

FOR THE JUNIORS

A GERMAN SNOWMAN.

Far over the waters in that country known as Germany there live four little boys whose names are Wilhelm, Ludwig, Hubertus and Friedrich. Their father is a Prince and their grandfather is an Emperor—such a dashing one, too. Surely you have seen pictures of him many times, dressed in a splendid uniform, mounted on a charger and looking bold and brave and perhaps a little fierce, too, but that is only on account of the sweep of his great mustaches



LITTLE GERMAN PRINCES AT PLAY.
Two Sons of the Crown Prince of Germany Building a Snowman at Partenkirchen, Germany, Where They are Staying With Their Father and Mother.

which curl so far up upon his face. He is really a very kind grandfather, is the German Emperor, and fond and proud of his son's four sturdy boys.

Wilhelm, who is the eldest and will perhaps some day be Emperor of Germany himself, and Ludwig are very near the same age and play a great deal together. Perhaps you don't know that they have winter sports in Germany just as we do in Canada, but it's true, and on fine days the children have their knitted sweaters and leggings put on and their woollen caps pulled well down over their ears, and off they go, into the snow to erect a snow fort and have a battle, or build a snowman such as they had just done when the photographer came along and took the picture which we see on this page.

PETER GOLLIWOG AND THE PINK SAUCER.

PETER GOLLIWOG was a black cat with a white nose and a very, very sensitive nature. He lived in a nice big house with a garden and a barn (where a mouse or two might be found), and he was the special pet of a sweet little girl named Daisy. Every morning at half-past eight Daisy gave Peter Golliwog cream in a pink saucer with a rosebud in the middle. Not a blue saucer, or a white saucer, or a yellow saucer with a gold band, but a pink saucer too, which held a plenty of cream for Peter's breakfast.

Peter wouldn't have lapped his cream from any other saucer; no, not if he had been starving. That's the very particular kind of a cat he was.

One very fine morning, before Peter's breakfast-time, Daisy's father came up on the porch and called Daisy.

"Here's another pet for you," he said. And he opened a basket with a little door in its side, and out rolled a fluffy, wobbly, fat little Chow puppy, looking exactly like a Teddy bear. He had reddish-brown hair and a mulberry-coloured tongue, and his eyes were like round black beads. He looked as if he were laughing, and Daisy couldn't help laughing, too.

"His name's Ching-a-ling," said her father, and off he went, not knowing that Peter Golliwog was watching the

whole thing from the porch-railling and feeling rather surprised and hurt. "For what," thought Peter Golliwog, "can Daisy want with another pet? That's perfectly absurd!"

But Daisy did not seem to think so. She picked up Ching-a-ling and patted him and petted him, and felt of his fat little paddy-paws, and rolled him over, and told him he was the cunningest little dog she had ever seen in her life.

"Oh, you want something to eat!" she said at last, when Ching-a-ling began to make little hungry whimpers. And what do you suppose she did? She went to the cupboard and took out Peter Golliwog's own pink saucer, and she filled it with milk and set it down before Ching-a-ling.

When Peter Golliwog saw this, he got down off the porch-railling and he went slowly and with dignity into the garden. He switched his tail very fast, and once he growled in his throat, very low. Then he deliberately climbed up a high post and sat there in the sun, waiting.

Presently out came Daisy, calling, calling, and calling, "Peter, Peter Golliwog, come here! Peter—oh, I'm so afraid he's lost!"

She ran up and down the garden paths, and at last she spied Peter on the post. She ran to him and called him. Peter looked away and pretended not to hear.

She coaxed him and lifted up her arms to him, but Peter didn't stir. Poor Daisy almost cried. Finally Peter looked down at her, a long cross look. And Daisy understood.

"Peter," she said, "I'll never let anybody but you eat out of the pink saucer if you'll only come down and come home. And I love you better than all the puppies in the world! And Ching-a-ling is not nice at all, and I don't care for him. You are my only pet, and always will be!"

Then Peter Golliwog, slowly and with dignity, backed down off the post and walked up the garden path to the house, ahead of Daisy, only switching his tail twice on the way. And Daisy filled the pink saucer with cream, and Peter ate his breakfast; and when Ching-a-ling ran up and tried to put his clumsy puppy nose in the cream, Peter gave him one little slap (just to teach him manners).

Daisy ran and brought her little red rocking-chair and sat right down in it close beside Peter Golliwog, and watched him lap up every drop of all that breakfast cream until the pink rosebud showed in the middle of the pink saucer. Then Peter Golliwog began to purr, and Daisy began to smile, and Ching-a-ling didn't seem to mind, and they all lived happily ever after.—Woman's Home Companion.

JINGLE.

THERE once was a pa kangaroo
Who painted his children sky-blue,
When his wife said, "My dear,
Don't you think they look queer?"
He replied, "I don't know but they do!"

MIGHT IS RIGHT.

WHEN I differ from mother in some little way
And her reasons I manage to scatter,
Why, then I can always trust mother to say,
"Well, well, we won't argue the matter."

I FIND earth not grey but rosy,
Heaven not grim, but fair of hue.
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.
Do I stand and stare? All's blue.
—Robert Browning.

Economical Shopping. — Ethel—"How much, please, for a piece of muslin to make my dollie a dress?"
Salesman—"Just one kiss, my dear."
Ethel—"All right. Grandma said she would call and pay you to-morrow."

Injustice.

OF T when I'm rushed as I can be
With fifty things or more,
Some grown-up creature to me says,
"Come back and shut that door!"

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