

the
als' Club
EVERIDGE

the Rain.

I.
that singing?"
and Mr. Bobolink,
tree on the edge of
ad been discussing
anting up the signs
fr. Mockingbird's
the sound of sweet
bush. The two
chatter at once and
ng that floated so

ng of the rain.

ry!
sun shines again!"
sweetest thing you
is it?" asked Mr.
his breath.
know?" said Bobo-
ie, the most prom-
poets in the Merry
h! He has only

on:—

heat!
ple of rain.

ceery!
olden grain!"
say?" cried Mr.
erly as the singer
musician too, if I
do you mean to tell
t, both words and
pretty clever bit of

ng of the rain.

petals again!"

ared Mr. Mocking-
a little nearer. I
acquaintance of this
fellow worth know-

assented Bobolink,
rustle of their wings
te birch tree in full
er, a gaily dressed,
ow as the sunshine,
trimmings on his
was too intent upon
ce that he had an

outh flies the rain.

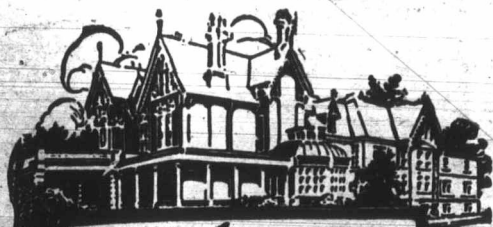
ceery!
ring comes again."
ll of it," said Bobo-
nt to talk to him,
ce before he begins

You must intro-

Nobody needs an
Merry Forest, but I
ar."
d as they flew to the
s is my friend, Mr.
would like to know

bird!" exclaimed
utter of joy. "I'm
l. Mother has often
and how you know

good many," said
"But they are
out words. I'd like
words put to some
stand you are quite



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a poet, and indeed, your 'Song of the Rain' is lovely. Do you think you could do anything for me?"

"I'm not sure that I can," answered Dearie modestly. "But I'd love to try. What are your songs about?"

"Oh, everything almost—that is, everything beautiful—nothing else is worth singing about. I sing of the sunshine, moonlight, starlight, shadows, wind, rain, dew, clouds, trees, flowers, sunrise, sunset, mother-love, home-building—and oh, a lot more. But as there are no words, nobody but myself knows exactly what I mean."

"Will you sing me your sunrise song?" asked Dearie.

"Yes, but I sing it only in the morning. Meet me in the big pine tree on Windy Hill a little before sunrise tomorrow, and I'll sing it for you."

"All right, I will."
Just then some one was heard calling, "Dearie, Dearie!"

"Here, Mother Dearie, I'm coming." And in a moment Dearie disappeared in a wavy, swinging flight.

"What is his family name?" asked Mr. Mockingbird.

"His family are called by more names than one. Canary, Goldfinch and Thistle Bird are the most common. You think he is a promising poet, don't you?"

"I do. Of course his song is very simple, but it is the love and cheer in it that I like."

"I'm glad to hear that. Now, only yesterday I brought Dr. Crow to hear his Rain Song, and when it was finished I asked his opinion. The doctor just gave his tail a flirt and said carelessly: 'Not a bad little ditty, but there isn't much to it.'"

"It seems to me there's enough to it," I said, "Why should you want any more?" And he answered, "Because." "Because what?" I asked, and he said, "Just because!" Then he asked, "Hasn't he any more rhymes in his head than that?" I didn't know what he meant, and told him so. He said, "All the verses rhyme the same way." "Why shouldn't they?" I asked him, and all the answer he could give me was, "Just because." Now, what can you make out of that?"

Mr. Mockingbird laughed. "Dr. Crow pretends to know a lot," he replied, "but his wisdom, like his beauty, isn't even skin deep, and his opinion on music or poetry isn't worth half a sunflower seed. The fact is, he doesn't know one note from another, and is too conceited to own up to it. But I am really glad to know this clever little friend of yours. By the way, how did he get his name?"

"Oh, that's what he and his mother call each other. They are a very loving little family. His brothers all died young, and his mother just dotes on him. But I guess my own children are looking for their dinner, so good-bye for the present."

Mr. Mockingbird was awake early next morning, and in the grey dawn he flew to the tall pine tree on Windy Hill. The sunrise had never been more beautiful. The sky changed from blue to rose, from rose to crimson, and then all the loveliest of colours seemed to play hide-and-seek with one another until the sun shot up from a sea of gold. The Mockingbird's throat was fairly bursting with music, but he did not sing, for Dearie never came. He waited and waited until all the lovely colours were gone, and then, greatly disappointed, he flew slowly away.

He had not gone very far before he heard a sad little voice calling, "Dearie, Dearie! Where are you, Dearie?"

The owner of the sad little voice proved to be a dull yellow bird. Without waiting this time for an introduction Mr. Mockingbird flew straight to her and asked, "Are you Mrs. Canary, the mother of Dearie?"

"Yes," she answered, "Have you seen him?"

"Not since yesterday morning. I hope he isn't lost."

"He is lost. He never came home last night, and I am almost wild with fear that something has happened to him. Won't you please help me hunt for him?"

Mr. Mockingbird promised, and started off at once calling, "Dearie, Dearie! Where are you, Dearie!" Soon all the Canary family—aunts and uncles and cousins—were flying through the woods, east and west and north and south, and over the meadows and orchards and gardens, calling over and over again, "Dearie! Dearie! Dearie!" But morning grew to noon and noon to night, and day followed day until a week had passed with no news of Dearie. There could be no doubt now that Dearie, the loving little son, the sweet singer, the poet of the Merry Forest, was dead. Poor Mrs. Canary drooped and grew silent. There was very little singing in the Forest, for everybody felt sad, and from time to time the Mourning Doves might be heard mourning softly, "Dearie is dead! Dearie is dead! Oh, poor, poor Dearie!"

What had really happened to Dearie was made known at the next meeting of the Jolly Animals' Club. Afterwards the members spoke of it as one of the most thrilling meetings they ever had. You shall hear all about it in our next story.

Boys and Girls

AN INTELLIGENT DOG.

There was, once upon a time, an old lady who rented a furnished villa for the summer, and with the villa a large dog also went.

In the sitting-room of the villa there was a comfortable armchair. The old lady liked this chair better than any other in the house. She always made for it the first thing. But, alas! she nearly always found the chair occupied by the large dog.

Being afraid of the dog, she never dared bid it harshly to get out of the chair, as she feared that it might bite her, but instead she would go to the window and call "cats."

Then the dog would rush to the window and bark and the old lady would slip into the vacant chair quietly.

One day the dog entered the room and found the old lady in possession of the chair. He strolled over to the window and, looking out, appeared much excited and set up a tremendous barking.

The old lady arose and hastened to the window to see what was the matter, and the dog quietly climbed into the chair.—London Opinion.

HARD WOKS SPELLS SUCCESS.

Following rainbows in the form of get-rich-quick schemes is the short-cut to failure, Governor Philipp, of Wisconsin, thinks. He holds that for every plunger who scores a brilliant success there are thousands of failures among men who bank on the turn of a single card in the business world. Conservative men are the great business leaders of the country.

Here are a few of the governor's milestones and guideposts on "the road to success":

"Find out what you want to do and do it well.

"Don't be a plunger—don't chase rainbows—be conservative.

"Don't borrow money unless you know how you are going to pay it back.

"There is a pay day for everything in life, and the man who fails to keep his credit good cannot succeed.

"Don't be just legally honest—be honest because you like to be square and clean in your dealings.

"Put 'pep' into your work and be game in the face of failure.

"There is no royal road to success—success means industry honestly applied."

EATING IN OLDEN DAYS.

Even at so late a period as the restoration, 1660, it was the custom for guests to take their own knives and forks to an English banquet. Pepys records that he did this when he went to the Lord Mayor's feast in the Guildhall. In the previous reign the Lord Chamberlain had found it necessary to issue regulations for the benefit of officers invited to dine at the royal table. They were required to wear clean boots, not to be half drunk on their arrival, not to drink more than one goblet to every two dishes, not to throw the bones under the table, nor to lick their fingers.

The Stuarts undoubtedly did much to refine English table manners, for it was one of the points admired in Queen Mary of Scots that the customs she introduced from France made her court and royal banquets more exquisite and genteel than those of her rival, Queen Elizabeth. As forks came into use the old-time importance of the table napkin began to wane. From being a necessity it became a



luxury, on the fastidious use of which etiquette has at various times placed strange values.

Under the Third Empire in France, St. Beuve brought disgrace upon himself because at breakfast at the Tuileries he carelessly opened his napkin and placed it over his two knees. To this he added the crime of cutting his egg in two at the middle. Court etiquette prescribed that the half-folded napkin should lie on the left knee and the top of the egg was to be merely broken with the edge of the spoon and drained with the tip of the spoon.

For his failings in these respects St. Beuve's name was struck off the imperial visiting list.—London Chronicle.

Rheumatism Entirely Gone

After Twenty-seven Years of Suffering—Swelling and Puffiness Has Disappeared—Not a Pain or an Ache Left.

A most astonishing cure of rheumatism and eczema has been reported here, and Mrs. Ray is enthusiastic in telling her many friends how cure was effected.

Rheumatism and eczema frequently go together, and in this case caused the most keen distress imaginable. All the swelling and puffiness resulting from many years of rheumatism have disappeared, and there is not a pain or an ache left.

Mr. G. H. Ray, R.R. No. 1, Kincardine, Ont., writes: "Mrs. Ray has been using your Kidney-Liver Pills. She was very bad with rheumatism and eczema, and had that fearful itch for twenty-seven years. It was simply terrible what she suffered. I persuaded her to try \$1.00 worth of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. She is now on the last box, and let me tell you she scarcely knows herself, she is so free from both these diseases. All the swelling and puffiness caused by the rheumatism has gone away, and she has gone down in weight 18 1/2 pounds. She never has an ache nor pain, biliousness nor sick headache all these months. She often says herself, 'How glad I am that I know what to do instead of paying doctors so much to make me worse.'"

There is only one way that the poisons in the blood can be cleaned away and the cause of pains and aches removed, and that is by the healthful action of the kidneys, liver and bowels. Because Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act directly and specifically on these organs and insure their activity they remove the cause of rheumatism and other dreadfully painful and fatal diseases. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Limited, Toronto.

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