

Delicate Children

Malnutrition is not overcome with tonics or drugs, but by adequate nourishment. A child pronounced delicate, over-thin or anemic needs

Scott's Emulsion

Parents nearly everywhere know its power to nourish and strengthen. Children of any age take Scott's with pleasure and thrive on it.



Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 19-39

earth, then another web follows, and another layer of earth. So on it goes until the door is of the right size. The last layer is always of silk."

"No wonder the spider's such a big eater if he has to make all that silk from his own body! How did you ever come to find this wonderful house, Uncle Jimmy?"

"The door was covered with moss and leaves so as to make it look like a part of the ground around it. It would have been hard to discover had not the door been left open one night and the little builder never came back to close it. I waited several days before I dug up his house. But at last I thought it likely that when he was out looking for supper, something bigger had gobbled him."

"Or maybe somebody stepped on him," said Jerry. "I guess when it comes to knowing things, boys haven't anything on spiders."—Janet Van Osdel, in "Sunday School Times."

ground, but to get to the top meant the probability of a violent and painful death. The Germans would shoot at the climber and the smokestack looked as if it would come down at the slightest extra weight and vibration.

Although there was a double chance of death in the smokestack, Williams took the risk. His officer shrugged his shoulders without refusing, when the clown asked if he might try. Williams stripped off his heavy coat, slung his rifle across his shoulder, and went up the chimney like a cat. He clutched at the meanest projections, jumping upward even as those frail footholds and handholds crumbled under his weight. Tiny ominous cascades of rubble and mortar fell down as his nimble feet passed scrambling up the shaft. The men in the trenches gasped; every moment they expected to hear the heavy fall of the brave man's body on the earth. But he did not fall.

He came to the summit, and all the country lay under his eyes, flat, and marked out in lines like a map. He hung there looking about steadily, carefully; and the Germans, seeing him, loosed a whistling wind of bullets at him. But he paid not the slightest attention. He found the machine gun and shouted down the precise position and the approximate distance of the piece.

Coolly he unslung his Lebel, pressed the clip of cartridges into the magazine, began sighting steadily, firing nonchalantly. Each time his rifle jerked and spat, the frail ruin that made his pedestal, quivered. Williams, as steady as a rock, went on firing. The voice of the mitrailleuse became jerky and unsteady.

Williams was as calm as possible, and he continued to fire until the officer ordered him to descend. By his descent he startled his comrades, more even than by his ascent.

It was an old circus trick, but there were no nets ready for a slip and no attendants standing by to catch him. A slip meant death, and an ugly death; but Williams risked it with a laughing imperturbability. He dropped his rifle to the ground, then, while his fellows gasped, dived straight at a low, tiled roof, twenty feet below. The fall did not kill him. He came off the roof like a creature of India rubber, turned in the air, and dropped swiftly and neatly to his feet. "My new turn—the leap of death!" he cried, striking the grotesque attitude of the sawdust ring. Then he slipped into his coat, and went back to his place in the trench.

Bill: "I heard as how you've been fighting with Bob Smith?"

Sam: "Yes. He said my sister was cross-eyed."

"But you ain't got a sister?"

"I know that. It was the principle of the thing that upset me."

A young officer at the Front wrote home to his father: "Dear Father,—Kindly send me fifty pounds at once. Lost another leg in a stiff engagement, and am in hospital without means."

The answer was as follows: "My dear Son,—As this is the fourth leg you have lost (according to your letters), you ought to be accustomed to it by this time. Try and hobble along on any others you may have left."

Sympathy.—"Your shoestring's untied, ma'am," a small boy called out to the stout woman who moved majestically up the street. "I'll tie it for you."

Even a less haughty woman would have found it difficult to treat with disdain so kind an offer, and she drew back her skirt in acceptance of his attention.

The little boy pulled the string tight and smiled up at her. "My mother's fat, too," he explained.

A GAME FOR GIRLS.

A game that girls of from eight to twelve can obtain a good lot of fun from is called, "What shall I take to the picnic?" Probably mother remembers how it was played. Ask her. If she doesn't you can be let into the secret, but you mustn't tell any of your friends, or it would spoil the fun. Suppose you and a dozen or so of your friends are sitting on the front steps. You announce that you are going to give a picnic and ask Betty Jones, who sits next to you, what she will take to add to the luncheon. Maybe she will say ice cream and cake. Well, she can't go, and you tell her so. If she had said that she would take butter and jam she could have gone. Why? Because these things begin with the same letters that her names do. So you ask all the others. Only a few will give answers that will permit an invitation being extended to them and it will take the greatest part of the party a long time to catch the trick in the game.

Then there is the "Blind Man's Singing School." First you choose one of the girls as teacher and blindfold her. Then the others sit in front of her, but not until after her eyes have been covered so that she will not know the position of anyone. The teacher then tells the girl at the head of the line to begin to sing some popular song. She must only sing the first word. The next girl sings the second word, the third girl the third word, and so on up and down the line. The teacher can stop the song at any moment and try to guess the name of the girl who sang the last word. If she guesses correctly that girl has to be teacher.—P.J.

A CLOWN WHO SILENCED A RAPID-FIRE GUN.

Williams was in a trench somewhere in the long French line, helping to keep the Germans back from some mounds of broken brick that had once been a village. Before he became a soldier he had been a famous clown and gymnast in a French circus. A German quick-firer, says T.P.'s Journal of Great Deeds of the Great War, had worked round to the French flank, and was filling the trench with wounded men by its enfilading fire. The little whirring machine of death was hidden very cunningly.

It was a grave situation. The fire of the gun was accurate and ceaseless. The French were unable to locate the mitrailleuse. In despair, the officer in charge said aloud: "If we only had somebody up there we might be able to deal with them." He pointed to the top of a shattered chimney stack that hung groggily over the debris of the village. Its summit was thirty feet from the

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