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CURRENT TOPICS

A gentleman, Mr. R. H. Fulton, proposes to set up a plant to make turpentine out of the balsam of which so many of our fir trees are full. There could not be found, anywhere, one would think, a better place to make turpentine than Vancouver Island with its splendid forests.

There will be a good many new public buildings erected in British Columbia this year. The post office in Victoria is to be enlarged and an immigration building is to be begun. We need, not only a larger building but more post-office clerks if the public is to get their letters and papers as soon as they should.

On Tuesday another son was born to the King and Queen of Spain. The royal Spanish babies are grand nephews of the King of England. Their mother was Princess Victoria of Battenburg the child of Queen Victoria's youngest daughter. The elder brother, the Crown Prince was only a year old in May.

Cornwall, Ont., is a very important manufacturing town, large numbers of people are employed in the paper and cotton mills. On one side of the town there is a fine canal. On Tuesday a break in this canal caused great damage to property and owing to the rush of water, the factories had to be closed. The loss will be very great as until the canal is repaired no ships can pass down the St. Lawrence.

A great fire in the old town of Three Rivers at the mouth of the St. Maurice in Quebec has destroyed a great part of the city. Next to Quebec and Montreal this is the most interesting town of old Canada. Many a story could be told of the French soldiers, or cour-eurs du bois who met the Indians there. To this day priests and nuns dress as they did in the time of Frontenac or Laval, and the dress of many of the French maidens differs little from that worn by Ma-

In Switzerland an inventor named Zeppelin, has succeeded in constructing an airship that will not only sail through the air but obey the helm. The ex-periment was tried near Lake Constance. The ship sailed for an hour and a half and carried twelve passengers. A little more than a hundred years ago peo-ple were watching little steamers making uncertain journeys on the Hudson or the Clyde and writing ac-counts of their wonderful performances to their friends at a distance.

The Chinamen of this city are following the example of their countrymen at home in trying to conquer the habit of using opium. Many of them say that they know opium ruins a man and they have formed a league against its use. The opium trade supports a great many people, though it does so much harm to others. Yet the world will be a great deal richer when the immense poppy fields are given up to the cultivation of plants which are useful for food. We will all hope that the anti-opium league will grow and prosper.

Secretary Taft and his friend President Roosevelt were very happy on Friday when they heard that the Republican Convention at Chicago had chosen Taft to be its candidate for President. If he is elected he will carry out the reforms which President Roosevelt has begun. It is said that he will not talk so much as the president does but that he will work just as hard. Now the Democratic candidate Mr. Bryan is telling the people of the United States what he will do if he is made president. Mr. Bryan is a good man, if he is made president. Mr. Bryan is a good man, and an able speaker. His party has been out of power for many years. 'In the next few months we will hear very much more of these two men and of their continues.

In all parts of the British Empire law reigns. If a man commits a crime, even the most terrible, he is, if discovered, tried and punished. No one thinks of interfering. His life is as safe in prison as in his own house. Once he has been proved guilty his punishment is sure. If he has been shown to be innocent no one must injure him in any way. It is very different in the United States. The guilty so often escape punishment that men have got into the habit to taking the law into their own hands and punishing those whom they believe to be guilty without the form of a trial. This lynch law as it is called, is a very dangerous thing. The lives of innocent men are sometimes taken by those who are, at the time, the slaves of passion. Canadians should be very jealous of the purity of their judges and the justice of their courts.

Rebellion still smoulders in China. Every now and then it breaks out and we hear about battles in some corner of this great empire. We realize then how very little we know about the geography of the home very little we know about the geography of the home of so many millions of the human race. The latest disturbances have taken place in the south and the rebels have used (so the Chinese papers say) the French colony of Anam as a place from which to get their supplies and in which to drill their troops.

There has been a fight in Persia between the soldiers of the Shah and the members of parliament. There has been trouble for some time between the young ruler and his subjects.

In Summatra, too, the Dutch island in the East Indies, there has been a rebellion of the natives. With bloodshed in Corea, China, Summatra and Persia and with unrest and discontent in India the state of affairs in Asia gives much cause for anxiety.

airs in Asia gives much cause for anxiety.

The drink evil among the races of the north is scarcely, if at all less deadly, than the opium habit among the yellow men. In almost all the countries of the world today laws are being made against this trade. Yet no law is so good as that which a man makes for himself. It boys only realized what slavery the drink habit is, they would never form it. The man who conquers it is many times a hero. The temptation to drink when one has once acquired the taste for alcohol is too strong for most men to resist in times of trouble or great excitement of any kind. The boy who never learns to drink escapes much pain and sorrow. The habit is, at best, a selfish and wasteful one and at the worst, leads to ruin.

A few days ago Secretary Taft made a speech about General Grant in which he said that once the man who led the army of the union to victory had been almost ruined by drink but that he had finally conquered himself. General Grant won many great triumphs but none for which he deserves more honor than this.

It has long been known that there was coal on the Queen Charlotte Islands. While, however, there were very few settlers in the northern part of the province, the coal mines in Nanaimo and Comox districts supplied the market. Now, however, that the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad is to be built through the northern part of the province many cities will spring up along its route and settlers will come into the valleys through which it runs. Already Prince Rupert at its terminus is a market for coal. A big company has been formed to dig for coal on Graham Island, and if it is successful, by the time the big steamers come to Prince Rupert to carry the grain of the northern prairies to the east there will be great coal mines in the Queen Charlotte Islands. There is fine timber and, it is said, good copper ore on these islands. We know very little about them and almost as little about the northern part of our own island. The beautiful district between Nanaimo and Alberni is being cleared and soon it will be filled with settlers.

Nothing was talked of in Victoria at the end of last week except the fires. From Thursday night to Saturday afternoon it seemed as if the business part of the city would be burned down. Though most of the fires were put out before any very serious harm was done, the old Colonist building remains with only the walls standing. Yet bad as this fire was every one in the city felt thankful it was no worse.

On Saturday afternoon it was discovered that a man had been going about setting fire to piles of rubbish wherever they were to be found, in or near a building. A man has been arrested whom the police believe to have been guilty of this terrible crime and there has been no serious fire since. As the man has not been tried it would not be right to say anything about him. British law says a man must be believed innocent till he is proved guilty. It is to be feared his guilt is too often taken for granted before he is tried.

Very few people are on the street before five o'clock in the morning but as the fire broke out in the Metropolitan building Elmer V. Finlan, one of the

Colonist carriers happened to pass the building and was able to turn in the alarm in time to prevent a destructive fire. Strangely enough it was Norman Spencer, another carrier, who turned in the alarm of the fire in the old Colonist building on Government

the fire in the old Colomst building on Government street.

Of course any boy would turn in an alarm when he saw a fire. Yet all boys do not act with the presence of mind shown by these lads. They will always be thankful that they were on the spot in time to save the property and perhaps the lives which the wickedness or the madness of another had endanger-

There was during the week a mining accident in Monongahela, Pa., and another in Fernie, B. C. In neither case were many men killed. The mine at Fernie was in a very dangerous state from explosive gas, and it was feared that there would be a second and more severe explosion.

One lesson taught by the events of last week is that it is both foolish and wrong to leave rubbish about valuable buildings. The police will see that after this no one shall endanger property by allowing paper or boxes to accumulate in the neighborhood of buildings in the business part of the town.

When we hear of the terrible thunderstorms and When we near of the terrible thunderstorms and the intense heat that prevail in New York and other parts of the east we cannot help feeling thankful that we live in a country where there are no extremes of heat and cold. Nothing but a plentiful supply of good water is needed to make Victoria the healthiest as it is the most beautiful city of Canada.

Many of the ships which sailed for Nome at the beginning of this month have been taught in the ice. Among them is the Transit from this port. People who live quietly at home have little idea of the dangers encountered by the sailors who go to these northern ports of Alaska. The wonder is that the journeys are so often made in safety. Men get used to any climate and learn to endure all sorts of hardships. The world owes much to its sailors and its miners. They are often rough men, but many of them are the but many of them are the stuff of which heroes are

DEN DICKINGON

AGE 11

What will the children of Victoria do next year to make their schools more beautiful? In many other Canadian cities the children take a day every spring in which to beauti-fy their grounds and some of the streets by planting trees and flowers. If roses, Clematis, Virginia Creeper and other climbing plants covered the walls of our schools how much prettier they would look. There will soon be two There will soon be two new schools, one near the Spring Ridge school and the other at the end of Moss street. They will Moss street. They will have beautiful sites, and large grounds, and the most should be made of

made.

busy this week that they have not had times to draw many pictures. Now that the holidays have come you will have time to draw things out of doors. The Editor hopes to CANADA MELVILLE SCHROEDER AGE 12.

safe anywhere while they are at liberty. If you, disguised in her garments, went to drive with her governess this afternoon, they would feel sure of their captive, and follow you to a deserted part of the park. There I could have policemen in ambush, ready to arrest the kidnappers the moment that they attacked you. I dare not expose my daughter to the fright and danger, but you are a brave boy—

'And a boy ought not to be afraid, Kolya agreed. Well, I'm not—that is, not very much, he added honestly. 'Anyway, I'll go.'

'We shall not be slow in showing our gratitude, as you will see before the day is over,' said the Baron earnestly, touching a bell as he spoke.

When a footman appeared, he filled him with astonishment by ordering that the clothing which Marie was to wear on her drive that afternoon be brought to him at once.

The little garments fitted Kolya as well as could be expected, and when the hour came for Marie's daily drive, the disguised boy took her place in the

sleigh.

Everything happened just as the Baron had expected. Hardly had the sleigh containing his supposed daughter reached a secluded part of the park, when it was overtaken by another, containing threemen. Instantly the child was seized by the newcomers, who then drove away at the top of their horses'

But before they had gone a dozen paces, they were surrounded by a group of determined-looking policemen, and, taken quite by surprise, were obliged to obey the order, 'Hands up!'

As the handcuffs were slipped over their wrists, a voice which Kolya recognized at once as the one which had so filled him with terror the night before, muttered, 'Izlovski shall pay for this!'

At the mention of his uncle, Kolya sprang eagerly forward.

. 'Where is he?' he demanded breathlessly; 'where have you hidden him?'

have you hidden him?'

The boy had torn off the now useless veil, and boldly faced the prisoners.

For a moment the men stood quite still, staring at the queer little figure before them; then the face of the leader broke into a grim smile.

I thought that I might be beaten some day, he said slowly, but not by a youngster like you!

Kolya hardly noticed his words.

Where is my uncle? he repeated insistently.

I like your nerve; the leader replied, and since you like your uncle so well, why you may have him, and welcome. He is locked up in our den by the river.'

Izlovski was soon set at liberty, and he and the Baron vied with each other in expressing their gratitude to Kolya, who, by his courage and daring, had saved not only Marie; but all the other children who might have fallen victims to the kidnappers, had they remained at liberty.

ABOUT ANIMALS

to him at once.

out of doors. The Editor hopes to see pictures of starfish, birds and animals, boats and bathers, as well as other things you will see in the beautiful out-of-doors in which you will spend your long summer days. Send me letters from your camps, and let me know what you children are dolor. are doing.

Perhaps some one has a camera and can send in a picture which can be reproduced. Your own page ought to be doubly welcome when you have no lessons to trouble you. Don't let any issue be without a jolly letter from members of the Out-of-Door Club, for which we will save a corner of the page Who will be the first member?

The children have all been

A BOY'S VICTORY

Kolya Izlovski sat up very straight in his little bed, straining his ears to catch the slightest sound. There could no longer be

sound. There could no longer be any doubt about it—stealthy footsteps sounded in his uncle's study, and further investigation showed that a dim light was burning there.
What ought he to do about it? Kolya's uncle—
with whom he had made his home since the death of his parents two years ago, when he was a boy of six, had gone away that evening, saying that he might not return for several days. No one was left in the apartment but Kolya himself and Masha, the deaf old housekeeper. Were burglars taking advantage of his uncle's absence to break in and steal the few treasures that were so dear to him?

Before he could decide what to do, the footsteps moved toward the hallway, and the dim light disappeared. Without an instant's hesitation Kolya followed softly after the intruder, determined to recover what had been stolen from his uncle, should there be any possibility of doing so.

To his astonishment, the man entered a room in the basement of the apartment house, and as he passed through the doorway Kolya recognized him.

To his astonishment, the man entered a room in the basement of the apartment house, and as he passed through the doorway. Kolya recognized him as one of the janitor's lodgers. What had he been doing in his uncle's rooms?

Low-toned voices sounded within, and creeping noiselessly to the door, the boy listened with bated breath.

breath.

'Cozy little place he has up there,' said the first speaker. 'I shouldn't wonder if he much prefers it to the quarters we have just given him.'

'He would have no complaint to make against his present quarters if he knew how narrowly he had escaped going into permanent ones,' replied a voice that made Kolya shudder, although he did not quite understand the words. 'That was a good idea, all right, to make the fellow believe that the Baron needed him on secret service for several days.'

The papers that I have just left in his desk will breath

'The papers that I have just left in his desk will supply all the proof that is needed against him,' the first speaker rejoined, and now we must lose no time in completing our plans.'

Kolya was now more bewildered than ever, won-defing what all this talk meant. Of one thing, how-ever, he was sure—these men were not burglars, but enemies of his uncle, who were plotting to throw the blame for some evil deed of their own upon him. What could it be that they were planning? The next words went far toward enlightening him.

'The girl ought to be worth twenty thousand to us, once we get hold of her, and it now looks as though we ought to have a clear path. With Izlovski gone, the blame will fall on him. While the police are hunting for him, we can be spending the money we get for returning the child.'

'And planning another such easy move,' agreed the first speaker. 'Who knows but we may land young Alexis himself before ever ending our game.' At this careless mention of the Emperor's only son, a brief silence fell on the conspirators. Then they fell to laying plans for the kidnapping they now had in mind, little dreaming that an earnest listener stood just outside the door.

Never had Kolya been wider awake, never had his brain been more active, than as he stood there taking in every word of the plot. Little Marie Atlassoff, daughter of the baron whom Kolya's uncle served as private secretary, was to be stolen from her governess when driving in the park next day, and held for a ransom of 20,000 roubles.

A wonderful story is told in the Strand Magazine of the sagacity and courage of an Irish terrier called Terence, who lived in Bover, England:

"There was an Irish terrier called Terence in a family in Dover, He-became very much attached to two little girls, the younger of whom was about eighteen months old, who slept in different though ad-After much discussion, all the details of the plane were agreed upon. Before the three men left the room, Kolya stole back to his little bed. There he lay, staring at the darkness with wide-open eyes,

thinking harder, perhaps, than he ever had before in all his life.

When morning dawned, dim and gray, as it so often does in St. Petersburg, Kolya had decided on his course. He waited anxiously for the hands of the

his course. He waited anxiously for the hands of the clock to point toward ten, the hour when his uncle reported for his daily duties.

Great was the surprise of Baron Atlassoff when, instead of the tall, slender figure of his secretary, a plump little boy of eight presented himself at the appointed time. Eagerly the boy told his story, which at first the Baron could hardly believe. Kolya's earnestness, however, together with the absence of Izlovski himself, soon convinced him that he was telling the truth.

the truth.

For a few moments after the end of Kolya's recital the Baron sat lost in thought. Plan after plan was turned over in his mind, but he found flaws in one after another.

after another.

Suppose he kept Marie at home today. What might not happen tomorrow? Even though he sent her to some other part of the country for a time, what assurance had he that they would not follow her there, or attack her, on her return?

With a sudden inspiration, he turned and glanced keenly at the sturdy little figure before him. The boy was evidently of about the same age as Marie, certainly of about the same height.

'Are you a boy who is easily frightened?' he asked abruptly.

abruptly,
Kolya drew himself up proudly.
I am not afraid of any boy of my size, he declared hor of some who are bigger than I am. Why, even when I thought that those men were burglars, I was

not so awfully scared.

The Baron smiled at this boyish reply.

'Would you be willing to go to the park this afternoon, dressed in Marie's clothes, and with a veil over your face? Wear dresses?

Wear dresses?
Kolya's tone expressed all of a boy's disgust at the thought of donning girls' clothing.
'It is just this way,' the Baron explained eagerly, 'me must catch those men today, if there is any possibility of our doing so, for my daughter will not be

joining rooms at the top of the house. The elder child Joining rooms at the top of the house. The elder child slept with the nurse. On the same landing was a sort of lumber room containing a cistern. It was Terence's custom to sleep outside in the passage. The family had long discountenanced this practice, but the dog was persistent. About three o'clock one November morning fire broke out in the chamber immediately beneath that occupied by the younger of the little girls. Soon there was a crackling and roaring, which not only attracted Terence's attention and set him barking, but very quickly aroused the other immates of the house. The nurse was seized with panic. She grabbed up the elder girl from her bed and, evidently forgetting all about her other charge, ran to the window which communicated with the roof, whence approach to the next house and the roof, whence approach to the next house and safety was attained. The mother, an invalid, was told that the nurse had both children safe. In the told that the nurse had both children safe. In the meantime the flames had actually burnt through the flooring and had seized on the drapery of the bed where the apparently doomed child lay sleeping. Terence, having barked vigorously to no nurpose in the dark, now the room was lit up attempted to seize the child and drag her from the bed. He could not manage to lift the weight. Thereupon he rushed to the cistern, jumped in, and then hurried back to the child's room. Springing on the bed, he shook over the child the water which had soaked into his coat during his immersion in the cistern. This he repeated several times, at length succeeding in putting out the flames, which at one time had a good hold on the bed-clothing. When the firemen forced their way into the room they found the child practically uninjured, with the dog mounting guard with his wet body over her."

Marshall Saunders and Her Birds (By Mrs. C. F. Fraser.)

'She ain't like other folks. She just sets in her aviary and watches birds and beasts all the day long.'
So said a grimy-faced urchin whom I met near the home of that true friend of all living creatures, Marshall Saunders, the author of Beautiful Joe.' 'Any fellow that's got a sick pet takes it to her.

sick pet takes it to her, and she cures it up fine. If your dog broke his leg, she'd set it as well as any vet. Oncet I found a little bird, so young that the feathers were hardly showing. It was all stunned like from a tumble, but do you know, she brought it round and raised it as well as the old mother bird could have done! More'n that, the very boys who used to rob nests and torment the young ones tend out on her to bring her worms and weeds and all the queer food her creatures eat. When I took her some snails just now, the doves were a-setting on her shoulders howing and billin' to each other in their funny way. The cardingale birds were flashing sale birds were flashing sale birds were flashing

round like flames, and the blue indigoes and the paroquets and the guinea-pigs and rabbits, and her

the guinea-pigs and rabbits, and her little dog singing and squawking or grunting or barking till you couldn't hear yourself think.

Right in the midst of it all she talked on to me in her pretty, quiet voice, one of those easy voices that you can't help hearing, though I don't suppose she ever hollered in her life. Every living thing of hers has got a name, and she tells what they do and why they do it as she sits and watches them till even Sukie, the homeliest, raggedest canary I ever saw, seems to be more like a person than a bird.

She has a way, too, of showing

you pictures in her natural history books, and making you find birds like them down to the tiniest mark-ings of the feathers, till presently you know the natural history name of every bird she's got.

'Sometimes she'll make you tell her all about your own pets, and then she'll talk them up to you till you are ashamed to think you never appreciated them half enough. Oncet she saw a lame linnet in a

Oncet the saw a lame linnet in a tiny cage, where it could scarcely turn around. She didn't scold a bit about it; that ain't her way at all; but she made a bigger cage all her own self, out of a biscuit-box and some, wire netting, and sent it to the boy with her compliments. It made him proud and serry all at once, I guess. Anyway, that linnet gets well looked after nowadays, and he's down on every boy who does not learn how to make his pets comfortable.

As I rang the door-bell, my new friend heaved a heartfelt sigh. I wisht I was in your shoes; he said longingly. I'd like to be a-visitin' her and the aviary all over again.—Christian Endeavor World.

FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

Geography Game Any number of players up to 26 may take part in this game. Seated in a row one selects a letter of the alphabet and answers whenever a city or country commencing with that letter is mentioned.

A leader is chosen and commences thus:

The king of Geog, his face a-frown, Set out to search for more renown. At first he went to Cambridgetown.

At the mention of Cambridge the player who chose C as his letter replies quickly:

At Cambridgetown he was seen a day, But now to Lowell's gone away. The one who chose L must make answer quickly:

At Lowell he was seen a day, But now to Brooklyn's sailed away.

If B should not be paying attention to the game and forgets that Broeklyn commences with his letter and so miss his turn, he has to go to the foot of the line (the head and foot must be determined before commencing the game), and each player between him and the foot moves up one seat, at the same time taking the letter that belonged to the player ahead of him. Thus, K eight were playing and seated in this order, T-A-W-S-H-R-P-M, and the player who held the fourth seat should miss his turn when "Syracuse" was called, he would go down to seat M and M would be his letter until some one else failed. H would move in the place of S, taking that as his letter; R would move into the place of H, taking that letter, and so forth.

To make this into a school game, which will be useful in learning the location of cities, the plan can be changed, as:

At Cambridge he was one day late For this is Massachusetts state, He now in Lowell seeks his fate The one who chose L will reply:

At Lowell he was one day late, This, too, in Massachusetts state. He now in Brooklyn seeks his fate, The changing of seats and letters makes the game

The Boy Across the Way

Bertie was downright lonesome. You know it's awful to feel that way. But when the chum that you've known ever so long, and who taught you ever

so many nice games, moves away, things aren't just the same for a long while. Besides, it was raining, and that always makes you feel worse.

Bertie lingled together the knife with one blade, the bull's eye and the lucky stone that Tommy had given him before he went away. Instead of cheering him, as they generally did, these treasures only made him more sad and discontented.

Flattening his nose against the window pane he gazed long and earnestly at the house across the way, where the new people had just moved in. Bertie was sure he wouldn't like them, 'cause he somehow felt that it was because of them that Tommy had gone. Yet he would like to know if the new folks had any little boys.

Just then he heard some one call from the house, "Jacky! Jacky! Come right in out of the wet this minute!"

Oh, so there was a boy! Bertie ran quickly upstairs to see mother, but as he couldn't find her he asked auntie if he couldn't go and play with the little boy across the street.

Auntie, hardly hearing him, nodded "Yes."

He scampered through the rain and knocked at the door.

door.

"Good mornin'. Auntie says I could come over and play with your little boy if I'm not in the way," he explained to the kind-looking lady who came to the

door.

The lady looked rather puzzled.

"You see, I heard you call Jacky to come in out of the rain, and I s'posed he was lonesome like I was."

Bertie went on, eagerly.

At this the lady laughed and laughed, so that Bertie's feelings would really have been hurt had she not looked so nice.

"Iacky is a monkey" at last she managed to green.

"Jacky is a monkey," at last she managed to gasp,
"but I believe he would like to play with you just the same."

Indeed, Jacky could play, and he was much more interesting than a boy. All that afternoon they romped and had all kinds of fun.

That evening Bertie told mother about the new! "boy" across the way. "I think he's grand," said he, as he wound up his story,

The Story of Two Little Aprons Out in the sunshine, so glad and so free,
Two little aprons are dancing with glee.
Up, up and up and away they both go,
Swaying far out o'er the grass down below,
Tossing their arms in the merriest way,
Whirling their skirts to the wind's roundelay.

"Isn't this joily and isn't this fine,"
Dancing outdoors, holding fast to the line!
"Oh, what a pity and what a disgrace
When little Dorothy tore a big place!
Got us all dirty right down on the ground;
Used us to carry the apples she found,
Shut us up tight in a very dark jail,
Hung by our necks to a big iron nall.

"Now we are out again, now we are free, Swinging way up in the big apple tree. Isn't it jolly and isn't it fine, Dancing outdoors, holding fast to the line?"

A story is told of a beautiful statue that once stood in the market place of an Italian city. It was the statue of a Greek slave girl, and represented her as being beautiful, tidy, and well-dressed. A ragged, uncouth, forlorn street child came across the statue one day in her play. She stopped and admired it. Something in the pure white marble face seemed to touch her. She went home and washed her face and combed her hair. Next day she came before the statue again and gazed at it long and loyingly, and she went home and washed and mended her tattered clothes. The statue came to be a favorite place of resort for her, and each time that she gazed on its sculptured loveliness she had a glimpse of a more beautiful life, until she became a transformed child.—The Sunday School Advocate for Boys and Girls.

## WITH THE POETS

The Boy. Who Didn't Mind The father sadly shook his head,
Why will not boys obey?
"You've been naughty again, I hear," he said, "I shall have to send you away "

"I've tried in all ways to be kind, By gentle means to rule; But now I must skip you off, I find, To a military school.

"You'll have to mind your P's and Q's;
They stand no nonsense there.
You put on your clothes when the bugle blows,
And a drum means Brush your Hair!

"Another drum means Breakfast, boys!"
"School-time!" the bugle blows,
And they beat more drums when bedtime comes—
And so each day it goes." Still stood the boy with hanging head.
The father thought, "Poor child!
I've been to hard with him, I fear;
He's not so very wild.

"Well, what do you think of that dreadful place?"
Come, little man, raise your head."
The boy looked up with shining face;
"It's going to be great!" he said.

-Youth's Companion A Frog He Would A-Wooing Go A Frog he would a-wooing go.
Heigho, says Rowley!
Whether his mother would let him or no,
With a rowley, sowley, gammon and spins
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

So off he set with his opera hat, Heigho, says Rowley! And on his way he met with a Rat, With a, etc.

"Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me," Heigho, says Rowley!
"Sweet Mistress Mousey for to see?"
With a, etc.

And when they arrived at Mousey Hall, Heigho, says Rowley! They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call With a, etc.

"Pray Mistress Mouse, are you within?"
Helgho, says Rowley!
"Indeed, kind sirs, I'm sitting to spin,"
With a, etc.

"Pray Mistress Mouse, will you give us some beer?"
Heigho, says Rowley!
"For Froggle and I are fond of good cheer,"
With a set

"Pray, Mr. Ffog, will you give us a song?"
Heigho, says Rowley!
"But let it be something that's not very long,"
With a, etc.

"Indeed, Mistress Mouse," replied the Frog, Heigho, says Rowley!
"My cold has made me as hoarse as a log."
With a, etc.

But while they were thus a merry making, Heigho, says Rowley! A Cat and her Kittens came tumbling in!

With a. etc.

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright, Helgho, says Rowley! He took up his hat and he bid them good-night. With a, etc. But as Froggy was crossing a silvery brook, Heigho, says Rowley! A lily-white Duck came and swallowed him up, With a, etc.

So there was an end of one, two, three,
Heigho, says Rowley!
The Rat and the Mouse and the little Froggie,