## CANADIAN COURIER



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of Every Description.

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- CANADA HAMILTON -

## For the Children

NORA'S STONE BUTTERFLY

TEDDY and Nora ran into Grandpa's study all out of breath. "It is, isn't it, grandpa?" cried Nora. "It isn't, is it?" cried Teddy. "What are you talk-ing about, children?" asked grandpa, smil-

"About my stone butterfly," said Nora, "About my stone butterfly," said Nora, eagerly. "I found it down by the brook. It must have got caught in the stone some way. See here!"

way. See here!" Nora held out a stone in which was something that looked very much like a butterfly with its wings spread. Grandpa took it in his hand and looked at it care-fully. "That is not a butterfly," said he. "There, Nora!" said Teddy; "I told you it just happened so." "No," grandpa went on, "it did not just happen so. Let me tell you a story." "Oh, do, grandpa!" cried Teddy and Nora together.

Nora together. "A long, long time ago—" "When you were a little boy?" interrupt-

"It was before there were any little boys in the world," said grandpa, "and just where our farm is now, nothing was to be seen except the ocean. In the ocean lived a great many shellfish. There was one little fellow who had a very pretty shell, though I can't tell you just now what colour it was. He had a splendid time swimming about with his mates in the warm sea water as long as he lived, and when he died he left his little shell in the sand at the bot-tom of the ocean. The sea slowly drifted away, and the sand grew harder and hard-er, till at last it turned to stone, and the shell turned to stone, too. There it lay for thousands of years, till at last a little girl found it and called it a stone butter-fly." "Oh, grandpa, how funny!" said Nora. "And are there many more shells in the rocks?" ed Nora. "It was before there were any little boys in the world," said grandpa, "and just form is now, nothing was to be

"There are so many," said grandpa, "that you could not write the number on your slate

"Then see if I don't fill my cabinet with 'em!" cried Teddy.—Youth's Companion.



MORE GRADUAL. Jimmy-Who's goin' to tell Joe's mother e's hurt? Jack-Let's send Clarence. He stutters

so, he won't tell it so sudden.

THEY WERE DISAPPEARING.

Mother—Tommy, what are you doing in the pantry? Tommy—Oh, just putting a few things away.

COUNTING THE STARS.

I tried so hard to count the stars And got as far as three, When many others slyly peeped And, smiling, blinked at me.

So I began it o'er again And got as far as nine, When all at once I seemed to see A thousand others shine.

Then came so many in the sky I would not try again, For all the counting that I know Is only up to ten. —Windsor Record.

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