

Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. The place formerly belonged to him. The quarry is very large. There are two crushers to crush the stone and two engines to run the crushers. One of the crushers crushes limestone and the other crushes granite. The granite is got from the farmers round. Fishes and shells have been found in the stone petrified. They have a telephone to the quarry. The men in summer work from seven o'clock in the morning until six at night. They do not work so late in the winter. There is a post-office, two stores, blacksmith's shop, one large boarding-house and several private boarding-houses. There is a large hall where entertainments are held. The men bring their wives out to the quarry to live, for they find they can live cheaper out here.

MAGGIE McW.

(This is an interesting letter.—Ed.)

Stone Settlement, Ceylon, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. It is three years since I wrote to the 'Messenger.' I like to read the very interesting letters the little boys and girls write. I told you about a little heifer calf a neighbor gave me three years ago; I called her Birdie; now she has a calf, so I have a cow of my own. I have been sick, and when I get well I will milk her. We are building an addition to our house. We have got an organ since I wrote last, and my sister and I can play very nicely. For pets I have three cats. We have 40 hens, 7 pigs, 3 horses, 4 cows, 14 head of cattle. It was me you thanked for the wild flowers. We have some very pretty chrysanthemums in blossom now, in four different colors. I have one sister and one brother, and so I am the baby of our family.

LUCY R. P. STONE.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Home Kindergarten.

(Dorothy Shepherd, in the 'New England Homestead.')

It was during the late autumn, I had gone for a long bicycle ride and found myself thirsty and tired at the gate of a farm-house. Looking over the farm, I espied the frisking figure of a little boy about five years old. He was fluttering about the garden, stopping now and then to peer within the cup of a late flower as though in search for a hidden treasure. I was immediately seized with a desire to form a friendship with this little sprite of humanity, so in the homely phrase of childhood, I called 'Hello!'

'Hello!' he said, pausing abruptly and eyeing me sharply. I knew that I was on inspection, and that this young critic was looking for a flash of good-fellowship. Therefore I leaned over the gate and handed him an apple from my lunch bag.

'Want one?' I said. 'I have two.'

He took a bite before he answered. 'I'm a butterfly,' he said briefly. 'But butterflies eat apples, don't they?'—this with hesitation.

'Why, yes,' I said, reassuringly. 'Of course they do, if they get the chance. But they like honey best, I think.'

'That's what I was getting from the flowers,' he explained. 'Only it's make-believe.'

His butterfly lordship was resting for a few moments on the fence. He eyed me in friendly fashion, and as he munched, I had an opportunity to get a good look at him. His close-cropped hair made him appear older than his small size warranted. 'Who taught you to play butterfly?' I asked suddenly.

'Miss Rosa. She was our boarder last summer. I can't go to school, you know, 'cause it's too far. But she teaches over in a city, and she telled my mother how to teach me. We have it every day, and while mamma gets the dinner on the stove I play the games until she can come out and play with me. Why, here she comes now! She'll show you how to play butter-

fly,' he said proudly. 'She learned it from a book.'

A sweet-faced woman came down the path and my little friend rushed to greet her, saying, 'Show her how to play butterfly, mamma. She doesn't know how.'

'Why, yes, dear, of course. But won't the lady come in and rest?'

I was glad indeed to enter. Then in a low voice she and the little boy sang to the tune of 'Maryland, my Maryland,' the butterfly song, and he interpreted it.

'A little worm is on the ground.'

Down dropped the little boy, and then he began to move, as

'It creeps and creeps and creeps around.'

'Tis spinning now a little nest,'

The hands wove it in imagination; then down dropped the head.

'When it may find a place to rest.'

Dear little worm, we'll say "Good-bye,"

Till you come out a butterfly.

Dear little worm, we'll say "Good-bye,"

Till you come out a butterfly.

Suddenly he stood bolt upright—

'Why there he is, (there was great surprise in his tone),

'Now see him fly,

A lovely little butterfly.

He spreads his wings so dazzling bright,

And seeks the joyous air and light.'

The little fellow's arms uttered bravely—

'Tis sipping honey from each flower

Through every sunny summer hour.'

'Tis sipping honey from each flower,

Through every sunny summer hour.'

'Yes, every day we play kindergarten together,' the mother said. 'But it is not only the games I teach him, for we have nature studies and "Occupations" and "Gifts," as the kindergarteners call them, and from these he learns much, for it is not mere play as I used to consider it. Miss Rosa sent me an outfit, and one or two books, and we have an hour every morning devoted to our study. I think I am learning quite as much as my son.'

But the boy, who climbed upon the seat beside her, having ceased to be a butterfly, snuggled within her arms and protested: 'Why, mamma, you know everything now.'

But I thought, 'She is on the royal road to highest learning, and has the love light of his eyes to guide her.'

A Bit of Advice.

(L. Eugenie Eldridge, in 'Christian Work.')

I caught myself wondering to-day if all girls have their bags or baskets of darning-cotton and yarn near at hand, neatly arranged, well-filled and ready for action, and if when the stockings are brought from the wash, the heels and toes are duly examined, and holes, which will be small if the weekly inquiry is rightly followed, are nicely darned with the fine weaving good darning is? If this is so, it is a comfortable comfort, one the family will quickly notice and miss if suspended.

The very question of darning stockings will cause some girls to strike an attitude of dismay, but there can be nothing alarming in the act or the fact if viewed in the light of reason and a little sense.

To begin, all know who have ever worn stockings 'hole-y,' that hole spelt with a 'w' is decidedly preferable, also that well-cared-for hose will last much longer than those neglected.

One daughter of the family will find if she makes her weekly practice to faithfully look over each pair belonging to the members, it will become much less of a task than she may suppose when she sees the big holes of the hastily and seldom mended.

To keep the darning-basket well supplied and well appointed will grow to become good practice. It will train her in a

practical way that will not come amiss in the work of life.

Then the discipline of nicely and patiently doing the plain, homely work will be a gain, besides the skill of needle acquired. Added to this comes the pleasure and economy of tidy footwear, and last but not least, it lifts a decided burden from the shoulders of mother.

If a daughter should start up of herself and take the family stockings as a share of her work, mother's face would brighten more than I can tell. She would think of it often and remember it long, and when that daughter has left the home-nest and settled for herself in a broader sphere, it will still be repeated and told of her.

Let some of the useless fancy work slide. What does it amount to in a short time? Fashion gone by, dust well settled, and presently banished. Such is the price often paid for hours and hours of precious time and tedious labor.

Darn the stockings and help your mother!

One thing you may be sure, she will appreciate your labors. You will be rewarded oftener than you imagine, and a prick upon the finger now and then from a darning-needle is no worse than from a worsted needle, and the strain on the eyesight is much less than in most of the worsted patterns. But comfort, industry and skill all together, are not equal to the pleasure and happiness such a course will give your mother, nor to the smiles she will give you. Try it.

'Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of bees to sip the clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother, the wide world over.'

A Tyranny of Tenderness.

(Bland B. Huddleston, in 'New England Homestead.')

Said a matron of observant habit, 'I do not wish to live to be old.'

As she was known for a singularly happy woman, loved and cherished by her husband and children, her earnestness surprised me.

'No,' she added, 'I do not fear to "outlive my welcome," as so many aged people appear to have done. I have no fear of the poorhouse. I do not even dread very much the so-called infirmities of age. To my mind nothing is lovelier than length of days gracefully worn, and I mean to wear mine that way. What I do dread is the inevitable "being taken care of" by my youngsters; of being treated by my children like a fragile bit of china and eternally guarded against over-exerting myself.'

This woman was right. One of the hardest things the aged have to bear is the idleness which is forced upon them, not by decrepitude, but by the mistaken solicitude of their children. It is a cruelty they rarely rebel against openly, but it is not less galling because patiently endured. Because of the sweet motive in which the gentle tyranny is rooted, old people feel powerless to contest against the arbitrary curtailment of their activities. Yet it is a species of watchful tenderness which amounts in many cases to actual tyranny.

'Now, mother, put that right down, you are too old for such work,' is the constant cry in some homes, even though 'mother' be active and well-preserved, and used all her life to activity. Father is expected to subside into a rocking chair, with his newspaper, just because he has attained to certain years regardless of his preferences for 'stirring about' and managing his own affairs.

Besides the sense of being no longer essential to the family, which such a life brings, the actual physical restraint is irksome. The aged are happiest when employed in congenial and not excessive labor of some sort. It is a positive cruelty to be forever nagging at them to desist from this or that; just because one wishes to guard them from fatigue. After rearing a family and being accustomed to authority and deference, no man or woman relishes constant surveillance, however kindly meant. The thing to do is to