

YOUNG FOLES CORNER.

"Little Stranger."

Motor bought a baby.
"Little baby sing."
Zink I have could put him.
For a my rubber ring.
Ain't he awful well?
Ain't he a great pink?
Just come from heaven,"
Tat's a sin, I think.

Doctor told amazement
I was too small for it.
None isn't out of just run.
Tat's an' this I cry.

Mamma stays up bedroom.
Guess he makes her sick.
From him to re butter.
I'll eat right quick.

Coddle him and love him!
Call him "kissed sing!"
Don't care if my kit isn't
Get a bit of string!

Send me off with Biddy.
Every single day,
Be a good boy, Charlie.
Just pray and play.

Sink I ought to love him!"
No, I won't no zero!
Ain't he a great pink?
Not got my hair.

Got all my nice kiss.
Got my place in bed;
Meant to take my drum stick
And crack him on the head!"

WANTED—A BOY.

WANTED—A BOY TO RUN ER-
RANCE and make himself generally
useful.

Mr. Peppergreen came out with his cap on
the back of his head, and his spectacles pushed high up on his forehead, to wafer his written notes on the side of his steer.

And five minutes afterwards (it might have been less, or it might have been more) a crowd of eager little fads assembled around it, standing on tip-toe to read every word.

Johnny Jarvis had just been discharged from his place as cash-boy in a drygoods store, because business was dull and customers few.

He was a fine, tall boy of twelve, with bright black eyes and laughing mouth, and he didn't at all like having nothing to do.

Charlie Warner wanted a situation because there were a good many little Warner's, and nothing to feed them with since their father died.

Louis Brown had been out of regular employment ever since the china factory closed in the fall.

For these little fellows belonged to the innumerable army of boys who cannot play and enjoy the bright hours as they go by, but must work and drudge, and count every day lost that does not bring in its corresponding wages.

Children, did you ever think how hard the world was on these poor little toilers?

It was not long before Mr. Peppergreen's store was full of boys who wanted to "run errands and make themselves generally useful."

Big boys and little boys, tall boys and short boys, well-dressed boys and shabby boys—who leaped up against the floor and potato barrels, as if they had left their backbones at home; boys who stood straight up—boys who took of their caps, and boys who left them on. And still they kept coming.

"Hold on!" said Mr. Peppergreen. "This will do!"

So he took down the notice and bolted the store door.

"Now, I will proceed to business," said Mr. Peppergreen, ruffling up his hair, and adjusting his spectacles so as to make his keen gray eyes sharper than ever.

A few penetrating glances, half-a-dozen questions, and the number of the boy was speedily reduced to our three little friends—Johnny Jarvis, Charlie Warner and Louis Brown.

They were all three willing and anxious to work; all three brought good recommendations, had honest faces, wanted to enter on the situation at once, and wrote neat, round hands.

"Humph! humph!" said Mr. Peppergreen, with his hands tucked underneath his coat tail behind. "There's three of you, and I can't find work for three boys!"

The little lad said never a word, but looked eagerly at the grocer, each one hoping that he might be the boy selected to run errands and make himself generally useful.

Mr. Peppergreen stared hard at the spice boxes and preserves bottles in the window, frowned at the cracker-boxes, and finally made up his mind.

"Brown!" said he.

"Sir!" said Louis Brown.

"I'll try you on a few sums. I want my boy to understand the first principles of arithmetic."

"I am good at figures, sir!" cried Louis.

"Are you?" said Mr. Peppergreen. "Very well; I'll give you a trial!"

He wrote down a labyrinth of figures on a slate, and then opened the door of a little room which communicated with the store.

"Sit down here, Brown, and work out these sums," said he. "I'll come to you in a few minutes."

John Jarvis and Charlie Warner looked blankly at each other, then at the grocer.

"Please, sir, what are we to do?" said they.

"You are to wait," said Mr. Peppergreen, shrugging. "Your sum will come in due time."

The sums were not especially hard, and Louis Brown was quick at figures. He soon dispatched his task, and began to look around.

It was a stuffy, close-smelling little room, with one window close up to the ceiling, and a curious, old-fashioned book-case or desk, with glass doors, lined with faded silk, in the corner.

"I do wonder what Mr. Peppergreen keeps there!" said Louis to himself; and after he had wondered a little while, he got up and went slowly toward the desk. The key is in the lock, said he; there can't be any harm in looking. Perhaps there are story-books—or maybe opinions shells and stones—or—

As these thoughts crossed his mind, he opened the silk-lined door. Bang—shew! out flew a bright pearl-colored dove.

Louis stood aghast. In vain were his efforts to capture the little creature. It fluttered from the top of the book-case to a pile of boxes beyond, and thence to the top moulding of the window, as if it enjoyed the chase; and in the midst of it all, in came Mr. Peppergreen.

"What?" said he. "How did this

happen?"

"Please sir," said Louis, hanging his head, "the bird got out, and I was trying to catch it again."

"Get out, did it?" said Mr. Peppergreen. "It must be a very ingenious bird, to be able to open the desk from the outside!" You may go, boy. I'm quite certain that you won't suit me. I don't approve of mediocrities."

So saying, he opened a door which led directly out into the back street, and dismissed poor Louis Brown without further ceremony.

"Now, Penelope," said he to the little dove, who perched on his shoulder at once, "you can go back to your nest. You have helped me out of the difficulty this time."

So he let the little creature fly out into the yard, where it belonged.

Charlie Warner was the next one ushered into the study, smalling room. He, too, specially finished his suns, and began to look around him for something to occupy his attention.

"Oh my! What a lot of boxes!" said he, piled up one above another, like a Tower of Babel! What can Mr. Peppergreen keep in all of them?"

Charlie listened. No advancing footsteps were near. He looked cautiously about him, but he saw nothing. Then he rose from his chair, and crept toward the mysterious pile of boxes. They were of all shapes, rather small, and fitted with loose wooden covers.

Charlie lifted the lid of one. It was full of English walnuts.

"Hello!" thought Charlie. "I'm in luck! Old Peppergreen will never miss two or three of these," and he pocketed a handful.

The next box was full of Malaga raisins. Charlie nipped two or three bloomy, wrinkled fellows off the stem, and ate them. He was fond of raisins.

"What next?" he said, tugging at the cover of the third box, which seemed to fit a little closer.

All of a sudden, however, it flew off with a jerk, filling the air with Cayenne pepper, and setting poor Charlie to sneezing as if he meant to sneeze his head off.

Mr. Peppergreen burstled in.

"Ah!" said he. "See! But you needn't have been in such a hurry to examine my stock young man. I haven't engaged you yet, and I don't intend to."

And poor Charlie sneaked away through the back door, which Mr. Peppergreen held politely open for him, feeling that his curiosity had ruined his cause.

It was some time before the Cayenne pepper was sufficiently cleared from the atmosphere for Johnny Jarvis to take his turn at the sums in decimal fractions, but he worked them patiently out, and then sat looking around him, as the others had done. But he was too honorable to dream of meddling. He, too, wondered what was in the boxes, but he didn't do any more than wonder. He heard a mysterious rustling behind the faded-silk doors of the old bookcase, where Mr. Peppergreen had shut up his pet kitten, but he never thought of opening it to see what it meant.

He saw a glass jar of mixed candies on the mantle (by Mr. Peppergreen had counted every one, besides covering it with a dusty lid, so that the faint fingermark would have been quite visible) but he sat there quite still, until Mr. Peppergreen bunched into the room.

The old grocer looked at the candy jar, he glanced at the unlabelled boxes, and opening the desk, saw the kitten fast asleep in the corner.

"Ah!" said Mr. Peppergreen with a long breath. "Yes, exactly! You are the boy I want. Come right back into the store, and I'll set you to work weighing out tea and coffee."

And that was the way Mr. Peppergreen suited himself with a boy.

About Girls,

BY A BACHELOR FRIEND.

The girls in the principal cities and towns of Canada are noted as follows:

Montreal, the best dressed.

Toronto, the tallest and most stylish.

Quebec, the smallest feet.

London, the most demure.

Kingston, robust and blooming.

Hamilton, the best musicians.

St. John, N.B., the prettiest.

Halifax, the best complexion.

Port Hope, intellectual and vivacious.

Cobourg, fond of music and flirting.

Brickville, lady-like and graceful.

Prestcott, the most amiable.

Brantford, the most industrious.

Sarnia, the most anxious to be loved.

Bowmanville, the most anxious to be married.

St. Catharines, the wildest and most refined.

Charlottetown, the most truthful.

Peterborough, the most unscrupulous.

Waterloo, the most frank.

Kingston, robust and graceful.

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