

LITTLE FOLKS

The Giant.

Do tell me why the kettle's lid
Is moving up and down?
And why that smoke comes puffing out
So fiercely from the kettle's spout?
It sprinkles, see, your gown!

'Ah! Charlie, boy, you do not know
That under that small lid
A giant, powerful and strong,
Who pushes ships and trains along,
Is in the kettle hid.'

'A real giant! Oh, mamma!
You must be in a dream.'

Which tell the story of the past,
That ever did the same.

'And you, my boy, will learn one day,
How that which moves the lid
Can with the ponderous piston play,
And make the fly-wheel spin away,
And work as it is bid.'
—'Chatterbox.'

A Yellow Spider.

In a wood lived a beautiful yellow
spider, flat in the body, with long legs
in front and short ones behind, who
could walk quite as easily sideways as

man, for a suitable spot in which to
lie hidden. There were many red, blue,
and white flowers about, but these
would not serve her purpose, for, had
she seated herself on one of these, her
golden body would have stood out from
them, and the first swallow flying by,
or the finch on the nearest tree, would
have spied her at once, and would have
caught and eaten her. So she looked
about for a yellow flower, and saw, in
the middle of the meadow, a fine head
of rag-wort, its many blossoms shining
as golden as her own body, and cluster-
ing together in a lovely bunch smelling
of sweetness and honey. To this the
spider came, and climbed up the stalk
from leaf to leaf till she reached the
flowers, where she lay down, flatten-
ing herself on the top of them and
stretching out her legs in front, ready
for a catch. The eight eyes on her
head were busy peering about for the
approach of flies, and with her ears
she listened for their buzzing, whilst
her body lay immovable. Up came a
beautiful golden green fly looking for
honey to sip and pollen to eat, when he
caught sight of the yellow rag-wort.
As it smelt so sweet he made sure that
its honey would taste delicious, and so,
thinking himself very clever to have
found what he wanted, he flew straight
to it and settled in the middle of the
blossom. He dived down into the
heart of the flower and drank of the
sweet honey.

But the spider had her eye upon the
fly, and step by step she crept near and
ever nearer, till, with one bound, she
fell upon him and killed him. When
she had finished feasting she built a
little chamber with her threads among
the stalks of the cluster of flowers. In
it she laid her eggs, securely sheltered
in a little sack which she spun, till the
young spiders crept merrily out of it.

So the rag-wort was a great boon to
the yellow spider, but a death-trap to
the fly. It does not do to think about
the honey in the flower only; one must
look out for possible dangers lurking
near.—Richard Wagner.

Japanese Top-spinner.

A Japanese student of medicine was
showing a group of Americans what he
could do in the way of top-spinning.
He took up a big, yellow top shaped like
a chrysanthemum, wrapped a silk cord
about it and threw it down. It spun



'No dream, my child; the slave of man,
He does more work than horses can:
The giant's name is Steam.

'Giants of old were mighty men,
Who mighty deeds could do;
So, when one does the work of ten,
In digging mine, or draining fen,
We call him giant too.

'And Steam has strength for work so
vast
You can no giant name,
In all the books, from first to last,

straight on or backwards, in all of
which she much resembled a crab.

Hunger awoke this poor spider very
early one morning, for she had tasted
no food for a fortnight, and her heart
was set upon catching a fly. The
question was, how was this to be done?
Unlike her cousins and nieces, she was
not clever at spinning a web, nor had
she sufficient spinning glands, so she
went a-hunting instead.

She trotted away till she came to a
little sunny clearing in the wood, where
she looked about her, like a true sports-

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