



### The Little Seamstress.

She sat in her little rocking-chair,  
A-sighing and twirling her thumbs.  
"Oh, everything for my doll is done,  
And never, never to mending comes!  
I haven't a morsel of sewing,  
Dear mother, in all the town.  
Can't you find me one doll,  
No matter how small,  
Who will wear out her gown?"

### The Lookout Regiment.

Some of the letters for the prize competition have come in, but, of course, I can't be sure of the prizewinners until the end of the month. Here are two letters which have pleased me very much:

DEAR GENERAL,—  
We are so glad that we joined the "Lookout Regiment." The badge is a great help to keep a person from forgetting the rules, and they look so pretty. Mamma says she thinks it is just a splendid idea. We made quite a number of blunders at first, but Mamma would hear us, and remind us of our rules. She helped us over the first and worst part.

My uncle, auntie, and cousin have been visiting us for a while, but left last Thursday, and we girls went along to the depot, which is five miles away. Just after the train had pulled out, a gentleman, one of Papa's old friends, came up, and, after finding out why we looked so tearful, he began to chat about a picnic he had been to, and when the carriage came, we were ever so much lighter-hearted than we expected to be for a couple of days.

Well, I must stop now, for my brother has just come in and said that I'd better stop, or my general wouldn't have time to read it all. Well, good-bye.  
Your loving cousin,  
EDITH BOWMAN.

I am glad to see that you are keeping the rule about seeing other people's good qualities, Edith dear, and from your sister's letter I can judge that you are both trying to keep the other rule, and doing your best to make home happy.

As for my not having time to read your letter, it certainly is not any too long. Besides, I am in quarantine just now, nursing a patient who is recovering from scarlet fever; and when one is shut up and can't talk to one's friends, letters from friends at a distance are very thoroughly appreciated.

Here is the other letter:

DEAR COUSIN DOROTHY,—

I received my badge quite a while ago. I think it is helping me to live closer to Christ; it also helps me to keep the rules. I enjoy reading the "Lookout Regiment" in the *Advocate*. I will do my best to further the cause. I hope it will grow fast and do much good. I made some mistakes, but Edith would correct me. I think it is a grand thing, and I hope it will help to strengthen God's cause.

A while ago Mamma sent Edith and me off for three or four days on a visit to my auntie. She did not send us off because she didn't need us, but so that we would be free from work for a few days. I must close.  
Yours affectionately,  
HILDA BOWMAN.

It is a great pleasure to me to find that you are trying to be soldiers in reality as well as in name. We are all soldiers of Christ, and every kind and loving thought or action is sure to please Him. He knows each one of His soldiers, and sometimes sends trials or disappointments to prove their mettle. Patience and endurance are true soldierly qualities, as well as obedience and courage. Be sure our great Commander is watching with loving care each soldier in His great army.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

### A Little Boy's Trouble.

I thought when I'd learned my letters  
That all my troubles were done;  
But I find myself much mistaken—  
They only have just begun.  
Learning to read was awful,  
But nothing like learning to write;  
I'd be sorry to have you tell it,  
But my copy-book is a sight.

The ink gets over my fingers;  
The pen cuts all sorts of shins,  
And won't do at all as I bid it;  
The letters won't stay on the lines,  
But go up and down and all over,  
As though they were dancing a jig;  
They are there in all shapes and sizes,  
Medium, little, and big.

There'd be some comfort in learning  
If one can get through; instead  
Of that, there are books awaiting,  
Quite enough to craze my head;  
There's the multiplication table,  
And grammar, and oh, dear me!  
There's no good place for stopping,  
When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says, little by little  
To the mountain top we climb;  
It isn't all done in a minute,  
But only a step at a time.  
She says that all the scholars,  
All wise and learned men,  
Had each to begin as I do;  
If that's so—where's my pen?

### Fowl Play.

Someone gave Tennyson a beautiful setter, upon which the poet bestowed the name of Don. During the night, whilst the dog was still a stranger in the household, Tennyson suddenly bethought him it might not have been fed, and so he quietly went downstairs "in the dead vast and middle of the night," and stole (as his son puts it) a chicken for Don. Next day, when the cook went to the cupboard and found it bare of at least one fowl, the puzzle was, where had the chicken gone? Then the poet told the truth; and, indeed, if he had not confessed, some innocent person, possibly even the new dog, might have got into trouble.

### A Woman's Epitaph.

Here lies a poor woman  
Who always was tired,  
Who lived in a house  
Where no help was hired.  
Her last words on earth  
Were, "Dear friends, I am going  
Where washing ain't done,  
Nor sweeping nor sewing;  
And everything there  
Is exact to my wishes,  
For where they don't eat,  
There's no washing up dishes.  
I'll be where loud anthems  
Will always be ringing,  
But having no voice,  
I'll get clear of the singing.  
Don't mourn for me now,  
Don't mourn for me never,  
I'm going to do nothing  
For ever and ever."



AN OLD CHIEF OF THE SARCEE TRIBES.

### We Can't Have It All.

The man who has wealth often hungers for health;  
The man who has health may lack bread;  
The man on the top of the ladder of fame  
May long for the bottom instead.  
We never can tell what a smile may conceal,  
What skeletons stand to appal,  
But this is as certain as certain can be—  
We can't have it all!

"Now, that isn't so," very likely you'll say.  
But it is, almost always in life.  
The statesman, triumphant and haughty to-day,  
Is wretched and worn with strife.  
The "star" of the playhouse, admired and caressed,  
Has moments as bitter as gall.  
The gourmet dines richly, but gone is the zest—  
We can't have it all!

Dear Ralph Waldo E., we with you must agree:  
Compensation's a natural law.  
And that is the sauce that should flavor each course.  
Whoever the cooking is for,  
Try this excellent plan both for woman and man—  
Be cheerful, whatever may befall;  
Think that fortune is fair if she sends you a share—  
You can't have it all!

### Humorous.

The other day a military officer engaged a cab in Dublin, and at the end of the trip paid the driver a shilling. A shilling was the exact amount due, but more gracious customers were in the habit of paying sixpence more, for the same distance. "Bad luck to the Boers," muttered the driver ruefully, looking at the coin in his palm. "What is that you say?" asked the officer sternly. "Bad luck to the Boers, sir." "Why do you say that?" "Faith, your honor, because they have taken away all the eighteenpenny officers and left none but the shillin' ones."

### Travelling Notes.

Our stay in Vancouver this time was short, as there were various little visits to make on the way back at Banff, Calgary, Brandon, etc., and little visits take up a good deal of time; so again was good-bye said to dear Vancouver, and again we set out on our travels.

Beautiful as our glorious mountain scenery seemed to us on that memorable Press Association trip a year ago, far, far more impressive did it seem on this second trip. It makes so much difference when one's mind is somewhat prepared by previous knowledge and one's body not so tired out with "rush" sight-seeing. Every mountain, valley, waterfall and rapid river was endowed with fresh beauty and wonder. We feel again like pronouncing the Rockies the most wonderful and glorious scenery, but, as was before said, it is so usual to think that the particular spot one is at the most beautiful, that we refrain this time, as we have not positively been all over the world; but that the scenery of our Canadian Rockies is grand in its magnificence, is beyond question.

Our first stop was at Banff, where we remained nearly a week. As with Honolulu, we do not wish to reiterate description, but again was felt the vast difference of merely *hurrying* partially over a place and restfully *staying* at it. The ideal beauty of Banff National Park is almost beyond words, when one can leisurely drink it in, as it were. At an altitude of nearly five thousand feet, situated in a valley twenty-six miles long by ten miles wide, and surrounded by snow-capped mountains and the beautiful Bow River flowing through, it is possible to imagine the glorious scenery, even without seeing it. There is the pretty little Lake Minnawanka, about eight miles distant, where there is good fishing; a lovely drive past the herd of buffalo (about twenty-five) and through a forest of trees and wild flowers. The drives and walks are simply lovely, and one seems to inhale new health and spirit with the smell of the pines and the clean light air. So much has been said already about hotels, but we can't pass over the O. P. R. Hotel at Banff, which, for comfort and first-class management, is second to none we at least know of. After this delightful week, we came on to Calgary, where we remained about three weeks, seeing now the mountains only in the far distance.

Calgary seems at first sight flat, desolate, and barren, but it has its own fascination, and we grew to fairly love it. The air is perfect, and the nights so cool for sleeping that we get most alarming appetites. Calgary has become a noted health resort, and no wonder! We were staying five miles out from the town, in a most comfortable home, and thus had a good chance of seeing country life. This has been a phenomenal year for Alberta, it being almost entirely a grazing country; so that the plentiful rains have made the grass most luxuriant. To see the thousands of cattle and horses feeding and getting fat in those fertile valleys and on the hillsides is indeed a sight. The ranchers can coolly look on and see their riches increase, and they have good health and seem happy. Of course, they have certain deprivations, but certainly they do not work as hard as our Ontario farmers. A dreadful pest throughout the Northwest Territories is the gopher, although the ranchers and farmers are constantly snaring and poisoning them. The Government offers \$5 per one thousand gophers, which seems a small sum in comparison with Sydney (Australia), which, when we were there, gave sixpence (twelve cents) for every rat, but this was a precaution against bubonic plague, as doctors discovered that rats carried the true bacilli of that terrible disease. The outcome of this generous offer was that five hundred to one thousand rats per day were brought in and cremated. Although the gophers may not be as dangerous to man as these bubonic rats, they are a terrible plague, and the country would be better without them, and a thorough crusade will have to be made against them, and also the coyote, or prairie wolf, which causes great destruction to sheep and fowls. The wild duck season opens on August 23rd, and the little lakes and sloughs were filled with them; and the delicious prairie chickens were not to be shot until the 15th of September, but we could not stay for either of these delicacies.

It is very easy to get lost on these immense undulating prairies, with trails leading in every direction in many places, no defined roads at all, and houses five and ten miles apart, so that there is small chance to enquire the way. However, it sounds like one of Fenimore Cooper's novels to be lost on a big prairie, and although we did *not* do it on purpose, we *were* lost! We were driving home, took a wrong trail and went miles out of our way before we happened to come across someone who put us onto the right track. Luckily it was early in the afternoon when we started, and we got home about 6 p. m. It made you think how easily you might be lost in winter—utterly beyond help—and, indeed, many have perished in this way.

The branding and rounding-up of all the cattle and horses twice a year is a great work. The ranchers and others look with contempt upon our Ontario cattle, which they call "dogies," and which are sent up there in the spring and driven out to the prairies to take care of themselves.