

# MAKE ROOM FOR THE YOUNG BOYS

## CURRENT TOPICS

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 lands; but we cannot interfere with their work in their own countries. If they become more skillful and enterprising than we are, their manufactures will be sought instead of their raw materials. It is only by being more skillful, more industrious as well as wiser and better men and women, that we can hope to excel the foreigners that, so far as we may, will compete with us in the markets of the world. Idleness, luxury and sin have ruined nations ever since the world was made. The British Empire is the mightiest the world has ever seen, but if she is to last it must be because her men and women are worthy.

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 countries. In two of the larger 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 the factory hands are not high, and to ask them to take ninety cents instead of a dollar seemed to them unjust and they refused to work at the lower wages. The 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 their 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 that the great north-west would be settled 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 the westward to the Pacific Bay. This too, perhaps, shows that it will not be long before there will be a railroad running from the westfields of the Northwest to the Pacific. 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 obeyed. The roughest and most disorderly of men have been taught by them that under the British flag no injury done to life and property will be surely to be punished. This has made it possible for those who make their living by robbing others to remain long on Canadian soil. In their lonely outposts the Mounted Police have been a danger and a hard life. Many of them are gentlemen's sons 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 chimney through the darkness. This is the flame coming from a pipe in which the natural gas rises from the earth. Near Edmonton 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. They have been known in the Northwest long ago, before men lived in the world, and when the animals that inhabited it were very different from those we now see. It is said that the first something like our pipes in some wonderful way these were buried beneath the earth and changed to coal. When you sit before the fire, the light that you are really enjoying the stored-up sunshine that gave life to these plants long before the first man was created.

If Alfonso 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 sweetheart, were walking away from the village of Misericordia, where 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. Summer on the prairie is busy time. The farmers are busy with 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 future of the land is dependent upon man's sowing 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 Nebraska. It is no wonder that the farmers of that state are moving to the Canadian prairie, Alberta, and Saskatchewan. The climate there may not be perfect, but there are no such terrible storms of wind and rain as occur in the United States. At Wilkes-Barre, in Pennsylvania, another colliery explosion 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. The duty has been lowered on "jams." This will be a benefit to the 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 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. 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 stronger or healthier than the body of the young person who lives on cake, pie and pickles.

Visitors to Mexico say that there will be, before long, a great trade between British Columbia and those of Mexico. Although there has long been known that there were splendid silver mines in Mexico, it is only lately that it was learned that it 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 steamers is now running from British Columbia to Mexico, and it is hoped that large and profitable trade between the two countries will spring up.

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 because British Columbia was the Western gateway to Canada, the day would come when for his 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 products of Asia. Then the wealth of the forests and the fisheries came to be valued. Lumbermen and fishermen arrived and sawmills and factories were built, while at the rivers' mouths canneries were erected,

and during the long midsummer days fishermen's boats drifted 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 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 Metchoin. 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 him, 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, mischievous 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, man-keen small clothes and white silk stockings, his hair 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 quilts 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 nest 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 lived in, but for Joe-Boy, so that day when she had fed them and cuddled by their side in the nest, the baby swallow said:

"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 been Mrs. Swallow tell about it.

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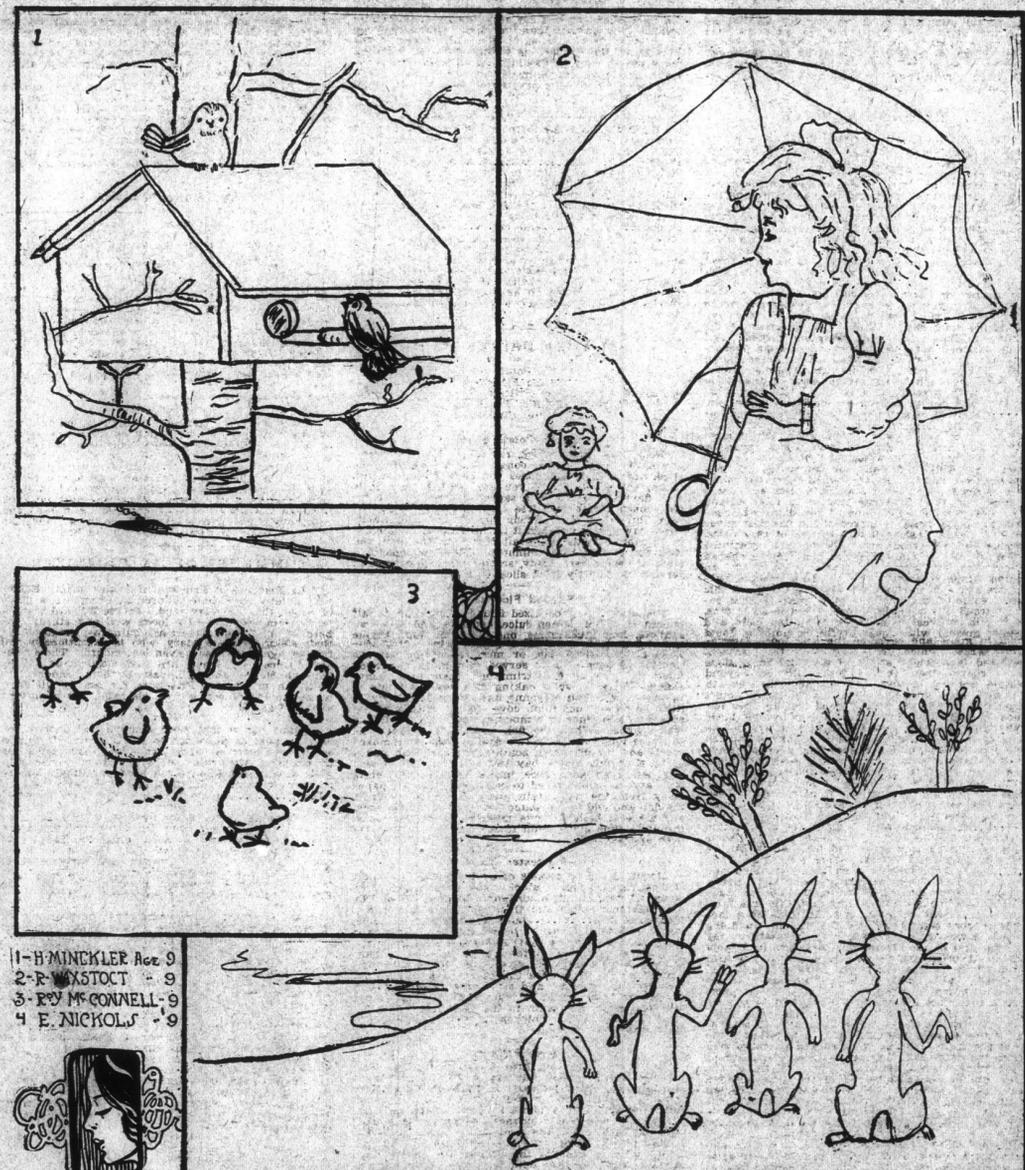
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- 1 - H. MINCKLER Age 9
- 2 - R. W. STOKSTOCK - 9
- 3 - RYAN M. CONNELL - 9
- 4 - E. NICHOLS - 9



Sanich peninsula outside of Victoria will be a great garden.

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 almost entirely wasted 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 where 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.

When a ship laden with passengers is in danger, everyone feels anxious, and they are drowned there is great mourning. But who thinks of the thousands of men who every stormy night risk 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 nearer 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 and 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 prize, 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 palm to the other, he would have been proud of them both.

Although it may be necessary to turn Mount Toimie 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.

## 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 29th. 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 sorry figure he would cut when he reached the rectory!

A little later he saved the life of a boy who had fallen under a cart laden with coal. 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 tightly above the wound, thus 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 mischief as he was, he was neither mean nor cruel and the handsome generous lad was a favorite with all who knew him. He made a special study of 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 mischief as he was, he was neither mean nor cruel and the handsome generous lad was a favorite with all who knew him. He made a special study of 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. 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