

Children's Corner

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S ANAGRAM.

When Kitchener the **silent** bids you rally to the drum,
 Don't stand and **listen** merely—up and go;
Enlist! Leave golf and football to the slacker and the scum,
 And scorn the **tinsel** of the picture show.
 Then when thou with thy comrades **linest** trenches at the front,
 Or guardest **inlets** of each bay or bight,
 Stand staunchly to the colors and bear the battle's brunt—
 Show Germany that Britons still can fight.

ROMULUS AND REMUS.

"What is that funny noise?"

It was Peggy who spoke. She and her playmate, Emily, were driving home from school. They were the same age—eight years—and every day they drove Lucy, the little roan mare, in a nice little cart which had room for two. The road was long and hot—for this was an Australian summer—and everything seemed to be sizzling in the blazing sun. They had passed a large flock of sheep some time before, and Lucy had been very indignant because the slow creatures took up so much of the road. Every now and then, when the press was thickest, she stood quite still in the middle of the road, turned her head slowly round so that she could see the children, and, after giving them a long, reproachful glance, started on again with an air of annoyance. Now the road was clear once more and Lucy was trotting along with her ears pricked up. The noise that Peggy had noticed seemed to be coming from the side of the road several yards away. Lucy was told to stop while both children sat and listened.

"There it is again!" Peggy exclaimed.

"I can hear it too. Let's see what it is," said Emily.

Without even tying Lucy up, they left her standing while they scrambled in the direction of the noise. Again they heard the strange sounds. First there were faint little bleating cries, and then a chorus of loud squawks.

Suddenly the children stopped in dismay. In front of them, a few yards off, was an open space; in the middle were two tiny lambs, so weak that they could hardly stand up. All around, in a black circle, were dozens of great, cruel looking crows. They had grad-

ually closed in around the little helpless lambs; and had already pecked off the poor little things' tails. Next they would peck out their eyes and then tear them all to pieces; but on seeing Peggy and Emily they flew away with loud squawks of disgust.

The lambs had only been born a little while and were so weak that they could not keep up with the flock. The mother had to leave them behind, because she was driven by the big sheep dog.

Each of the children took one of the lambs in her arms and carried it to the road, where Lucy was patiently waiting. They each sacrificed a nice clean pocket handkerchief to tie up the little bleeding stubs of tails, and then, tucking themselves and the lambs comfortably into the cart, they started Lucy off again and hurried home.

The lambs survived their terrible experience, and seemed none the worse for it, except that their tails never grew again. Peggy hunted up and filled two old feeding bottles that had belonged to her baby sister, and the hungry little creatures drank the warm milk greedily.

They were named Romulus and Remus because they were twins; and before long they grew sleek and fat, and as pretty as could be. Before they got to be big sheep the children had many a long day of play with them, and declared that they had never had such lovely pets before.

AGRICULTURAL BULLETINS.

So great has been the demand for bulletins, pamphlets, records and reports upon the Publications Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa as a result of the Patriotism and Production Movement, that it has been found impossible to comply with all the applications as promptly as could be desired. Of some of the bulletins the supply has been exhausted and no time has been afforded for reprinting, while of others the quantity asked for individually has been such that instant compliance would mean many applicants might have to go without. This has meant extra correspondence and consequent delay. The situation is, of course, satisfactory as indicating the success of the campaign, and the widespread interest created, but the inability to respond on the instant with the multitude of applications is greatly regretted. At the same time it is impossible that the size of the demand could have been foreseen. As fast as possible the requests will be attended to, but in the meantime there will have to be reprinting and in cases revising. In such circumstances patience appears to be a desirable and necessary quality.

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