



THE MOON-MOTHER.

(By Coningsby Dawson.)

THE world is a child who roams
all day
Through wind-swept meadows of
gold and gray.

The gold flowers fade; he falls to
sleep,
And night is his cradle wide and
deep.

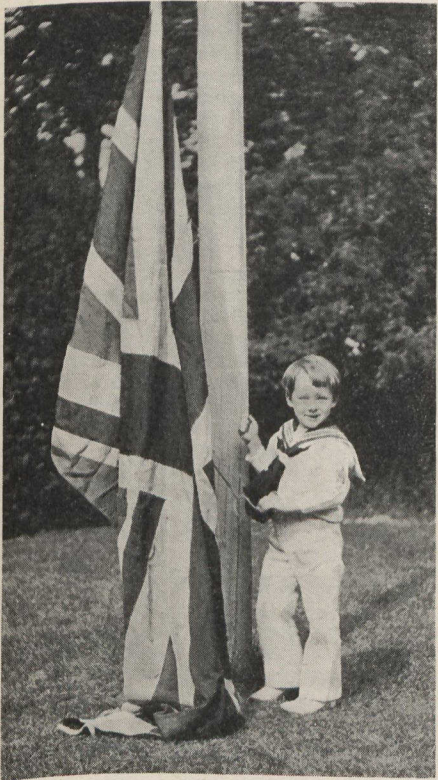
The moon-mother creeps from behind
God's throne
And steals up the skies to protect
her own.

She leans her breast 'gainst his cradle-
rim
While her small star-children gaze
down on him.

Stars are his brothers; clouds his
dreams;
His mother's arms are the pale moon-
beams.

When meadows again grow gold and
gray,
He wakes from sleep and runs forth
to play.

But every night from behind God's
throne
The moon-mother steals to protect
her own.



THE BOY AND HIS FLAG.

Raising the Union Jack on Victoria Day,
the first patriotic holiday of the year in
Canada.

TAMING THE WASPS.

WE know all kinds of animals can
be made tame and gentle
by kind treatment, but
who ever heard of taming
wasps? Yet a farmer has written
about a nest of wasps that he allowed
to remain in his house until the wasps
got so used to seeing people about
that they ceased to fear, and became
as harmless as flies. He found the
wasp nest hanging in a tree in the
woods, and cut off the branch and took
it home. Then he hung it up in the
middle of his parlor, cut a little hole
in the window glass and made the
wasps members of the family. He
says that their nest was built very
neatly of several storeys or layers
of cells.

THE KETTLE.

O H, I am a kettle! a kettle am I!
I never shall strive to deny it.
There's nothing about me that's
sneaking or shy;
Deception, I never shall try it.
Bubble, I say; and bubble, I say!

Some folks may not like it, but that
is my way.
I mind my own business, and give no
trouble.

Bubble, hub, bubble, hub, bubble, hub
bubble!

They say I am black; I admit it is
true;

A respectable tint, and I love it.
I never, no, never, set out to be blue;
As for yellow or red, I'm above it.
Bubble, I say! and bubble, I say!
I'm ready to talk any time of the day.
Heap on the coals and my song I will
double.

Bub hub bub bubble, hub bubble, hub
bubble!

—Lara E. Richards, in St. Nicholas.

PUZZLERS.

WHERE can a man buy a cap for
his knee?

Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy,
Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head what gems
are set?

Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use when shingling the roof
of his mouth,

The nails on the end of his toes?

What does he raise from a slip of his
tongue?

Who plays on the drums of his ears?
And who can tell the cut and style
Of the coat his stomach wears?

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to
jail,

And if so, what did it do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder
blades?

I'd like to know, wouldn't you?

BUILDING BIRD HOUSES.

THERE is a lady in Indiana who
is called the architect of
the birds. She has been
distributing to the school chil-
dren of the state real little archi-
tect's plans for building bird houses.
The boys like to make them, and with
saw and hammer they are soon handy
enough working over the plans to
make up new ones of their own. When
a boy has built a bird house and set
it up in a good place he waits to see
what birds come to rent it, and he
takes his pay in the pleasure he gets
out of watching them. He protects
them, too, and is proud when all his
houses are full of happy feathered peo-
ple. It is an amusing sight to see
what looks like a regular little city
of bird houses all in nice rows just
as people build houses in streets.—
Christian Science Monitor.

THE ESKIMO DOGS.

(By Alice Jean Cleator.)

NATIONS applaud and clasp a
hero's hand

Who plans a flag on new-discover-
ed land,

Completing thus the world's geogra-
phy,

Dispelling the dark fogs of mystery.

Yet it has other heroes all unsung!
Eskimo dogs, who have your praises
rung?

You big, gaunt fellows so devoid of
grace

With dense, gray coat and half-wild,
wolfish face.

Who better knows than you the sledge-
whip's pain,

The urging voice, the pack-loads' hor-
rid strain?

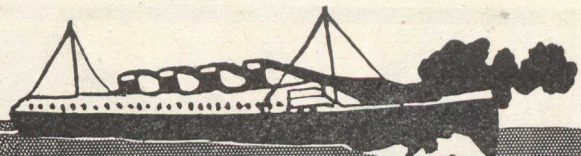
The polar night, the Arctic's piercing
breath,

The waiting for supplies, long hunger,
death?

Yes, "exploration" is a glorious
name—

The world's loud plaudits and the
hero's fame,

Yet there are other heroes all unsung,
Eskimo dogs, who have your praises
rung?



EUROPE

From Montreal or Quebec,
Via Liverpool

The shortest route, 1000 miles in land-
locked waters. Splendid steamers and
best of service and attention. Unsur-
passed cuisine and accommodation.
Rates from \$92.50 first class, and \$50.00
second class, according to steamer.

MEGANTIC, June 6th.

CANADA, June 13th.

LAURENTIC, June 20th.

TEUTONIC, June 27th.

SUMMER TOURS: An ideal European vaca-
tion—Four weeks, \$190.00; Six weeks,
\$267.00. Write for complete program
and additional information.

Company's Offices: 118 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal.
41 King St. W., Toronto; 333 Main St., Winnipeg.
Local agents everywhere.

WHITE STAR
DOMINION LINE



The Best Way to Muskoka

Boat side Stations at Lake Joseph and
Bala Park give quick connections for
all Points.



The best way to the Maganetawan

New Resorts at Bolger and South Maganetawan.

The best way to the Rideau Lakes

Direct Access to Principal Points is via

CANADIAN
NORTHERN
RAILWAY

Through Tourist and Excursion
Rates
Now in Effect.

For literature and information
apply to Gen. Pass. Dept.,
68 King St., E., Toronto, Ont.

