

A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

There is a report that the governments of France and the United States are about to make a treaty. France wants meat and the people of the United States would like cheap wines. Such a treaty was made some time ago between France and Canada, but it has not yet been signed.

There is a big strike in the C. P. R. workshops. The men did not think they were really used by the company, and the company consider that the men are unreasonable. It would be a pity if Canadian mechanics were thrown out of work when so many men in the United States are idle.

The Emperor William of Germany is visiting the King of Sweden. He is on one of his yachting trips in the Hohenzoellern, and their Swedish Majesties have sailed out to meet him. It is the most important work of the summer, nothing would be thought more natural. As it is, all the world will wonder what the visit means.

A very sad occurrence was the killing of a woman missionary in India. These women, many of whom are doctors, have made themselves much beloved by the women whom they teach and wait upon. These who remember the Indian Mutiny fear that the spirit of religious hatred may have been again awakened.

Canada has a great many foreigners, and more are coming. It is said that 200,000 Hungarians will take up land in Saskatchewan. Germans are coming in large numbers into Alberta. Will these people make good Canadians? We wonder what depends very much on the example the young Canadians of British birth show them.

The students at our High School have done very well at the examinations. They owe their success to their teachers and to their own diligence. They should be very proud of their school. Yet we must remember that the most important work of a school is to make good men and women. Learning is a fine thing, but character is far better.

In Paris, France, the men who belonged to the trades unions planned a great strike which would put a stop to the work of the country. The government called out the troops, but their services were not needed. Most of the men have returned to work. The cause of the intended strike was the killing of some workmen in a labor riot at a place named Vigneux.

A new enterprise has been started in the Fraser River valley. The linen industry is a very profitable one and much money has been made in this business in Ireland, which is noted for the fineness and beauty of its linen. A company has been formed to grow and manufacture linen in the Fraser River valley near Port Haney. Many people will find profitable employment if it proves that on the splendid soil of the Lower Mainland flax can be profitably grown and linen made.

Japan has shown how very quickly an Eastern nation can learn self-government. Nothing is more wonderful than the place this island kingdom has taken among the nations of the world. So far from wishing for peace, the Japanese seem determined to win for their country a foremost place as a war power. Though suffering yet from the expenses of a great war with Russia, they are, so report says, building a fleet which will be the third largest in the world.

This year the fruit growers of Vancouver Island have received good prices for their small fruit. They have packed it better than ever before and wherever it has been sold or shown it is noted for its excellence. The fall fruit is not yet ripe but apples are already to be a good crop. Every boy who lives on a fruit farm should make it his business to learn all he can about the care and management of the trees. No farmer is so good as the man who has grown up on the farm and the same is true of the fruit grower. There is a knack in doing most things that is much more easily learned when we are young than in after years.

A number of eminent men from every civilized country in the world met at London last week to see if steps could not be taken to put an end to war among the nations. They were represented both by King Edward and by the government of Great Britain. The Premier of England, Mr. Asquith, made a speech, in which he said that although governments must always be ready to obey the signal given by a good man should try to bring about peace. Those of you who study history know that nations in these days do not go to war for as slight causes as they did even fifty years ago; yet it looks as though when nations will not learn war any more was still very far away.

There has been a quarrel between the two British admirals, Lord Bessborough and Sir Percy Scott. While the naval manoeuvres in the North sea were going on, Lord Bessborough gave a signal and Sir Percy Scott disobeyed because he thought it would bring the Argyle and Good Hope into collision. There has been a trial, and the judges have decided that there was no danger, but that Sir Percy Scott did right to refuse to obey the signal since he thought there was risk. During a battle, one would think, it would be the duty of the inferior officer to obey orders no matter what might happen. In time of peace he should not be asked even to carry out a manoeuvre successfully.

The government of Great Britain has promised to make a law which will lessen the number of drinking places in that country. Not only the brewers and public house keepers but many others have spoken and written against this change which they declare is unjust and useless. On Saturday week a great gathering of nearly 400,000 temperance people met in Hyde Park to show Mr. Asquith that the people of England really want him to make a change in the laws that make it so easy for men and women to become drunkards. If the price of the strong drink, which does no one any good, were saved to the country, the old age pensions could easily be paid. That is too much to hope for yet but it may come some day.

Count Zeppelin has shown that an airship can travel very swiftly and keep up its speed for a long time. From early morning till late at night she sped on her way from Lake Constance along the lovely Rhine valley to the city of Mayence. What would the stern old barons who built the castle whose walls still stand on the banks of the river have thought, could they have seen the strange object speeding along above hamlet and city? Would they have called to the monks to come from their cells to protect them by prayer and psalm from an enemy against whom their own valor was powerless? The airship was so quick; but what matter? Count Zeppelin has shown that man can move through the air as well as he can make a path through the sea.

It is reported that the want of rain and the great heat are injuring the spring wheat, which forms the greater part of the crop of the prairies. The wheat that was sown last fall is now ripe and the ears are large and well filled. In a few days Alberta wheat will be on its way to the mills and elevators. Before you read this, it is to be hoped that cool winds and showers will have refreshed the drooping crops and that the ears will yet be well filled. The farmers who make great fortunes by their wheat have to work very hard and to spend many anxious hours. They must learn when they have done their utmost

to leave the rest to Him who sends the dew and the showers and whom even the swift lightnings obey. Wise people tell us that in these days we have too much to eat and drink, and that we would all be better if we lived more simply. In other countries families are common, but in Canada we have learned to trust that there will always be wheat enough, not only to supply us with food, but to buy fine houses and many luxuries. Perhaps we have been too sure and have been spending too much money in building fine cities and expensive public works.

In Turkey the Sultan has always ruled without asking the help of his subjects. For many years the nations of Europe have interfered when they considered that the Christians were being oppressed, and some states were given a king and government of their own. Last week we saw that the province of Macedonia was to have a parliament and that the Christians were no longer to be persecuted. The Sultan's Mahomedan subjects were, however, believed by the outside world to be quite satisfied to be ruled by one man. They have, indeed, been known to kill a sultan, but it was only to submit to another in his stead. It appears now that there is a large part of the nation who desire to have a voice in ruling themselves. It is rather hard to understand the despots, but it seems that the Sultan has promised to give Turkey a parliament. In the case of Russia and Persia, the granting of a parliament did not bring the people. It took about a century for the English nation many hundreds of years to learn to

ABOUT PEOPLE

The Childhood of Florence Nightingale

There is scarcely a boy or girl in the country, even amongst the smallest of little folks, who has not heard of the name of Miss Florence Nightingale. Today she is a dear old lady of eighty-eight, living very quietly in a tall, grey London house with area railings, the kind of house you all know quite well. It is close to Hyde Park, and when Miss Nightingale was able to come on to the balcony she could see the fine carriages driving past and all the great royal processions when they passed through the Park. Now, her sight is failing, and she cannot take much interest in what is going on. But all the world delights to honor her, and she is the favorite heroine of our country. She did not lead warriors to battle like Joan of Arc, or go out with the life-boat to rescue shipwrecked people like Grace Darling, but her work was quite as heroic, and has had more important results.

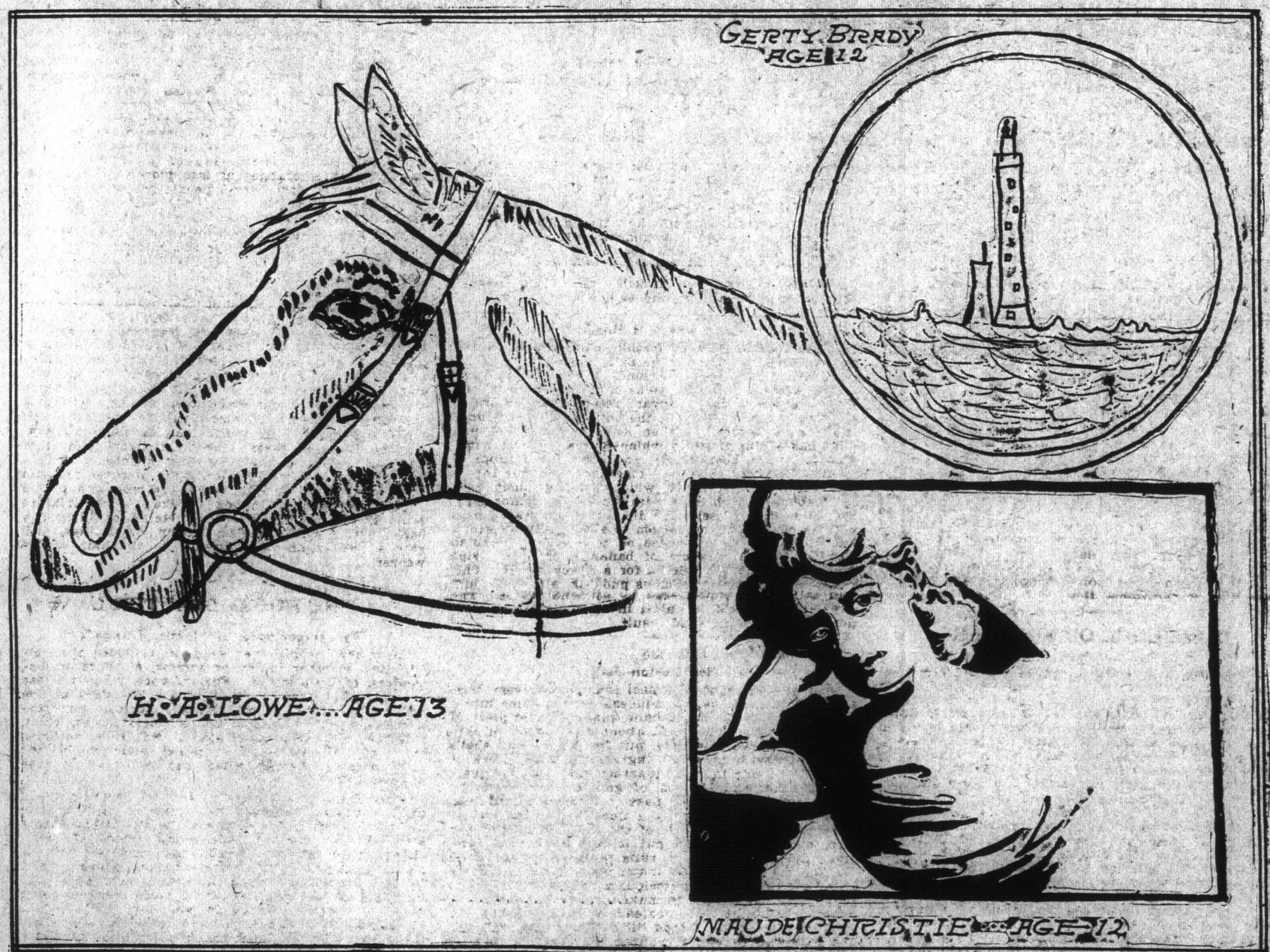
During that terrible Crimean War, more than fifty years ago, Florence Nightingale left her beautiful home to go out to a far-away land to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers who were dying by hundreds because there was no one to care for them. You could not understand the horrors and dangers which she faced in those crowded military hospitals nor the great work which she and the nurses whom she took with her accomplished. Her example roused people all over the world to look after the sick and suffering, and it is because of Miss Nightingale's efforts that all

mistress had brought her, and would put her nose in to her pocket to find the apple or carrot which she knew would be there.

The birds and the young lambs and all living things about the country-side trusted Florence—she was so tender and kind to them; and even nimble Mr. Squirrel did not dart up a tree when she came down the beech avenue, for he had learned to understand she came alone, and he and his family and friends were on the alert when her straw hat came in sight, and doubtless in squirrel language called her the "big-grinder."

Some years later, Florence Nightingale added to her other pets a tame owl. Once, when she was travelling in Greece, she found a poor little owl which had fallen out of his parents' nest high up in some ruins. She carried the little thing home and tenderly cared for it until it grew strong and well, and brought it back with her to England. She named it "Athena," after Athens, the city of its birth. Under her training the bird became a most interesting domestic pet, and sometimes went with its mistress on visits, and was made the subject of a little illustrated book for private circulation in the family. In a drawing of Miss Nightingale by her sister, a representation of an owl is on the pedestal by her side.

It was Florence Nightingale's fondness for animals that first led her to learn something about nursing the sick. When she was a little girl of nine or ten she used to ride about the downs, near her Hampshire home, along with the parish clergyman, a great friend



rule themselves, and still they are making many blunders. We should not be surprised that the tyrants of other lands do not give up their power without a struggle, or that the people do not know how to use their liberty.

Every one has been very anxious about the health of Lord Roberts, who left for England on Thursday. The General was not able to visit any city west of Ottawa. Although not feeling well, he reviewed the South African veterans and drove through the streets as so not to disappoint the people. Before many of the generals who served in that war are now alive. For forty-one years General Roberts served his country in India, making her name loved as well as respected. When nine years ago the people of the British Empire were sick with anxiety as they saw the war in South Africa mismanaged and their countrymen in danger; when some even began to fear that the Boers would be able to resist the British forces with success, then the General, old in years but young in hope and energy, was sent for. His presence wrought wonders, and from that time forward there was no doubt that the end of the Great British war would be victorious. While we would not forget the credit to Lord Kitchener, whom a grateful country rewarded with the position of commander-in-chief of the British army, and who loved both of soldiers and people was given to the good old veteran, whom the war had robbed of his only son. We may all hope that death, which he has feared so little, will leave him to spend a peaceful old age.

The coal mining city of Fernie, in East Kootenay, was destroyed by fire on Sunday. Many of the homeless people were carried to Cranbrook and others to Nelson by the trains. Help has been sent from all directions, but it will be long before the people of Fernie will be as comfortable as they were before the fire swept through their town, while the flames leaped and roared in the woods around them. No one knows even yet how many lives were lost, though there are not so many as was feared at first. Nothing that strangers can do will lessen the sorrow of those who have ever loved ones who were lost. The horror of all deaths, and the horror of the hours when they feared that escape would be cut off will never be forgotten.

But all more fortunate people should see to it that the citizens of Fernie shall not suffer for want of shelter, food or clothing. When things go well with us we are apt to grow selfish and careless. So few of us have ever been cold or hungry or have been forced to wear shabby or insufficient clothing that we are not ready to make an effort to help those who are in want. Money has been sent by Victoria and many cities in Canada and the United States city of Spokane was among the first to supply tents and food. The little city will, no doubt, be able to help itself. Could not the school children of Victoria undertake to provide the pupils of the Fernie schools with warm stockings and mittens before the winter comes? The sympathy that does not make us do something is not worth much.

the poor people in our hospitals, and the dear little children who are there too, have such nice kind nurses to attend to them.

Florence Nightingale had a most delightful childhood. She was born in the city of Florence, May 12th, 1820, and for that reason her parents gave her the name of Florence. It was quite a new name then, but after she became a heroine so many people christened their baby girls "Florence" that it has become almost as well known a name as Mary.

She did not remain long in the city of her birth, as her parents returned home to England to live on the family estates, her father being a wealthy landowner. She had an only sister, a little older than herself, who was called Parthenope, which is the classic name for Naples, where she was born. However, she was called "Patty," for short. The two sisters were devoted to each other, and were brought up with great care by Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale, who were very very anxious that their little girls should become good, kind and clever women. They did not go to school, but were taught at home by a governess, and their father superintended their studies. Their mother brought them up in a very simple and domestic manner and encouraged them to be kind and thoughtful to the poor and suffering. Florence Nightingale's childhood was spent at Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, and Embley Park, Hampshire, two of the most beautiful country homes which you can imagine. Her schoolroom at Lea Hurst looked over one of the most picturesque views in the Peak Country, hills and woods and streams all mingling in the landscape. There were no railways when Miss Nightingale was young, and she went with her parents and sister from one home to another at different times in the year by coach, or else drove in the family carriage with post horses, which were changed at the inns en route. It must have been very jolly to go through the beautiful country in that romantic fashion. The sisters also galloped about the lanes on their ponies, and led a happy, healthy, open-air life, with many things to interest them.

Florence was very fond of mothering her dolls, and when they were ill, and I am sorry to say they often had the measles and the whooping-cough, she was a most attentive nurse, and put poor sick dolls to bed with the utmost care. She was also passionately fond of flowers, and had a little garden of her own which she tended. The woods of Lea Hurst were full of beautiful wild flowers, and you can imagine how eagerly she looked for the first primroses and bluebells to appear, and how she just like the future Queen of Nurses to pay special attention to the aged and infirm poor. Peggy's ears pricked up when she heard Florence's merry voice in the garden, and she

trotted to the paddock gate to see what her little of her fathers. This gentleman had studied medicine in his youth, and was a very kind friend to the sick poor. Florence often rode with him on his rounds, carried to the saddle of her shaggy pony a basket of delicacies for the sick, and in this way her heart was trained to sympathy with those who suffered.

When in after years there was illness in her own family, Florence Nightingale proved herself a most devoted nurse, and gradually she was led to make sick nursing the study of her life, and visited hospitals at home and abroad to learn how the sick should be treated and what reforms were necessary for their comfort. She was always studying, observing, and learning, and when that terrible war broke out and our soldiers were perishing by thousands, Florence Nightingale was the one woman in England who was fully competent to take control of the hospitals where the wounded lay. From her earliest childhood God had been preparing her for this great work.

Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale took a great interest in the school children of their districts, and Florence and her sister used to help in the annual School Feast at Lea Hurst. It was an eagerly anticipated event and took place in the summer. The children assembled at the schoolhouse in the village of Lea, and walked in procession carrying bunches of flowers and sticks wreathed with garlands, a band provided by Mr. Nightingale leading the way. Tea was served in the fields at Lea Hurst, and Florence and her sister were very busy helping to amuse and entertain their young guests. After tea the boys and girls danced to the playing of the band and had all kinds of fun and frolic, in which their young hostesses were quite ready to take a part. When the sun began to go down Florence and her sister ran back to the house, for they had some important work to perform. A table was set out at the top of the terrace lawns which sloped down from Lea Hurst, and all kinds of toys and pretty things were arranged upon it. As the children came trooping up from the field each boy and girl received a present from the hands of the young ladies, and so the happy day closed.

Few people can look back on a happier childhood than Florence Nightingale, and very few have made such good use of their opportunities. She grew up a most accomplished young girl, and devoted her talents to the cause of humanity.

Like all truly great people, she is very modest and retiring, but still she cannot escape the notice which her noble life has earned. Last November the King appointed Miss Nightingale to the Order of Merit, a distinction which has only been conferred upon some of the wisest and greatest men of the day, and in March she received the Freedom of the City of London. And now with the gratitude of the whole world she is at home, and the friends of the Master-Sarah Tooley in Little Folks.

DOG STORIES.

Rax

Rax was one of the most intelligent dogs I ever knew. Now you may wonder what his real name was, and will laugh when I tell you he was "Borax." Wasn't that a strange name for a dog? He was a nice, clean-looking dog, all white, with very expressive brown eyes.

He used to come from Boston, his home, down to the beach every summer with his owner, Mrs. Aldrich. She was very deaf and Rax used to be "ears for her," she said. When any one went to the cottage to call, Rax would inform his mistress of their presence by barking loudly, and if she didn't go to the door at once, he would go where she was and bark louder still, as much as to say, "Hurry up, they will be tired waiting."

He seemed to understand that he must look out for her very carefully, and always followed her wherever she went.

At night when he went upstairs to bed it was his custom to go to the bureau where the pocket-book was kept and bark till she gave it to him, then he would take it in his mouth and go upstairs and down with it under his paw till his mistress came up to bed. No one could get it away from him but his mistress, either.

One night his mistress sent him upstairs, and, as usual, he had the pocketbook between his teeth, and when she was ready to go to bed she went out into the kitchen where the stairs led up to the chambers, and said in an ordinary tone of voice, "Rax, bring my pocketbook down here, I want some change for the milkman." She waited a moment and then said, "Are you coming?" As she spoke the words she turned around and there was Rax with the pocketbook.

I was a frequent visitor at the cottage, and often did the errands for Mrs. Aldrich at the store. When I went to inquire if I could do anything for her, Rax would jump up and put his paw on her knee and bark and whine till he had the pocketbook, then he would come to me and ask, as well as a dog could, if he could go to the store with me.

One night Rax was lying on the foot of his mistress' bed as usual, and although apparently asleep, yet was on the alert for any disturbance.

Just then there came out on the air the old bell, clanging wildly the alarm for fire. Rax heard the noise and rushed downstairs, but was driven back by the cloud of smoke which was pouring up the stairway.

He jumped around wildly and barked loudly trying to arouse his mistress, but she was a heavy sleeper and did not awaken. Then he quickly jumped onto the bed, and gently put his paw on her face. She started up quickly and realizing her danger hastily threw some wraps on and opening the window tried to crawl out on the roof. Rax was there before her, and jumping down to the ground, ran around the corner of the avenue as quick as his four paws would carry him. By this time the firemen came rushing along, and, guided by the dog's frantic movements and barking, rushed to the room, and in a few minutes had rescued Mrs. Aldrich from the burning cottage.

They soon had the flames extinguished, and found that there was not much damage done to the cottage.

Rax was the hero of the hour, however, and seemed to understand what he had done, as he went to his mistress and licked her hands and face and looked at her with those expressive eyes. All agreed that if it had not been for his efforts Mrs. Aldrich would have been burned to death—Every Other Sunday.

FOR THE LITTLE TOTS.

Go-ing Out

To-day I've re-al-ly, truly tri-ed
To do what I was told;
And Nurse, at an-y rate, declares
I've been as good as gold.

I've learn-ed my les-son, sew-ed my seam,
As well as play-ed my scale;
And have-n't slap-ped my doll-y once,
Or pull-ed the kit-ten's tail.

I've said "Yes, please" and "Thank you," and
I have-n't bang-ed the door,
Or made the ver-y least-est spot
Up-on my pin-a-fore.

And now I'm in my hat and coat
(I've earn-ed a treat, you see),
And put-ting on my gloves be-cause
I'm go-ing out to tea.

—A. L. Harris.

"I am no use at all," sigh-ed Snow-y.
"Why, dear?" ask-ed Moth-er Sheep kind-ly.
"Be-cause I can't do an-y thing—I can't fly like Mr. Lark, or swim like Miss Fish, or even run like Dash, who looks at-ter us," and Snow-y look-ed reas-ly to cry.
"I like you best as you are," an-swer-ed Moth-er Sheep; "try to be con-tent, dear."
Snow-y sigh-ed and ran-bled off to the hill-side. He had not gone very far, how-ever, be-fore he heard a faint "Ba-a-a!"
He lis-ten-ed. Why, it is Moth-er's voice," he cried, and ran back to her. "I can't be so could. Ver-y soon he came to a deep pit, and on peep-ing over the edge, saw Moth-er Sheep ly-ing at the bot-tom.
"Oh! Snow-y, I am so glad you have come," she said; "I fell down here, and can-not get out."
"What can I do?" ask-ed Snow-y pit-i-ful-ly. "I can come down to you."
"Ba-a as loud as you can," call-ed Moth-er Sheep. "You can do that."
So Snow-y ba-d with all his might, but no one seemed to hear.

At last the sheep-herd and Dash, hunt-ing for the lost sheep, heard him and came hur-ry-ing up. He tled a strong rope to a tree, and then climb-ing down the fas-tened end, he helped Moth-er Sheep. Then he climb-ed up and pull-ed her up to the top. She did not like it a bit, and was ver-y glad when she was safe-on the grass. Then the sheep-herd put her over his shoul-der, Dash brought Snow-y, and they all went home.

Moth-er Sheep re-ov-er-ed and told Snow-y how proud she was. "If you can-not swim, or run, or fly, you have good voice," she said, "and if you had not kept call-ing I might never have been found. If you prac-tice well you will be able to Ba-a ver-y loud."
So Snow-y set to work and prac-tis-ed so well that he soon had the loud-est voice in the whole flock.—F.M.H.

WITH THE POETS

Some Puzzles

It has always been a puzzle to me
What sailors sow when they plough the sea.
Does coffee go with the roll of a drum?
And why is speaking likeness dumb?
What was it that made the window blind?
Whose picture is put in a frame of mind?
When a storm is brewing, what does it brew?
Does the foot of a mountain wear a shoe?
How long does it take to hatch a plot?
Has a school of herring a tutor or not?
Have you ever perused a volume of smoke?
Can butter be made from the cream of a joke?
Does the duck that hatters cry, "I have a tale of a gale?"
To a king who reigns why shout "Oh hal!"
With a powder puff is one's mind made up?
Can a saucer all round with a lock of hair?
Can you fasten a door with a lock of hair?
Did a bitter wind ever bite you, and where?
Who is it that paints the signs of the times?
Does the moon change her quarters for nickels and dimes?

What tune do you play on the feelings, pray?
And who is it that makes the break of day?
And say—I'll admit this is quite absurd—
When you drop a remark, do you break your word?
Can a rope be made of the tail of a cat's strand?
Have the silent midnight watches hands?
Can you cut a log with a wise old saw?
Does the cat that chatters cry, "Hip, burrah?"
Now what in the name of thunder's the use
Of going through college and taking degrees
When we're posed by such plain little problems as these?