

FOR THE JUNIORS

A DOGGY STORY.

IT is very pleasant to see children fond of animals. A child who kicks a dog or any animal should be well punished. Below we see a baby—a little Ella Herbert—showing to her friends the dog which is a true friend to her. The dog has won great honours at the shows and is called a Bedlington, an uncommon kind, not perhaps beautiful, but peculiar in colour, a blue-grey and with large black eyes that seem full of affection. Prince, as he is called, though seeming to have the sweetest of tempers, is not to be trifled with when strangers approach his little mistress. Prince can be very unpleasant when occasion demands his interference.



Snow Babies From Ayr, Ont.

across country regardless of roads or streams.

Nancy followed it, running when it ran and stopping when it sat down to rest. In this way she went a long way and finally the little animal ran into a thick hedge. The girl lost sight of her rabbit now, but could hear it rustling among the fallen leaves under the hedge. She wasn't going to give up her rabbit after following it such a long distance. She began scrambling into the hedge, forcing back the small twigs and brambles as she went. She found herself now in a beautiful garden where grew the loveliest flowers she

had ever seen. She saw nor heard nothing more of the rabbit, but was so delighted with the flower garden that she forgot all about it. She walked among the flowers timidly at first, then growing bolder, she gathered a large bouquet of roses.

In the middle of the garden she came to a fountain splashing its waters in the sunlight. At the fountain hung a silver, gold-lined cup. Nancy was quite thirsty and took a drink of the sparkling water. She had no more than drained the cup when her little friend, the rabbit, came bounding toward her from the hedge through which she had scrambled.

He sat up on his haunches and looked at her reproachfully.

"Naughty girl," he said, "What have you done now? Why did you follow me here? How did you get through the hedge? And you have picked the Prince's roses, walked on his flower beds and drank from the Fountain of Fate, which if a mortal drinks of its waters he is turned into a fairy and can never leave fairy land. Oh! you have got me into a peck of trouble, sure enough!"

The poor rabbit was weeping, now. "I am so sorry!" faltered Nancy. "So very sorry!"

Just then the Prince appeared upon the scene. The rabbit scampered away. After the girl had drunk from the fountain she had become a fairy. The Prince found her seated beside the fountain weeping bitterly.

It was a happy day for him, for he loved the sorrowful maiden at once and in time she became his Princess and was very happy.

The rabbit—who was really the Prince's gardener disguised as an animal—was not killed and eaten as he had feared, but forgiven; and made the bridal bouquet and decorated the palace for the wedding. So this was what befell Nancy when she drank from the Fountain of Fate.

SHAG'S VISION.

(By Cuthbert Goodridge MacDonald.)

SHAG, the buffalo, raised his head From the withered grass he had made his bed.

He gazed o'er the prairie rolling low To the distant mountains capped with snow.

Was it the beating of hooves he heard, Or the lonely wind that softly stirred?

Was it his herd sweeping over the plain, Or only his eyes grown misty with pain?

Slowly he raised his grand old head, Then sank on his side—old Shag was dead.

THE FOUNTAIN OF FATE.

ONCE-Upon-a-Time centuries ago and in a faraway land over the ocean, a young girl met with a strange adventure which changed her forever from a mortal into a fairy princess. She was walking one day on a lonely road leading far into the country, when she came to a place where two brooks met. One ran quietly through a meadow and the other flowed noisily over a pebbly bed through the hills. The girl sat down here to rest. She wished to follow each stream and discover where it went, but was undecided which one to explore first. As she sat there hesitating she saw a dear little rabbit nibbling grass near by. Her attention was so taken up with the little creature that she forgot all about the brooks. The rabbit nibbled a while and then took a drink from the brook. Then it started



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