

Favorite Games.

"Pussy-cat."

(Jennie Sexsmith, Ridgeway, Ont.)

Those who intend to play must sit in a circle; have someone to be "it," and you are ready to start. The person who is "it" is supposed to be a cat, and must kneel before one in the circle and say "meow" three times. The one in front of whom this one is kneeling must say "poor pussy-cat." After each time the one who is "it" says "meow." If she can do so, without laughing, the person who is "it" will have to try the next one. If not, the one who laughed will have to be "it." The person who is "it" must make the "meow" as much like a cat as possible, and the other will find it hard work to keep from laughing.

"Copper."

(Wilfrid Manning, Maple, Ont.)

There must be four or more to play this—an even number of persons at each side of the table, and a captain for each side. One side takes the copper, but doesn't let the other side see who has it. Then the captain of the other side says "jenkins up!" and the side which has the copper all shut their fists, and put their elbows on the table. When he says "jenkins down!" they all put their hands flat on the table. Then he orders the ones he thinks haven't the copper to hold up their hands, and if he does not order up the hand which is over the copper, he gets it.

"Present."

Carolyn had been in a state of excitement for days, for at last her mother had consented to let her attend school. When the morning came, the little maid trotted off with her eyes shining in happy anticipation of the pleasure, as well as the dignity, of her new estate in life—a schoolgirl.

When she came home at noon, her mother said: "Well, dearest, how do you like going to school?"

"I like it pretty well, mother," was the reply, in doubtful tones; "but I haven't my present yet."

"Your present? Why, what do you mean, Carolyn?"

"Why, this morning, teacher said: 'You may sit here for the present, little girl.' But I sat there all the morning and didn't get it. P'r'aps, though," and she brightened up, "I'll get it this afternoon."

(Copied by) ETHEL GRANBERG.
N. Coaticook, P. Q.

The Birthday Party.

In a large and pleasant dining-room sat Fannie Lee with her two brothers and sisters, eating and chatting pleasantly around a table. They were all in gay spirits, for it was Fannie's birthday.

"Mamma, may I have a birthday party? I have never had one," Fannie said to her mother after breakfast.

"My dear, I am afraid I must disappoint you," said her mother. "We are not prepared for a party."

"Oh, dear," sighed Fannie, "I was planning to have such a nice party, and now we cannot have it. That is always the way."

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Lee, but you must wait now, like a good girl, until next year, and then, perhaps, you may have one. Now, Good-bye, I am going to spend the day at grandma's, because she is sick."

"Good-bye," she said, and went into the nursery.

Fannie was angry at her mother, herself and brothers and sisters, and in her anger said: "I don't care who says I can't have one; I will anyway."

"What are you going to have?" asked her eldest brother, Hugh.

"A birthday party, of course, what else?"

"Mamma said you couldn't have one," said her other brother, Wilfred.

"Well, I am going to have one any way. Come, get your hats and go with me to invite the guests. We will not go into the house at all, but stay in the orchard, where there is lots of fruit," answered Fannie.

"Yes, that will be all very well, but



we will all be disobeying mamma," said her brothers.

"Well, sillies, you know it would be my fault and not yours. Come on; mamma will never know it."

At this last sentence the brothers got their hats, thinking it would not be wrong to help their sister get up the party; so they ran down the path into the road. They soon had a dozen boys and girls invited, and then ran quickly home to get everything ready. "But, what shall we have to eat?" said Hugh.

"Fruit, of course. We had better go in to dinner now. Don't say anything of this to nurse, or she will tell mamma," replied Fannie.

At two o'clock the children began to come, and were soon playing in the orchard.

Later on in the evening, when Mrs. Lee sat by Fannie's bedside, she gently said: "Fannie, don't you wish you had waited until next year to have a party? I think if you had not disobeyed me, you would have had a far better birthday."

DORA STAAK.

The Mower.

I love the swish of the gleaming blade,
The thump of the lusty tread;
Where the timothy stalk is lowly laid
And the daisy bends its head.

There's freedom here in the mighty sweep
Distilling the hay's perfume;
There's freedom here in the hands that reap
And conquer the clover bloom.



Half a Head Taller.

Here toil is king; and the beaded brow
Seems never a-wink with care;
Here work is play—or it seems somehow
To me it is; but there.

But there where the lusty mower goes
With a strenuous stride along—
Perhaps he'd sing, if he could, who
knows,
A different sort of song?

For here I loll in the shade immense
With my old muse on the run;
I loll this side of the zigzag fence—
He broils there in the sun.

—Horace Seymour Keller.

Glengarry School Days.

By Ralph Connor (Rev. C. W. Gordon).

CHAPTER VIII.

Foxy's Partner.

It was an evil day for Hughie when he made friends with Foxy and became his partner in the store business, for Hughie's hoardings were never large, and after buying a Christmas present for his mother, according to his unfailing custom, they were reduced to a very few pennies indeed. The opportunities for investment in his new position were many and alluring. But all Hughie's soul went out in longing for a pistol which Foxy had among his goods, and which would fire not only caps, but powder and ball, and his longing was sensibly increased by Foxy generously allowing him to try the pistol, first at a mark, which Hughie hit, and then at a red squirrel, which he missed. By day Hughie yearned for this pistol, by night he dreamed of it, but how he might secure it for his own he did not know.

Upon this point he felt he could not consult his mother, his usual counselor, for he had an instinctive feeling that she would not approve of his having a pistol in his possession; and as for his father, Hughie knew he would soon make "short work of any such folly." What could a child like Hughie do with a pistol? He had never had a pistol in all his life. It was difficult for the minister to realize that young Canada was a new type, and he would have been more than surprised had any one told him that already Hughie, although only twelve, was an expert with a gun, having for many a Saturday during the long, sunny fall roamed the woods, at first in company with Don, and afterwards with Don's gun alone, or followed by Fusie or Davie Scotch. There was thus no help for Hughie at home. The price of the pistol, reduced to the lowest possible sum, was two dollars and a half, which Foxy declared was only half what he would charge any one else but his partner.

"How much have you got altogether?" he asked Hughie one day, when Hughie was groaning over his poverty.

"Six pennies and two dimes," was Hughie's disconsolate reply. He had often counted them over. "Of course," he went on, "there's my XL knife. That's worth a lot, only the point of the big blade's broken."

"Huh!" grunted Foxy. "there's jist the stub left."

"It's not!" said Hughie, indignantly. "It's more than half, then. And it's hully good stuff, too. It'll nick any knife in school"; and Hughie dived into his pocket and pulled out his knife with a handful of boy's treasures.

"Hullo!" said Foxy, snatching a half-dollar from Hughie's hand, "whose is that?"

"Here, you give me that! That's not mine," cried Hughie.

"Whose is it, then?"

"I don't know. I guess it's mother's. I found it on the kitchen floor, and I know it's mother's."

"How do you know?"

"I know well enough. She often puts money on the window, and it fell down. Give me that, I tell you!" Hughie's eyes were blazing dangerously, and Foxy handed back the half-dollar.

"O, all right. You're a pretty big fool," he said, indifferently. "Losers seekers, finders keepers. That's my rule."

Hughie was silent, holding his precious half-dollar in his hand, deep in his pocket.

"Say," said Foxy, changing the subject. "I guess you had better pay up for your powder and caps you've been using."

"I haven't been firing much," said Hughie, confidently.

"Well, you've been firing pretty steady for three weeks."

"Three weeks! It isn't three weeks."

"It is. There's this week, and