



BABIES IN JAPAN.

Japanese babies are very funny-looking little things. Their heads are shaved, except here and there a little patch of hair is left. For every-day wear they have short dresses of bright red or yellow. Their best dresses are made of large-flowered silk, with wide sleeves like their mothers'. Often the dresses will have square patches of red or green or yellow sewed on the back. They have colored bibs, and, when they are old enough to toddle around, they have bells fastened on them, so the mother may know where they are.

In the streets of Japan you may see plenty of girls playing with a baby brother or sister tied on their back. The girls play games without paying any attention to the babies, unless one happens to fall off, and then you find out that Japanese babies can cry as well as Canadian babies.

STORIES ABOUT BABY—BABY AND "BURNIE."

Baby loved and trusted everything about the house except the naughty, prickly cactus. When the stoves were put up in the autumn and the fires lighted in the hearths, Baby thought the bright red flames were visitors come to play with him. The first time he saw them he wanted, oh, so much, to take them right into his dear little hands and pat them and play with them. Mamma told him, "No, no, Baby!" Baby shook his little head wisely and repeated, "No, no!" ever so

soberly; but still he could not understand that it would hurt him to touch the flames. So mamma put her hand down quite close to the fire and then drew it away hastily, crying out "Ouch!" Baby clapped his paddies and laughed merrily over this. He thought his mamma had done it just to amuse him, and that it would be nice for him to try it, too. So mamma saw she must do something to protect her precious darling against the dangerous flames. So she took Baby's hand in hers and held it close enough to the blaze for him to feel the heat. As Baby looked up in grieved astonishment and drew his hand back, mamma shook her head and said, "burnie, burnie!"

Baby soon learned the lesson, and would stretch out his hand toward the fire a little way and then draw it quickly back and exclaim, "Bu-bu!" Then he would

hide his hand under his dress skirt so the fire could not catch it and "bu" it. After that Baby told every one who came into the room that fire would "bu," by first pointing toward it and then hiding his hand under his dress, warning very earnestly, "Bu-bu." I can't tell you how many grown-up people he saved from the cruel flames—he no doubt thought a great many.

THE CLEVER RED SQUIRREL.

Tiny was a red squirrel, and one of the many little friends from the woods near-by who made themselves quite at home in the dooryard of the author of "A Hermit's Wild Friends." The writer tells a funny story about this quick-witted little squirrel, and how he got the better of his hermit friend, who had several times tested his cleverness in getting seeds out of a box stowed away in various places. Each time the squirrel succeeded in getting at them.

"At last I stretched a cord between two trees, and half-way suspended a box open at the top and full of tempting seeds. Tiny saw the birds eating from the box, and made up his mind that he must have a share in the treat. He ran up one of the trees, and tried the limbs that hung over the box. He soon found a slender limb that would bend under his weight and let him into the box.

"After he had used this highway several days I cut the limb away. When Tiny found a fresh stub instead of a limb,

he understood what it meant, and chattered away angrily for twenty minutes.

"His next move was to investigate the line where it was attached to the trees. When he found it he thought he could reach the box over the line, and started out. When about a foot from the box, the line turned, and Tiny jumped to the ground. He tried this three times, and met with failure. The fourth time, when the line turned, he clung to it and made his way to the box, hand over hand.

"I thought he deserved a reward for his continued effort and intelligence, so, since then I allow him to eat from the box whenever he feels like it."

A WISE TOAD.

The other day I read a story about a toad who had an easy way of getting his living. He lived near a yard where many chickens were fed. The meal which they left in their saucers naturally soured very soon, and drew the flies in large numbers. Here was a fine chance for Mr. Toad. Toward evening he would come, choose a saucer, climb into it, and roll over and over until he was covered with meal. Before long he was surrounded by flies, who had also come to supper. No sooner did one of them get within reach of the toad's mouth than out went his tongue, and that fly was seen no more.

THE COMING TEMPERANCE MEN

We are coming to the rescue—

We are young and brave and strong—
And we're ready for the conflict
Between the right and wrong.
Our nerves are strong and steady,
Our pulses full and true,
For we put away tobacco,
And beer and cider, too.

They tell us we are children—

We're glad to know the fact,
For in the coming future
We'll learn to think and act.
They tell us we are feeble,
But God we do not doubt.
Lo, in his name for all that's pure
We'll raise a mighty shout.

We hope to grow to manhood,

And mingle in the strife,
And with loyal, steadfast purpose,
Join the noble ranks of life.
We'll work a few more summers
As Temperance Boys; and then
We'll stand among our elders,
The Loyal Temperance Men.

Yes, we're coming to the rescue,

A host of loyal men,
To fight the foes of temperance,
With the vote or with the pen.
And we'll shout for right and justice
'Til the people understand,
This blasting, deadly Upas
Shall cease to spoil our land.