day, May 29, 1908

AND ENDS.

ettle rub it with powdered bath then polish it with dry brick

tea one is often annoyed to unning down the side of the rub a little butter round the

pear from varnished furniture. on the spot.

be kept in a cabinet with a their cracking with excessive

house flannels, cutting off ng the two leg parts togeth

e badly marked with dirt or should be washed and rubbed e stains have disappeared.

vith soap and whiting rubbed lipe them with a clean soft dry he them with a clean soft dry a leather and a little whiting.

the Poets be true; as the night the day, in be false to any man.

-Shakespeare. stress Mine ere are you roaming? our true love's coming, sweeting

lovers' meeting, son doth know. not hereafter:

present laughter; still unsure. s no plenty; ne, Sweet-and-twentynot endure.

-Shakespeare. Success ool to confess and bowed his head, ed. The Master said, t; that is success."

-Henry Coyle. d Morning!

On the window seat ittle timid feet;

pled hands and stood re of babyhood.

ung low and green that e'er aty and light impearled.

to all the world. And the great world heard; a

and the fields of grass

ie little lass; nd the sky overhead as the word was said.

his head and smiled: "Good-morning, child!"

od Wives emble three things, which not resemble:

ails should be akin, es keep within



## CURRENT TOPICS

Friday, May 29, 1908

The little Danish colony of Iceland has existed for nearly a thousand years. There on the borders of hearly a thousand years. There on the borders of the Arctic Circle an industrious population have cul-tivated their gardens, tended their cattle, sheep, or pursued the calling of fisherman in the stormy waters that surrounded their island. The Icclinders have always been noted for their industry and intelligence. Though Iceland is so far north the climate is not as cold as that of many inland places much farther south. This is caused by the warm current of the Gulf Stream. The boiling springs of Iceland are among the most wonderful sights in the world. Mount

be had.

There is an outbreak of cholera among the British soldiers in India. This terrible danger may cause the people of that country to forget their discontents and disagreements. No army could kill as many men as disease and famine does in this part of the Empire. The British army have conquered the hill tribes who tried to invade the frontier of India, so that trouble in that direction is over for the time.

This year the Dominion Fair is to be held at Cal-

the American fleet. Such a number of battleships

in that direction is over for the time

L. GILDERT, AGE 8

among the most wonderful sights in the world. Mount Hecla is a large and active volcano. As in many volcanic regions much of the land is barron. Yet in their lonely northern home the Icelanders have lived happy lives. Strong men and women have grown up there and during the last twenty-five years many have come to Canada and the United States. Those who stayed behind were not contented with the way they were governed. They wanted to rule themselves. According to a late despatch Denmark and Iceland will be very much like England and Scot-land were in the reign of the Stuarts. Each will have a parliament of its own but the Danish king will reign over both. Iceland will be quite as independent as Denmark and the other two together will make The Denmark and the other two together will make The United Danish Empire. The name of the king of Den-mark is Frederick. He is the brother of Queen Alex-andra. There is a great deal of Dánish blood in the British nation. The Norsemen had many colonies in England, and, though after the reigns of Canute's worthless sons, Saxons again ruled England; there were many districts where the tall stalwart Danish farmers held the land their fathers had conquered. That is what the poet Tennyson meant when he wrote

present king, then Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. "Saxon, Norman and Dane are we, But all are Danes in our welcome of thee."

of the young princess who came to be the wife of our

So we need not wonder that, like Britishers, the Icelanders love liberty.

Though they and we are apt to forget it the peo-ple of the United States are really Englishmen. It is, it is true, nearly 300 years since driven from home by persecutions, the first Englishmen crossed the ocean and founded New England. But ever since that time men from Great Britain and Ireland have sent their sons across the ocean and these have form-ed the greater part of what is now called the nation of the United States. In later years the descendents of these Pilgrim Fathers have gone back to live in of these Pilgrim Fathers have gone back to live in the motherland. In some cases it must have happen-ed that in the old portraits in the halls of the ancient castles of England these Americans have found pictures of their own ancestors. A great war divided England from the United States but blood and speech are stronger than hate. Those who read the same England from the United States but blood and speech are stronger than hate. Those who read the same books, hold the same faith and admire the same heroes cannot long be divided. Marriage has always been common between the people of England and those of the United States. Of hundreds of thousands of such weddings no one but the young couple and their friends have ever heard. But of later years many rich American ladies have married English lords and dukes and the papers have told all about it. Next month the daughter of the American ambassador to England and John Hubert Ward, one of King Ed-ward's favorite servants and brother to the Earl of Dudley are to be married. The king, who is greatly pleased with the match, has asked that the wedding shall take place in the royals chapel in St. James shall take place in the royal chapel in St. James

Long ago the ploughman poet Robert Burns, taught that "The man's the gowd for a' that."

And Tennyson who dearly loved lords and ladies declared that,

"Kind hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood."

But high-born gentlemen and wealthy ladies may have real worth and it is to be hoped that this mar-riage will be a very happy one and that it will tend, if ever so little, to bring two great nations closer to-

As very often happens in families, Canada and the United States have not always been the best of friends. The United States has, like other big broth-ers, sometimes been overbearing, tyrannical and sel-fish. Canada, from the first has been independent. If the Weited Stream the first has been independent. the United States would help her, well and good. If not she could get along without her big neighbor. This has sometimes led to loss on both sides but the end has been that both nations heartily respect one another. There was on the 14th of May, a meet-ing of Canadians in New York where this was shown very plainly. Both Americans and Canadians said many nice things about this country. There is not now, and we hope there never will be, any real rea-son why we should quarrel with our neighbors on the other side of the line. At the same time we believe other side of the line. At the same time we believe that in many ways our country is superior to the United States. We are quite content to be good neighbors but when any one talks about our becom-ing part of the United States we say "No thank you, until we are strong enough to be an independent na-tion we will remain part of the grand old British Empire. Perhaps when that time comes we shall form a partnership with the mother country. Even near and dear as the United States is to us we shall never submbit to be governed by her." North America has plenty of room in it for two great nations. There are very few indeed, who try to take what belong to them, who are not discovered in The temptations to dishonesty are many. boy who spends more than he earns is in dar ger. There will come a time when he must pay and he is tempted, if he has the chance, to take his em-ployer's money. If he does, ruin and disgrace, perhaps death itself is the result. ger. Some of the clerks in the Winnipeg post office have been robbing the mails. It looks now as if an innocent young man had been forced to bear the blame. If this is true, the thieves cunning as they are cowardly. They will, sooner or later, be found out add, in the meantime what a wretched life they must lead. Arthur Hazel. they must lead. There has always been trouble between the pro-There has always been trouble between the pro-vince of British Columbia and the government of the Dominion over the fisheries of this province. The regulations which are suitable for the Atlantic fisher-ies do not work well on the Pacific Coast. The pro-vince has been making regulations to suit our own fishermen. This the Ottawa government says it has no right to do and there is likely to be a law-suit, or perhaps many, before the question is decided. The habits of the salmon and other fish on this coast need to be carefully studied. The preservation of our fish to be carefully studied. The preservation of our fish is of great importance to British Columbia, and it will be a good thing to find out whose duty it is to make the regulations peeded. The labor troubles still continue. At Monircal more of the employees in the cotion mills have stop-ped working. On the street relironds of the city of Cleveland, Ohio, the old carmen have all struck and will not allow others to run the cars. The city authorities declare order must be kept. Many men have been beaten and otherwise injured. When new men tried to run the cars through the streets crowded with excited people a terrible accident occurred. A finished. with excited people a terrible accident occurred. A little girl was run over. This made the crowd still prore angry and the lives of the conductor and mooneer were in danger. In the pouth of England there are many thousands of farmers and labouers whose living depends on growing, cultivating and gathering hops. Great quan-titles of hops have lately been imported from Ameri-ca, throwing these people out of employment. A few bays ago on all the trains coming into London from the suprundiag counties were great numbers of Ass ago on all the trains coming into London from the surrounding countles wore great numbers of men-aid worsen. They met at Trefalgar Square shid ask-id the government to put a duty on all hops coming into the country so that the manufacturers of beer would be obliged to hay those grown in the country. This Mr. Asquith will not grant as his party believes in free trade. Sixty-two years ago the English gov-chment changed the laws so that bread would be that for the manufacturers. Times have changed where really good.

since that. Within the British Empire almost every-thing needed for the nation is grown. Now there is a large party who believe that all things raised or made within the Empire should be admitted free as nearly as possible and duties placed on the products of for-eign countries. The complaints of the hopgrowers will help to swell the ranks of what are called tariff reformers. summer night, two grave old gentlemen hurried from London to tell her that she was queen. Very humbly and beautifully the young girl re-ceived the news and her first act showed unselfish

kind thought for others. At first she had much to learn but all through her long life she never left to any one else the duties she ought to perform herself. Soon, she married a young German Prince, Albert of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. The sounds of the merry voices of children soon filled the old palaces and Queen Victoria's children did not know what it was to suffer from loneliness as their mother had some-times done. The plague at La Guiara in South America is in-creasing and the people of the quarantined seaport are suffering for want of food as there is no work to

to suffer from loneliness as their mother had some-times done. The obedient daughter was a wise as well as a loving mother and a devoted wife. In her long reign England prospered as never before. The colonies grew to great states and steam and electricity worked wonders. But it was not because she was Queen of a mighty Empire so mich as because she was a good woman that people now and while England lasts will honor the memory of Queen Victoria.

PRIZE ESSAYS

VICTORIA SEMI-WEEKLY COLONIST

# Prize Essay on Empire Day

gary, the pretty little city at the foot of the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. The people of Koo-tenay have already made arrangements to have a fine exhibit of fruit and minerals there. One of the oble uses of these four interacts there. Prize Essay on Empire Day Some few years ago before the death of our much-lamented Queen Victoria, it was decided that her birthday, the twenty-fourth of May, be celebrated al-so as the birthday of the great British Empire, now comprising about 1-5 of the land surface of the globe. "But how is it." you ask, "that England has obtained so much land?" Let us in fancy go back some four hundred years to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. After the failure of the Spaniards to capture England, Eng-lishmen began to be famous for their seamanship and since that time they have never been equalled. Settle-ments were formed in the West Indies, Newfound-land and what are now the Eastern States. Trading chief uses of these fairs is to show people of one part of Canada the wealth of the other. At Winnipeg last year the fruit of Victoria and Nelson was one of the chief attractions of the summer fair. This week the shipping page of the Colonist has been looked at and admired by all the boys who have seen the paper and next week all who can will go to Esquinalt to see the American warships. The Seattle children will never forget the visit of the American Gast

dians in their canoes. Besides boat racing, there were dians in their cances. Besides boat racing, there were motor-car parades and horse races, and in the even-ing fireworks. All the school children have a holiday and it is a pretty sight on Beacon Hill to see the children in gay dresses amongst the yellow broom, flying air halloons of all colors which are bought at street corners from peddlers. The steamers from Vancouver and the Sound are crowded with visitors, many wearing red, white and blue ribbons, who en-joy seeing our beautiful city at this time of year as much, if not more, than the actual amusements. This year the 24th falls on a Sunday, so doubtless, the amusements and holiday will be held on Monday. the amusements and holiday will be held on Monday,

May, May, the twenty-fourth of May, Remember, remember, who is Queen of that day. Rejoice and be happy, be happy and gay On Empire Day On Empire Day,

WINSOME NEROUTSOS. Aged Nine Years. 46 Dallas Avenue, Victoria, B. C.

# SHORT STORIES

When Grandma Was a Little Girl.

"Bring your chair and sit down next to me," said ndma, "and I'll tell you about these little worn-shoes of mine. When I was a little girl people not wear shoes all the time. They went baregrandma. footed in summer, except when they were dressed up. One pair of shoes was expected to last a whole year; if they wore out sconer than our father thought they should, we had to go barefooted until the shoeman

"Oh, dear!" sighed May, "how dreadful. But who was the shoeman, grandma?" "He was a very important person in our time, and

ALICE MABEL

PORTERY

comes along with his plough, what is he doing but skimming the cream off the top, or rather feeding the cream to his crop to be skimmed in the harvest? I do not vouch for the statement, or I should have all the scientists of the world down on me: but the greatest scientists of the world do vouch for the statement that within a single acre of ground there annually pass through the bodies of angleworms ten tons of earth.—From "The New Spirit of the Farm," by Agnes C. Laut, in The Outing Magazine for May. by Agnes C. Laut, in The Outing Magazine for May.

## A Touching Incident

A Touching incident An incident of a peculiarly touching character oc-vorred yesterday in one of the elevated railroad trains that brought tears to the eyes of the passengers. The strete when the passengers saw entering the car a little boy about six years old, half carried by an older boy, evidently his brother. Both were well dressed, but at first glance it was seen that the little fellow was blind. He had a pale, wan face, but was smilling. A quick look of sympathy passed over the face of the passengers, and an old gray-haired gentleman got up and gave his seat to the two. The "big brother," who was about eleven years old, tenderly lifted up the lit-tle blind boy and placed him on his knee. "How's that?" he asked.

"How's that?" he asked. "Nice," said the little chap. "Where's my 'monica?" This puzzled some of the passengers, and several turned to see what the child meant. But the "big brother" knew, and immediately drew out a small mouth harmonica and placed it in the little fellow's hands. The little fellow took the instrument into his thin hands, ran it across his lips, and began to play softly, "Nearer my God to Thee." Tears came into the eyes of the old gentleman who had given up his seat, and as the little fellow played on, running into the "Rock of Ages" and "Abide With Me," there were many moist eyes in the car. The train rushed along, the passengers listened.

The train rushed along, the passengers listened, and the little fellow played on tirelessly, never miss-ing a note of "Annie Laurie" or "Home, Sweet Home." Finally the "big brother" leaned down and told the "Infany the "big brother" leaned down and told the little one to get ready to leave, as the train was near-ing their station. Then, as if he knew he had wom a whole carload of friends, the blind boy quickly chang-ed "The Suwannee River" into "Auld Lang Syne," and with one accord the passengers burst into a round of applause, while the "big brother" carried the little one out of the car.—New York Times.

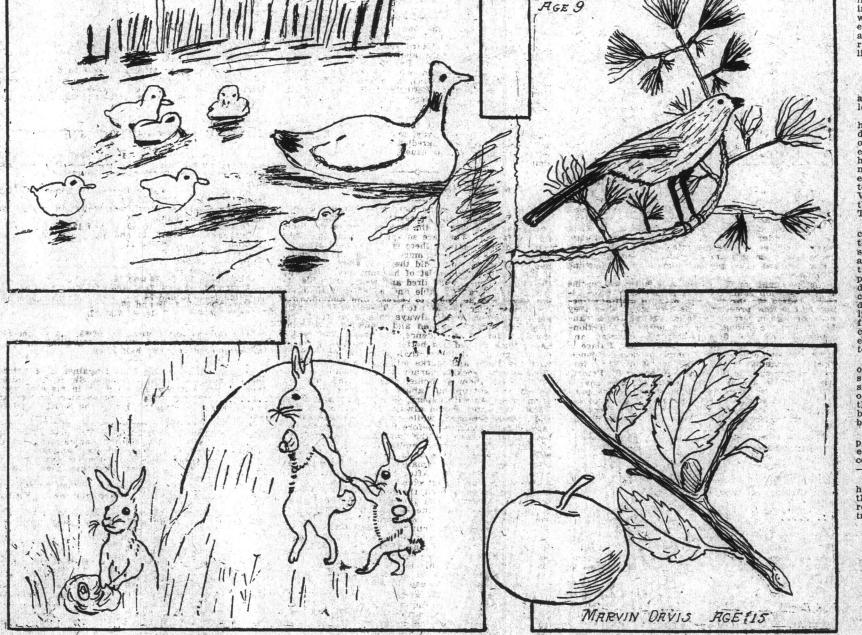
# A Thrilling Scene

A Thrilling Scene A correspondent of the Ledger, who was present at a review of the Austrian cavalry, narrates the fol-lowing incident: It is a grand sight—twenty to forty thousand horses, where each and every horse knows and un-derstands the slightest note of the bugle sweeping over a broad plain, and changing positions like an enormous machine guided by an unerring master hand. It must be seen to be appreciated. Words can-not reproduce the pleture. On a certain occasion an event transpired which lent an interest most thrilling to the military scene. It was at a review, held in Vienna, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the military Order of Maria Theresa.

Theresa. Not far from 30,000 cavalry were in line. A little child, a girl, of not more than four years, standing in the front row of spectators, either from fright or some other cause, rushed out into the open field just as a squadron of hussars came sweeping around from the main body. They had made the detour for the purpose of saluting the empress, whose carriage was drawn up in that part of the parade ground. Down came the flying squadron, charging at a mad gallop-down directly upon the child. The mother was para-lyzed, as were others, for there could be no rescue from the line of spectators. The empress uttered a cry of horror, for the child's destruction seemed in-evitable—and such terrible destruction—the tramping to death by a thousand iron hoofs!

Directly under the feet of the horses was the little Directly under the feet of the horses was the little one—another instant must seal its doom—when a stalwart hussar, who was in the front line, without slacking his speed or loosening his hold, threw himself over by the side of his horse's neck, seized and lifted the child, and placed it in safety upon his saddle-bow; and this he did without changing his pace or breaking the correct alignment of the squadron. Ten thousand volces helded with subtractions

Ten thousand voices halled with rapturous ap-plause the gallant deed, and other thousands applaudhere were who could only sob forth their gratitude in broken accents -the mother and the empress. And a proud and happy moment it was for the husar when his emperor, taking from his own breast the richly enamelled cross of the Order of Maria The-resa, hung it upon the breast of the brave and gallant trooper.



ashion's hacks) h upon their backs. clocks, should be

clocks, so loud, e vulgar crowd. cho, should be true hen they're spoken to; , so absurd, the last word!

### Love Note

est. All day long wish the time more fleet. ging some sweet song: makes my labor sweet. anywise less bright-es than I had thought t'would

approaching night, he gently home to thee. hisper evermore when the day is o'er."

will watch and wait the night shades softly fall. and your garden gate; sweetest rose of all. all that is mine own, auty you impart bloom for me alone ils closer 'round my heart. in your presence be, with a kiss for me.

-Frank L. Stanton.

he Sower illside, where the soil, uent harrow, deep and fine in the remote sky-line igeons streams aloft, ne low-lying croft, yellow of sunset shine; unwittingly divine, ought of his toil e, his measured stride s soil; and tho' small joy ace; as spreads the blind pensing palm aside grows great in his employ:r mankind. -Charles G. D. Roberts.

Music n a thousand lyres nagic strings of Earth's desires. dy expires ner sings.

nd the blazing brass, bells prolong mphony-alas ing sound should pass starts his song.

ce is almost mute; ing flute, mournful lute ne is gone.

with a glee, ld is stirred horal revelry. ss is loud and free is heard.

or grave or gay. m sublim mysterious way g seasons play gue of Time.

-Louis-Untermeyer.

1 Areal

will be a splendid sight, the like of which is seldom seen except in the great ports in the south of Eng-land where the ships of the British fleet make their

The people of the United States do well, however, to be proud of their battleships and their crews. They have splendid war-machines but, it is to be hoped it will be long before they will need to put them to war-

As many essays have not been sent in as was hoped. The subject was not an easy one and perhaps the announcement came too late. Miss Evelyn Lectercq's the best and we have much pleasure in publishin The other writers were Winsome, Neroutso Thomas Heyland, Claude E. Emery, Gerty Brady and

We hope all the children will have a delightful holiday. It is a fine thing to be young, and happy memories are the richest possessions of the old. 

# THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY

On this day eighty-nine years ago Queen Victoria was born. She was not the king's daughter. Her grandfather King George the Third, was still living and her father, the Duke of Kent was his fourth son. When she was only a baby her father, a good, kind man died and the care of the future queen of Eng-land was left to her mother. She was a wise, as well as a good woman, and brought up her little daughter very carefully. Kensington palace, her home was very lovely and the child spent much of her time out of doors, running about the parks, gathering flowers or riding on her donkey through the green shaded lanes. Long before she was old enough to read, the little one could speak English, German and French. As soon as she was old enough to take lessons she was care-

one could speak English, German and French. As soon as she was old enough to take lessons she was care-fully taught by her mother and a German governess, whom most little girls in these days would think rather strict. Whether at work or at play the Prin-cess Victoria was never allowed to leave things un-

finished. We are not told that she was very clever but she worked hard and took great pains. She loved and served God and tried in all ways to obey Him. Like other children she was sometimes naughty, but she had a mother wise and kind enough to punish her till she knew how to govern herself. She was still quite a little girl, when in her his-tory lesson, she learned that if she lived, she would be queen. "Then I will be good," said the little maiden.

Malaen. You must not think life for her was all study and work. She played with her dolls and romped on the seashore just as happy little girls do here and every-

where. So studying, working and playing the princese Victoria grew up till, when she was eighteen, she was not only a good scholar, but a clevor needlewoman, a good musician and could draw pictures that were

Then her beautiful childhood scarcely over, one

posts were planted in India, where the wealth of the east seemed to promise trade, and these forts soon became settlements. New colonies brought an increase of trade, and though for some time but little emigration was car-ried on, in the beginning of the eighteenth century England, a united kingdom, became one of the mari-time novers. time powers. Her sovereighty was not undisputed. (Wollf), Wolfe, by his defeat of the French on the Plains of Abraham won Canada for the British; Clive subdued the natives of India; Gibraltar was wrested from the Spaniards and Maita was ceded to Britain, The loss of the New England colonies was balanced by the possession of Australia. Today, as we survey a map of the world we see that Britain sways greater dominious than any other nation. In every continent, England has colonies or protectoretes

protectorates.

But what has she gained by this vast empiri With greater power comes to her not only increased power, but also a loftler public spirit, a desire to pro-tect the weak and power gives way to peace. The spirit of unity, of subservience to the common good rules the empire. Let us then enjoy the coming celebrations as loyal British subjects rejoicing that we belong to an Em-pire reaching from north to south, and from east to west. With

west.

EVELYN LE CLERCQ.

Essay on Empire Day

Essay on Empire Day On that day everybody goes up to the Gorge to see the sports which are the feature of the day. There are all sorts of boat and foot races, but the most interesting of all are the Indian cance races. In England it is not a universal holiday. They fire salutes of course, but they do not recognize it in the same way that we do. We always paddle up in our cance and after watching the boat races we go on shore and try to knock the pipe out of "Aunt Sally's" mouth. We try the fish-pond. After a long afternoon at the various booths we have tea, and then tired but happy, we paddle slowly home with minds full of the events of the day. the day.

ARMINE M. PEMBERTON.

"Mountjoy," Foul Bay Road, Victoria, B. C.

## Empire Day

Empire Day Empire Day is the anniversary of Queen Victoria's birthday. She was the mother of King Edward, our present sovereign. Queen Victoria was born on May 24th, 1819, and 18 years later she became queen. Dur-ing her reign England and the Colonies were very prosperous and when she died in 1907, King Edward asked the people of the Empire to have a general holiday in remembrance of his mother's birthday. For many years the 24th of May has been remem-hered here in Victoria, the town which was named after this Queen. When the English navy was stationed at Esqui-malt one of the chief amusements was a race be-tween the Blue Jackets in their boats, and the In-

shoe week was a great week for the children. Every family kept a shoe bench, and I can remember just what a stir there was when father came home and said, Wife, Jabez Brewn will be here tomorrow.' Then the shoe bench was brought down from the attic to a warm corner in the kitchen, and we talked about our new shoes until we fell asleep. Early in the morning Brown would come trudging up the hill with his bag of tools on his back.

Brown would come trudging up the hill with his bag of tools on his back. "How we used to watch him pegging away. First he measured our feet, then he cut his leather, and then he sewed and waxed his thread, and punched holes in the hard soles with his awl, so that the waxed ends could go through. All day long he would sit there thrusting the two pig's bristles, which were the needles, hito the holes and out again, and drawing them out with a jerk till the shoe was sewed so firmly that the stitches lasted as long as the leather. It took a week to shoe our family, and then Brown would pack his bag, bid good-bye to us for a year, and go on his way to some other little girls who needed him." --Montreal Star.

# ABOUT ANIMALS

## Squirrel Visits a Home

Squirrel Visits a Home Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Spring, of Madison, Wis., oc-cupy an upper suite at 1148 Jenifer Street. Mr. Spring has fastened a pole with one end on the porch ailing and the other end attached to a branch of a large shade tree in front of the house. In this way they first induced a big squirrel to come over to the veranda where they fed him nuts. By and by they induced him to come to the open window for his daily rations, and finally they got him to come the on the and '2 o'clock p.m., and If the window is not open he will scratch on the window with his little paws. They have tried to get him to come in through the door, but never succeeded, though he readily enters through the window. He has particular confidence in Lynn, the five-year-old son of the house, who can feed him place, but they have noticed that if there are strangers in the house he will not enter-Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Vital Importance of the Angle-Worm

The Vital Importance of the Angle-Worm What does science say about ploughing, anyway? She says, in the first place, that Nature runs the big-gest plough of all, and that we had better watch her at the trick and see what she is doing and how she does it. Well, the glaciers and the streams of a pre-historic world did the first ploughing—they ground and tore over the surface of the rocks, grinding off and depositing a top dressing of siit, which we call soil, but the clays were fearfully hard-packed— 'close-textured' science calls it—so hard they resisted the soakage of water almost like rock, so Nature set the angleworm to work, burrowing, chewing, sifting, digesting the hard sub-soils. What for? To break them up, so the roots can go down and fetch the cream to the top, and when man

# WITH THE POETS

Counting Hi-Spy Intry, mintry, cutry-corn, Apple seed and briar thorn; Briar, briar, limberlock, Three geese in a flock; One flew east and one flew west, One flew over the cukoo nest!

Pinch me, shake me, do I dream? On, the echo; oh, the gleam! There they go with laugh and shout, Hi-spy children counting out! Intry, mintry—hi-pon-tus; Shadows, shadows over us, Lift again thy darkling wing From life's vision of iost spring! I can see them, I can hear All their rapture ringing clear!

Pinch me, shake me, wake me up, Pinch me, shake me, wake me up, Lift me to the rose's cup Till I sip the fairy brew Of the apple bloom of dew; Till I shed my years like cloak Of the bark and leaf of oak. And go down to dance and gleam In that circle of child-dream! Hark, O heart of rust and grey, To that song of child-at-play!

Intry, mintry, cutry-corn, Apple seed and briar thorn; Briar, briar, limberlock, Three geese in a flock; One flew east and one flew west, One flew over the cuckoo nest!

-Baltimore Sun.

Farmer Grey Up in the morning early Rose good oid Farmer Grey, And went to the field of clover To turn the fresh, sweet hay.

Patting the patient oxen, And saying a pleasant word To every poor dumb creature Even the singing bird,

"Oh, Robin!" he said, and smiling, "A knowing bird are you, But never a word of boasting Of any good you do.

"Out in my apple orchard You've built a cunning nest; I'm watching it night and morning, That no one may molest"

A flock of hungry pigeons Flew at the farmer's feet, "Ho! ho!" he said, "sly hinting For something good to eat."

Over the broad, rich acres, Scanning the hills and plain, The farmer blessed with sunshin-Kissing the bearded grain.

Ah, was there e'er another, With such a kindly way, Making all creatures love him, As this good Farmer Grey? -Our Dumb Ant