NOTES AND COMMENTS

One of the humors of the war—if there can be any in so terrible a conflict—will be found in Mr. Von Wiegand's account in the New York World of the anxiety of the German fleet for a "challenge" from the British. The German officers complain, we are told, at the inaction they are compelled to endure. They are waiting for an attack by their enemies in order to prove their mettle. But the British fleet is tamely content with control of the sea. It has locked the German warships up in port. Only the submarines are footloose, and they have not accomplished what was expected of them. In such circumstances there can be no fight unless one side or the other runs what might be a fatal risk. The British have the advantage in numbers, and the Germans in a strong defensive position. The "dare" of the latter reminds one of nothing so much as a small boy, perched high on the back yard fence, making faces at a big boy outside. It might be magnificent for the British to accept the "dare," but it would not be war.

Meanwhile, working on sound principles of strategy, the British naval commanders have succeeded in driving the German flag from the high seas, in protecting the transport of millions of troops, in guarding Great Britain from invasion. In other words, it has done all that circumstances required it to do. Probably it will not be found remiss if the general engagement which the Germans so ardently desire ever takes place. It has at least not been content with a policy of inactivity. Having cut Germany off from communication from the rest of the world by the North Sea, it has begun to complete the circle by adventuring into the Baltic. The activity of British submarines in those waters is already severely felt.

While the Admiralty would not be at present justified in sending warships through a narrow passage threatening disaster, it is quite possible that the story of a purpose to force this passage with ships of light draft and small tonnage, each carrying one or two heavy guns, is authentic. The plan, whatever it is, will hardly be revealed in advance. But if the Germans want to come out and fight they may soon have the opportunity in the waters which hitherto they have dominated.

RED LEAVES.

By Arthur L. Phelps.

Little red leaves with your baskets of wind,
Hurrying down to your market town,
Go hurrying on, for I fear me much
Old Mother Autumn is dressing in brown.

She is donning a garb of quiet hue,
Like beechen trunks and the maple limbs;
Hurry on, little leaves, and your laughing wares
May woo her yet from her drowsy whims.

Go scatter your wares before her eyes,
And maybe she'll stir to see you there,
And, holding you close to her heart, will dance
In gold and crimson upon the air.

—Canadian Magazine.

WOMEN'S NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Dear Editor,—While in London recently I came in touch with a little incident, which I think will interest you.

I attended, one day, at noon, a recruiting meeting in front of the Mansion House. A great crowd of men and women listened to the recruiting sergeants, all of whom had "done their bit" at the front.

A lady, with a magnificent voice, sang patriotic songs, which perhaps were more effective than the speeches of the recruiting sergeants. At the close of the meeting, it was announced that after singing "The King," the lady would sing "The Woman's National Anthem."

Then, in splendid voice, she sang:

"God save our splendid men,
Send them safe home again;
God save our men.
Keep them victorious,
Patient and chivalrous,
They are so dear to us;
God save our men."

As she sang, every man stood, uncovered, and with bowed head, and there were not many dry eyes.

I think it would be a good thing if the women of Canada would learn this as "The British Women's National Anthem," for surely it is the prayer of every loyal British woman.

After the meeting, I went up to the singer, handed her my card, and asked her for the words she had just sung. When she saw that I was from Montreal, she said, "Oh, I sang in Montreal, and I will be glad to send the words to the women of Canada."

She wrote them on the back of the blue envelope which contained my passport.

Very truly yours,
A CANADIAN.

Poisoned Seeds.

Observations on plant variation from poisoning of seeds have been reported in France by Professor A. Jungelson. After being placed for one to twenty-four hours in a dilute solution of sulphate of copper seeds of maize were planted, and a considerable proportion yielded abnormal spikes, the percentage of the abnormal plants being greatest among those from seeds that had been deprived of their seed coat or otherwise mutilated before exposure to the copper solution. The mutilation alone produced no change in the character of the plants. The more intimate the contact of the poison the greater was the tendency of the plant to take on new forms.

HEALTH

Carbuncle.

Carbuncle comes from a Latin word that means a little live coal, and anyone who has ever suffered from a carbuncle thinks the thing well named. The carbuncle itself is really an inflamed mass formed by a collection of boils. It begins in the tissue under the skin, and not only works its way toward the surface, as an ordinary boil does, but also burrows downward, and destroys the connective tissue. That tendency to burrow, as well as its size, makes a carbuncle a much more serious affection than a boil or an ordinary abscess.

Carbuncles generally come on the nape of the neck, or farther down on the back, but they appear in other places, too. It is easy to understand that any inflammatory process so widespread and so deeply seated as a carbuncle usually is, must cause marked symptoms of illness. As a matter of fact, it is generally accompanied by fever, headache, loss of appetite, and other indications of impaired health. Carbuncles are caused by germs that enter the system through some small scratch or abrasion of the skin, and those who suffer from them are generally already in a condition of debility. Those who suffer from certain constitutional disorders, of which diabetes is perhaps the chief, are liable to have carbuncles, and most patients are more than forty years of age. Indeed, the affection is almost unknown in childhood and early youth.

It first appears as a small pimple or pustule, which soon becomes very much irritated and inflamed. The inflammation spreads over the surface and burrows back into the deeper tissues, until the mass is roughly in the shape of a cone. Then begins a surface discharge that is sometimes clear and gelatinous, and that sometimes contains pus; but the discharge does not afford any relief. The pain grows very severe; it is like a fire under the skin, and there is violent throbbing as the carbuncle burrows its way through the tissues. Sometimes the centre of the carbuncle becomes gangrenous and the pus escapes in that way; but in many cases a surgical operation is the best and quickest way to relieve the patient's suffering. It is also necessary to attend to the general health, which is often impaired.

Moist heat often relieves the symptoms greatly. After the carbuncle has healed or been removed surgically, the patient's strength must be built up in every way with abundant food and suitable tonic treatment.—Youth's Companion.

For Emergencies.

In an emergency, when it is imperative that a wound should be seen to and surgeon, nurse, and appliances are absent, a sterile dressing may be applied to the wound before bandaging by taking the hot ashes from a wood fire, allowing them to cool, and dusting them directly on the wound.

A quicker method, and quite effective, is to apply burnt paper to the wound in several layers. This is an excellent emergency dressing, and has the advantage of being quickly obtained anywhere.

With the above borne in mind, no one need be quite helpless if occasion arises to treat a wound in peace or war. It should be remembered that surgical cotton-wool and commercial are not the same. The latter has not been freed from impurities, and, moreover, is non-absorbent. It can be used for padding a splint, but only surgical cotton-wool, free from oil, etc., should be used for wounds. Between a dressing and a bandage it is important that a non-absorbent material should be placed, such as oiled silk.

In applying a bandage to retain dressings or splints never cover the tips of fingers or toes. From the nails and toe and finger ends the state of the circulation can be judged. A bluish color shows that the veins are compressed, and numbness or swelling of the toes show that the bandage wants slackening, or the splints or dressings readjusted. Unless the heel or elbow is hurt, leave them uncovered for the same reasons. Over-tight bandages cause strangulation of the tissues.

GERMAN FIRE BALLS.

London Police Prepare for Gas Bombs.

In recent raids by German airships on London most of the bombs were incendiary, carrying but a small explosive charge. From this fact it is now assumed that the Germans believe greater harm can be done to London by a fireat fire than by dropping bombs which mere explode.

"The "fire balls," as they are called, burst upon hitting their mark and scatter a hot fire in a wide radius. It is feared that in future attacks these bombs may be followed by the so-called "gas-bombs," which in breaking would prevent firemen and police from approaching any building set afire by the "fire balls."

All the police in the outskirts of London and in all coast towns are now supplied with a new type respirator which though simple in construction will permit them to safely enter a region filled with poisonous gas. The new respirator consists of a heavy bandage, saturated with a chemical compound which neutralizes the poisonous fumes. Although London is inclined to laugh at reports of a wholesale gas bombardment, it is said that many of the more timid householders have secretly purchased these respirators and always keep them near at hand.

Almanacks are in existence that were compiled in the fourteenth century, but they are only in manuscript; the first printed almanack was issued about the year 1475.

FRENCH TRENCH IN CHAMPAGNE

The picture shows a French terraced trench in the Champagne region freshly supplied with cannon-balls and hand grenades.

VALUE OF SKIM MILK.

Two and a Half Quarts as Nutritive as a Pound of Beefsteak.

The value of skim milk as a practical and economical food is being urged by the United States Department of Agriculture. Recent tests have demonstrated that skim milk, frequently thrown away as a waste product, contains nearly all the food values of whole milk, despite that it is nine-tenths water. Two and a half quarts of skim milk, costing 10 cents, has about the same nutritive value as a pound of beefsteak costing 20 cents or more.

Whole milk, as every one knows, is an indispensable food for the young, and even in the diet of the adult it is comparatively economical. The only nutrient taken from it in skimming is the butter fat. There is left, therefore, in the skim milk, not only all of the sugar, which amounts to about four and one-half parts in every 100, and all of the mineral substances but also all of the protein.

The last named substance is important because, besides serving as a fuel for the body, as fats, sugars and starches do, it also supplies nitrogenous tissue building material. The proportion of protein in skim milk, as well as of the mineral constituents, which are also valuable for body building, is even greater than in whole milk.

Since the nutritive part of skim milk consists very largely of protein, it is to be classed, as whole milk is, with such food materials as eggs, meat, fish, poultry and cheese (though it is much more delicate than those foods) rather than with such substances as sugar, which serve only as fuel.

Two and a half quarts of skim milk contain almost as much protein and yield about the same amount of energy as a pound of beef. When skim milk sells for 4 cents a quart, or about 2 cents a pound, and round of beef for 20 cents a pound, a dime, or any other sum of money spent for skim milk will provide nearly twice as much nourishment as it will if spent for round steak. Round of beef, of course, is one of the lower priced meats and when compared with the more expensive cuts skim milk makes a still better showing from the standpoint of economy.

The comparison with oysters is very significant; a quart of oysters contains less than twice as much nourishment as a quart of skim milk and yet it often costs several times as much. Both are useful, wholesome foods, and in the oyster one has a special flavor. A combination of the two in oyster stew or creamed oysters is an economical way of using the oysters, since it makes a given quantity "go further."

"TOO GOOD TIMES."

Decrease in British Birth Rate Deplored.

The recent returns on the British infant birth and death rate are characterized as "distinctly alarming" by the London Lancet.

"The continued fall in the birth rate, which has now reached the lowest level heretofore recorded, may have many explanations," the journal comments editorially, "but the factor of the deliberate limitation of families, whether from provident or selfish motives, can no longer be ignored."

The Lancet says that there has never been a time in England that employment has been so easy to obtain and so much money distributed among the poor through good wages and women's separation allowance, yet these very facts may have contributed to the increased infant mortality rate, since they have given idle mothers more money to spend on drink. Epidemic disease is another factor in raising the rate, owing to the dearth of doctors and nurses now engaged in military hospitals.

As for the deliberate limitation of births, not only the middle and upper classes, but the working class in late years are held to blame. Even the reports about the great numbers of war babies seem now to have been largely baseless.

His Good Fortune.

She—I suppose you know all the best people in town?

He—Yes, but I don't have to associate with them.

Fashion Hints

Odds and Ends of Gossip.

The newest of new blouses are yet of the frail fabrics, the crepe georgette, chiffon, silk lace and filmy net, but even so, they button up the back. Even so the collars are cut low in the front, scooting up in the rear, high above the ears and sometimes fanning the coiffure. The sleeves are adorable, quaintly old-fashioned, and as piquant as the left eye of a coquette. Puffs, madame, and more puffs, one upon another, falling, tumbling, rippling down the arm, from neck line to little finger tip. Also, there are high puritanical cuffs of exquisite frail embroidery! French-bound buttonholes are seen also.

Separate waists for street suits are as good as ever. The princess gown couldn't oust them. They are necessary because they are comfortable and convenient. A Goupy model is all in white, of silk veiling and a new fine net-corded velvet. Very lovely! A saucy little bodice in cream satin is trimmed with sulphur-colored Ottoman velvet ribbon. A Paquin dream of becomingness is of deep violet chiffon, trimmed richly and splendidly with violet ribbon with picot edge.

As companion for a Drecoil costume of peacock green velour de laine, there is a blouse made of yellow radium silk, elaborately embroidered in gold and silver thread, with just enough cinnamon brown thread to give character and strength to the design.

Jacket effects appear now in blouses. A white chiffon has a little bolero of white Lierre lace and on the bolero is a wide collar and revers of lace. The long undersleeves are of chiffon, and the three-quarter oversleeves are of lace. On the front of the bodice, forming a vestee effect, is a clever design done in old blue ribbons.

A blouse of white crepe Georgette has a straight-across shoulder yoke, which is embroidered with blue silk half moons and eyelets, which decorative effect is also used for roll collar, cuffs and revers. The sleeves are long, with flaring cuffs.

Peachblow crepe de chine is used for a bodice that looks like a rosy cloud at sunrise. The fronts are pintucked in groups on either side of a wide front hem, and the upper portion has a simulated yoke made by exquisite drawn work done by hand. The roll collar is of crepe, and there is an additional flat collar at the back of martin.

Collars are unique, cuffs are unusual, sleeves are of many kinds—in fact, every garment is something new.

A Watteau costume by Paquin in tints of pale rose and pale blue is exquisitely trimmed with garlands of hand-made flowers. The bodice of this gown has wide shoulder bands of pale blue velvet ribbon, holding in place a silver lace cape at the back. This lace cape idea is shown in a different form in a gown by Drecoll that is all in black, a very smart dinner dress for older women. This is in black tulle, the skirt trimmed with wide bands of satin ribbon edged with kolinsky, the bodice short sleeves, very decollete, with cape effect at the back of black Chantilly.

Taffeta is being replaced by faille, both in plain weaves and in piquantly brocaded effects; and grosgrain, which is somewhat similar to faille, but has a tighter weave and is therefore stiffer, although not heavier, is by some houses preferred to faille. The word "stiff," however, must not be taken to mean a fabric that is not pliable, for although there is decided substance to the new grosgrains and satins, they are not unwieldy fabrics, but lend themselves pliantly to the present mode of puffs and flounces.

Credulous.

"Very credulous, is he?"

"Why, you could sell him a mortgage on a castle in the air."

Don't let the badness of your neighbors worry you; they might do worse.

COMING TO AMERICA.

A Movement to Make Uncle Sam a German After the War.

After the war there will be a tremendous flow of German emigration to America, says the London News.

This I gathered from many conversations in Berlin and elsewhere with Germans who foresee that their own land will be poor after the fighting is done, and that America is rapidly rising to the first place in finance and commerce.

The Germans who have gone over to Berlin and into the army from English jobs are intelligent enough to see that they will hardly be welcomed here after the war. I give here a conversation I had with a middle-aged German in Berlin.

"After the war," I said, "you will go back to London?"

"No," he answered, "I shall go to America."

"But it will be less easy there, in your game."

"Less easy, but less, shall we say, difficult. You see the English are, so far, children in running hotels and restaurants. Any old woman with a capital of fourpence could get rich in London if she knew how to cook—and to distribute eight chairs round two tables.

"They are the biggest fools in the world. It isn't only the German waiter, you know, who says that the bigger the tip the bigger the ass, and the bigger the ass the more surely he is the Englishman."

"Yet you will not return to these people?"

"No, the United States for me. The London newspapers talk and talk about keeping us out after the war. No need for that. If we win the war England will be a house of snakes. If we lose, it will be a den of braggarts. But in America, well, the future is there. What I say is that good Germans will go over there and colonize it and end by ruling it. We shall make Uncle Sam a German. Then God help England, with a Germany on either side of her!"

And if the emigration movement is serious the Germans are thorough enough to set up schools to teach the emigrants the American accent before they go!

GIVEN AWAY.

The Irishman's Answer Astonished the Colonel.

There used to be a certain stern old colonel stationed at Aldershot who was a great stickler for all the officers being acquainted with the names and genealogies of the various men of their troops. A well-known jovial captain, who was never yet at a loss for a reply to any question asked him, was once put sublimely through his facings.

"Captain Dash," said his superior officer, surveying a posse of young recruits, "what is this man's name, and where does he come from?"

"His name's Brown, sir, and he is a native of Derbyshire," remarked the calm captain, prepared for any amount of fabrication, but in reality not knowing one single point upon which he was likely to be questioned.

"And this man—what is his name, and where was he born?" was the next inquiry.

"Oh, his name's Smith, and he's a native of Devon," answered the plunging captain, as coolly as though he were telling the truth.

"Of Devon," repeated the colonel. "Dear me!—my own native place. So, my man"—addressing the grinning recruit—"you are actually from Devon?"

"Faix, yis, yer honor; and troth it's a grand place intoirely, so it is!" was the reply.

The colonel fell back, very much astonished, and Captain Dash had to see him later on in private.

PUZZLING THE SURGEONS.

Why They Thought the Whistling Was Curious.

A Parisian journal tells of a young Parisian who had long worn a monocle in his left eye, and who had continued the habit as an officer. He had been wounded, was cured, and had asked to be returned to the front. When he went to be examined, he concealed the monocle, thinking he might be charged with myopia in one eye. When the chief surgeon examined him he said sharply, "Whistle!"

"The soldier whistled like a blackbird.

"That's curious," said the surgeon, and, calling a young assistant, he said again to the soldier, "Whistle!" He whistled again. "That's curious," said the young assistant.

Another surgeon entered, and the patient was called upon for the third time to whistle.

"Ah," said the surgeon, "that's curious."

"But," expostulated the soldier, "I don't see why there is so much of this. I'm not to serve as a locomotive."

"It is all right," said the chief surgeon. "You may return to the front."

When the soldier arrived at his regiment, he gave to the regimental surgeon the note that had been given him by the examiner. This surgeon said in his turn, "Will you please whistle?" He whistled. "That's curious," said the surgeon.

It seems that when a man wears a monocle it gives to his face the appearance of facial paralysis. The whistling is a test. The facial paralytic cannot whistle.

The Memory Cult.

The new system of memory training was being taught in a village school, and the teacher was becoming enthusiastic.

"Well, for instance," said the teacher, "supposing you want to remember the name of a poet, Bobby Burns. Fix in your mind's eye a picture of a policeman in flames. See—Bobby Burns."

"Yes, I see," said the bright pupil. "But how is one to know that it does not represent Robert Browning?"

He Has the Fear of the Lord

The Man Who Stands Upon Big Ground Who Alone Can Tackle Matters of Great Moment.

"He brought me forth into a large place."—Ps. xviii., 19.

That is always the end of the Lord's leadership. He brings us out of narrow places, where we have but little standing, and He sets our feet in a large place. He gives us big ground to stand upon. We have been cramped in a small expediency and He leads us into the enlargement of a spacious purpose. Or we have been cribbed in a petty rule and He brings us into the fine air of a splendid principle. Or we have been dwelling in little sentiments, and He leads us forth into a vast and holy love. Or we have lived in party prejudice, and He has brought us into a comprehension of truth.

This is the Way of the Lord.

It is His gracious will that the soul should have a fine standing, and should move in the glorious liberty of the Son of God.

It is easy to tell when a soul has been wonderfully led into a large place, as it is easy to know when a soul is held captive in a tiny cabin. In politics it is the difference between the politician and the statesman. In religion it is the difference between the ecclesiastic and the saint. It is the difference between the poetic and the prosaic, between severely conventional living and a large life of spiritual vision and aspect. Who does not know the difference a man who takes up a thing from small motives and the man who stands upon the big ground in all his enterprises and ambitions? It is the difference described by our Lord—some are "from above," and others "from beneath.

No Other Fear Can Breathe.

It is the man who stands upon big ground who alone can tackle matters of tremendous moment. He alone can endure through the dark and cloudy day. The very largeness of his standing protects him from the fears which are bred of unproportioned thoughts. He looks out upon affairs with a true and fine prospective, and he does not confuse the early battle with the long campaign. He does not fear "when heat cometh." He has the calmness which is the offspring of magnanimity. He has the fear of the Lord, and in that large fear no other fear can breathe.

Our God is the God of the large places! It is the wonderful privilege of the believer to sit in Heavenly places with Christ Jesus and to think and to labor in the very mind of Christ.—Rev. J. H. Jowett, D.D.

GASOLINE EXCAVATOR.

Has the Speed and Efficiency of Fifty Men.

A new piece of machinery available for the farmer or the contractor has made its appearance in the shape of a device for excavating cellars, digging ditches or loading wagons and carts with material from the ground level or below it. It consists of a nine horse power gasoline engine mounted on a frame and capable of being moved from point to point.

Power is transmitted from the motor by a drive chain to a drum at the top of the machine, on which a fifty-foot cable is wound. A slip scoop at the end of the cable carries the dirt from the pit or basement at any angle and delivers it into the wagon at the opposite side of the machine with approximately the speed and efficiency of fifty men.

The loading part of the machine is in no way complicated. When the loaded scoop reaches the machine the cable draws it into a steel holder on the end of a pair of lifting arms, which elevate the scoop, dirt and all, and empty it into the waiting wagon.

A wagon can be filled in less than five minutes. The scoop is automatically returned to the ground after unloading by the release of the friction clutch that conveys the power to the hoisting drum.

Novel Atomizer Size of Watch.

A recent novelty is a pocket atomizer in the shape of a watch. The head or top has a small orifice, and the spray is produced by pressing on the flexible metal sides. A miniature funnel is provided for the filling, which is done by unscrewing the head. Another atomizer consists of a small cylindrical pump mounted on a cork so as to fit into any bottle and thus avoid handling of the perfume from one bottle to another. A plunger at the top serves to produce the spray from a side orifice. The tube which descends into the liquid has a second or telescoping end so that the tube can be extended down as far as the bottom of the bottle and thus take up all the liquid.

Don't be too keenly critical. The worm has a habit of turning when you least expect it.

THE SUNDAY LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, NOVEMBER 14.

Lesson VII. — Daniel in the King's Court (World's Temperance Lesson)—Dan. 1. Golden Text: 1 Cor. 16. 13.

I. Daniel's Test (Verses 8-13).

Verse 8. **Purposed in his heart**—No resolution for good is strong enough if made with the intellect only. It must be buttressed by the heart.

King's Dainties — Food and wine from the king's table might have been dedicated to the heathen divinities, and partaking of them would be an act of compromise. Or a part of the food might consist of the flesh of animals unclean according to the Jewish ceremonial law (Lev. 11. 4-20).

10. **See your faces worse looking**—Showing the effects of insufficient nourishment.

12. **Prove thy servants** — An easy way for Daniel to escape defiling himself and at the same time commend himself to the fairness of the eunuch.

Pulse to eat, and water to drink—A vegetarian diet. Pulse: peas, beans, lentils. Ezekiel and Daniel, of the ten thousand whom King Zebuchadnezzar carried off to Babylon, were the only two young men to become prominent.

II. The Outcome of the Test (Verses 13-16, 19, 20)

20. **He found them ten times better**—A high tribute, and one not only deserved, but easily obtained.

Magicians and enchanters—Belief in the occult was so strong that every king of ancient times had his following of sorcerers and wizards. To-day the ruler of state covets men about him with clear minds born of good common sense. Only such can face difficulties and avoid calamity. The occult can play no part in matters of modern statecraft.

In the British Army a battalion of 1,016 men requires for its daily rations 635 2lb. loaves, 127lb. of bacon, more than 31 lb. of salt, and nearly 13lb. of pepper—to mention only a few of the items.

Making a Penny Grow.

Lily had been acting in a very mysterious manner ever since earliest morning. After breakfast she beckoned her brother Ned to follow her into the garden where the rest of the family could not see them.

"Just watch what I am going to do!" she whispered.

Her hand, which was clasping something very tight, opened when they reached their own especial little plot and revealed a bright new penny.

"I'm going to plant this," she said. "And perhaps after a week a little bush will spring up, so covered with pennies that we can buy anything we want!"

Ned's eyes opened wide at the mere thought, and he at once saw himself the owner of a tiny boat he had longed to have; for he knew Lily could be depended upon to share with him the fruit of the little bush.

"I," said Lily softly, "shall get a weeny doll's tea set that I've wanted a long time."

The children then carefully planted the penny, and placed a stick to mark the spot. They waited for a whole week, but nothing happened. That penny seemed to take the longest time to sprout! For some reason they felt shy about telling anyone what they had done, but finally they decided to confide in Auntie Belle, and get her opinion. She, they were very sure, might be relied upon not to laugh should their question be a foolish one.

Auntie Belle, after they had told their story, remained thoughtful a moment.

"My dears," she said at last, "that penny will never grow, at least not in that way; it wasn't intended that it should. Just think how many lazy people there would be in the world if they could get all the money they needed by merely planting a penny!"

Then, watching the two disappointed faces before her, she went on:

"But with great care and industry the penny can be made to grow in another way."

The little faces brightened. "How?" they cried together. "Can we make it grow?"

"This would be one way, I think," answered Auntie Belle. "Give it to Mr. Brown's gardener in exchange for some pansy seed, and plant that instead. Then if you both do just exactly what he tells you, when the summer comes you should have some fine flowers; for your garden gets so much sun. Now you know how I love pansies; for every little bunch you bring me I'll give you a penny; and perhaps before they cease blooming the one penny may have grown into ten! I know," she said, for here Lily had interrupted her, "that you would both let me have them for nothing, but this is what grown-up people would call a business transaction, and I insist on paying for all the flowers this penny produces."

The children kissed their aunt, and then ran off with their penny to have a talk with Mr. Brown's gardener, who kept a little seed shop. And before the summer was over they had really learned how to make a penny grow—and Ned owned the little boat, and Lily the tea set that she had wanted for her dolls!—Youth's Companion.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO