oth wrung out in hot water. the carpet or rug has in a strong current of

ten be removed by simply clay. A good preparation is required is obtained by ughly amalgamated, a gill onion, and an ounc ece of soap the size of a used cold. It should be d to dry and then washed ourse for scorch manne use for cases where the

the feather carefully with e feather carefully with emove all dust that may hen warm a blunt paper est substance to be emyour left hand and place n which the knife must be eather and bring the blade of each little filament ag down very slightly with action with each filament nicely curled. Warm the t first you may experience t first you may experience ing the fibres to curl pretsoon brings the knack and he feathers should not be prettily at home as at the

asion to use Fuller's Earth nember that the impuri-ause lockjaw, many fatal this cause. If, however, in a hot oven before us as if by magic, for

HERS CECIL

e always deeply interested al warriors who fight the l" at the empire's centre. singham, in a recent issu als of Great Britain, gives appreciative sketch of the

ord Salisbury was fortunate e very fairly distributed possess, in greater or less peech; two, at least, his

he formed within the next either Lord Hugh nor Lord alive, can well be excluded vill have earned such will have earned such a for birth and tradition, but of Salisbury himself, the oldest loped his faculty of expressived it, in halting and often nder-Secretary for Foreign his father's brain he has the of character. In a word li tenanted. The family

ne for the Opposition that tune for the Opposition that, better teel are not in Parliafar as their individual det is just as well that the two
ltaneously taken the stage.
s perhaps the most distingonservative party of 1900 toone of the most vital compresent year. Comparisons

the resemblance is remarkon, a form of religion, as it. Both subordinate polipries, with a touch of their Socialism. Both are tre-d, indeed, exhibit little or: Salisbury's half-melancholy, And both are great workunsparingly to learn the amentary procedure, and ir on the parliamentary prob-the legal intellect, throwing a large practice at the par-iterest of his new profession ised a real influence on af-yould constitute a consider-

differing qualities and calihis brother's emotional s vocabulary does not attain , the intricate and delicate commands. He has some otony of style, and a little In recompense his ose; and, though he deals a ae of debate, he someting nteresting thought. His worked party which emerged from eral election has certainly of it was very like obstruc everything, and certainly hection. He shares his broththe education bill, and he g and tenant right as if for The point of view is not othing in common with Lord y democracy or Mr. Champerialism. It is good ortho-t is thought out. It is by no Mr. Herbert Paul said, that his brother's opinions with minds run on common lines

intelligence, express this Cord Hugh has something of Robert's expression is keen-t eye, thin, curved nose, and m the forehead, give him an m the forehead give him an ce to a moulting eagle. Pale unusual in so young a man, a watching a debate, suggest of character which secures se a little in advance of his onsiderable as they are. He is a force, depleted as are its will always have to reckon in, who tires the house with in, who tires the house with yet usually gives it something the strong, rather over-bear- and yet a genuine amiability bativeness, and his demeanor unaffected.

ative Gladstone

a politician has been much ter the great free trade barremost agent in the defeat of 13, antagonist on the floor of constantly challenged to 15. constantly challenged the constantly challenged inese to them with something of a s, and using all his father's ctive, highly-concentrated arand unsparing use of the een Mr. Balfour and Mr. mpression of mixed force and himself—the Disraeli of the have envied. Mr. Chamberhen overborne by his fierce again, measured him with an and, foreseeing the danger. and, foreseeing the danger, the Unionist line of battle at main objects of his bold and He succeeded. Lord Hugh from the main body of the line points out of ten he held and Mr. Chamberlain did not

to suppose him perman leader of democracy. Torylam e when Lord Randolph's son more than one aspect of his is a Conservative Gladstone. sympathy with progress, nor iich was part of the great ie resilience and endurance of

A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

Friday, May 22, 1908

It is becoming clearer every day that if Canadians of British birth are to succeed, they must not only have strong bodies and clever minds, but must know how to use them. It may be that we will be able to prevent the people of China, Japan and India from entering our country and taking possession of our land; but we cannot interfere with their work in their own countries. If they become more skilful and enterprising than we are, their manufactures will be sold instead of ours and their ships will carry goods to our ports and those of foreign countries. It is only by being more skilful, more industrious as well as wiser and better men and women, that we can hope to excel the foreigners that, do what we may, will compate with us in the markets of the may, will compete with us in the markets of the world. Idleness, luxury and sin have ruined na-tions ever since the world was made. The British Empire is the mightlest the world has ever seen, but if she is to last it must be because her men and

Much of the cotton used by the people of Canada is made in England, and a great deal in the New England states. But there are large cotton factories in Montreal and in some of the other cities of Eastern Canada. In these factories many women and some children are employed. The raw cotton, as many of you know, comes from the United States, the West India Islands, India and other hot coun-tries. In two of the large cotton factories near Montreal the wages of the spinners and weavers of the cotton have been reduced ten per cent. Food of almost all kinds is dearer throughout Canada than it used to be. The wages of these factory hands are not high, and to ask them to take minety cents instead of a dollar seemed to them unjust and they refused to work at the lowered wages. If the owners of the cotton mills have been weaving more owners of the cotton mills have been weaving more cotton than they have been able to sell, it may be that they must choose between shutting the mills altogether and lowering wages for a time. It is to be hoped the trouble will soon be settled.

When the Hudson's Bay company established their fort on Lake Athabasca more than a hundred years ago, it was never dreamed that farmers would follow them and go even further north. That they as well as other settlers are doing so is shown by the fact that the Canadian government is preparing to send the Mounted Police to establish stations from Great Slave Lake to Chesterfield Inlet, on Hudson Bay. This too, perhaps, shows that it will not be long before there will be a railroad running from the wheatfields of the Northwest to Hudson Bay. The Mounted Police have done good service in Canada. From Winnipeg to Dawson they have gone in with the first settlers, and wherever they have gone the law has been observed. The roughest and most disorderly of men have been taught by them that under the British flag any injury done to life and property will be surely punished. This has made it impossible for those who make their living by robbing others to remain long on Canadian soil. In their lonely outposts the Mounted Police live a dangerous and a hard life. Many of them are gentlemen's sons and, what is better, they are themselves gentlemen. as well as other settlers are doing so is shown by the and, what is better, they are themselves gentlemen.

On the way between Medicine Hat and Calgary the traveler on the Canadian Pacific railway sees near a lonely station what looks like an electric light shining through the darkness. This is the flame coming from a pipe in which the natural gas rises from the earth. Near Edinonton this flow of gas is so great that pipes are being laid to carry it into the city. Besides the gas, it is hoped that there is coal oil in the ground, and a company is preparing to bore for it. Coal oil and gas are very valuable products and are sometimes found together. Long, long ago, before men lived in the world, and when the animals that inhabited it were very different from those we now se, there were very large trees something like our pines. In some wonderful way these were buried beneath the earth and changed to coal. When you sit before the warm fire at night you are really enjoying the stored-up sunshine that you are really enjoying the stored-up sunshine that gave life to these plants long before the first man was created.

If Alonzo Docherty, a young man from Prince Edward Island, had not been in the habit of carrying a revolver, he would not now be lying in prison, self-accused of the murder of the friend whom he shot last Sunday. Joseph Macmillan and two girls, one of whom was Docherty's swetheart, were walking away from the village of Miscondre, when Docherty met them and fired the fatal shot. When he gave himself up he declared there was no reason for his act except that he could not help it. If the revolver had not been at hand the wicked impulse would not have been the cause of his friend's death and his own ruin.

The spring sowing is almost over on the prairies. The crop is in very early, and if the rest of the season is as favorable there will be a great harvest. More people have sown grain and very many have more land under cultivation than last year. Sum-mer on the prairie is a very busy time, but during the long winter's rest the farmers have renewed the long winter's rest the farmers have renewed their strength. Most of them are young and vigorous, and do not mind hard work. If there is a good harvest this year it will be a great thing for Canada. Though men very often forget it, a country's prosperity does not depend upon man's work. The fruits of the field are as dependent on the sunshine and the rain as they were when the first man tilled the soil. Man's skill and wisdom can accomplish much, but it is always God who giveth the increase.

There has been another terrible tornado in Ne-There has been another terrible tornado in Ne-braska. It is no wonder that the farmers of that state are moving to the Canadlan farms of Alberta and Saskatchewan. The climate there may not be perfect, but there are no such terrible storms of wind as occur in the Western prairie states. At Wilkes-Barre, in Pennsylvania, another colliery ex-plosion has caused the death of a number of miners.

English boys and girls and many who live far away will have cheaper candy and jams this year than formerly, for the duty has been lowered on sugar. This will be a benefit to great manufacturers of sweets as well as to other people. Mr. Winston Churchill was elected in Dundee, which, you know, is where marmalade is made. Mr. Asquith, the premier, has been able to pay off some of the debt as well as to reduce the duties and set aside a sum for the support of old people.

The boys in Vancouver will have a reading-room for themselves next winter in the Carnegie library of that city. A library reading-room is a good thing, but no room is as good as a boy's own home. There should be more good books for boys in our own library, and the boys should read them. Story books are all very well in their way, but the mind of the boy or girl who reads nothing else is not much tetronger or healthier than the body of the young person who lives on cake, pie and pickles. The boys in Vancouver will have a reading-room

Visitors to Mexico say that there will be, before long, a great trade between British Columbia ports and those of Mexico. Although it has long been known that there were splendid silver mines in that country there that country. It is only lately that it was learned that the was also a great fruit growing region. There are many things that grow or are made in Canada which the Mexicans want. The City of Mexico is large and handsome. A line of steamrs is now running from British Columbia to Mexico, and it is hoped that a arge and profitable trade between the two countries

Formerly almost every one who came to British Columbia had an interest in mines. Even the merchants, the mechanics, the ministers, the doctors, teachers and others who came to the Western coast expected to work for the miners. Even then Sir John Macdonald and other far-seeing men saw that hecause British Columbia was the Western gateway of Canada, the day would come when on her fine harbors would spring up great cities, and that the produce and manufactures of Canada would be exchanged for the tea, the rice, the silk and other productions of Asia. Then the wealth of the forests and the fisheries came to be understood. Lumbermen arrived and sawmills and factories were built, while at the rivers' mouths canneries were erected.

and during the long midsummer days fishermen's boats flitted to and fro. Most of the food of these miners, fishermen, lumbermen and city people came from California, Oregon or the Canadian prairies. It was not thought that there was enough good soil in British Columbia to feed the people who lived here. But of late years it has been seen that our soil is rich and that our mild climate gives us an advantage over colder parts of Canada. In many parts of the province excellent wheat can be grown. The sides of the mountains and hills afford fine pasture for cattle, and there are few more profitable places for of the mountains and fills afford fine pasture for cattle, and there are few more profitable places for
poultry raising. Still later it has been learned that
both climate and soil are well adapted for fruit
growing. This has attracted industrious people from
England, as well as from some other parts of Europe. Most of these have gone into the upper
country, but others are coming to Vancouver Island
to plant orchards. It is said that a number are going to settle in the beautiful district of Metchosin.
It will be but a very few years before the whole

Natural History. It is not only the whales of Vancouver Island that are interesting. There are starfish, sea anemones and hundreds of other beautiful creatures in the rocks and beaches here that are quite different from those in other parts of Canada. This gentleman, R. C. Andrews, says that at some of the museums in the United States the specimens are lent to the schools so that the children can take time to study them. In this way they could learn much more than by merely going in to look at them for a few minutes. If this were done here, the greatest care would have to be taken of the specimens.

The Rhodes scholarship this year was won by Mr. H. P. Logan of Vancouver. This young gentleman is to be congratulated. He can now go to Oxford university for three years at no cost to himself. But what is even more pleasant to tell is that he and Mr. Yates, who competed with him, were close friends. There is something far better than learning or talent in the two young men who could

men to make an exact study of the human body in order that he might relieve suffering.

Yet this great surgeon was a merry, miscalevous lad who would far rather play than study. His father was a clergyman and his mother an accomplished lady. Like all the children of his time almost the first lessons taught this lad were Latin and Greek. When out of school, young Cooper delighted in all manner of boyish pranks. There is a story told of his boyhood which shows that mischievous and reckless as he might be Astley Cooper had a kind heart.

While the village boys were on the way to school one of them threw the hat of another in the pond. The child who lost his hat was crying bitterly, afraid of being punished both for being late for school and for having lost the hat. Astley Cooper was passing, dressed in a scarlet coat, a three-cocked hat, mankeen small clothes and white silk stockings, his har hanging in ringlets down his back. He was on his way home from dancing school. When he heard what was the matter this little gentleman waded into the pond and brought back the hat to its owner.

There are many doctors, who, in our own day, spend their time and their skill without reward in money. No one, not even themselves, know how many deeds of true charity are done by many of the men who belong to this noble profession.

THE STORY OF A LITTLE BOY IN A BIG WORLD

Maybe you think that the house and furniture were all Joe-Boy needed to make him happy, but no, indeed, there were other things he must have and other workmen who would have to help him get them. Just the next morning after the party, a little swallow heard. Mother Gipsy say that Joe-Boy was getting, so fat he needed new cotton dresses, and there must also be some new clothes for Father Gipsy and herself, besides sheets and pillow cases and qulits for the beds.

Mrs. Swallow had been picking up the crumbs under Joe-Boy's window—some for herself and some for her baby swallows. They, too, had a pretty neat home in one corner of Farmer Green's barn, and Mrs. Swallow thought no baby in all the wide, wide world was half so lovely as her own brown darlings—not even Joe-Boy! She had often told them about Father and Mother Gipsy, and the beautiful house they had built for Joe-Boy, so that day when she had fed them and cuddled by their side in the nest, the baby swallows said: lows said:
"Tell us something more about Joe-Boy. Have

"Tell us something more about Joe-Boy. Have you seen him today?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Swallow, "the crumbs I brought you today for dinner were thrown by his own little hand while his mother held him in the window. He is growing fatter and fatter every day and now there must be new cotton dresses for him, besides sheets and quilts for the house. I am glad it doesn't take so many things or our snug little home—only a small piece of cotton will line our nest, and for clothes the dear God has given us soft, warm feathers."

Now, there was something else in Farmer Green's barn that liked to listen to Mrs. Swallow tell about Joe-Boy, and that was ever so many tiny cotton seeds cuddled close together in a great, wide basket. Why, they even knew about the party, for they had heard Mrs. Swallow tell about it.

"Do you hear, sister?" said one little cotton seed, right on top of the basket. "Mrs. Gipsy needs cotton clothes for Joe-Boy, and quilts and sheets for his bed. Don't you wish we might be the seeds to make the cotton for her?"

"Well, we could," said the little sister cotton seed, "if Farmer Green would only plant us! Dick, the plough-boy, ploughed the field up yesterday. We saw him hitch the horse to the plow. How I wish he would plant us today! I am sure we would do our best to grow."

would plant us today! I am sure we would do our best to grow."

Well, it was just at that very minute that Farmer Green and Dick stepped in the doorway. And Mrs. Swallow said "H-u-s-h" to her baby birds in soft, cooing tones, and the little sister cotton seeds said "H-u-s-h" very softly, and everything was as still as still could be! Then Farmer Green took up the basket and put it on his strong shoulders and said:

"Come, Dick, the ground is ready for these seeds, and we will plant them right now, and give them a good chance to grow." So away went Farmer Green and Dick with the basket, and planted them, every one!

one!

"Oh, joy, joy!" said the little sister cotton seed, as she hay in the soft, brown earth, "now we can grow and make the cotton for Joe-Boy's clothes. Tell the little cotton seed lying next to you, that all may do their very best."

So that little cotton seed told another little cotton seed, and that little cotton seed told another little cotton seed, and that little cotton seed told another little cotton seed, and that little cotton seed told another little cotton seed, and that little cotton seed told another little cotton seed, and that little cotton seed told another little cotton seed, and that little cotton seed told another little cotton seed, and that little cotton seed told another little cotton seed, until by and by all the little cotton seeds in the field knew about Joe-Boy's clothes and grew and grew and grew!—Kindergarten Magazine.

ABOUT ANIMALS

The Mother Bear A touching story is told by an Arctic explorer about the motherly love of a bear for her cubs. He states that while his ship was locked in the fce, they noticed three bears making their way toward the vessel, attracted no doubt by the smell of blubber which some of the crew were burning. The intruders proved to be a she hear and her two. which some of the crew were burning. The intruders proved to be a she bear and her two cubs. The three ran to the fire and drew out part of the fiesh and ate it voraciously. Then the crew threw great lumps of food to them, but the mother bear left her bables off at a distance, and she got the food, taking it to them and keeping the smallest portion for herself. As she was fetching away the last piece the men fired and shot all three bears, killing the cubs and mortally wounding the mother. It would have drawn the tears of pity from any eye to have marked the loving concern of this poor animal for her dead babes. Badly wounded, she crawled to where they lay, carrying lumps of fiesh to them. When she saw that they refused to eat, she touched them each in turn, trying to rouse them, and when this falled she set up a piteous moaning. Then she crawled away, looking back in the hope that they might follow. But when even this falled to attract their attention, she returned to pet them again. Finding, at last, that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head toward the ship and growled a curse upon her destroyers, and fell between her cubs and died licking their wounds.

WITH THE POETS

The Children's Song Land of our birth, we pledge to thee 'Our love and toll in the years to be; When we are grown and take our place, As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven who lovest all, Oh help Thy children when they call; That they may build from age to age, An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth, With steadfastness and careful truth; That, in our time, Thy Grace may give The Truth whereby the Nations live. Teach us to rule ourselves always, Controlled and cleanly night and day; That we may bring, if need arise, No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends, On Thee for judge, and not our friends; That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed By fear or favor of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek By deed or thought, to hurt the weak; That, under Thee, we may possess Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us delight in simple things, And mirth that has no bitter spring Forgiveness free of evil done, And love to all men neath the sun!

Land of our Birth, our Faith, our Pride, For whose dear sake our fathers died; O Motherland, we pledge to thee, Head, heart and hand through the years to be!

-Rudyard Kipling. When the Night Comes Dark, When the Night comes dark an' the fire burns low, Its then I am a-thinkin' of the ghost-tales that I When the Wind seems lonesome an' dunno where to

When the Night comes dark—then the shadders on the wall there, where the pictures seem a-starin' like they know!

An' I hear the stairs a-creakin' as the ghosts walk to and fro!

When the Night comes dark, then I'm wishin' for the day
To come an' let the sun out, so's he'll shine the dark An' I'll run the Wind a race then—toss my cap an' shout 'Hooray!'

.- -- Atlanta Constitution:

1-H-MINCKLER AGE 9 2-R-WX5TOCT - 9 3- ROY MCCONNELL 9 4 E. NICKOLS -'9

Saanich peninsula outside of Victoria will be a great

For many years many of the plums and pears and some of the apples that were grown on the islands and even near Victoria, were allowed to go to waste because no one would buy them. This year the farmers have formed an association and expect to be able to sell all the good fruit they can raise. Their manager is Mr. James Drummond. It will be his business to find a market for the fruit, to give the farmers advice about the care of their trees and to assist them in getting help when they need it. The association will have a jam factory and a drying plant, so that fruit that cannot be sold when it is brought to market can be saved by being made into jam, or dried. The office of the association is at the corner of Yates and Wharf streets. This is another of the signs that show how important a business fruit-growing has become. For many years many of the plums and pears

when a ship laden with passengers is in danger, everyone feels anxious, and if they are drowned there is great mourning. But who thinks of the thousands of men who every stormy night rick their lives on board freight vessels and fishing boats? It is a little shocking to hear the sigh of relief when one is told that there was no one on board a lost ship except the captain and crew, as if these men's lives were not as dear to themselves and those who love them as the men and women who only go to sea for their own pleasure or on business. Yet many people in Victoria would have been very sorry if Capt. Whitely and the crew of the Otter had not got back safely from Clayoquot Sound last week. The Otter, which is now engaged in whaling, was disabled and for a little while it looked as if she would be wrecked. But she came in safely on Saturday in tow of the steamer Tees. Her signals of distress had been seen by the fishing schooner Alice, so that beyond the anxiety they suffered, the captain and crew are uninjured.

Almost any one in Victoria who was very anxious to do so, could go out to the whaling station at Sechart, or to the hearer one at Nanaimo, and watch the whale fishers at work. But very few have done so. Yet a gentleman has come all the way from New York to find out all he can about the whales of British Columbia and to bring back specimens of these great animals for the American Museum of

contend for so great a priz, and still allow no feeling of jealousy to come between them.

If the great man who first thought of this plan of bringing the best of the youth from all parts of the Empire together could have seen these British Columbia candidates as each tried his utmost to win the prize, and yet was ready to yield the paim to the other, he would have been proud of them both.

Although it may be necessary to turn Mount Tolmle into another "sands pits," there are many people in Victoria who will be sorry to see the change. There are very few who have not grown to love the dark rock from which they can get such a splendid view. At the rate at which the city is growing, this pretty suburb will soon be nearer town than Spring Ridge was fifteen years ago.

Next Sunday will be the Queen's birthday. It is Victoria's holiday and young and old will enjoy themselves. For many generations to come the day will be kept in memory of the good Queen who ruled so long, so wisely and so happily over her great Empire. All his subjects love King Edward the better because he wished this day kept sacred to his mother's memory. mother's memory.

EMPIRE DAY COMPETITION

Empire Day will soon be here and in all the schools the children will be talking and hearing about it. The editor invites the boys and girls to compete for a silver badge by writing a short Essay on Empire Day. The competitors must be under sixteen and the work must be their own composition, and the manuscript must be in the Colonist Office by Thursday the 20th. The name and age must accompany the manuscript.

ASTLEY COOPER

There lived in England more than a hundred years ago a great surgeon named Sir Astley Cooper. He was noted for his skill and loved for his kindness and generosity. He was one of the first among English-

A little later he saved the life of a boy who had fallen under a cart laden with coals. The wheel had passed over his thigh and severed the principal artery. Seeing that the efforts of others to stop the flow of blood by pressure on the wound were fruitless the surgeon of the future (not yet twelve years), tied a handkerchief tightly above the wound, thus succeeding in stopping the flow of blood from the heart and saving the boy's life.

A sorry figure he would cut when he reached the

succeeding in stopping the flow of blood from the heart and saving the boy's life.

Soon after his father removed to Yarmouth. In the old seaside town Astley had a glorious time riding, boating and fishing. His amusements were not always so harmless for he earned and deserved the name of a young scamp by playing many a prank which startled the slow fisher folk or the staid country people who came to market. Yet full of fun and mischlet as he was, he was neither mean nor cruel and the handsome generous lad was a favorite with all. But the time for play and holidays was past and young Cooper went up to London to fake up his life's work. His uncle was senior surgeon of Guy's Hospital and all the young man's energy was put into his work. He read, wrote and studied with all the vigor and earnestness of a healthy mind. It was in the dissecting room that he found the work he loved best. There he made himself acquainted with the wonders of the human body and learned how to relieve suffering. In his holidays spent at Yarmouth, with his parents, he put in practice the lessons he had learned, often bringing health to some poor person who could not have engaged a doctor. In Edinburgh, where he went to pursue his studies, the young doctor was fortunate in living with men who were not only clever, skillful surgeons, but highminded generous men. He made a special study of the ear and discovered many things about that wonderful little organ that made him famous. As he grew older his fame spread and he was employed by the wealthy and at last became surgeon to the King George IV and afterwards, to William IV. Great and honored and sucessful as he was Astley Cooper never forgot the claims of the poor. All who came to him were treated alike and no one was asked for a fee. If he was not paid he took it for granted the patient could not afford it. On the other hand the rich and noble gave the skillful surgeon who had saved their lives enormous sums. He used to say, If we receive more than we expect, we return nothing; why then shoul