



### How Jack Got Into the Pulpit.

Jack, the little fairy about whom this story is told, lived in a great wood. The wood was so full of birds and brooks and flowers that anyone would think Jack could have been perfectly happy playing there, but it was not so. He was a mischievous little fairy, and much of his time was spent in cutting unseemly capers.

One of his favorite tricks was to hop on the back of any grasshopper that he chanced to meet in the field and take a wild ride over the waving tops of the grass. It always made the poor grasshopper so tired that he could not hop again for several days.

One of the most daring of Jack's tricks was to steal honey from the wild bees. One day he was very hungry for something sweet; the berries that he found did not satisfy him.

"I must have honey," he said to himself. "New honey, and nothing else."

Without more ado he made a quick trip (a bee line he called it in his mischievous glee) to a certain hollow tree near the edge of the wood. He was relieved to find that most of the bees were away gathering pollen; a few drones had stayed behind, but they were sound asleep.

Grasping as much of the honey-comb as he could hold, he began a hasty retreat. But instantly there was a buzzing in the air; the little thief turned pale—he knew well enough what it meant. Glancing fearfully over his shoulder as he fled, he saw a swarm of bees pursuing him. They had been in hiding to watch for a marauder, and the bad fairy Jack had walked right into the trap.

Jack realized his great danger. He belonged to a race of fairies without wings, and so he could not save himself by flying. All at once he stumbled over a large grasshopper that was napping under a dock leaf. Dropping his ill-gotten gains, he leaped upon the grasshopper's back.

"Hop!" he cried shrilly as he dug his heels into the creature's side.

But alas for Jack, it was a grasshopper that had been ridden so hard that very morning that he could do nothing but sit and rest. Jack knew well enough, too, who the rider had been. His heart sank.

"Hop," he begged, "and I'll never play a trick on you again."

But the grasshopper only kicked feebly. "My fine fellow," he said, "thanks to you, there are no hops left in me for to-day. I'll hop for you to-morrow."

Jack's enemies were almost upon him. "What on earth shall I do?" he thought.

The grasshopper spoke up suddenly. "Get into that flower," he said. "And be quick about it."

"What flower?" cried Jack. "Where, oh, where?"

His eyes fell upon a tall flower with a large deep blossom that grew nearby. With one bound he was off the grasshopper's back and at the foot of the stalk; then, mounting rapidly hand over hand, he gained the top and vaulted over into the blossom. The flower was so slippery inside that he slipped instantly out of sight.

The bees came hurrying up; but

after they had buzzed round a while without finding Jack, they gave up the chase and went home.

At last Jack decided that it would be safe for him to venture out again. But the blossom was so slippery that he could not find a foothold anywhere, and he was not tall enough to catch hold of the edge. He had to stay where he was.

And there in that flower he still is. The birds and the butterflies look after him; and the grasshoppers, forgetting how they once suffered at his hands, sit below and talk to him. But it is very hard, of course, to have to stay in one place all the time.

As he grew taller his head and shoulders appeared above the edge of the blossom; he looked exactly like a preacher in a pulpit. In fact, he began to be called after a while Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

As time went on he began to like his home better; and now, it is said, he often gathers a crowd of young fairies round him and tells them his story. He tells them that if he had been minding his own business instead of robbing bees and riding grasshoppers he would still be a free fairy.

And it is said also that on account of Jack's preaching there are every year fewer mischievous fairies in fairyland.

### Polly-of-the-Garden.

In days gone by nearly every ship that came to the Bermudas from lands where parrots live was sure to bring at least one parrot.

The Bermudas are a group of coral islands in the Atlantic Ocean and belong to our British Empire. They are so close together that they are joined by bridges. The climate is exactly right for parrots, because Jack Frost never visits the islands with his snow and ice. In the Bermudas the trees are always green, and the birds are always singing. There is never anything to harm a well-behaved parrot; that is, if its wings have been clipped.

The poll parrot of this story lived in a garden at the east end of the islands close beside the sea. Her wings had been clipped, and so, if she had been a good stay-at-home sort of parrot, she would have had no trouble.

The reason why parrots must have their wings clipped in the Bermudas is the ocean. If they have the use of their wings, they are sure to go flying out over the water—a dangerous performance, since parrots cannot fly far without alighting. When they fly out over the ocean they drop into the water sooner or later, and then, though they paddle round as long as they can, even the strongest of them is sure to drown.

The children of the family where Polly-of-the-Garden lived felt safe about their pet because of her clipped wings. She was not shut up in her cage except at bedtime. Every morning, when the children opened the door of the cage, out she walked into the garden, and there she played all day. There was a high stone wall round the garden, and the gate in the wall was usually kept closed.

But one day the gate was left open and out walked Polly. The moment she found herself outside the gate she said what she often said in the garden: "Polly go walking! Polly go walking!"

Then walking she went in her own queer way. She scuttled along across the hard coral road to the wharf beside the wide blue ocean. No one knows exactly how it happened, but somehow Polly slipped off the wharf. Fortunately, she did not fall into the water—that would have meant the end of her. Instead, she saved herself by catching the side of the wharf with her claws. There she clung, terribly

and the worst is yet to come



frightened, with nothing in sight but the sky above and the blue water stretching away below her.

At first the water was far below her; but as Polly clung there it came creeping up and up until it touched her tail feathers. The tide was coming in. Of course Polly-of-the-Garden knew nothing about tides; she did not know that the water was going to rise higher and higher until it would cover far more than her tail feathers. Nevertheless, she was very, very frightened.

It was not long before the children found the gate open and Polly gone. Frightened because they knew well enough what had happened, they ran straight across the road to the wharf, calling as they went:

"Polly, Polly, Polly! Where are you?"

Polly heard then and answered faintly, "Poor Polly! Poor Polly!"

The children, heard, that sad cry just in time to save poor Polly from drowning. One of the older boys reached over the edge of the wharf, loosened Polly's claws and lifted her from her dangerous perch.

The poor little parrot was so cold that she did not say a word until she had been carried into the house and wrapped in a warm shawl. When she began to feel a little warmer she cocked her head on one side and said: "Polly wants hot tea!"

How the children laughed! They gave her a cup of hot tea, and soon she was fast asleep on the safe perch of her cosy cage.

She never ran away from the garden again, but ever after that when she would shake her head and say, "Poor Polly! Poor Polly!" the children were sure that she was thinking about her terrible adventure on the wharf.

### Short, But Confusing.

Have you ever heard the story of Gilligan?

Gilligan was an Irishman, and he once got the position of station-master of a little wayside line of a not-much-used little Irish branch railway. Gilligan was not accustomed to sending in reports, and as he had to send one in to headquarters every day he found it rather difficult work.

First of all his reports were so long, and rambled so from one subject to another, that the officials at headquarters could not understand them, so they requested him to make his reports shorter, but sensible.

One day a light engine ran off the lines quite close to the station of which Gilligan was station-master.

The following day, in wording his report, Gilligan said:

"Engine off again, on again, gone again.—Gilligan."

### Perfectly Simple.

"Do you ever catch any whales, captain?" asked the fair passenger on the ocean liner.

"Often, ma'am," answered the dignified captain.

"How very wonderful! Please tell me how you catch them."

"We drop a few of the old salts on their tails, ma'am."

A baby kangaroo is only about four and one-half inches long.

Shame on the man of cultivated taste who permits refinement to develop into a fastidiousness that unfits him for doing rough work of a workaday world.—Theodore Roosevelt.

We do not demand the abundance which belongs to us, hence the leanness, the lack of fulness, the incompleteness of our lives. We do not demand royally enough. We are content with too little of the things worth while. It was intended that we should live the abundant life.

### Tom Was Puzzled.

An expedition was sent to one of the Southern States to observe the recent eclipse of the sun.

The day before the event one of its members said to an old darky belonging to the house where he was staying: "Tom, if you will watch your chickens to-morrow morning you'll find that they'll all go to roost at eleven o'clock."

Tom was skeptical, but, sure enough at the time predicted the sky darkened and the chickens retired to roost. The Negro, amazed beyond measure, sought out the scientist.

"Perfessor," he asked, "how long ago did you know dem chickens would go to roost?"

"About a year ago," he replied with a smile.

"Well, if dat don't beat all! Why, perfessor, a year ago dem chickens wasn't even hatched!"

### Nothing Much.

"Pa, what are ancestors?"

"Well, my son, I'm one of yours. Your grandpa is another."

"Oh! Then why is it people brag about them?"

### Saving Money.

Mrs. Doughless—"I saved the money to buy this coat, darling."

Doughless—"How did you manage it, precious?"

Mrs. D.—"I bought it with the money you gave me for a new hat and had the hat charged to your account."

Our blood constitutes 7.7 per cent. of our weight.

The Slavonic alphabet contains forty-two letters.

Sound is said to move at the rate of thirteen miles a minute, and compared to light, it is slower than a snail. If we should hear a clap of thunder half a minute after the flash of lightning, we could conclude that the discharge of electricity was about six and a half miles away.

## Saves Axles and Harness

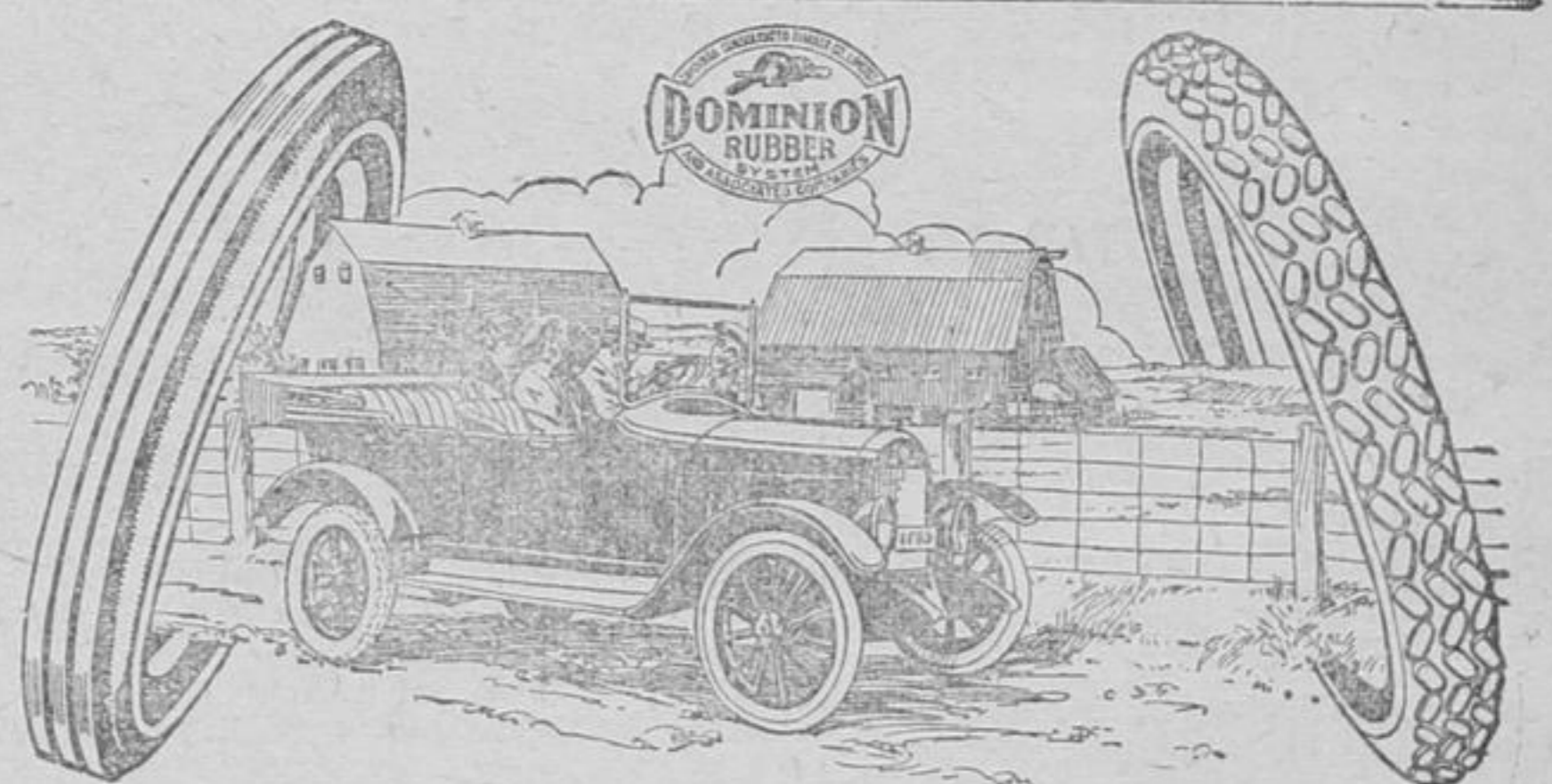
Wheels turn easier and axles wear longer when they are properly lubricated with Imperial Mica Axle Grease. Its powdered mica flakes form a glassy surface for grease to work over. Thus friction is reduced and wear retarded. It costs less than any other grease because it lasts twice as long.

Imperial Eureka Harness Oil keeps your harness pliable, strong and new-looking. It gives leather a rich, black, lasting finish, protects it from moisture, and adds years to its life. It is easily applied and is a big money-saver on repair bills.



Imperial Mica Axle Grease and Imperial Eureka Harness Oil are the first choice of teamsters, farmers and liverymen. A dealer near you carries both in convenient sizes.

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED



### The Right Tires, to suit your car and the roads you travel

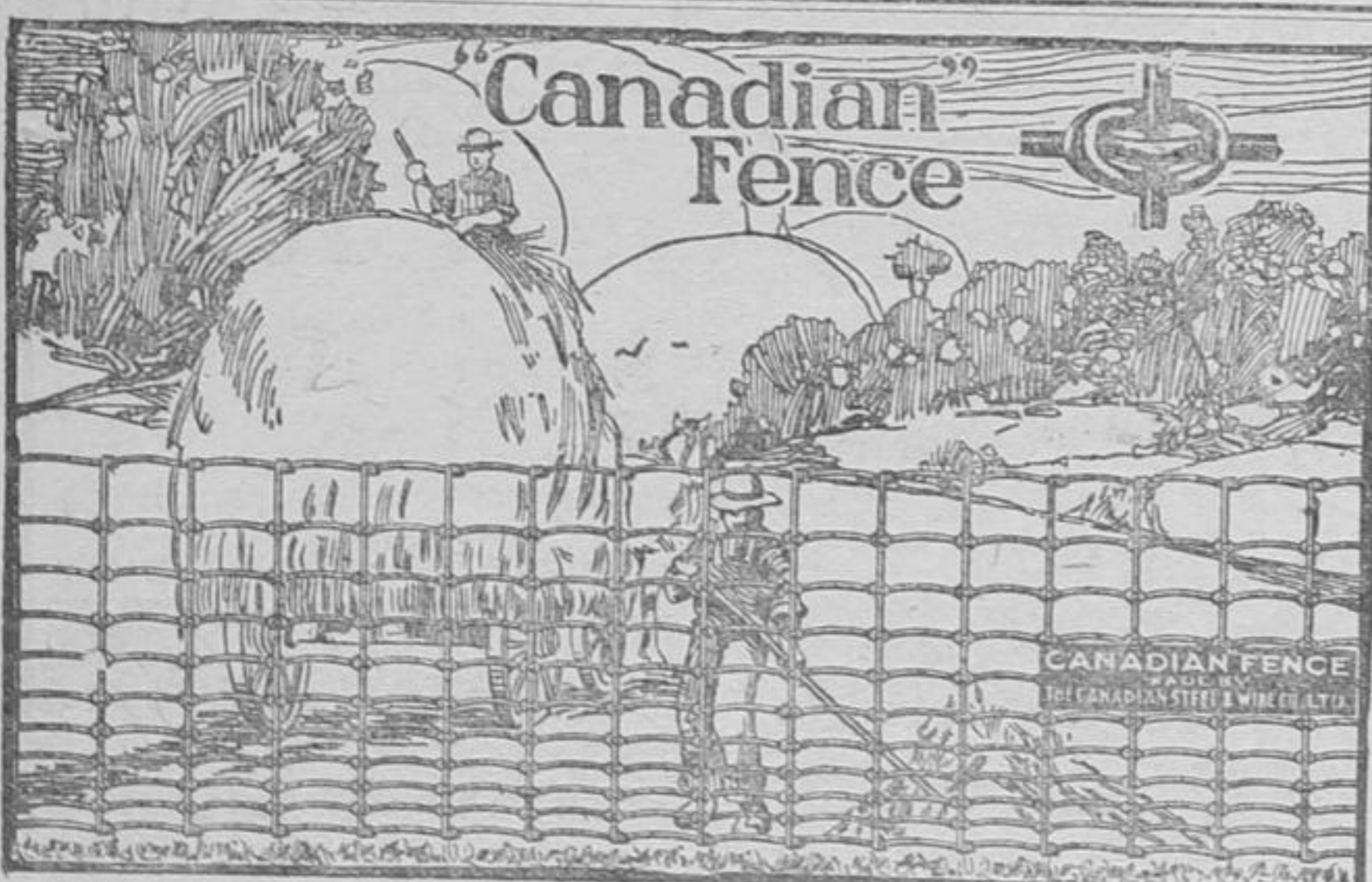
If your car is a Ford or Chevrolet, Gray-Dort or Overland, the DOMINION "Grooved" or "Nobby" Tread give you non-skid, non side-slip Tires of consistent quality and proven mileage. Or—you may find that DOMINION "Chain", "Grooved" or "Nobby" Tread on the rear wheels and DOMINION "Plain" Tread on the front, are the ideal combination for comfort and mileage.

If you drive a heavier car like the Studebaker, McLaughlin, or Packard, you will have the utmost satisfaction with DOMINION "Royal Cord" or "Nobby" Treads—the supreme achievements in tire building.

The best dealers throughout Canada have DOMINION TIRES, DOMINION INNER TUBES and DOMINION TIRE ACCESSORIES.

## DOMINION TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

**WOOL**  
Ship your lot to ourselves and receive immediate cash payment and the highest market price. We will treat you right.  
**Wm. Stone Sons, Limited**  
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO  
Established 1870



Manufactured by

**THE CANADIAN STEEL AND WIRE CO., Limited**  
Hamilton Canada