

Children's Corner

HOW REMI REDEEMED HIMSELF. Agnes Fraser Sanouam in June St. Nicholas tells this story of French Canada.

I wonder how many of my young friends have ever been in the French country. I do not mean the land beyond the sea, but that part of Canada, on the shores of the Lower St. Lawrence, populated almost entirely by French Canadians; for there are hundreds of small villages between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the city of Quebec in which the English language is but rarely heard.

The children who inhabit this region would be quite an interesting study to those of you who have enjoyed all the advantages of the education to be found in towns and cities.

These young Canadians are as hardy and self-reliant as the animals with whom they frolic. They learn self-dependence from infancy, for they are usually so busy that there is no time to teach them any pretty baby ways or otherwise pet them.

One summer I accompanied a friend on a sketching tour among these quaint, primitive little villages, that remind one so much of the Norman and Breton villages of old France.

When down on the beach we had often noticed with some curiosity, the half of an old canoe, or dug-out, in which the children used to play "boat."

"We learned that the other half did duty as a feeding trough for the pigs. It has been ingeniously sawed in half when too old to serve its original purpose. I had sauntered down one morning to watch the incoming tide, when I was startled by seeing two very small children, one a sober-faced boy of six or seven years of age, and the other a chubby-faced little girl of five, adrift in deep water, paddling about in the half canoe. I was horror-stricken, but I saw at a glance how matters stood.

The children while at play had unintentionally dragged their "play" boat down to the water's edge, and the tide had come up and floated them off, and they, all unconscious of their danger, were delighted to find themselves in real water, and commenced paddling as they had seen their elders do.

As long as they kept the open end of their craft out of water they were comparatively safe, but what if one of them should happen to shift his or her position? I shuddered to think of the consequences. What was to be done? I dared not leave them and go for help, I must not even call for it, for fear of alarming the children. I felt rooted to the spot, and looked around in a bewildered manner, when I noticed a boy strolling up the beach near me.

Now I had learned to dislike this particular boy very much. He was a boy who seemed to be perfectly indifferent to other people's good or ill will. And yet I can't say why I personally disliked him, as I had never seen him do anything downright wicked; his pranks I always thought were chiefly the result of thoughtlessness. At his appearance the children would scatter, while he would beat down their sand houses and mud forts. He was always ready to provoke a game of fistfights with any one not older than himself. In fact, he seemed to have no friends but the dogs, and they followed him everywhere. And this boy—Remi Duval by name—was the only creature to whom I could turn in this emergency. I at once bade him run for help; but he did not take the slightest notice of me, but stood staring stolidly out at the children. I again addressed him, this time in plain tones: "Oh, Remi, dear Remi, go run like a good boy, and find some one to save poor little Pierre and Marie! See, I'll give you this," temptingly holding up my penknife to allure him.

Still he heeded me not, but stood gazing out to sea, apparently quite indifferent. I was in despair, when, all at once, I saw him wade out until the water came up almost to his neck. Then, with one plunge, he was floundering about, beyond his depth. A new horror seized me. Three children would now perish, instead of two. But, no! Presently I saw this boy, strike out vigorously until within reach of the frail fragment of the canoe, which he touched gently—just enough to give it a movement. This he did at intervals until it was within my reach, when, wading out into the water, I quickly drew the canoe in, and the children were saved without ever having been conscious of their peril.

But where was the brave boy who had risked his life to save his little neighbors? How my heart smote me for ever having entertained an unkind thought of him! Fortunately he soon emerged from the water, in a half-fainting condition, and as I tenderly helped him home I asked: "Where did you learn to swim so well, Remi?"

"I didn't know myself I could do it," he replied. "I never swam out any further than that buoy there before."

"Well, why did you go then?"

"Well, some one seemed to keep saying: 'Go, Remi, and save the kiddies,' and I had seen my father and the big boys do it, and I thought I'd try it."

"But, strange to say, from that day there was not a better or a more daring swimmer along that coast than the young hero of the half canoe."

and, best of all, there was no one the children more enjoyed having take part in their games than this same Remi Duval, whose first noble act of heroism seemed to have driven all the unkindness out of his heart and transformed him into the faithful defender of all the smaller children from that time forth, whenever or wherever they might happen to need him.

He allus wuz a-sayin' That life had little hope; He had no opportunity— They "wouldn't give him rope," An' he allus wuz a-rollin' like a bar-rel down the slope!

An' the worried-out community, They let him have his say, Anticipatin' trouble In every whichaway!

But some of 'em made up their minds they give him rope some day!

An' they picked 'em out a sapin'— Made arrangements all complete, An' run him down 'n' out o' town 'To a secluded beat; An' give him all the rope they could— 'bout ten an' twenty feet!

—Atlanta Constitution.

"Oh, yes, he used to consider her very dainty and graceful."

"And doesn't he think so now?"

"No, I believe he saw her eating asparagus the other day."—Philadelphia Press.

Husband (angrily)—I never saw a woman as hard to please as you are. Wife (calmly)—My dear, you forget that I married you—Chicago News.

"Doesn't that sunset scene strike you as being decidedly mediocre?" asked the amateur.

"Er—no," said Mr. Gaswell, examining the painting critically. "It looks to me as if it was all yellow ochre."—Chicago Tribune.

Miss Gidday—What did he say when you told him I was married?

Miss Speitz—Well, he seemed surprised.

Miss Gidday—Did he ask when it happened?

Miss Speitz—No, but he asked "how it happened."—Philadelphia Press.

Here is one candid author who tells the truth to his journal:

"I generally take a run every day—but not for exercise. The butcher and the baker are either on my doorstep or ten yards behind me. That's why I run!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Husband—I wish I knew where I could find a buried treasure.

Wife—Never mind, dear, I'm your treasure.

Husband—Yes, but you are not buried.—Chicago News.

Mamma—Johnny, I shall have to tell your father what a naughty boy you have been.

"Johnny—I guess dad's right when he says a woman can't keep a thing to herself."—Boston Transcript.

"When it comes to a debate did you ever hear of a fellow that could hold a candle to Reefing?"

"Only one—a fellow who held a dark lantern to him one night and talked him to a standstill with just two words—'hands up!'"—Chicago Tribune.

Belle—He thinks, I'm pretty, does he?

Lena—Yes, he says it's the regret of his life that you have no money.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

When I was just a little boy, My gran'ther used to say: "Just keep on growing, sonny, and you'll be a man some day."

Ah! would my gran'ther could decree Another kind of joy, And I could grow the other way Until I was a boy!

—Baltimore News.

"And you say she is happy with her second husband?"

"Happy! She ought to be. She's got him so subdued that she makes him sprinkle the flowers on the grave of Number One!"—Baltimore News.

Dub Boy—Flashleigh always was lucky. They say he married a little girl just loaded with money.

Club Boy—So everybody thought at the time, but it seems now that it was a little money just loaded with a girl.—Town Talk.

Miss Angell—And what are you doing for your rheumatism?

Miss McFee—Deed, an' I don't need to do a thing for it; it's able an' willin' to work for itself.—Life.

"Funniman has a dry sort of humor."

"Yes, his jokes are enough to drive one to drink, if that's what you mean."—Town and Country.

"Has your husband a book-plate?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle, as she sat down in a delightful corner of the new neighbors' magnificent library.

"No," replied her hostess, "Josiah never has got one of them yet. He says he'd rather keep his'n in the cases, because they git so dusty when you lay them on a plate."—Chicago Record-Herald.

WHEN ONLY A BOY. When the King of Spain was little more than five years of age a famous sculptor was engaged to make a statue of His Majesty.

The sculptor had great difficulty in finding a pose for his subject which should be at once spirited and natural, and sat one day in a brown study, regarding the boy as he looked out of the window.

All at once the sound of a band of music was heard in the street. The King sprang up, and brought his hand to his forehead in the military salute.

"The flag, sir! the flag!" the boy exclaimed. "Salute it!"

The sculptor had found the pose he sought, and made the statue represent the King in the act of saluting his country's flag.

As he was at work the boy asked the artist:

"Are you going to make me big?"

"The statue will represent Your Majesty a little larger than you are," said the sculptor.

"Well," said the royal youngster, "I want you to make me very, big, with a long mustache!"—Chums.

THE HOME-MADE BALL. Two grown-up boys of sixty were standing in front of a window in which were displayed all sorts of games and sporting goods. There were several boxes full of baseballs which ranged in price from ten cents to a dollar and a half. The Youth's Companion tells what the sexagenarians had to say:

"Our young fellows have too much of their fun ready-made for them," said one. "Look at those baseballs, which my young gentleman of ten or fifteen, with his allowance of several thousand dollars a week—the other grined—'more or less, buys by the dozen, throws around and loses. I doubt if he has so good a time as I did. Ever make a baseball?"

"Hundreds of 'em. Hundreds of 'em. Do you remember how we used to watch for the old rubber boots so we could use the heels?"

"Yes, indeed! Real rubber they were then, too. Made a fine core. If you didn't start with a good core, the other fellow's ball would bounce higher. A fellow was pretty poor stuff that couldn't bounce his ball over the shed."

"And mother used to give us the yarn. That never seemed extravagant to her, although maybe she objected if we spent a nickel for candy."

"I used to get enough yarn to make a ball from my old Aunt Emma as pay for holding five skeins."

"Did you put that hard twine on the outside before you put on the cover?"

"Yes. Fine, hard twine or small fishline. That was a little more expensive, but—well, I made good balls!"

"So did I. My brother taught me to cut the cover from old boot tops. Quarters, you know—pieces shaped like pieces of orange peel."

"Yes, I've made 'em that way, too, but sometimes we cut the leather in two dumb-bell shaped pieces, like those balls in the window there. Then we sewed 'em with waxed thread."

"Say, I'm going to teach that boy of mine to make a baseball. There are some things absolutely necessary to a liberal education. Good-bye."

"Good-bye! I suppose I shall see you at the directors' meeting at 4?"

EXPRESSIVE. "I am quite put out," said the Lamp.

"It's all over with me," observed the Lid.

"I'm very much out up," commented the Hash.

"Heigho! I'm tired," sighed the bicycle.

"As for me, I'm simply done up," returned the Parcel.

"I wish," growled the Penknife, "you'd all follow my example."

"What's that?" they chorused. "Shut up!" said the Penknife. And then the curtain fell and the scene terminated.—Answers.

"POLL-PARROTTING." A parrot and a dog were left in a room together. The parrot, out of mischief, said to the dog, "Sic him."

The dog, seeing nothing else, went for the parrot and tore out about half his tail feathers before he escaped to his perch. The parrot, after looking himself over and reflecting a little said: "Poll, you talk too much."

There are many people, old and young, who would do well to remember this story.—Our Dumb Animals.

THE SIGN OF THE STORK. In a certain town in Norway the figure of a stork appears on the church and over many of the houses.

Tourists who go there often find on sale on every hand images of the stork in silver and gilt or craved in wood. The story of the origin of this sign of the stork is unusual and most interesting. The hero of the tale is Conrad Jonassen, whose name will be forever associated with the stork.

Many years ago, when Conrad was a boy, a stork built its nest on the roof of the house. Conrad and his mother fed the bird, and so encouraged its return.

In time the boy went to sea. One day the ship fell into the hands of pirates, and Conrad, with his shipmates, was sold into slavery in Africa.

Hardships and indignities of all sorts were heaped upon them for three years. One day Conrad saw a stork flying about overhead and was filled with homesick longings. He whistled to the bird, as he used to do at home, and to his delight the stork came near and finally alighted, as if expecting to be fed.

"He had nothing to give the bird then, but the next day he saved a part of his breakfast, hoping that the stork would come again. It did, and for several days continued to come.

At length it occurred to the homesick slave that the stork would soon be flying north again, and like an inspiration came the thought that by means of the bird he could send a message which might possibly fall into the hands of friends.

He wrote a few lines on a bit of tough paper and bound it fast to the stork's leg. A few days later the bird disappeared.

One day Mrs. Jonassen noticed the stork, which had returned again to its nest on the roof, picking at something on its leg. She fed the bird, caught it and removed the bit of paper. Fancy the mother's feelings when she found it to be a message from her own son, long since given up for lost!

It would be too long a story to tell of the interest of the parish of the money raised, the expedition sent to rescue Conrad and his mates. All this took place, however, and Conrad Jonassen came home. In after years he became a rich man and did much for the welfare of his native town. The stork was never forgotten, and it is small wonder that it became the emblem of the Norwegian town.

THE REAL "PERCY WYNN." There was a boy from whom I literally copied Percy Wynn, says Father Finn in Benziger's Magazine.

I don't know the boy's name, don't know where he lived nor what's become of him. Many years ago, when I was studying philosophy at Woodstock, Md., I spent a day in Washington. Traveling on the street with Father Ziegler, a Jesuit of the New York-Maryland province, I met the original Percy Wynn. He was a genuine mamma's darling; beautifully dressed, with eyes blue as an Italian sky and hair of the goldenest. Seeing that we were clergymen he made up to us. Father Ziegler succeeded in drawing him out. I contented myself with listening and drank in with delight his naive speeches, his "Yes, indeeds" and "No, indeedies" and all the little tricks of voice and manner which afterward gave me the subject for a whole book. I was in the boy's company for not more than ten or fifteen minutes, and neither of us, I am sure, imagined that those few minutes were to afford matter for two long stories of boarding school life. Had it not been for the tact and agreeable manner of Father Ziegler the little fellow would not have revealed himself to me, and I doubt whether Father Ziegler to this day knows how much he had to do in helping me to the composition of "Percy Wynn."

Three years passed before it occurred to me to use my little Washington friend as a character, and then it came about in this way. I was again at Woodstock finishing the course in philosophy, which had been interrupted by a long attack of illness. One day I received a letter from the Very Rev. Rudolph Meyer, now English assistant to the father general of the Jesuit order.

In it he spoke encouragingly of my

writings, made some judicious criticisms and suggested that I should write a story about boys, in which the leading character should not use slang.

"I'll do it," I said to myself, and forthwith I began to consider what possible sort of a boy could be in a boarding school and not use slang. Presently my little friend of Washington flashed before me, and within a week (being too ill for serious study) I had written the greater part of "Percy Wynn."

THE STUMP VILLAGE. "It's the horriddest thing I ever heard of!" said Susie, sitting up straight in the hammock.

"Yes," echoed Abbie, "it's the very horridest! To think that Uncle John would take our lovely big field away from us just for the sake of a cross old hooking cow that everybody's afraid of and nobody likes!"

"It's only for one day," said Aunt Fannie, looking up from the peas she was shelling, "and you know, dears, there isn't any other place to keep the cow until her owner comes after her. It's too bad, but Mike made a mistake and brought her up from the pasture a day too soon."

"But one day is so many when you've only five days left to stay in the country!" objected Susie, almost tearfully. "You know mamma doesn't like us to play along the roadside. Uncle John doesn't want us running over the cabbages, and the only other place there is left is the little south field."

"And there isn't a thing there," said Abbie, "but just stumps—old, dried-up crips!"

"Why!" cried Aunt Fannie, laying aside her work and putting on her big garden hat. "Is it possible that you poor, abused children have never owned a stump village? When I was a little girl I used to play all summer long with my stump houses. Bring all your little china dolls and come with me. I'll show you a beautiful game."

When they had reached the south field, down went tall Aunt Fannie on her hands and knees, and with a big kitchen knife she began to scrape the soft dead wood from the side of an old pine stump. When it was all nicely hollowed and the bits of soft, pithy wood were thrown away, the ground near the stump was scraped smooth, sodded with pieces of green moss for a lawn, and the inside of the stump, which looked really quite like the inside of a house, was supplied with rustic furniture made from twigs.

"This is my house and lot," said Aunt Fannie, "but since I haven't any dolls, I shall be obliged to make some poppy people to live in my cottage, and to sit on rustic benches under the trees I am going to plant."

"I choose this stump!" squealed Susie, quickly grasping Aunt Fannie's idea. "I've enough little green acorns to make a lovely fence all around my lot, but my house is to be a palace. See, it looks just like one, with little turrets all round the top."

"I'm going to have a farm," announced Abbie. "This stump with the spreading roots is to be my house because it's almost hollow already, and there's another little stump behind it that'll make a beautiful barn. I'll make a looking-glass duck-pond in the front yard, and all my flower beds shall have tiny pebbles round them for borders. But what'll I do for ducks?"

"White beans make beautiful ducks," said Aunt Fannie. "I used to use speckled ones for hens. I'll give you some of both kinds when you are ready for them."

"I know," cried Abbie, darting off, "where there is some coarse sand that'll make the nicest gravelled walks! I'll bring enough for everybody. I can carry it in my hat."

"Of course we'll have to have a church and a schoolhouse," suggested Aunt Fannie. "We might have a post-office, and a public library,"

and, too.

Added Susie, quickly falling in with the idea. "Why, this is going to be the loveliest game we've ever played, I do believe!"

So, indeed, it proved; for every minute of the next five days, except when they were eating or sleeping, the two little girls stayed in the stumpy south lot, which had, thanks to Aunt Fannie, suddenly become the most interesting place on Uncle John's farm.

The stump village grew and grew, until it threatened to become a city; tiny winding roads and long straight streets were laid out, artificial streams with bridges over them made it as much as the china dolls' lives were worth to walk in the public park, and Aunt Fannie's poppy people gave wonderful concerts in the opera house, which was made from the very biggest stump of all.

Indeed, so fascinated were the two little city girls with their stump village that—would you believe it!—they never went back to the big green field, with its fringe of beautiful trees and its patches of oxeye daisies and black-eyed Susans, except for just long enough to say good-by to their chattering playfellow, the brook.—Caroline W. Rankin in Youth's Companion.

GREAT MEDICINE.—Toni, one of the pioneers of French Canada, lost a hand and wore an iron hook as substitute. He was in the habit of boxing the ears of refractory Indians with this iron hand, and they have

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