

time across the ice fields of Hudson's Bay, through the froth and foam of the rapids, and over the waters of Lake Winnipeg? A fig for your recollections! A flip of our modern fingers for your yellow old Journal! Well, my friends, for every oak tree there has been an acorn, for every waving corn-field its tiny seeds. It will certainly be denied to the planter of the acorn to sit under the shade of the grand oak tree, nor always can the hand that sows the seeds enjoy the pleasure of reaping the grain, but, nevertheless, may we not believe that some time, somewhere, it may be given to them to rejoice together? H. A. B.

### The Value of a Laugh in China.

Julian Ralph, the well-known journalist, was one of the war correspondents in China during the Boxer rising. In writing of some of his experiences in that country, he says in his book, "The Making of a Journalist": "My travels in China now seems to me the most enjoyable journey I ever made, but had I not been armed with good-nature I might easily have been mobbed several times and possibly killed. We rested at a village one day while our servants were re-stocking our boat with provisions, and Mr. Weldon and I went ashore. I took with me a very stout walking-stick, which was the only weapon I ever carried out of the boat—in which we kept our guns and pistols.

I took the stick for frequent use against dogs, but I will not say here and at this time that I did not suspect a possibility of trouble with angry Chinamen as well.

The neighborhood was disturbed by an anti-missionary movement, but of this we had not been warned. The men of the village followed and watched Mr. Weldon and me, but kept well apart from us until at last we were in the thick of the houses, and surrounded by the people.

Then one of the head men boldly advanced, backed up by a crowd, and touching my stick, made motions as if to ask if it was not intended for Chinamen's heads. We were by this time well aware of our danger, but I dispelled it in an instant.

"No, no," I replied, by means of motions; it is to hit dogs with."

This idea I conveyed by snapping and snarling and barking, while I laid about me, right and left, with my stick. At the end I laughed, and, as I expected, all the Chinamen laughed with me. They were all my friends from that instant, and the only trouble I suffered was from being obliged to repeat my pantomimic explanation over so many times before I left the place.

I rank a laugh above money in China—far above firearms as a protection; high beyond any power that a white traveller can bring to his aid in an emergency. A light heart, a kindly bearing, and a merry spirit will grease a foreigner's way anywhere in China.

### Humorous.

"Who wrote the most, Dickens, Warren, or Bulwer?" Warren wrote "Now and Then;" Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning;" and Dickens wrote "All the Year Round."

This is how a Chinese writer describes Englishmen in a Chinese paper: "They live months without eating a mouthful of rice; they eat bullocks and sheep in enormous quantities, with knives and prongs. They never enjoy themselves by sitting quietly on their ancestors' graves, but jump around and kick balls as if paid for it, and they have no dignity, for they may be found walking with women."

A young minister had obtained a kirk in a mining quarter, greatly to his joy—not because of the locality, but because of the kirk. After a deal of difficulty he managed to secure lodgings in the place, and congratulated himself on the end of his troubles. The first morning after his arrival the landlady knocked at the door, with the rather unusual query as to whether he had washed himself. "Yes," he said pleasantly; "why?" "Because," she replied calmly, "A'm gaun tae mak' a dumplin' for the denner, an' A wad like the len o' the basin!"



### Prize Competition.

There seems to be some confusion in the minds of our essayists as to the date of Empire Day. Most of them say it is the 24th of May, and at least one thinks it is the 22nd. I thought that the 24th was called "Victoria Day," and the 23rd had been set apart as "Empire Day," but perhaps I am mistaken. The prizewinners are: Class I.—Eva W. King and Edna I. Isbister (aged 13). Class II.—Mabel Giffen and Gladys C. Weber (aged 12). Class III.—Myrtle Awrey (aged 10). Gladys Pentland, Nathaniel Angus and Belle McKenzie deserve very honorable mention, and the essays written by Cecil Yeager, James Boggs, Arch. August and May Knight were also fairly good. Many other letters have reached me lately, most of them describing farm life. The best of these will be published from time to time, as we have room. I am always glad to hear from you, and hope you will write and tell me when you have had a particularly good time. We all like to hear about "good times," but it is wiser far to keep the "bad times" to yourself if you can. They don't often last long, and it is generally possible to bear them bravely and wait till the clouds roll by.

COUSIN DOROTHY,  
Newcastle, Ont.

### Empire Day.

"Oh girls, I have been thinking of a good plan lately, wouldn't you like to hear it?" said Dora Elliot, coming up to a group of girls who were discussing plans for Easter vacation, which began two days later. "Why yes, Dora, tell us, please," they all cried.

"Well, last night I began to think that we ought to celebrate Empire Day in some patriotic fashion. Don't you think we could get up some sort of programme? I asked mamma and she said she thought it would be splendid," answered Dora.

"I move that we go up and ask the teacher before we build too many 'castles in the air,'" said Ethel Williams. "I second that motion," laughed Dora, so they accordingly took their plans to Miss Dawson, the teacher.

"Why, yes, girls, I am glad you thought of it; we can learn patriotic songs, as we have the organ right here in the school, and my sister would gladly come and help you sing," was Miss Dawson's hearty reply.

"But when will we begin to prepare?" asked Ethel. "Well, girls, look up as many patriotic songs and recitations as you can during the holidays; won't that be all right?" said Miss Dawson.

"Why, yes," exclaimed Dora, "and the girls can come to my place two or three times, and we can arrange together, and perhaps we can raise enough money among us to get two or three pieces of sheet music, with some '24th of May' songs on them, and Ruth will play them for us, so we can get the tunes into our heads, and so help the other girls when we all practice."

"That will be excellent," said Miss Dawson, "but it is schooltime now, and we must get to work for a while." When all were seated the teacher told all the girls (it was a girls' room) the plans that some of them had made. They all agreed to do their best towards helping with the programme during vacation.

On Easter Tuesday some of the girls came to Dora Elliot's pretty country home. A number of them brought sheet music, and Ruth Elliot, Dora's sister, played the pieces over for them. After that Ruth said, "Say, girls, I have got a surprise for you; can you guess what it is?" They all tried, but in vain, and presently Ruth came out of the library with a book full of recitations, etc., just splendid for Empire Day.

"I noticed it on Saturday, when I went to the city, and thought it would

suit you girls," she said. They were all delighted, and at once began to pick out the pieces each one should say. There was a drill in it for girls about Dora's age, so they chose who should take part in it. There was also a dialogue, which Ruth promised to help six little girls get up. It was called "The Maple Leaf Drill," and turned out very pretty.

As the children had a long time to prepare, they were in splendid order when the day came. On writing out the programme, it was found that there were to be eight recitations, three dialogues (including the drill), and five patriotic songs.

The day previous to the "Great Day," as some of the girls termed it, was a holiday, given them by the trustees, to decorate the schoolroom. There were several small flags hung around the room, and outside the door, flapping high on a flagstaff, was the Union Jack. There were several vases of wild flowers in the windows and on the teacher's desk, which the girls had gathered in the pretty woods not far from the school.

The Twenty-fourth dawned an ideal day, clear, warm and calm, and altogether presented such a lovely scene that the girls all shouted when they met. When they got to school, the first thing that greeted their eyes was a lovely drawing of maple leaves on the blackboard, in the center of which was written "Canada, My Home," all done with different colored crayons.

This was what had kept the teacher so long at the schoolhouse the evening before, for it was she who did it. The girls all thanked her when she came, for they had been wishing for something like that.

The crowd began to arrive in the early afternoon, and soon the schoolhouse was full—seats and aisles. The programme began at half-past two, and lasted till four. Among the songs were, "The Maple Leaf Forever," "The Soldiers of the King," "The Land of the Maple," and "My Own Canadian Home."

Everyone was delighted, and told the teacher and her pupils that they had certainly been successful with their plans.

EVA W. KING (aged 13).

Hickson, Ont.

### Empire Day in the Country.

"Oh, Carry," said little Mabel Morrison, bounding into the room where her sister was dusting, and throwing her books on the table, "Guess what we are to have at school on the twenty-second of May?"

"I am sure I cannot guess," said Carry, half crossly, "but you had better go and hang up that satchel."

"Yes, Carry, but can't you guess? Well, I will tell you," said Mabel, unable to keep the good news, "we are to celebrate Empire Day, and have songs and recitations, and, oh, dear! I don't know what to sing, but I will ask mamma," she said, brightening, and off she ran to hunt mamma and tell her her troubles.

At last the eventful day arrived, and all the school children were in their usual places, all with their Sunday clothes on.

"Well, children," said the teacher from the platform, "as this is Empire Day we shall have no lessons, but shall spend the forenoon in preparing and decorating the school for your parents."

The school was swept and dusted, and the flowers were arranged in neatest order. The pupils brought large branches of maple leaves, and they were hung over the pictures and blackboards, and a number of the children walked to the bush near by and brought back such large bunches of May flowers, which were put in every available dish that would hold water, and last, but not least, the large flag was hoisted to the top of the school, and waved triumphantly in the wind.

About one o'clock the trustees and the parents began to arrive, and soon the programme commenced.

The teacher first explained that the object in celebrating Empire Day is to arouse patriotism and loyalty in the hearts of the rising generation.

Then one of the girls sang "Canada's National Anthem," which was very much enjoyed by all, and the applause that greeted her when she had finished was the best way to express their pleasure.

Then one of the boys recited a patriotic piece, showing how much farther advanced are the people of Canada than those of other countries, and how loyal her sons.

Little Mabel Morrison's song, entitled "Canada, the Land of the Maple," came next. This sweet piece describes the maple tree as a spreading maple tree, wherein sweet-voiced songsters delight to pour forth their shrill sweet notes to their mates.

There were several other songs such as: "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue," "A Handful of Maple Leaves," and "He Sleeps in the Transvaal To-night." The last song mentioned is a song dedicated to the mothers of Canada, telling them of the bravery and loyalty of their sons in the Boer war.

The teacher then read an article on the bravery of the Canadians in the Relief of Ladysmith, and the number who won the Victoria Cross.

When all the programme was ended, everyone joined in the song, "God Save the King," their hearty voices ringing out the clear sweet notes joyfully.

When this was over, Mabel Morrison ran up to her mother and said, "Wasn't it lovely, mamma?" and her mother turning from the teacher smilingly agreed. Then they all went home, declaring they had had a lovely time, and the lusty cheers of the boys for old Canada could be heard for a long distance. (Original composition.)

EDNA I. ISBISTER (aged 13).

Wingham, Ont.

## With the Flowers

### JUNE NOTES.

Don't forget to thin out your annuals sufficiently this month. If you do, your neglect will probably be rewarded by weak and straggling plants.

Turn your Calla on its side out in the garden somewhere one of these days. Pay no attention whatever to it until September; then bring it in and attend to it well, if you wish to have fine bloom in the winter season.

### A BOOK FOR FLOWER LOVERS.

How many of our Flower Department friends have ever read "Elizabeth and Her German Garden"? Writing to us of it recently, Miss S. E. Leeson, herself a garden-lover, says:

"Right here, if you lack the proper spring enthusiasm and wish to go flower-mad, you should read, 'Elizabeth and Her German Garden.' Here is a breath of spring from its pages:

"During those six weeks, I lived in a world of dandelions and delights. The dandelions carpeted the three lawns . . . and under and among the groups of leafless oaks and beeches were blue hepaticas, white anemones, violets, and celandines in sheets. . . . All the bird-cherries blossomed in a burst . . . And then came the lilacs . . . shining glorious against a background of firs. . . . My days seemed to melt away in a dream of pink and purple peace."

"Like Elizabeth, I do sincerely trust that the benediction that is always awaiting me in my garden may, by degrees, be more deserved, and that I may grow in grace and patience and cheerfulness, just like the happy flowers I so much love."

We heartily endorse all Miss Leeson has said about "Elizabeth." If the above extracts will induce some others to read this delightful little book, Miss Leeson will not have written in vain.

Merchant (to new boy)—"Has the book-keeper told you what you are to do in the afternoon?" Youth—"Yes, sir; I am to wake him up when I see you coming."