

speaker. Dan stoppd not a whit; obedience was not on his list of duties to his parents. The two men finally subdued him to the talking point.

"He took an unfair advantage!"

Mrs. Long looked apprehensively about, seeming to gather from the word "took" that the tutor was a sneak thief. Mr. Long waited.

"You needn't deny it. You hit me, and you're the bigger!" shrieked the angry boy.

The collegian was suddenly aware that this catastrophe had been hanging over him for ages. It was entirely fitting that a mime, a fool, a joker, should be found making a beast of a scene out of the first piece of serious business entrusted to him. He gently choked the boy quiet and put him out into the hall, whence the small tighter proceeded to the gymnasium, rubbing his throat. The disheveled pedagogue turned to the parents and waited for the blow.

"What's all this excitement about?" asked Long with a smile.

A few words made the situation clear. The father thought a minute.

"There's one thing I don't understand. You told me you were a junior in the university, and yet you say you have had long experience with boys like Dan."

"Not with boys like Dan; with a boy like Dan."

The older man slowly nodded comprehension and smiled with near-approval.

"Well, you and Dan for it. You'll excuse us, I know, while we remove some of the dust and grime of the city. We'll see you at dinner."

It took the tutor several minutes to adjust his hair and necktie as well as his mental attitude. The anticipated dismissal would not have been an un-mixed evil; it would have removed from him the responsibility of Dan. But Mr. Long's smiling departure left him still burdened with his problem. His old impatience, under restraint, came over him and demanded expression. His first reckoning should be with Dan, so he strode to the gymnasium, encouraging his anger as he went.

"Get up off that mat and put on these gloves," biting off his words with a snap like that of a telephone wire under the clipping shears.

"Don't you hear me?" stormed the angry voice, and at the words the boy raised himself from the horizontal to the vertical. "I am going to give you the trouncing of your life. There are several things you've missed in your tissue-paper existence and I'm going to supply one long-felt want. Get on those gloves; I'll give you a chance to defend yourself."

With much pluck and little skill, the youngster warded off the blows of his opponent until the latter's cooling temper permitted him to see the unfairness of the match. At last the boy threw down the gloves.

"You know I can't fend you off." Then as his words left his adversary stumbling in surprise, "I've been mean as dirt, but I'm willing to take my medicine."

The tutor could only gasp in astonishment as the lad hurried on:

"I suppose you'd be like all my other teachers. When I found out you was a real live man, I didn't know how to climb off my perch. I need a good poundin' and I'll take it."

"Got on your life, you don't," and the tall boy grabbed the shorter boy by the shoulders and waltzed him most un-pedagogically over the floor. At last the two, limp with laughter, fell breathless and gasping onto a soft mat. Sprawling there flat on their faces, they found a common ground of understanding.

"You see, Dan, my father and mother were easier with me than yours are with you. I ran wild like you do."

Then followed tales of escapades over which two pairs of eyes twinkled with delight and two yellow heads bobbed in laughter—boyish capers of his early days and pranks of his college days. Finally, without tears or chuckles, the junior spoke of the Dean.

"He taught me the difference between

a monkey and a man, Dan. He's no stiffle; he's no preacher. He knows before you tell him just how it all happened. When I got all balled up so that Prexie was going to kick me out, the Dean sent me up here. He knew what he was up to, too. Did you ever hear of homoeopathy old man?"

Dan declared his innocence.

"Well, the idea is something like this. Suppose the disease that has got its grip on you is caused by an over supply of prussic acid somewhere in your inside. Well, they just chuck in more prussic acid. They add it up this way, that like cures like, similia similibus."

"But I don't quite savvy where this yarn fits into our game."

"Well, you see, I was suffering from an acute attack of cussedness: the Dean prescribed Dan Long in large doses, and, by jinks, I believe I'm what the newspapers call 'on the high road to recovery.' I don't mean to be uncomplimentary, old man, but you seem to have impressed some people as being an ornery sort of a customer. So your father and the Dean applied me as a sort of a pedagogical porous plaster; and so here we are, merrily on our way up the trail of righteousness. We're weak sisters, I'm thinking; but here's my hand on it, Dan."

As they entered the dining-room, late to dinner, the son of the house led the tutor up to where his father stood at the head of the table.

"I've squared it all up with him, dad, and agreed to tame down and eat right out of his hand."

The questioning glance with which the mother had met their entrance wavered off into amazement as the father slapped his son on the shoulder.

"Well, that's no reason for keeping a starving family from their dinner, kiddie. Home looks mighty good after a trip to the city, Mr. Lovell."

#### Little Things.

A traveller hastening through the starless night

Is glad to see the little glowworm's light

Though tired and late, he slacks his hurried tramp

A moment by the tiny silver lamp.

A learned scholar leaves his darling books

To watch with thrilling heart and eager looks

The velvet softness of the summer dark

Embroidered by the firefly's golden spark.

Ah! the world's little things, how great they be!

How rich, how manifold their ministry!

A little love oft proves a potent leaven.

A baby's hand leads many a heart to Heaven.

—Mary F. Butts.

#### The Mischief Maker.

A certain Khan had three wives. One was a Liar, one a Thief, and one a Mischief-Maker. They troubled him greatly, but although he tried to correct them, they grew worse each day. He did not wish to kill them. He only sought to correct them and cure them of their failings. But this he failed to do.

One day a Wise Man came to the Khan, and said:

"I know that thou art troubled by thy wives, but if thou wilt give them into my charge for a time, in less than three months they shall be cured of their failings."

The Khan agreed, and the Wise Man became the custodian of the three wives.

The Wise man at once began his treatment. He treated the Lying woman by lying to her continually. The Thief he treated by daily robbing her of her clothes and jewellery. The Sower of Discord he incited to mischief.

In a short time the Thief and the Liar were reformed, but the Wise Man could find no remedy for the Mischief-Maker, and so he drowned her in the sea.—Vanity Fair.



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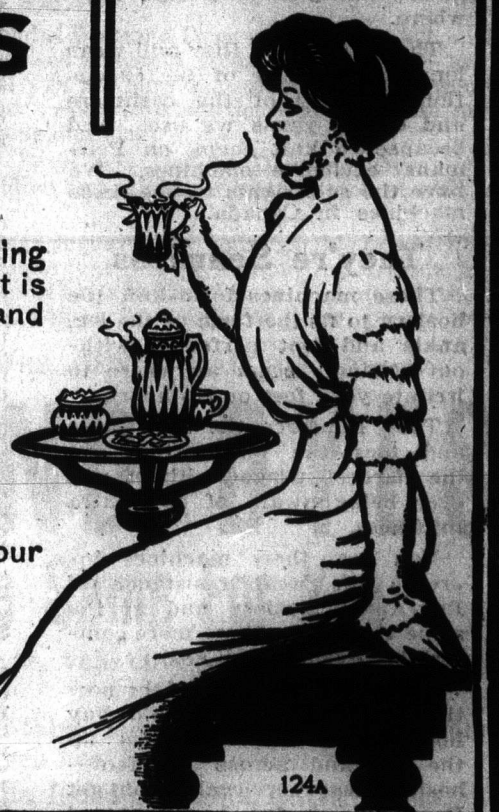
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