

## Children's Department.

### AN ELEPHANT AND HIS MOTHER.

Elephants are said to dearly enjoy a joke. When engaged in the timber trade in Burma, I observed some queer pranks played by them. On one occasion I saw a calf play a most ludicrous trick on its mother. The older animal was hauling a log, which fifty coolies could not have moved from a river to the saw mills,

quite unconscious of any guile in the bosom of her offspring. The youngster took a turn with his trunk round one of the chain traces, and pulled back with all his might. This additional weight caused the mother to stop and look behind her; but on discovering the cause she gravely shook her head, and prepared to resume her task of drawing the log to the mill. This was just what the little imp expected; and, before the strain was put on again, he kicked out the iron hook which fastened the long chain to the log. As the mother again began to pull, he held back with all his strength on the train until her muscles were in full play, and then suddenly let go.

The effect was disastrous in the extreme. Down went the old elephant on her knees, and her driver described a most graceful and prolonged curve before he landed on the ground. But, like a cat he struck on his feet, and blurting out some heavy Burmese exclamations of wrath, he whispered a few words in the ear of the amazed victim of this unfilial practical joke. She seemed to understand him at once, and there ensued one of the most exciting chases it has ever been my good fortune to witness.

The calf scented danger the moment he saw the driver whisper to his mother, and he placed a large stack of timber between the enraged animal and himself as speedily as possible.

Elephants seem too clumsy to do much running, but these two coursed up and down the yard in a manner which astonished me.

The youngster was more quick in turning, but at last he was cornered. The maternal trunk smote him on the loins. He gave a shriek; at a second stroke he dropped on his knees, and took his punishment bravely and patiently. A few minutes later he walked past us to the shed; but his trunk was drooping, and the great tears were coursing silently down his india rubber cheeks.

I was sorry for the poor little fellow, and I noticed that at dinner time

## What is a Good Investment?

THERE are three important qualities that every investor must keep in mind when buying securities. These are safety, cheapness and salability.

### It Must Be Safe

That must be the first consideration. In forming a judgment on this point experience and a knowledge of the market are probably the most important factors. We have been in business for nearly forty years and our accumulated knowledge and experience are at the disposal of our clients.

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### It Must Be Readily Salable

This is an important point—one often overlooked. For this reason the securities listed on the regular Stock Exchanges are best for they have a wider market and their values are always published in the papers. It is a safe rule to avoid unlisted securities which are canvassed for.

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his mother was gently rubbing him down with her trunk, and manifesting many signs of affection.—Chums.

### HOW THE MOUSE GOT THE COOKY.

Ponto, the spotted dog, came trotting into the field behind the barn. He held in his mouth a fine bit of cooky, which the baby had given him. As he ran he growled to himself: "I do wish babies ate bones instead of cake. I am tired of cookies. I will hide this till to-morrow."

The wise old mouse was in the field just then, seeing the grass grow. He heard the dog, and he thought the cooky would be nice. So he squeaked: "Do you want a bone, Ponto?"

"Yes; have you got one?" barked he.

"I think the dog fairy has one for you."

This pleased Ponto. He had never heard of the dog fairy. He thought a fairy bone must be sweet indeed, he said he should be thankful for one.

The mouse squeaked to him to run around three times in a circle; then he was to lie down in the grass and shut his eyes for three minutes; then he could open his mouth and look for the bone.

Ponto at once dropped the cooky. He ran around and around after his tail ever so many times. Then he lay down and shut his eyes. After a while he jumped up again; but there was no bone, and the cooky was gone. The wise old mouse had carried it off to his children.

Let us learn a lesson from this. Let us be content with what we have, rather than grasping at what is beyond our reach.

### AN ADVENTURE OF TEN LITTLE GIRLS.

Ten little girls were on their way home from school. There were Eunice and Lucy and Jane and Susan and Nancy and Martha and Ruth, besides the three Marys—Mary Fox Mary Lyon and Mary Lamb.

Mary Fox was talking.

"Let's go over in the pasture and see those dear little lambs," she said.

## Eye Strain Headaches

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