

CHILDREN'S PAGESpring is on the way, Hurrah!

Here is a true story of a Spider that became a pet.

In my summer cottage, I noticed a gray determined looking spider that had made a complicated nest near my table. I decided to form his acquaintance. I called him Jack.

He was wild at first and retreated to his inmost parlour when I came near. I began by offering him flies which I put on a broom straw. It was a week or ten days before he would venture out, if there was a light in the room.

Finally, he stooped to accept the flies any time I offered them, provided I was alone. Then I gradually shortened the splint until he would accept them from my fingers.

It ended by Jack getting so tame that he would come when I called him, and climb on the table for the flies, I had prepared for him. He became my pet. Anon.

Imagine having a Spider for a pet! I wonder if a fly is the only food a spider will eat. Juniors, it's time to research. The spider is not an insect, what is it? Incidentally, let's hear some more stories about pets. I have heard of a "ground-hog" pet. He would sit at the table and eat with the family and I mean people.

Art AppreciationThe Blue Boy

Thomas Gainsborough was the artist who painted the picture, "The Blue Boy," This painting made him famous.

When he was a little boy, he loved to draw trees and bits of landscapes in England, where he lived. When he was fourteen, his father sent him to London to study art. When he was twenty-one, he was known all over England as Gainsborough, the landscape painter.

One day in 1769, a rich ironmonger by the name of Buttal asked him to paint him a picture of his son, Jonathan Gainsborough was very fond of the colour of blue so he used a great deal of blue in the picture and when it was finished, it was a great success. He called it "The Blue Boy."

Jonathan Buttal kept the picture until 1796. George, the third, then Prince of Wales, owned it for a while and later gave it to a friend - and now it hangs in the Huntingdon Gallery in Pasadena, California. The painting is priceless.

Prints of this painting have been made and appear in magazines. Others are done in needle and petit point and hang on the wall in different homes.

So, Juniors, if you start painting in a small way, you never know what you might become, possibly the great painter of a famous Indian such as Peter Jones and the picture could become priceless in the years to come, and just imagine, you were the artist! My advice is, "Keep on painting."

Request - A short story of Peter Jones is requested. How did he become famous? Ask your grandparents, teachers, preachers, ask anybody.

Snow drifts are almost events of the past but here is a story of one, written by Warren Anthony Hill, Grade 5, Ohsweken Central School.

One night I looked out of the window and saw that it was snowing hard - I said to myself, "Maybe I should go out and play tomorrow."

When morning came, I jumped out of bed and got dressed - after breakfast I went out to play.

About ten o'clock I went home. When I was near the house, I saw a snow drift at the door, about seven feet high. I walked around the house through the snow, waist - deep, to get the snow shovel.

When I got to the shed it was covered with snow, so I went back and started digging with my hands. I got as far as the door and my mother opened it. The snow fell all over the floor. My mother was surprised and angry. She made me stay in the rest of the day.

Your mother should have been glad she didn't have to pull you out of that "seven foot" snow drift. That would have made both of you puffing. Wow!

Health - My Skin

My skin is very wonderful,
It has so many pores;
And I must scrub and keep it clean
To open all these doors;

For moisture comes through tiny pores
To regulate the heat;
And I must have a rosy skin
From head to both my feet.
