

So they got into the carriage again—still a golden chariot—and though she did not intend to do so, the little girl leaned against the Beautiful Princess and went to sleep.

Meanwhile Ellen had been missed in Little Bean street. The child's mother asked her neighbors in the tenement if they had seen anything of her Ellen. Then, finding Rag Polly alone on the steps, the mother grew frightened and ran all through the house and up and down the street calling and looking everywhere. The policeman on the corner helped her in her search and other policemen were notified to be on the lookout for the lost child. At last Ellen's mother herself went to the police station to ask if a barefooted, bareheaded, yellow-haired girl in a pink dress had been found.

The sergeant said that a lady in a carriage had turned over to the authorities a little girl found wandering alone on C— street. The child was asleep in the inner office on the sergeant's desk. Ellen's mother looked in, trembling with hope and fear. When she caught sight of the lace-trimmed skirts, the white silk stockings, and the pink rosettes, she hurried away, blinded by tears. 'No, no!' she said, 'my little Ellen was not dressed like that.'

But as she went on searching up and down the streets, she could not keep from thinking about that little figure in white on the sergeant's desk. Those fat little legs stuck out exactly like Ellen's legs. So she went back to the police station and Johnnie went with her. This time they went right up to the desk, and when they saw the yellow curls spread out over a pile of papers not all the white slippers with pink rosettes in the world could fool them.

So Ellen, who had been to Fairyland, and who had fallen asleep in the chariot of the Beautiful Princess, awoke, thankful and glad, in the arms of her own dear mother, with her brother Johnnie fairly smothering her with hugs and kisses.

A MISTAKE

The diner dropped his knife and fork with a clatter. 'Waiter!' he cried.

'Yes, sir,' said the waiter.

'What's this stuff?' demanded the diner.

'Steak, sir, I think,' replied the waiter, examining it closely.

'Yes, there's no doubt it's steak, sir.'

'But the smell,' roared the diner. 'It must be weeks—Here, smell it for yourself.'

The waiter shook his head, and bent confidentially over the diner's shoulder. 'You're making a little mistake, sir,' he whispered, glancing cautiously around. 'It's that other gentleman's fish you can smell.'

ONLY AN ADVERTISEMENT

'Waiter,' grumbled a customer, 'I should like to know the meaning of this. Yesterday I was served with a portion of pudding twice this size.'

'Indeed, sir!' rejoined the waiter. 'Where did you sit?'

'By the window.'

'Oh, that accounts for it. We always give people by the window large portions. It's an advertisement!'

THE PAT ANSWER

Judge Longworth, of Cincinnati, the father of Nicholas Longworth, was very fond of talking with 'sons of toil.' When driving through Eden Park one day in his dogcart, Judge Longworth stopped a plodding laborer and asked him if he wanted a ride. The Irishman accepted. And once in the cart the Judge said:

'Well, Pat, you'd be a long time in Ireland before you would be driving with a judge.'

'Yes, sir,' replied the Judge's guest. 'And you'd be many a day in Ireland before they'd make ye a judge.'

FAMILY FUN

Tricks with Soap and Bubbles.—Have your solution ready, and your clay pipe, also a wire ring with a handle to it; you can make this yourself with a pair of pliers and a piece of thick wire. The ring must be just large enough to slip over the bowl of the pipe. Take the ring in the left hand and the bowl in the right, holding the bowl downward. Blow the bubble through the ring, which hold just under the bowl, and the bubble will hang from the ring. Now dip your pipe in the solution again, and blow a second bubble into the first, also through the ring, and you will have a double bubble. The third bubble is blown through the pipe in the usual way, holding the bowl downward and resting it on a flat surface. Now blow through the stem and raise the pipe, and you will have a hat with a broad, flat brim like a Quaker's. Here, also, is a fourth novelty in bubble-blowing. Take a ring as described before, and cover it with a piece of felt or flannel, and you will be able to play ball with your bubble, using the covered ring as a bat. Mix a few drops of glycerine with your soapy water, and your bubbles will be the most lovely colors when blown, and also stronger.

All Sorts

Volapuk, one of the most pretensions attempts at a universal language, was introduced early in the eighties.

The United States surpasses all Europe in the manufacture of paper, its production amounting to 1,330,000

According to careful estimates, three hours of close study wear out the body more than a whole day of hard physical exertion.

'What's the biggest interest you ever had to pay on a loan?'

'When I borrowed trouble.'

Contributor: 'What has become of that poem, "The turtle dove," I sent you?'

Editor: 'I've placed it in a pigeon-hole.'

According to a French scientist, the rays from incandescent lights are beneficial to human health, destroying bacteria, stimulating circulation and cellular activity and reducing pain.

'They say,' Mrs. Oldcastle remarked, 'that he has made a study of occultism.' 'Has he?' replied her hostess, as she straightened the 900 dollar rug. 'He's about the last man I'd pick out for an eye doctor.'

'So there's another rupture of Mount Vociferous,' said Mrs. Partington, as she put on her specs. 'The paper tells us about the burning lather running down the mountain, but it don't tell how it got a-fire.'

'What a beautiful costume, dear!'

'Do you like it?'

'Oh, my dear, I love it! It's just too hideously fashionable for words!' And it was.

Teacher: 'Now, Tommy, suppose you had two apples and you gave another boy his choice of them. You would tell him to take the bigger one, wouldn't you?'

Tommy: 'No, mum.'

Teacher: 'Why?'

Tommy: 'Cos 'twouldn't be necessary.'

Sidney was walking on the beach with his Uncle John one day, when his uncle told him that if he could find two pebbles exactly alike he would give him a dollar.

Full of glee, Sidney began searching. By and by he ran to his uncle, crying, 'O Uncle John, I've found one of them!'

It is estimated by the census and statistics branch that at the close of the last fiscal year, on March 31, the population of Canada was 7,489,781. Next June it is expected to be over 8,000,000. Quebec, as estimated, has a population of 2,154,034, as compared with 1,648,898 in 1901. Ontario is estimated at 2,687,861, as compared with 2,182,917 ten years ago.

Sausage has even from very early times been a popular table delicacy. Aristophanes was familiar with it, and in Roman days the sausages of Lucania were in high esteem. They were made from pork, flavored with bay leaves and other things more familiar. Bologna was celebrated for its sausages long before the German sausage had even thought of invading the rest of the world, and until quite lately it was commonly called in England a 'polony.'

In jumping human beings are backward. Rougly speaking, a jump six feet high and twenty feet long is a man's limit. A red deer has been known to clear a wall ten feet high, the chamois can do at least a foot better, while the springbok of South Africa will shoot up ten feet in the air just for the fun of the thing. Some of the beasts of prey are wonderful athletes. The black jaguar, for instance, can reach a branch fourteen feet from the ground. The greatest jumper, of course, is the kangaroo. It can leap with ease a width of from fifty to sixty feet. The record cleared by a horse is thirty-seven feet, while the ostrich, in running, often clears from twenty-three to twenty-five feet at a stride.

The volcanoes of the Mediterranean and of the Eastern and Western Coasts of Africa, are all situated on a line, and all the volcanoes of the world have this remarkable linear arrangement. It is as though they were situated on lines of weakness in the earth's crust, where great fissures had allowed of the escape of the pent-up forces from within. Another remarkable feature in connection with volcanoes is their proximity to the great ocean basins. All the Continental volcanoes lie along the coast line, and the islandic ones are of course situated in the midst of water. This relation of volcanoes to the sea is very suggestive when we remember that the explosive violence of a volcanic eruption is due to the escape of highly-heated steam; in fact, in a sense a volcanic eruption is like a steam-boiler bursting. The popular conception that a volcano is a burning hill is erroneous, for fire does not occur during an eruptive discharge, neither is there any smoke. What has been mistaken for flame is the glow of the molten lava, and the dust mingled with steam at a distance looks like smoke. A volcano need not be a hill at all: it is essentially a fissure through which super-heated steam, fragments of rock, and lava are discharged with explosive violence.