

## CARLOS AND THE SNOWBALLS.

## A TRUE STORY.

Once there was a little boy named Carlos, who lived in a hot country where no snow ever falls, and where boys never have skates or sleds, and can never make snow-balls.

When Carlos was eight years old he came to Canada to visit some cousins. Summer was over and the leaves were falling, and Carlos had to wear warmer clothes than he had ever had to wear before.

He did not like the cold windy days of November, and the dark afternoons. But one Saturday morning when he woke up, the room seemed very light, and when he looked out, there was the beautiful soft white snow lying on the ground.

All day Carlos played in the snow with his cousins. He learned to make good hard round snow-balls, and helped the other boys to make a snow man. He was so busy and happy that he did not mind the cold, and as he was a brave little boy, and good tempered, he only laughed when a snowball hit him.

When the tea-bell rang the hungry boys were quite ready to go in, but when the family sat down to tea, the mother said, "Where is Carlos?" "I think he has some secret," said Jack, whose room Carlos shared; "he ran up to our room and shut the door. Here he is, though," and Carlos came in, looking very rosy and happy.

"What are you up to, kid?" asked one of the bigger boys.

But Carlos only laughed; and every one was so hungry and everything tasted so good, that they soon forgot about his secret.

Bed-time soon came, and Jack and Carlos went off upstairs, chattering away about how Carlos was to learn to skate when the lake froze over.

Jack's mother came in to turn down their beds, but Carlos ran across the room and snatched his pillow away. Then he gave a sort of howl.

"Where's my snow-ball?" he cried. "Who took my snowball?"

"What snow-ball?" enquired his aunt. "Why, Carlos, your nightgown is sopping wet! And, oh dear, dear, here's a pool of water under the pillow. What *have* you been doing?"

Poor little Carlos was crying by this time.

"The boys must have taken my snowball," he sobbed. "It was the nicest one I made, and I wrapped it up in my night-gown, and put it under my pillow. I was going to send it to mother."

"Oh, you kid," shouted Jack, "to think you could keep a snow-ball in the house."

But his mother said:

"Hush, Jack, you don't know what you might think about snow if you had never seen it before. Carlos, dear, don't cry so. It was nice of you to want to send your snow-ball to mother, and when mother comes after Christmas you can take her out and make dozens of them for her. Tomorrow, we'll show you how snow turns into water in a warm place. But now, come and help me get some dry things for your bed."

## THE QUESTION BOX.

E. M. H. Please state, with reasons, which is correct, "I am feeling bad," or, "I am feeling badly," when used in the sense of not feeling well.

The first form is correct. The rule is: After the verbs *be*, *look*, *taste*, *smell*, *feel*, and a few others, use an adjective to express *quality* or *state* of the subject, and an adverb to express the *manner* of the action. The colloquial use of the adverb is quoted as a "common error" in some grammars. Mason has the following note:

Some persons have the mistaken idea that they are using better English when they say, "The rose smells *sweetly*," "His voice sounded *harshly*," etc. It comes to much the same thing whether we say, "He arrived *safe*," or "He arrived *safely*." But no one in his senses would say, "He seems *honestly*," for, "He seems *honest*," or, "I feel *coldly*" for, "I feel *cold*."

A few writers defend the use of "badly" as an exception to the rule, on the ground that "bad" may be ambiguous. "He looks bad" might be taken to mean, "He looks like a bad man."

In Bishop Welldon's book of reminiscences, just issued, there is a capital school story. A teacher of geography told her pupils that Cambodia is as big as Siam. In due course this appeared as "She says Cambodia is as big as she is."—*Teachers' World*.