfere to pro-t the South American Republic. It has come to be It that the United States would interfere to pro-te South American Republic. It has come to be stood that no foreign country will be allowed to on this continent if the United States can help owever, the United States government feels that ent Castro deserves no help and the president id that, so far as the United States is concerned, d may punish Venezuela as she sees fit, if she

not seize any territory. It is many years since Dutch warships were the terror of all nations but may be sure that the brave people will, whether fight or not, keep, not only their own respect, that of the world.

a shanie to have to tell of the disgraceful behavior of the young men, who on their way to the prairies from the maritime provinces robbed hotels



Now one word about your page. Many thanks to Miss Hill for her pretty verses published today. There are not many children who can write poetry. Many can, however, white nice compositions. All have had little adventures during the holidays. Send in a de-scription of what you have been doing and where you have been. The more simply the account is written the better.

the better. Do not forget that if you like to see drawings on your page you should contribute towards it. It is not fair to let a few children do all the work, good as it may be. Please do not draw on colored paper and if you can, draw with pen and ink. If not, use a very soft pencil. There are many of the older boys and girls who draw well who have not yet sent in a sketch. It is nearly a year since your page was stari-ed. Next year it must be more interesting and every reader should do something to make it so.

DOSIA'S DAY

(By Margaret Johnson, in St. Nicholas)

(By Margaret Johnson, in St. Nicholas) It has been so slow in coming that it did seem as if it must have lingered on purpose—the provoking, dilly-dally Day which had glimmered like a star down an endless vista of ordinary, every-other days; and then, after keeping them all on pins and needles of anxiety lest it should rain or snow or broil or blow, as days have ways of doing in our fickie clime, it turned out, as it probably meant to do all the time, a blue, bright, soft, sunny, perfectly dazzling Day. "A darling day!" said Dosia, coming down to breakfast with eyes as bright as the last of yea-terday's raindrops twinkling in the sun. And Rob nodded a vigorous assent, his mouth full of cakes and syrup.

nodded a vigorous assent, his mouth full of cakes and syrup. It might have been supposed that it was Cousin-hice's Day, Cousin Alicia being the bride; but every-body knows that being the bride's maid of honor is next door, at least, to being the bride herself. "If, indeed, it isn't even more important," said Cousin-Ralph-to-be, who dropped in while the Har-rises were at breakfast, with his best man, Mr. Tompkins. "You see, Dodo, you're the only person to walk up the aisle all by yourself, and the only one, as I understand if, toswear a peachblaw goivn. All the rest wear just plain white-even the bride. As

dainty accessories, which her mother had finitshed. The series of the s

For one fervent heart-beat Dosia hoped against.

hope. Then Harold's voice rose beside her. "I'm goin' to a weddin'!" he announced raptur-ously. "I'm goin'-you said I could, Dodo. You

said—" "I said some day!" pleaded Dosm, "and you 'll get lost! You always do!" "No, sir!" declared Harold, proudly. "I never! It is n't very advisable of you not to take me, I don't think, Dodo Harris! When my froat 's sore and I never was to a ball-wedding in my life, and my muyner's away—!"

never was to a ball-wedding in my life, and my muyner's away—!" Tears threatened For a moment Dosia hesitated, a big cloud hanging over her beautiful Day. Then she rallied bravely. "Don't cry dear!" she said, hastily. "Be good and you shall go! Nora, do make us up some cookies or something—Rob must have enough to eat! I'll pack your bag for you; and I 've got to dress Harold and help Rob and—"

help Rob and—" Dear, dear, how the time did fly, and how much there was to do! Rob lost his collar button and dis-covered a rip in his glove and was as fussy as a girl about his necktie and his pin and his "wodding hat;" and Harold balked and hindered at every step of his difficult tollet. difficult toilet.

"Keep still one minute, dear!" begged Dosia, fastening his collar distractedly under one ear. "Rob. carry down Nora's suit case, will you? And set mine in the hall, and get -" the hall, and get-". Honk! honk! The automobile tooted again mer-

going as she was-Dosia turned pink at the thought. Cousin Alicia's maid of honor in a dark blue traveling suit and clumping common-sense shoes!

"I just can't be in it, I guess," she said bravely, though not quite steadily. "It's all right, only—poor Cousin Alicia!"

"I should say so!" ried Cousin-Ralph-to-e. "Who's to hold her cried bouquet, I should like to know, and her smelling salts, and all that?" "Couldn't you hustle round and get another maid of honor?" ventured

Rob, from the remote corner where he hovered in . a

Rob, from the remote corner where he hovered in a vague and ineffectual anguish. "Great—Moses!" said Cousin-Ralph-to-be, "I should as soon think of hustling round to get an-other bride! It's to be Dosia or nobody, I can tell you that! If it comes to the worst, I suppose, Alicia can just throw her bouquet on the floor, and Tomp-kins can pick it up when he's through with the ring. But, look here, I should think, among you, you might rig up some kind of a dress—"

(To Be Continued)

EXPERIMENTS

Will had come home from college for a few days, and as it was a rainy day, he called his small sister

The state come nome tome conlege for a few days, and as it was a rainy day, he called his small sister into the library.
"Nothing doing today, Bess," he said. "Don't you want me to play with you?"
"You wouldn't care for any of the sit-still games like dolls and things," complained Bess.
Will thought for a moment. "No, I haven't played dolls since my freshman year in college," he said. "I think I'm rather too old for that now. But once, when I was sick, I got a lot of comfort out of just fussing round with things, and I learned to do some experiments—at least, I called them that—and I'll show some of them to you now. First run and get me a silver teaspoon and some string, and Uil teach you how to ring the 'Bells of Cologne."
When Bessie had brought them to her brother he took the spoon tied the thread round the lower part of the handle, and wound the long ends round Bessie's forefingers.

of the handle, and wound the long ends round Bes-sie's forefingers. "Now, just put your fingers tight in your ears," he said. "Then stand off, and hit the bowl of the spoon against the table." The little girl did as she was told, and her face lighted up with the happiest, most surprised smile! Any one in the room would have seen only a little girl knocking a spoon with a jingling-jangling noise; but in her ears sounded long, glorious peals of silver hells, each note different, and more beautiful, she thought.

"Do you hear it, Will?" she cried. "Do you hear it, ? Oh, isn't it lovely?" teo?

wouldn't for the world have dene anything so impolite."
Ted looked blank for a moment. Then his face grew red, oh, as red as fire!
"His ship hádn't come in then." continued mamma; "but it has since. He owns a big factory now."
"W-w-what's his name?" sputtered Ted.
"John Hartley Livingston."
"Uncle John Livin'ston."
Mamma nodded. "All boys who wear patches and bare brown feet don't become something worth while than boys who wear velvet suits, because they are used to hardships and dirt and disagreeable things. Men who amount to something have a great deal of hard, disagreeable work to do."
"This is my best suit, anyway." cried Ted, twisting in his chair. "I don't always wear velvet. You know I wore it 'cause it was Friday and speakin'-any."
Mamma went back to her book.

day." Mamma went back to her book, and Ted stole away and lay down on a fluffy white rug with his feet on the seat of the sofa—a favorite position of his when he wanted to think. Monday night he came home greatly excited, and stood before his mother with his feet crossed.

"The boys choosed again, 'n' I choosed the patched "The boys choosed again, 'n' I choosed the patched boy, 'a' they wouldn't let him play, 'n' we went off 'n' played mumbley-peg by own two selves!" he cried, the words fairly tumbling over each other. Then he uncrossed his feet and swung the under one forward. There was a jagged hole in the knee of his trousers. 'N' I want that patched," he cried, with a defiant ring in his voice. "If you please, mamma." he added in gentle tones.

"Very well," said mamma, soberly, but her mouth as smiling behind the book. was sm

"The boys have all come 'round, mamma," Ted announced, cheerfully, a week later. "Harold Win-ston came 'round today. He held out two days longer 'n' any of the rest, 'n' he did hate to give in, but he got tired of walking 'round all by himself."---Mary Marshall Parks, in the Christian Guardian.

WITH THE POETS

The Soldier's Funeral Slowly the tread of marching feet Comes to my ear as I listen; Loud, the crash of drums as they beat, While helmets and bayonets glisten,

Louder the solemn music swells, Louder the tramping feet; Then sadly and slowly the funeral bells In their solemn voices speak.

Now softer and fainter the music sounds. As the sad train wends its way Up over the hill and far beyond. Oh God! how sad the day! Amy Hill, are the