ulation, that it has all "turnes to cast in her lot with the Ing lawyer has perhaps rea-on herself, the heat and bur-ull on the weary shoulders of

must fight the awful demon pe worried to death about the ce, Taxes, Doctor's Bills, and nses of the home ination, the man she cares these monetary consider-to think that, by refusing osen the better part.

DMENTS

A Very Fishy Story." sh named Mrs. Crab. was Mr. Whale, waters with his tail. a "lark," annoyed the shark. new coat and hat, a timid Spratt. sat down to tea ry as could be. e sole.

have my will ere came a tinkle. red Mrs. Winkle. of her I'd like!" or," said the Pike.
" said Mrs. Flounder, eadful Bounder!" anguage plain,

dia have the generally desirinconvenient virtue of the as they are told. hey seldom use judgment. impaign in India, had ordered bath at a certain hour. rough a storm of bullets and

mes from an unknown sol i one morning by feeling the ficer pulling at his feet. "Sa-n, "Sahib, what am I to do? vake him at half past six, but

another. walk is ended; rent is mended; wall is made.

snow is laid.

que Je suis.

ce que Je suis.

other,

come to nought.

-French Proverb.

ows us more than days! her green familiar ways weet cheer;

ier, whose rich and wanton song laughing for so long,

essing not in grief, tnit of the fallen leaf,

oks upon the earth, shell in joyous birth air llion blossoms break.

nly died to wake rous fair! laughing songs all sung;

ton, in Broadway Mazazine,

ng, sweet summer day dimness. The sharp wings s touch with mystic rings last wide western ray And from far away the timorous poplar brings he call of feathered things, little ones at play,

assion seem as far s yon great city, spread pped mountains, where the

clash of bells, the tread Here is only rest ian Hooker, in The Forum.

issioned with the sword.

en Memory

ing falchion drew, st Parents had passed through ourn their fate untoward! ings; and the dew

pps in the heart's-ease blue, forth was but one sigh nesome pleasance ran. it my garden fan, den still must lie mas, in Success Magazine.

he'd take a look around and running as a fastidious bride the room where the presents unhappy-looking, he oking at silver and cut glass d the best man hardly knew "Er—have you kissed the st. And the answer told far

A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

, Great Britain; 2, The United States; 3, France; Germany; 5, Japan; 6, Russia; 7, Italy; 8, Austria, the way the great nations of the world rank in vies. In all these countries thousands of men are work and millions of dollars are being spent to ild more warships of all sorts and sizes. Able men constantly employed in contriving new machines blow men to pieces, and to shatter ships and ildings. The vessels of Drake or Blake or Nelson old have seemed but children's toys in comparison the immense warships of the twentieth century. any sea fight today there would be a hundred times in any sea fight today there would be a hundred times as many men killed as fell at Trafalgar or at the Nile. Some people say that these great navies are needed to keep the peace between nations. Whatever is true, that, is not. The navies and armies of the world are signs of envy and hatred, not of love and good will.

There are now 8,000 people living in Nelson, the capital of the Kootenay. Nelson is a fine little city and it is said that the mines both there and in Rossand it is said that the mines both there and in Rossland are more prosperous than they have been of late. There is a new coal-mining town in the Crow's Nest Pass called Hosmer. The mines belong to the C. P. R. Company and are reported to be very rich. In many parts of the Upper Country which used to be only considered fit for mining, there are now fruit farms in the valleys between the mountains. Some of the other provinces are not pleased that the Finance Minister, Captain Tatlow, called this province the Origard of Canada, but the name is a good one. Boys and girls who are growing up in British Columbia, works do well to learn all they can about plants, and dra do well to learn all they can about plants, and to grow them. When all the gold is washed out the river beds of British Columbia, when the ver and lead and copper are taken from our mines e land will still be left and the valleys and the pes of the hills will be covered with fruit trees. We ald be able to exchange our apples and pears, our ould be able to exchange our apples and pears, our rawberries and plums and cherries, with the people Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba for their ain. It will require more skill and judgment to raise hit than to grow wheat, but it will pay quite as well do we have the advantage of having a better climate.

There are in this city many men who have fought in the battles of the Empire. These soldiers, young and old, have a very warm feeling for one another. There are few names dearer to a man than that of comrade. Last week these veterans formed a society with Capt. Woolley, for Honorary President and Lieut. Brace, of the Y. M. C. A., for president. In their meetings the "British Campaigners" will, like the old soldier in the "Deserted Village," tell how fields were won and if war should unfortunately once more break out they will, no doubt, show that they love their ut they will, no doubt, show that they love their ountry as warmly as ever and are as ready to fight order the Old Flag as when they enlisted for their

One of the things the very first white visitors who came to the Northwest Coast noticed was that the Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands were a much superior race to any who lived either on the main-land or on Vancouver Island. They were fine looking and very skilful in the Indian arts of carving and weaving. It has been known for many years that there were valuable coal mines on these islands and that the forests were valuable. But they seemed far away and very few white men went to live there. In more recent years, copper has been discovered on one of the smallest of these islands. Hitherto there were of the smallest of these islands. Hitherto there were very few white people on the Queen Charlotte Islands but latterly companies have been formed to dig coal cut and saw lumber and mine for copper. It is said that there are splendid deep sea fisheries there and that it would pay to start a pulp factory on Graham Island. Charles A. Harrison, who has spent twenty-live years of his life on this Island has been telling the people of Winnings and Victoria how rich the the people of Winnipeg and Victoria how rich the islands are. Masset on the north of the island is not much farther from Prince Rupert than Vancouver is prom Victoria, and it is believed that, as there is good farming land on Graham Island, many settlers will go there as soon as the Grand Trunk Pacific is built.

Paper used to be made chiefly from old linen and Paper used to be made chiefly from old linen and cotton rags, but there is so much paper used for the big newspapers of these days as well as for other things that all the rags in the world, supposing there were none wasted, would not supply the demand. It was discovered, not so very long ago, that the smaller forest trees could supply the pulp or starchy substance of which paper is made. Such wood grows abundantly on Vancouver Island. There is already a pulp mill at Swanson Bay and another is to be built at once at Quatsino Sound.

Many Chinese, so it is said, still refuse to buy Japanese goods or to send freight or passengers by the

In Manchuria the Russians will manage the railom the United States Consul.

Thousands of settlers are coming to the prairies of Canada from the United States. These settlers are all good farmers. Most of them have money and many are bringing valuable farming machinery with them. They will have a great advantage over the settlers who come from England or even from Eastern Canada. The heavy soil of the prairies needs strong and averaging with the prairies needs strong and expensive machinery to break up the land, and a man who only knows how to work such soil, as is found in Ontario and the other Eastern provinces has much to learn. These families from the United States are bringing their furniture with them.

It is said that the Doukhobors want to settle in British Columbia because the climate is warmer than Manitoba or Saskatchewan. In many ways these people are troublesome settlers. A few of them are e mad and the rest, though honest and indus-us, have opinions that make it hard to govern m. However, their leader, Paul Veregrin, says most of his countrymen will, if they can get settle near Nelson and the rest in the heighbor-

The road from Wellington to Nanoose Bay and there to Alberni will be built as fast as possible. There will be a branch to Comox and Campbell'River. This road will open up a fertile and beautiful part of Vancouver Island and no doubt the land will be settled soon. Last week, Louis Hill, president of the Great Northern Railwya Company, was in the city for a little while. That company owns the little road that runs from Victoria to Sidney. It is a pity Mr. Hill could not have been persuaded to go out to Sidney till he could see how much need there is of repairing the road and putting new engines and cars upon it. This great company have thousands of miles of road, on which splendid trains run. But no one who only knows how badly the Victoria and Sidney road is managed would want to take passage on a Great Northern train. road from Wellington to Nanoose Bay and

A million dollars are to be spent by the Dominion overnment in deepening and improving the harbor westminster. This city is the port for shipping the produce of the Fraser River Valley, and it is bedies a great centre of the lumbering and salmon anning industries. It is important that its harbor hould be as good as it can be made. We need money a Victoria for the building of a larger drydock at Esquinalt. The business of repairing ships is a profitalmalt. The business of repairing ships is a profit-ble one and the more that come here to be made fit it sea, the better for the city. Already the Esqui-alt graving dock pays into the Dominion treasury for than half the whole sum contributed by the tree graving docks in Canada.

The law of nations says that a country owns the within three miles of the shore and that no other ion may fish inside that limit without the consent

The fisheries of Canada are more valuable than The fisheries of Canada are more valuable than ose of the United States, partly on account of its p and wide bays. In British Columbia, the deep a fishing for halibut and cod is very valuable and United States fishermen have been in the habit fishing where they pleased and of coming ashore cure their fish. The fishing cruiser Kestrel and e Falcon have fried to prevent these fishermen from

stealing fish belonging to this province, or of coming ashore to cure those they have caught beyond the limit. The captain of the Kestrel says another cruis-

On Sunday a terrible fire destroyed the town of Chelsea, a beautiful suburb of the city of Boston, Mass. There wasn't great loss of life, and though thousands of homes were destroyed, it is not likely that there will be much distress. Boston is a wealthy city and the people are too generous to let their neighbors want. There are, however, so many idle people in the United States, that it is sad to think of more being added to the great army of the unem-

As was expected, Mr. Asquith has made many changes in the government. Some of the cabinet ministers have been appointed to other offices, for which their talents specially fitted them, and new men which their talents specially fitted them, and new men have been brought in. It is, perhaps, too much to expect Canadian boys and girls to know much about the members of the British cabinet. Yet you learn in your histories about dead statesmen, and why not then find out something about those who are making history now. We may some day see what we can find out about John Morley, Lloyd George, Winston Churchill and some others who will during the next few years help to rule the empire. Some of the newspapers have found fault with King Edward VII, because he was in France when the important changes were being made. There was a time when it would not have been safe for any paper to speak as boldly.

Lord Strathcona, one of the oldest of Canadian business men, who is now High Commissioner for Canada in England lately made a speech showing that it was very important that there should be a line of British ships both on the Atlantic and on the Pacific connecting all parts of the British Empire.

connecting all parts of the British Empire a line, in time of peace would make trade more profitable and if war should unfortunately arise, would be of great use, as soldlers and supplies could be rapidly transported by it. Lord Strathcona, then Sir Donold Smith, was one of the first to see that it would now to build the Care. see that it would pay to build the Cana-dian Pacific railway across the continent, though the greater part of Canada was

on Wednesday morning did a great deal of harm. If there had been a great wind blowing, as there often is, from the southeast, it is hard to tell where the fire would have stopped. Victoria must have more water with which to fight the fire.

A Toronto paper publishes a letter saying that in Ontario the children and some of the grown people are very cruel. They destroy all living wild creatures wantonly and wastefully gather the wild flowers and plants. The editor does not think this is true of the boys and girls near Victoria.

is true of the boys and girls near Victoria. In the orchards near the city the birds seem to be increasing and not many boys are cruel enough to molest them.

Since Mr. Wallace and other members of the Natural History Society told us that it destroyed the lilies to gather the leaves, all the boys are most careful to pluck only the blossoms. Game birds are hunted, but this is not from wanton cruelty. During the Easter holidays we hope that all the children will enjoy themselves to their hearts content and come back to school strong and well. A number of pretty Easter drawings have to be left over till next Sunday as they came in just a little too late. We hope that some boys and girls will find time to write to us during the holidays. Surely some bright eyes will see some bird or flower or scene that will be interesting to read about.

The editor is very grateful to Miss Emily H. Woods for taking an interest in the children's page. A picture has an added value when it is known to be drawn from nature or from an object.

HOW "BRICKTOP" BECAME A HERO

For a whole month the high school junior class had been rehearsing for a literary play (written by one of their class, John Edwards, commonly called "Bricktop"), and they were now ready to give a production of it in the town hall. There was a double purpose in the presentation of

classmates were proud of his efforts as a playwright and were anxious to see his first interary effort tried on the boards—and tried by his own talented young friends, who possessed considerable histrionic ability. Secondly, the class presenting the play wished to raise some funds to go towards the improvement of their gymnasiur

which was far from being completely equipped.

The parents and friends of the class had helped in every way to make the entertainment a grand success. The play had been appropriately costumed, and a very capable director engaged to stage it. So the outlook for "Bricktop's" youthful effort was most promising.

The evening for the play's initial production at last arrived, and a more excited and enthusiastic crowd of young folks than the high school class presenting it could not have been found on the earth's surface that night. Behind the scenes all was constrained in the scenes all was constrained in the scenes all was constrained. surface that night. Benind the scenes all was con-fusion, stagehands rushing here and there with the bits of scenery which they were adjusting for the first scene, and boys and girls, with several of the anxious mothers assisting, busily "making up" in their dressing rooms, which had been arranged at the ends of the improvised stage built for the occas-ion.

The house was soon crowded. Long before the or-thestra began its first overture every seat had been taken, and the general aspect of the audience was most favorable and indulgent.

Slowly the curtain went up; the applause echoed slowly the curtain went up; the applause echoed as the audience beheld the playwright—Bricktop—on the stage in the garb of "A Texas Ranger," a role quite suited to him, as he was of athletic build for a chap of 15, and had had the good luck to be born in Texas, the scene of his play. And so familiar was Bricktop with the history of Texas that he had built a really interesting play around the "Lone Star" creatly early days. state's early days.

After the applause had subsided, and the audience were silent and attentive, Bricktop's lines led the play. Other "wild men of the plains," that could "chaw skunkskin when tobaccer was out," and "eat their cowskin boots for dinner during an Indian raid," came dashing into the "early settler's" cabin, making a great deal of noise and saying but little.

The audience was pleased with every line, be it humorous, pathetic or commonplace, and showed their approval by generous outbursts of applause.

And when the "queen of the prairies" (the favorite girl in the junior class, by name, Polly Jones) stepped upon the stage in her riding habit—which stepped upon the stage in her riding nabit—which was very different to the approved style for a lady equestrian of today the greeting she received from her auditors was deafening. Graciously and gracefully Polly bowed and smiled at the demonstrative reception she had received, for, as "leading lady" reception she had received, for, as "leading lady" she was to share the honors of the evening with the "author-playwright," Bricktop.

And then the first act drew to a close. The cur-

And then the first act drew to a close. The curtain went down and the orchestra strains mingled with the hundreds of voices in the hall. And Bricktop, peeping from a tiny hole in the drop curtain, could see that his play was "a go." He knew from the happy faces of those assembled that they appreciated the work of his past two years. And Bricktop's heart beat with the true pride that follows the

accomplishment of a dear ideal.

But he had little time to devote to "peeping," for everywhere he was needed at once. He must see to it that the scenery was set rightly; he must inspect the "principals" to note if their costumes were

worn properly. The red lights which were to be thrown on the tableau that closed the second act must be looked after and final instructions given as to their use and the manner of handling them. In fact, Bricktop was his own stage manager, and he was everywhere giving his orders in a quick, calm

And then the curtain went up on the second act. a scene in a poor woman's shanty in a Western town. Throughout this act, tears flowed from the eyes of the audience, for the scene depicted a poor woman and her beautiful daughter—"The Queen of woman and her beautiful daugnter—"The Queen of the Prairies"—in the deepest distress, through the treachery of the villain of the play. At the close of the act the poor old mother dies on a pallet on the floor, begging the villain to spare her daughter and allow her to go to friends in another country. The villain is determined to marry the "Queen of the Prairies" and makes his threat that she shall never leave that room till she goes forth as his bride. leave that room till she goes forth as his bride. As the villain makes the threat, with upraised arm, the poor mother drops back dead, and the beautiful daughter, sobbing, throws herself across the lifeless and beloved form.

Then the red light should have been thrown on the tableau, but somehow the material used to get the effect would not ignite. But as the young man in charge of the tableau light persevered there was a sudden explosion, and almost instantly flames were sudgen explosion, and almost instantly names were seen climbing about the bits of paper scenery round the stage. A dozen boys and girls were about the wings, and, seeing the danger, ran, screaming, to their dressing rooms, not knowing what else to do. "Fire!" The terrible word ran throughout the spacious hall, and the people raised as one man, their faces blanching. Many men made wild attempts to ston the ground to reason with it but a manie second stop the crowd, to reason with it, but a panic seemed inevitable. At the first word, "Fire!" a dozen men from the front seats had jumped upon the stage. Then, as suddenly, the curtain had been rung down.

"Stop!" The word rang clear and strong through



This Stone Water Bottle Was Drawn From the Object by Winifred Winterburn, Aged Eleven Years, Who is a Pupil of Miss E. H. Woods.

out the hall. "STOP! BE QUIET WHERE YOU NOW STAND, AND HEAR ME SPEAK." Involuntarily the panic-stricken people paused and looked toward the stage. There, in front of the curtain, stood Bricktop, his face determined and calm. He smiled as he waved his hands for the audience to be seated. "There is no reason for pressinger." seated. "There is no reason for uneasiness," he said.
"We are fixing a prairie fire, and someone who did not know what our artificial blazes and real smoke meant, gave the foolish alarm. We will now show you just what a real Texas prairie fire looks like you just what a real Texas prairie fire looks like—on a small scale—if you'll sit down there. Those in the back of the house may pass quietly out if they feel afraid. We had meant to have the prairie fire come to destroy the house, and two of the brave rangers, knowing of the sickness of the poor woman and the helplessness of her beautiful daughter, were to have arrived in time to take the daughter on a third horse they were leading and and "Hare third horse they were leading and—and—" Here-upon Bricktop glanced about him, peeping behind the drop curtain. Then, as two or three of the men from the audience came upon the stage and the curtain ran up, he went on: "I guess the prairie fire has been put out, ladies and gentlemen, and I thank you for your coolness in waiting till it blew over. If you will now take your seats, the play will pro-

"And I will add this," said the town's mayor, one of the men who had dashed behind the scenes to help put out the blaze, "that we had a pretty stiff blaze, but no harm has been done except to the scenery. That can be repaired at the scenic artist's hospital. That can be repaired at the scenic artist's hospital. As for our young actor-playwright here," laying his hand on Bricktop's head, "he is also a HERO in capital letters. Please be seated and give three cheers for our red-headed boy, the only real playwright of our town, and then let the play go on."

For several minutes the applause and wild cheers of the audience were deafening. Then, as the sounds died away, with Bricktop bowing and bowing, and waving his hands for quiet, an elderly gentleman rose in the rear of the house and spoke in a voice full of emotion. He was the proprietor of the town's best hotel, a hostelry that was the pride of his fellow-citizens: "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I want

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I wan express here in public my appreciation and admir-ion of that red-headed little feller standing there ation of that red-headed little feller standing there with his face streaming with melted stage paint. He was close enough to the fire to be singed, and yet he held his ground like a hero and infused quiet into us by improvising a story of a prairie fire while his brave fellows behind the scenes put out the flame. Now, I invite him and his entire company, and all those who helped to put out the fire, to come to my hotel after the performance and I'll set up to them the best spread that can be put before them on such short order. But as to all of us (and the old gentleman waved his hands about to indicate the audience, which had so wildly started at the first alarm), why, we ought to be so ashamed of ourselves for why, we ought to be so ashamed of ourselves for having acted like a lot of cowards that we'd go off and hide our heads in a hole."

And cheers greeted the old gentleman's words,

And cheers greeted the old gentleman's words, and quiet and good nature prevailed, while the orchestra played a merry tune.

And that night, after the play had been finished — and finished in a way that did credit to the boys and girls playing in it, and to Bricktop, the manager—the entire company, accompanied by many others who were invited, went to the hotel, where a banquet

was given in honor of the boy who had presence of mind to halt a frightened audience in time to pre-

vent what might have been a very serious panic.

And for a long time Bricktop—or to be more correct, John Edwards—was not only alluded to by the citizens of his town as "our boy playwright," but also as "our red-headed hero."—Maud Walker in

ABOUT ANIMALS .

Hated the Muzzle

Mrs. Lee describes a large spaniel, named Flora, of whom she had personal knowledge. She was valued at home, and was generally under no restraint: but one hot summer an order was issued by the magistrates of the town that no dogs should go abroad without a muzzle. Flora, therefore, when she went abroad, was equipped with a muzzle, which she evidently hated and which she made many fruitless attempts to get off. One day, however, the muzzle was less securely fastened than usual, and after some efforts Flora succeeded in getting it off. The attendant tried to get hold of it, and to replace it in its usual place, but Flora was too quick for him; she caught it up in her mouth, ran off to a pond in the neighborhood, and when there, swam to the deepest part, and dropped the muzzle into the water, expressing by looks and gestures the greatest delight,—Anecdotes of Animals.

Merry Gophers.

Thew are a saucy set of fellows, those young imps that throng the Western plains and appeal to the good-hearted Manitoba farmer for their winter food. They are not beggars, either; the gopher has far too much independence and character for that.

They just walk into a field well stocked with succulent grain, and they thrive, as happy a lot of bright-eyed young rogues as you would wish to see. They have not much dread of the animal's mortal enemy—man—as they show by the fearlessness with which they build or rather, dig, their homes near by the prairie roads, and sport about in their own back yards to their heart's content.

We saw thousands of them when we

We saw thousands of them when we drove in a buckboard sixty miles across prairies in the Canadian territories. It was a warm, late August afternoon, and the lita warm, late August afternoon, and the lit-tile chaps were gamboling about in the gambine, frolicking like diminutive spring lambs, and far more agile, graceful and interesting. Two of them got under the horses hoofs, but the fine old prairie cobs were too good-natured to step on the little fellows, and the gophers themselves de-snised the high prown animals with the conspised the big brown animals with the contempt born of an absolute assurance of

Then with an adroit dodge they would whisk away, scamper off to their burrows, sit up on their hind quarters, with their fore legs lifted and paws hanging comically downward, and with a pretty scampish expression of innocence these little monkeys, no larger than a kitten, and wrapped in their fur coats of grey, would cock their heads on one side, eye us with those bright little black beads of eyes, and—well—laugh. When we had bowled past, I always felt that the little villains were making grimaces at our backs. Then with an adroit dodge they would making grimaces at our backs.

Horses' Illusions.

A coachman who for many years had been in charge of a large stable of valuable carriage horses, gave the writer some curious instances of the nervous illusions of horses. Only once did he find a whole stable in anything like permanent fear. He had taken ten carriage horses to a large house in Norfolk, where they stood in a line in a ten-stalled stable. There was a tame monkey in the stable very in a line in a ten-stalled stable. There was a tame monkey in the stable, very quiet, which slept unchained, sitting on one of the divisions of the stalls. On the first night, about 11 o'clock, he heard a disturbance in the stable, the horses stamping and kicking, and very uneasy. He got a light, entered the stable, and found them all in great terror. Nothing that could disturb them was there, except the monkey, apparently asleep on his perch.

He quieted the horses, locked the door, He quieted the horses, locked the door, and went away. Soon the disturbance began again, and this time, slipping quietly up, he drew a pair of steps to one of the windows, and as the moon was shining bright, saw a view of the interior. The monkey was the source of terror. It was amusing itself by a steeplechase along the whole length of the stable, leaping alternately from the division of the stall to a horse's back or head, then off on to the next rail, and so on. The horses were trembling with fright, though many of them had not the least objection to a cat or pigeon sitting on their backs. Yet the monkey had not hurt any of them, and their panic was clearly the result of illusion.—Chicago News.

the result of illusion.-Chicago News.

The Horse and the Music

Just at that moment, before any of them had begun to talk, every ear caught the pleasant musical sound of little bells ringing. It was no regular tune, but a delicious melody in that soft, sunshinny air, which was filled at the same time with the song of birds. Angela had heard all kinds of music in London, but this was unlike anything she had heard before, so soft, and sweet, and gladsome! On it came, ringing, ringing as softly as flowing water. The boys ringing, ringing as softly as flowing water. The hove and grandfather knew what it meant. Now it was in sight!—the farm team going to the mill with sacks of corn to be ground, each horse with a little string of belis to its harness. On they came, the handsome, well-cared-for creatures, nodding their heads as they stepped along; and at every step the cheerful and cheering melody rang out eering melody rang out.
"Do all horses down here have bells?" asked An-

"By no means," replied her grandfather, "they are "By no means." replied her grandfather, "they are some expense, but if we can make labor easier to a horse by giving him a little music, which he loves, he is less worn by his work, and that is a saving worth thinking of. A horse is a gentle, noble-spirited animal, and not without intellect, either; and he is capable of much enjoyment from music. We all know that music stimulates to exertion, as well as soothes the wary Soldiare as Williams the weary. Soldiers, as Willie to music. If bands of work-people at says, march to music. If bands of work-people field labor sing, the labor is lightened and the mir cheered. Buffon says that even sheep fatten better to the sound of music."—Mrs. Howitt, in The Juvenile Instructor, Salt Lake City, Utah.

A Horse That Knew

A Horse That Knew

Henry Fallows, a butcher at Washington and
Williams streets, Newark, left his old bay, horse
standing in front of his shop on Thursday afternoon.
The horse had slipped a shoe, and Fallows planned
to send him to the blacksmith. Half an hour later
when he sought the horse he was missing.

An hour later the horse came back with a new
shoe on. He had gone to the blacksmith's on his own
hook, had stood under one of the swinging halters,
and had whinnied to attract attention until he was
attended to, The blacksmiths fixed him up and then
let him go home.—New York Times.

A Faithful Parrot.

Not long ago a lady, calling on another, noticed the absence of a cherished parrot, and asked what had become of it.

"Oh. I had to give her away."

"Give her away! And you thought so much of her!"

Yes, but you know, I taught her to ask me in the dear, faithful little thing, that she used to wake me up all night long asking me if I slept well. Nothing could cure her of it—she was so morbidly conscientious—and so at last I had to give her to a night edi-

FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

All About Bobby Bear, Bubby Bear, and Baby Bear. Said Bobby Bear to Bubby Bear, "I think it would For us to go to school today and learn to read and spell";
"It would, indeed," said Bubby Bear, "I'll go along with you."
When Baby Bear heard what they said, he called out, "Me go, too!"

Now Bobby Bear was clever, and he learned to write at once. But Bubby Bear was stupid, and he had to be the dunce. While Baby Bear learned nothing, but he looked so y wise, r thought he knew it all, and so gave him

Taking Baby Bear's Picture.

"You two sit down," said Bubby Bear; "I'll take your photograph Be very still, dear Baby Bear, don't wriggle and dont' laugh."
"I'll hold him still," said Bobby Bear, "and you say, 'One, two, three!'
Then take a lovely photograph of Baby Bear and

So Bubby fixed the camera, and posed his subjects right; And Baby Bear just couldn't move, for Bobby held him tight. But with a sudden, awful bounce, as Bubby counted three— He screamed, "I'se 'f'aid it will go off! It's pointed wite at me!"

Tea for Three.

Once Bobby Bear and Bubby Bear and Baby Bear had tea, They had a little tea-set that held just enough for three: And Bobby tied on Baby's bib, while Bubby filled the pot With just a spoon of tea apiece—and water boiling

Now Bobby Bear and Bubby Bear were quite polite and fine;
They never hurried rudely when 't was time to sup or dine. So Bubby pouring the tea, took care that Bobby got the most—
But while they talked wee Baby Bear ate every bit

We've Caught No Fish Today.

Oh, Bobby Bear and Bubby Bear one day a-fishing went; For lines they found some bits of string—for hooks some pins they bent.

They angled in the goldfish globe for nearly half day, While Baby Bear just waited to see what they

After they'd fished a long, long time, said Bobby Bear, "I wish You'd go away, dear Baby Bear—I fear you'll scare the fish." the fish."
"Dey isn't any fish," said Baby Bear, "for, yesterday,
I was afraid you'd hurt 'em, so I frowed 'em all away!'

-From St. Nicholas.

The Bear Family at Home, and How the Circus Came to Visit Them.

Once a little cub bear was caught in a big trap, and taken on a train to a Circus. He lived in the Circus a long, long while, and every day a great many people came to see the bear, and the lions, and the tigers, and the leopards, and the elephants, and the camels, and the other animals.

Every night the animals would all be put in the wagons made for them, then the wagons would be rolled up on the flat cars of a railroad train. The train would go all night to another town, where a great many more people would come to see the animals in the Circus.

mals in the Circus.

One night, after the wagons with the animals had all been put on board the cars, the engineer started the train, and away it went. The animals were so used to the train going rattle-te-bang, rattle-te-bang, all night long, that they all went to sleep, and stayed asleep a long while.

But that night, while the animals and every one on the train except the engineer and the fireman were asleep, the engineer looked ahead and suddenly say a big rock on the track.

saw a big rock on the track. He blew the whistle, and put on the brakes to stop the train, but the train came nearer and near-er to the big rock.

The poor engineer couldn't stop the train, and the brakemen couldn't stop the train, so the engine ran into the rock with a crash, and was knocked off the track and smashed all to pleces, and all the cars ran off the track into a ditch, and the wagons were all broken, so that the animals got out of their cages and found that they were free in the dark woods. They were all so glad to be free that they ran away as fast as they could and hid in the woods, and so did the Cub Bear and a friend of his, a monkey named Pete. They ran and they ran and they ran—and at last the Cub Bear Stopped and looked around: He saw a path; then he looked at the trees and the mountain and he thought he would wait there until morning. As soon as it was light, the Cub

around: He saw a path; then he looked at the trees and the mountain and he thought he would wait there until morning. As soon as it was light, the Cub Bear looked 'way up on the mountain side and saw a cave, and where do you suppose they were? In the very same woods where the Cub Bear was born. They walked a little way and the Cub Bear said: "Why, here is the path that leads to our home cave!" They ran up that path as fast as they could, to the cave in the mountains. The Cub Bear's heart was beating very fast, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, because he knew that this was his old home, and he wondered whether his Papa Bear and Mamma Bear and his little brother, Jimmie Bear, were still there. They went in very quietly, and found a great hig brown bear asleep. When the big brown bear heard them come in, he jumped up quickly and looked at little Cub Bear, and little Cub Bear looked at him. It was the Papa Bear. He ran to the Cub Bear and put his arms around him and gave him a great big bear hug. You know bears can hug very, very tight. Papa Bear hugged the Cub Bear, and the Cub Bear hugged the Papa Bear, and they were very, very glad to see each other. The Papa Bear woke up the Mamma Bear great bear hug, because she was so glad to see him. Jimmie Bear waked up, and gave the Cub Bear a great bear hug, because she was so glad to see him. Jimmie Bear waked up, and gave the little Cub Bear a big bear hug, too.

Did you ever give your papa a bear hug? After the Papa Bear and the Mamma Bear had talked a little while to the Cub Bear, they said, "We will have to call you 'Circus Bear' after this"; for the little Cub Bear had told his papa and mamma that he had been in the Circus while away from

All this time Pete, the monkey, had been sitting off by himself in the cave, watching the big beard. They were so big and strong, that he was frightened, so he climbed up to the top of the cave, and sat there, on a root of a tree which came down into the cave, and the Circus Bear didn't know where he had

After awhile little Jimmie Bear saw the monkey, and said, "Oh, see that funny little fellow up there in the foof! He has a long tail, and he is making faces at me. I have never seen anybody like him. He isn't a bear, I know. What a funny-looking fellow he is!" Then he asked the Circus Bear what it was, and the Circus Bear said, "That is a monkey, named Pete, a very dear friend of mine, I think you might like him, he is a jolly sort of chap, Would you like to shake hands with him?" And little Jimmie Bear said "Yes," So the Circus Bear told the monkey not to be afraid and the monkey came down and shook hands with little Jimmie Bear and they said they would always be good friends.—Curtis D. Wilbur, in St. Nicholas.