

OTTAWA

Tom, the Giant and the Fairy.

BY HELENA DAVIS.

Tom was a poor orphan boy who lived with his uncle and aunt and cousin. The uncle's name was Andrew, the aunt's name was Jane, and the cousin's name was August. The uncle was a cross, domineering man without affection for any save his wife and son. The aunt was a busy, selfish, nervous woman, hating the little orphan boy who was left to her charge by a dying sister. The cousin was a boy after his dotting mother's own heart, an egotistical, bold-faced braggart, two years the senior of his cousin Tom.



With many misgivings he went to his aunt, who was napping like a great cat on the porch, and roused her by saying: "Come, listen to me, Aunt Jane."

"What's that, Tom? You're talking in your sleep. How dare you, you miserable, thankless one, to disturb me during my morning nap? Haven't I told you I am not well, and that I must have my rest after meals? Now, what's the matter that you stand there looking as though you had stolen a sheep and been caught by the wench?"

"Why, Aunt Jane, I washed the plates and cups and put them to drain on the tray while I ran to the spring for water. When I returned to the kitchen all the



The heavy leather strap that was kept around his waist was used on him. Then he drew from his gaiter his handkerchief, his cotton jacket and old cast-off shirt of August's, which had fallen to his lot.

When the hard-hearted, lazy aunt had tired herself out, she dropped the strap and returned to snore her nap on the porch in the sun. And poor Tom, worn out by the terrible flogging he had received, and suffering the acutest agony of both body and mind, fell upon the floor in a limp mass. As he lay there he heard a heavy tread upon the path outside the kitchen door, and glancing up beheld a giant approaching. Being in that state of mind where fear cannot enter Tom lay quite still, watching through tenets the approaching giant.

When he reached the door he stood looking at Tom, plying in his big, small eyes.

"Poor lad," he said, "I've heard about you and I braved the danger of coming here to tell you how you may escape this place and these wicked people. Go into the mountain—away to the mountain side, and walk straight towards the clouds till you come to a turn in the path. Then you must stop and put your fingers in your mouth and give three long whistles, after which you must say: 'Hail, Fairy Queen. I am come to you for succor. And then your fortunes will change.'

"But, good giant," said Tom, struggling at Tom, plying in his big, small eyes, "how am I to get permission to leave this house? My aunt will never consent for me to go away from here."

And Tom, in guarded whispers, lest his aunt might be awakened by the sound of voices, related the incident of the disappearance of the dishes and his subsequent punishment, ending by solemnly declaring that he was innocent of the charge that his aunt had made against him and that he had no idea of where the dishes were.

"Ah, I think I smell a mystery," said the giant. "The other day as I lay hid behind a long fallen tree overheard your good-for-nothing cousin bargaining with a shepherd for a fute that he coveted. The shepherd told him that he was going to be married and wanted more than anything else some dishes and kitchen utensils. I fancy the young son of this house is the guilty person."

Biographical Sketch of Elizabeth Browning.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, poetess, was born at Coxhoe Hall, Durham, England, in the year 1806.

Little but the sweetest face of her childhood can be obtained save from her own letters to friends, and to Mr. Browning, who became her adored and adoring husband and with whom she spent the happiest years of her life. Her father was a stern—almost despotic—man, insisting upon the strictest obedience from all in his household, and even after his several children were grown to manhood and womanhood they felt the restraining hand of the too-dominating father, whose word remained law in all things. If one of the children dared to assert the least independence of action a strained feeling at once existed between the offender and Mr. Barrett, who would not tolerate opposition in one of his own. Owing to this trait of character on the part of the head of the Barrett household, the members of the family must have spent many and many an unhappy and discontented hour, and it has been said by an autobiographer of Elizabeth Browning that her mother,



Elizabeth Barrett Browning (When a young woman)

both—she tells us in her letters—were writing rhymes. When about 13 she had "scribbled some things not at all bad," to quote another biographer of her. Indeed, she was a most precocious child and heard the whistling of the lines of Poetry while still in tender years. She was always of frail body, spending much of her time in the sick chamber, but always buoyant with her brilliant and active mind. Several times her life was despaired of before she had reached her twenty-fifth year, and few of her friends expected to see her reach the age she did. She was in her fifty-eighth year at the time of her death. Most of her married life was spent in Italy, where her devoted husband took her for the benefit of her health.

One son was born to the Brownings, and he is now a famous painter in Italy, making the country of his parents' adoption and his own with his hand.

Robert Browning died in 1869, having survived his wife 25 years.

MARY GRAHAM

"But, Good Giant," said Tom, struggling to his knees.

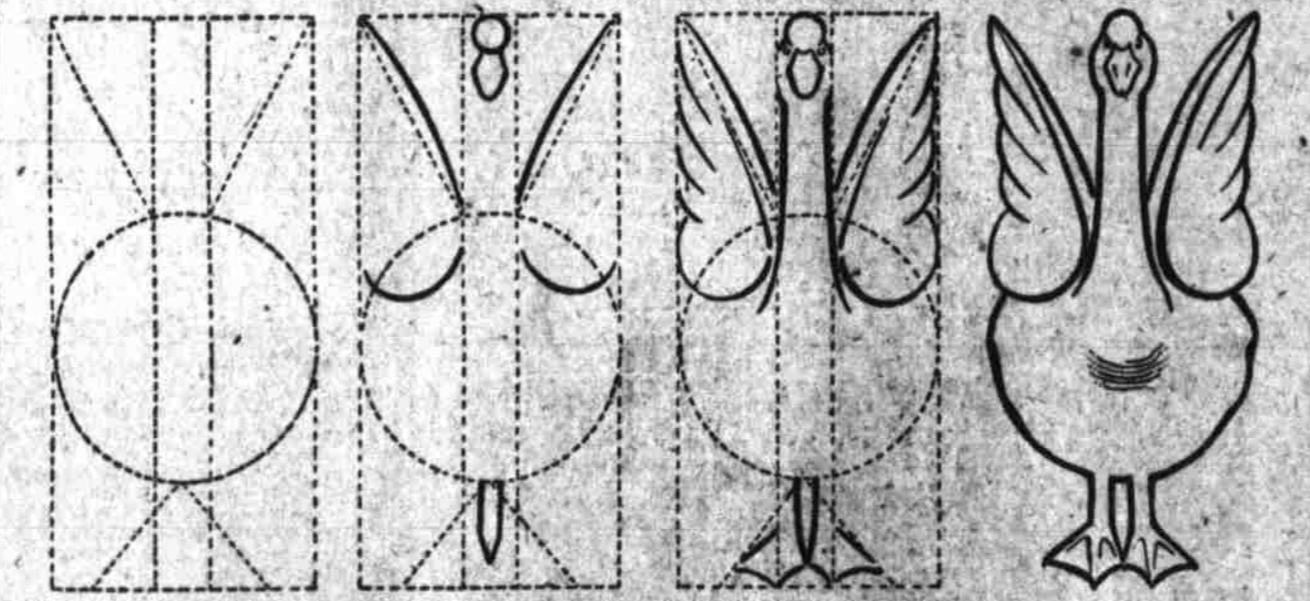
plates and cups were missing; nor can I find them anywhere."

The aunt was on her feet in a moment, and striding with a very heavily laden single dish, young beggar, I'll give you 100 lashes with the strap for each dish," she said. "Ah, the dishes could take into themselves legs and walk away, could they? Well, we'll see about that. And the frate woman began searching everywhere for the missing plates and cups, but all in vain. During her search Tom stood trembling in every limb, for he knew what punishment at his aunt's hands meant. Her arm seemed to hold the strength of a giant when she wielded the lash.

"Ah, ha, just as I thought," cried the aunt, turning on Tom. "You've broken the dishes that you may not have them to wash. Go and fetch the strap from the kitchen and remove your jacket and shirt. You'll not get a hammer to break any more dishes for sometime after I'm through with you."

Tom could do nothing but obey, and brought to the angry and cruel woman

Helpful Hints for Our Young Artists.



Flossie's Unique Picnic.

BY MAUD WALKER.

Flossie Wade sat on the porch in a deep study, her brows knitted and her lips pursed up into a severe pucker. "I'm going to do it," she said emphatically, speaking to herself. "I'm going to do it."

"Who are you talking to, Sis?" asked a jolly boyish voice, and Flossie looked up to see Fred Brown standing beside her. "Are you chatting to the porch post?" Fred continued jokingly.

"No, I'm talking to good company," laughed Flossie, her brow smoothing out and her lips losing their pucker. "But how did you creep in here without my seeing you, Mister?"

"I came as this air and then materialized," said Fred in a light vein. "Don't you believe in materialization?"

"Oh, Fred, stop joking and be serious. I'm thinking."

"Don't do anything so rash," protested Fred with assumed gravity. "Don't you know that thinking is a dangerous experiment in hot weather?"

"Come, stop fooling," commanded Flossie, rising and standing on the porch steps close to Fred. "Now, if you'll be serious for once in your life, Mister Fredrick, I'll let you into a little secret I have found it impossible to keep without sharing with someone else."

"A thousand thanks for the promised confidence," said Fred with a low bow. "And I'll promise you that you will not regret having chosen me as the happy fellow to own the half of your secret. Is it about a party—or a new frock?"

"Then you think me so silly as all that?" And Flossie's brows drew into a straight line and a suggestion of a pucker came on her lips again.

"No, no," protested Fred. "I was merely guessing. But, come, I'll be serious and listen with all my ears."

"Well, I want you to promise to help me out in a scheme," said Flossie. "Don't look frightened, it won't mean very much work on your part; but it will mean some money."

"At your service," said Fred, fingering some small coins in his pocket. "But,

JINGLE-JANGLE.

clared Flossie. "And now how about the rest of the money?"

"Well, you see, I didn't want your little plan to fall through. Sis, as I—Well, I put what I had in bank into the fund. No, no, not a word! I won't hear a word about it. It's half my picnic, so I have a right to put in what I please. It was only—Well, it was only seven dollars, you see. Hardly enough to count. The wagon—each with a driver—are five dollars apiece for three wagons and a trifle more. So I hustled enough from the other boys for the fourth wagon and got that old skunkin', my uncle Powers, to contribute a five. Of course, I'm not paying the band full for their services. I asked them if they wanted to enjoy a nice day in the woods, and have a fine luncheon band in, for a little music. I explained that it was to be some sort of a charity picnic. Well, they were glad enough to go for the outing; and I hope their hearts dictated a little toward the charity end of it. But anyway I've got them, which is sufficient. Well, you see, I had a little cash to spare for the flags and the dealer—Mr. Jakes, gave me a great bargain in them, seeing that some of them were a bit soiled. But that'll never show on the wagons."

"Fred, you've a break!" declared Flossie. "If I had an own brother he couldn't do more for me than you do."

"I hope he wouldn't do so much," stammered Fred, his fine, manly face reddening a bit. He was very fond of Flossie Wade, and wanted to prove himself her very best friend in every way possible.

The next morning at 9 o'clock a strange-looking procession was to be seen going through the wade gate, and Flossie stood on the porch to welcome those who comprised it. First came two old men, stooped and feeble, supporting themselves on their heavy walking sticks. Next were an old white-haired woman and a pale-faced younger one, the latter very frail and ill in appearance. Then came an old cripple,

gathering crowd with some surprise, tears of sympathy in her eyes. She had not questioned her daughter regarding the invited, knowing that whatever Flossie did would be perfectly right. But some of Flossie's girl comrades were a bit displeased when they beheld the old, the crippled, the sick and poor, for they had had no notion of anything of the sort.

"Say, Stella," whispered Grace Evans, one of the girls whom Flossie had invited to be of the party, "what do you think of going on picnic with this job-lot of bummers? I think it anything but agreeable."

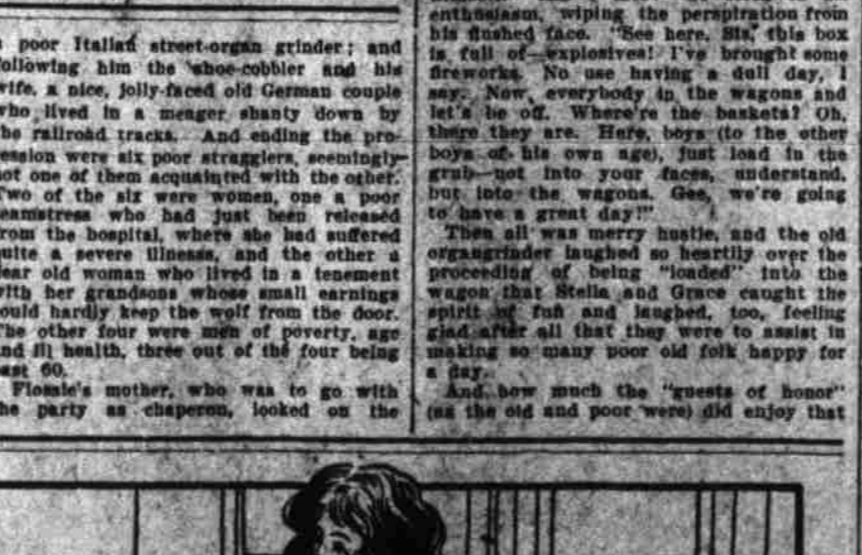
"Now, I fully approve of charity—but not of mixing you know."

"But before Stella could answer her companion's question a merry sound of music came floating on the air; then the tout, tout, tout of a horn, and in another minute the fat picnic wagons dashed up before the gate, many of them and the band boys with faces as bright as the noon-day's sun.

"Now, where's Fred?" asked Flossie, wondering why her assistant and right-hand man had delayed his coming. But at the moment he came dashing through the gate, carrying a box half as large as himself. "Am I late?" he cried in his enthusiasm, wiping the perspiration from his flushed face. "See here, Sis, this box is full of explosives! I've brought some fireworks. No use having a dull day, I say. Now, everybody in the wagons and let's be off. Where's the basket? Oh, there they are. Here, boys to the other boys of his own age, just load in the grub—not into your faces, understand, but into the wagons. Gee, we're going to have a great day!"

Then all was merry bustle, and the old organ-grinder laughed so heartily over the proceeding of being "loaded" into the wagon that Stella and Grace caught the spirit of fun and laughed, too, feeling glad after all that they were to assist in making so many poor old folk happy for a day.

"And how much the 'guests of honor' (as the old and poor were) did enjoy that



LIMERICK.

There was a great ship with a mast
Caught at sea in a terrible blast.
And the sailors did shout,
And try to get out,
How they feared their big ship wouldn't last.

"Well, Sis," said Bert the evening before he set out for the picnic. "I've got the money together to hire the picnic wagons. And I had enough left to get a dozen flags to adorn the wagons. Gee, we'll swing through town as gay as you please with colors flying and—Lieutenant a band playing. You, to Flossie's look of surprise, a real live band of six picnic!"

"Why, Fred, how did you manage to do all that? You are a hustler when it comes to raising picnic funds!" And Flossie looked pleased. "Well, Sis, it's not easy," went to Fred first and told him he had some sort of a picnic scheme stowed—something for some poor children who had been forgotten by everybody else—and hinted that it'd like for him to give us a little contribution as a starter. Well, Dad likes you immensely, Sis, and he just pulled out a ten-spot and gave me saying I was to tell you that it was for you he had been so liberal. Now, wasn't he all O. K.?"

"That was just splendid, Fred," de-

clared Flossie. "And now how about the rest of the money?"

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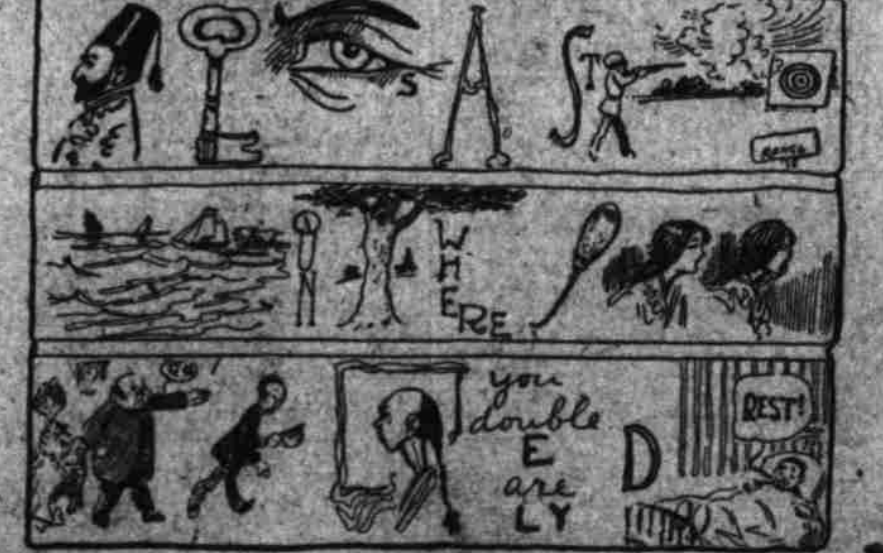
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Our Puzzle Corner.

HIDDEN ADAGE.
A well-known adage is hidden in the following five sentences, one word of the adage being contained in each sentence and all appearing in their rightful order:
It's a pretty kettle of fish when two fair friends fall out and quarrel.
There are many days of darkness, though the sun does shine.
My first is in bread, but not in dough;
My second is in meadow, but not in low;
My third is in sun, but not in moon;
My fourth is in a budget, but not in a coon;
My fifth is the same as my first, you know.
My sixth appears in my second also;
My seventh is in lily, but not in grey;
My eighth is the same as my seventh, too.

LETTER ENIGMA.
My whole is the name
Of a game most dear
To the hearts of schoolboys
At this time of year.
Beholdings and Curtailings.
(1) Behold that which a cruel driver



pleas in the great green woods, with the band playing old-fashioned airs, the bright young boys and girls waiting on them, serving them with cooling drinks and lusting them on all the delicacies, which might tempt less sharp appetites, and the fresh air and glorious sunshine and shade all about them. And they felt that into their lives had crept a guiding spirit in the form of sweet Flossie Wade, who was happier so that day than she had ever been before at a picnic.

"You'll be splendid, Fred, to make these dear old souls so happy, if it is only for a day!" Flossie asked, her face radiant with happiness. "Why, Sis, is the first picnic that the poor old organ-grinder ever attended, and the others have not had outings so pleasant as so many years that this is to them a state of heaven. Let's treat the great needful times during the summer if we can get folks interested enough in the matter to contribute a mile towards it."

"Yes, it's a real success," declared Fred, fully as happy over the result as Flossie. "And count me in to helping you in any of your underlings, Sis. I'll do more for you than any brother you might have had."

"But, Fred, I can't say no—this picnic," said Flossie. "You must do these things for the poor, whose lives are so dull and full of care. I don't need my car-guests-of-honor."

"All the same, you are the guiding—the guiding—what is it I want to call you?" And Fred bumbled for the right word.

"The angel," said a faint voice behind them, and looking round Fred and Flossie saw the old, white-haired woman whose daughter had been so ill in the hospital. "An angel—that's what this day is to me. Let's treat the great needful times during the summer if we can get