

A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

The Fernie people are building their city very fast. Before the winter the little town will be nearly as large as before the fire.

At the Coal Mines in Cape Breton men are being laid off. There is not much demand for coal and the owners cannot afford to carry on the work.

A coal mine, though not a pretty, is a very valuable thing for a city to have. If there is any truth in the report that there is coal in Kitilano, a suburb of Vancouver, the people of the Terminal City will be fortunate.

Asiatic cholera is spreading in Russia. This terrible disease was, half a century ago common in almost every country in the world. Now it is rarely found except where people suffer from want or where the water is bad.

There is one way in which we in Victoria would do well to learn a lesson from the people of our younger though larger city. Every one there little and big, is proud of their city and is ready to do something to make it finer and larger than it is already.

In Winnipeg on Tuesday the strikers tried to stop a young man coming from the shops. He fired his revolver and a man was wounded seriously. Different stories are told but what is certain is that blood has been shed. This is the first serious trouble and it is to be hoped that it will be the last.

The editor is much obliged to L.O.T. for her very interesting letter and hopes it will be the first of many that we will receive during the winter. Every one cannot go so far from home but their great distresses often are different from those of other children. There is always room on this page for letters and drawings of the young people.

That was a daring deed of the lad who sprang from the ship the "Falls of Dee." to recover a boat which a mate had allowed to go adrift. Young Macnamara may have a better chance of his life than some of the lads, but we are sure he will not be found wanting. If you have not read the story you better hunt up Wednesday's paper.

The government returns show that nearly four hundred more Chinamen entered Canada this year than last. Twenty years ago there were very few Chinese east of the Rocky Mountains, now they are in most cities between Halifax and Victoria. It is unlikely, however, that many will settle in Eastern Canada, as they cannot bear the cold.

All last week the fires still continued to rage near Port Arthur in Ontario, Duluth in Minnesota and on the Adirondacks in New York. The destruction of timber has been great, damage has been done to the railroads, and towns have been burned and great distress caused to the people. Much of this has been caused by the carelessness of farmers and of campers.

Two English newspaper men have started to walk from Quebec to Vancouver. It is nearly fifty years ago since a party of people from Toronto walked over the mountains into Cariboo but then there was no railway to take them here. It will be interesting to learn if these Englishmen are as strong and as hardy as Mr. Micking and his young companions were.

It will not be long before the people of Victoria will feel that there is no real danger from fire than there is at present. Work has begun in laying the mains which are to carry the salt water into the business streets of the city to be used for the high pressure system. When there is plenty of water it can be thrown easily to the top of the highest building we may sleep soundly even when the fire bells ring.

Exhibition week's coming near and it is to be hoped that when the school exhibit is in place we will be proud of it. There are in Victoria people from Winnipeg and from other cities where school exhibits are shown every year. The very best that you can do is none too good to show these strangers. Let no one who can work well hesitate or neglect to show his or her work. Remember you are working for the honor of your schools and of Victoria.

It is said that thousands of idle mechanics from Glasgow are being brought over to take the place of the striking mechanics in the machine shops of the Canadian Pacific railroad. All Canadians would be delighted to welcome such intelligent and industrious men as most of these mechanics are if there were plenty of work for them and for our own working men. As it is, it is to be feared there will be suffering this winter in Canada.

There is trouble on the Canadian Northern between the company and its men. The men have asked that the government should appoint a board to settle their differences. It is to be hoped this will prevent a strike. With thousands of men out of work, and many of them coming to Canada, nothing but the greatest justice should make men leave their employment. It was hoped that the Lemieux Act would make it impossible for the great companies to treat their men badly.

Emperor William of Germany is always doing something unexpected. A short time ago he displeased the French government by acknowledging Marshal Haifid as Sultan of Morocco. This week he has been sight seeing in the Vosges Mountains which border the beautiful province of Alsace Lorraine taken in the Franco-German war from France. The highest peak in this part of the range is in France and news was received that the royal tourist intended to cross the frontier in order to enjoy the view from his summit. The police Frenchmen were ready to welcome him, but the emperor changed his mind.

This year France joined with England to prepare a great exhibition for the United States. It is said, will hold an exhibition in London. This will show the progress of the Western States since 1849, the year of the discovery of gold in California. Such an exhibition will bring thousands of American people to England and show Great Britain what her eldest daughter has been able to accomplish in the home she has made for herself. Friendship has taken the place of the old dislike between England and the United States. This peaceful display will help on the work that the peace conferences are performing.

There have been a number of very terrible accidents this week. Some of these have been the results of carelessness. Among these are shooting accidents. It really seems as if the man who shoots an animal instead of a deer or some other wild animal deserves to be punished. To bring grief to his family and to a home is a terrible thing even when it cannot be helped. If the man or boy who fires the gun has the right sort of feeling he is perhaps more to be pitied than his victim. There are many who think that it is wrong to take the life of animals needlessly.

When Mr. Hamar Greenwood spoke a few days ago before the Canadian Club, he said some fine things. In the first place he believes in England and the English people. He said "England is the greatest country in the world. In sport all that is fairest in business all that is most honest, in war all that is bravest and in victory all that is most generous." That is good for us to hear and better for us to believe. England is the heart of the Empire and if it is sound every part will be healthy and strong.

Mr. Greenwood tried to show us that the rulers of England must work for the whole empire and not for any one part of it alone. He showed that every island and all the colonies were defended by England's army and navy.

This British statesman, who by the way, was born in Canada, believes that strong and wholesome girls are among the most valuable possessions of Bri-

tish Columbia. If our fair province were ten times as rich as it is, that would still be true. It is the people who make the country great and the boys and girls who are now in school will soon be doing the work of the province. They do well to think much of themselves and to scorn what is mean and base.

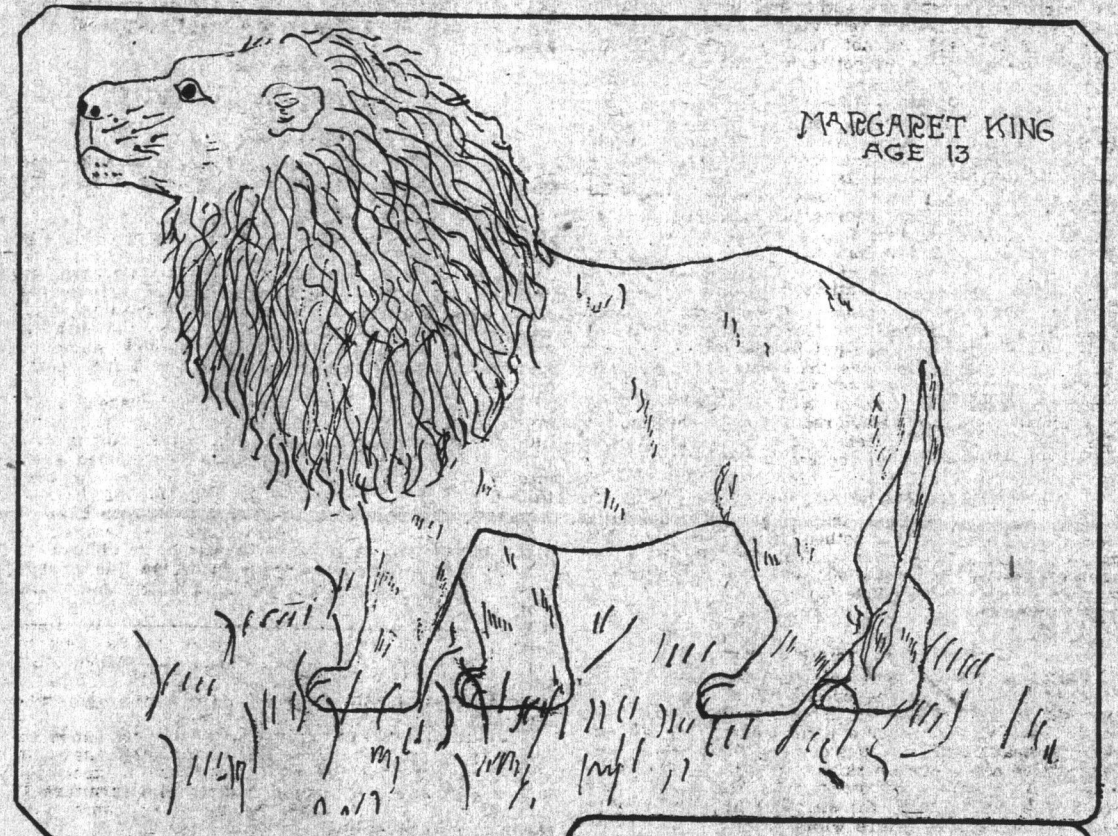
No less valuable will prove the visit of the Scottish farmers, who were here last week and who will go through the Okanagan country before they return. These men are remaining in the province but a very short time, yet they will be able to form an intelligent opinion of the country. There are no better farmers in the world than those who live in the Lowlands of Scotland. If they or their sons decide to come to British Columbia, they will not only make the most of the land, but they will show others how to cultivate it in the very best way.

Mr. Palmer, who has taken Mr. Anderson's place in the Agricultural department has gone to England again this year to look after the display of British Columbia fruit. His visit will serve two purposes. A

Catholic Church march through the streets near the Cathedral, some who acted in a manner which showed that the old hatred has not yet passed away. Men who can hold their own faith firmly while they respect the feelings of those who differ from them are the best Christians.

A very large party of mining engineers, many of them very distinguished men are visiting British Columbia. They will visit all the principal mines in the province. In their talk with these skillful and learned visitors, the mining men of British Columbia will, no doubt receive many valuable hints about their work. They will, also when they return to their homes be able to tell the people of their own countries just how rich the mines of British Columbia are.

How many of the boys and girls of Vancouver Island will find a rare flower or shrub or tree to add to the native plants in the park? Wouldn't it be a fine thing if all the trees that the old botanist David Douglas discovered in this province and others that even he did not find were grown in Victoria? There



good market will be found for our apples and any other fruit which will stand a long journey and the people of Great Britain will see just how valuable the fruit lands of British Columbia are. As the is a fruit grower himself, Mr. Palmer can tell the English people the exact truth about our province. This is always best. Industrious and sensible men who come to the province, knowing what to expect are never discontented or unhappy settlers.

Until very lately, all that most of us knew about the Queen Charlotte Islands was that they were the home of the finest looking and the most skillful race of Indians on the Pacific Coast. The carving of the Hydah Indians and their basket work has been admired ever since Vancouver's time.

During the last two years however, settlers have gone to the islands and the metals which the old prospectors used to tell are being worked. Copper ore is being shipped to the smelters and it is reported that an iron mine has been discovered. If Prince Rupert grows to be a great city like the Queen Charlotte Islands will be settled not only by miners but by farmers, lumbermen and fishermen.

Everyone knows that the Victoria and Sidney railroad is doing a good service. It was hoped when it was first built that there would be a great trade between the Fraser River Valley and Victoria. The city promised to let the company have the Market Hall and a large sum of money every year if they would put on a fine ferry steamer and maintain a good service. The city does not think the Railroad Company kept its bargain. Now the V. & S. Company want to build a new station on Blanchard street and to run the road along it. This would spoil the pretty near and as many people have built fine homes on this street they asked the city not to allow the road to be built. The request has therefore been refused. There is likely to be a great deal of trouble as the City Council thinks the people of Victoria have been wronged by the company.

G. H. Barnard has been chosen as the Conservative candidate for Victoria to oppose Wm. Templeman, Minister of the Interior, in Vancouver. George H. Cowan has been nominated by the Conservatives to oppose W. B. McInnis, the Liberal candidate. All over Canada the followers of R. L. Borden are preparing to take the places now held by those of Sir Wilfred Laurier. Joseph Martin, who a few years ago was premier of British Columbia is another Vancouver candidate. He has been nominated by the Asiatic Exclusion League. The elections are to be held on the 26th of next month so there will not be much time to discuss political questions. In this page we will give the names of the candidates for the different districts of British Columbia. Boys and girls should know who the public men in their own province are.

It is strange that many people who would not steal money from a person never hesitate to take what does not belong to them when the owners are all the people of the country. The oddish and mackerel of the Gulf of St. Lawrence have been stolen by United States fishermen for forty years and more and as soon as it was found that the halibut near the shores of Vancouver Island were plentiful they, too, are carried away. It is too bad that there is any need of cruelties to preserve the fish belonging to Canada for the use of her people. What would be thought of the parents who let their boys climb the wall and steal their neighbors apples? It is not one bit better for the United States government to let her fishing boats come into our waters to catch our fish. It is that dishonest people who make policemen and fishery cruisers necessary. It is well for nations as well as families to have honest neighbors.

A very remarkable gathering took place in London last week. Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church from every part of the world assembled at Westminster Cathedral in that great city. Among them was the messenger of the head of that church, the pope of Rome. It is hundreds of years since a papal legate, as this messenger is called, was in England. Many very splendid services were held but when the Bishops decided to form a public procession last Sunday at the head of which the Host or Sacrament would be carried, it was thought best by the British government to ask them not to perform a ceremony that would be thought wrong by many people. Among the old laws against Catholics was one that forbade such processions and this had not been done away with or, at least, it was not certain that it was not still in force. The Bishops obeyed the wishes of the government and though they were greatly disappointed, such a gathering could take place in London shows that the times have passed away when men could be punished for their beliefs. There were, in the crowd that assembled to see the high officials of the Roman



are a number of gentlemen who are trying to bring this about and if all the active boys and bright-eyed girls who attend the schools were to help by the time they become men and women there would be a native botanical garden of which they and all Victoria would be proud.

It is sad to learn that Lord Strathcona has been forbidden to come to Canada by his physician. He is a very old man and an illness which in a younger man the United States government would not let her fishing boats come into our waters to catch our fish. It is that dishonest people who make policemen and fishery cruisers necessary. It is well for nations as well as families to have honest neighbors.

For a long time now, many of the Irish members of the British parliament have been asking that the laws shall be altered so that Ireland can govern herself. It is more than a hundred years since the parliaments of Ireland and England were united, but the people never became one and almost ever since there have been discontent and sometimes rebellion. Among the members of parliament who are asking for what is called Home Rule for Ireland are John G. Redmond and Joseph Devlin. These gentlemen have come to the United States to attend a great meeting of Irishmen to be held in Boston the end of this month. There are a great many Irishmen in the United States and it is hoped they will help their relations in the old land to get a parliament of their own again. When the members left Queenstown in Ireland great crowds of people assembled to bid them good-bye. While

there are many English and Scotch members who think that it would be better for the discontented Irishmen to make their own laws, there are more who think that Ireland is ruled now justly and wisely and that the change would be good neither for Ireland nor for the Empire.

All summer a gentleman has been climbing the mountains and walking along the ledges of rock between Victoria and Ladysmith. Every now and again he would break off a piece of rock and he kept a sharp look out for any unusual sign of gold, iron or other valuable mineral. This gentleman's name is George H. Clapp, and he is employed by the Dominion government to examine and describe the rocks of this island. He has taken back to Ottawa a great many pieces of rock and some ore. Mr. Clapp does not think there is very rich ore in the south of Vancouver Island but he believes that at Sooke and near Mount Sicker there are bodies of low grade ore. He, however, was unwilling to say much till he had examined his specimens. Whatever doubts Mr. Clapp may have about our minerals, he has none about the climate, which he declares to be the best in North America.

CAPTAIN SCOTT, OF THE RELIANCE

One morning in January, when the ice in the Hudson river ran unusually heavy, a Hoboken ferryboat slowly crunched her way through the floating floes, until the thickness of the pack choked her and she was in mid-river. It was an early morning trip, and the decks were crowded with laboring men and the drive-ways chafed with teams; the women and children standing inside the cabins were a solid mass up to the swinging doors. While she was gathering strength for a further effort an ocean tug sheered to avoid her, veered a point and crashed into her side, cutting her below the waterline in a great V-shaped gash. A moment more and the disabled boat careened from the shock and fell over on her beam, helpless. Into the V-shaped gash the water poured a torrent. It seemed but a question of minutes before she would be heading below the ice.

Within two hundred yards of both boats, and free of the heaviest ice, steamed the wrecking tug Reliance, of the Offshore Wrecking Company, and on her deck reversed her engines after the collision and backed clear of the shattered wheel house of the ferryboat. She sprang forward, stooped down, ran his eye along the waterline, noted in a flash every shattering plank, climbed into the pilot house of his own boat, and before the astonished pilot could catch his breath pushed the nose of the Reliance along the rail of the ferryboat and dropped upon the latter's deck like a cat.

With a threat to throw overboard any man who stirred, he dropped into the engine room, met the engineer half-way up the ladder, compelled him to return, dragged the mattresses from the crew's bunks, stripped off blankets, snatched up clothes, overalls, cotton waste and rags of carpet, cramming them into the great rent left by the shattering of the hull. It was useless. Little by little the water gained, bursting out first below, then on the side, only to be calked out again and only to rush in once more.

Captain Scott stood a moment as if undecided, ran his eye searchingly over the engine room, saw that for his needs it was empty, then deliberately tore down the top wall of calking he had so carefully built up, and before the engineer could protest, forced his own body into the gap, with his arm outside, level with the drifting ice.

An hour later the disabled ferryboat, with every soul on board, was towed into the Hoboken slip. When they lifted the captain from the water he was unconscious and barely alive. The water had frozen his blood, and the floating ice had torn the flesh from his protruding arm from shoulder to wrist, and when the color began to creep back into his face he opened his eyes and said to the doctor who was winding the bandages:

"Was any of them babies hurt?"

A month passed before he regained his strength, and another week before the arm had healed so that he could get his coat on. Then he went back to the Reliance—F. Hopkinson Smith, in Everybody's.

FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

A Little Boy's Summer

Once there was a little boy and a mama. It was summer-time and the little boy was a little boy, best-clothes visit to the park on Sunday afternoon, in a flat, and his mama was too busy to go to the park on other days.

The weather grew warmer and warmer, and by and by the little boy didn't feel well. He couldn't sleep and he didn't want to eat. He was hungry and called up Doctor John. Doctor John came and looked at the little boy's tongue and held his hand, and then he said to the mama: "All he needs is soft-boiled eggs, chicken-broth, baked potatoes, lots of fruit, and a chance to roll and tumble about in the soft grass under the shady trees—and in the sunshine too—all day long. Can't you take him to the country for about seventy days?"

"Why, yes," said Mama. "I can take him to Grandma's. She lives up among the hills where there's the best kind of fresh air—and Jersey cows and berries and shady trees and chickens and little lambs, and everything that is lovely!"

Then Doctor John said, "That is the place for this little man. Better take him right away." Then Doctor John said, "Good Mornings," and went away.

Then Mama and Mary, the girl who helped with the housework, just flew about, packing a lunch-box and books and clothes, and Mama remembered to pack the little boy's blocks and cart and little shovel and the rabbit bank. Then she rushed to the telephone and said, "Mr. Carriage Man, please send a carriage around for the ten-fifteen choo choo and the carriage man answered back: "Yes, ma'am, all right, ma'am!" Then Mama telephoned to Grandma and said, "Grandma, dear, we are coming out today to make you a long visit." And Grandma answered back: "Oh, I am so delighted! I'll have Jimmy at the station to meet you with the ponies!"

Then Mama dressed the little boy in his pretty clothes and Sunday hat, and by and by Mr. Carriage Man hurried up to the door and they hurried down stairs and got into the carriage with their grips and lunch-box and umbrella and shawl and fan, and away they went down the street and up another street and along another street, until they came to the station, and there was the Choo Choo huffing and puffing and almost ready to start. So they hurried and climbed up into the Choo Choo, and the Choo Choo man brought in their things, and the engine said Whoo!-Whoo! and off they went. The little boy knelt by the window and had such a good time watching the houses and people and carriages flying by, and pretty soon the Choo Choo huffed and puffed away out into the country, and the little boy could see the hills and trees, and the horses and cows in the fields, and the blue sky and white houses and red barns and little dogs that ran out and barked at the Choo Choo and made the little boy laugh.

By and by the little boy said he was hungry. So Mama opened the lunch-box and spread a napkin in his lap and gave him a little wooden plate with a bread-and-jam sandwich, a cookie and a banana on it, and he ate every bit and drank a cup of milk, too. And Mama laughed and said he must be feeling better already.

Then the little boy knelt by the window again but pretty soon he got tired of seeing so many things flying by, and he lay down and closed his eyes and went sound asleep with Mama's shawl for a pillow. When he woke up the Choo Choo was getting pretty near the place where Grandma lived, so he and Mama put out their hats and gathered up their things, and by and by there was Grandma's house away over on a lovely green hill with shady trees all about it and red chimneys and white fences, just as it was in the picture in Mama's dining-room.

Presently the Choo Choo stopped, and Mama and the little boy hurried out, and there was Jimmy to

meet them! Jimmy was a big boy—almost as big as Doctor John—and he had two beautiful gray ponies and a pretty carriage with yellow wheels. He took the little boy up on the front seat with him and let him hold the ends of the lines, and Mama sat in the back seat with the grips and the lunch-box and the shawl and the fan and the umbrella. Then they drove away over the smooth country road, the air sweet with clover and the birds singing their songs in the trees. By and by they drove through a wide gateway and trotted straight up to Grandma's house, and there was Grandma waiting in the porch to hug and kiss them. After she had hugged and kissed them she said: "Supper is almost ready, but there's time for him to pick his strawberries, bless his heart!"

So after he was washed and brushed, Grandma gave him a bright tin cup and showed him where the strawberries grew. And wasn't that fun? In a little while he picked the cup full, besides three big ones which he carried in his hand. And Grandma pulled down the covers and put the berries in a prettily-dish and poured yellow cream over them and sprinkled them with sugar, and the little boy had whole for his supper with two great big slices of toasted wheat bread.

Then, after supper, he went out to the barn with Jimmy and helped him feed the ponies and milk the cows. And Jimmy showed him a little baby cow and three sheep, and let him gather the eggs from a hen's nest and carry them in his hat—very carefully—to Grandma.

But the greatest fun was the next day. The weather was bright and warm, and Mama and the little boy went down through the orchard and climbed a fence, and pretty soon they came to the nice clear water of a little brook. And Mama took off the little boy's shoes and stockings and rolled his trousers away up his thighs and let him go splashing and spilling about in the lovely water. And he played and splashed until they heard the dinner-horn toot-toot-tooting for dinner.

And the next day, and the next day, and the next day—and all the seventy days they stayed at Grandma's—the little boy played with the brook and the lambs and the baby cows and gathered eggs—very carefully—and drank fresh milk and ate brown bread and chicken-soup and soft-boiled eggs and rolled and tumbled in the grass, until, when he went back home—what do you think?—all his cool weather clothes and shoes and slippers were too small for him, and Mama had to buy all kinds of new things for him right away!

And Mama said it was so much nicer than paying a big doctor's bill.

A VISIT TO ELK RIVER

Dear Editor—Would you like to hear of a trip I took up the Elk River this summer?

We started from the mouth of Kennedy river in a launch, towing a row-boat with provisions in it. Of course you know the Kennedy river flows into the Clayoquot Sound.

We followed the river for about half a mile and had to anchor the launch because it was too large to take up the rapids, which extend for about half a mile. Some of the men walked on the shore and pulled the boat up by a rope, and others kept it off the rocks with an oar, while the rest of us walked along a trail made up partly of fallen trees smoothed on the upper side.

When we came to the end of the rapids we got into a smaller launch which had been taken up at high water to go to the falls. From there we had four and a half miles to go before we reached the Kennedy Lake, which is said to be one of the largest lakes on Vancouver Island.

We met some Indians in canoes who had been getting rushes to make baskets. We saw some water lily pads, but the lilies were only in bud. When we were crossing the lake we saw several seals.

We had about eleven miles to go across the lake before we came to the Elk River. A little distance up the river we came to a bend where the view was beautiful. Above was a snow-capped mountain and it was reflected perfectly in the stream. Under the trees on both sides of the river were beautiful ferns and moss and the water was so clear that the big pebbles in the bed of the river looked as if you could put your hand in and pick them up. When the water was disturbed by the boats it seemed like little rainbows around the pebbles.

We got stuck on a sand bar, so some of us had to get into the row boat to lighten the launch. We could go no farther because there were rapids ahead, so we got out and had our lunch here and it did taste good for it was now after one o'clock.

After lunch some of the party went up farther to see an old mine called the Rose Marie. We children wanted to go in bathing but as the water was icy cold, we started on our home trip, and when we got to a sand bar we landed and found that even here the water was too cold and we had to content ourselves with wading.

One of the older people made some willow whistles for us.

About six o'clock the men who had gone to the mine joined us and we started on our homeward way.

The wind had sprung up and the lake was quite rough and we got well splashed.

We children did not mind the long ride home, for after we had something to eat we went to sleep.

It was ten o'clock and pitch dark when we reached the Kennedy Rapids. Here we left the launch anchored, so that the men could go on ahead of us.

We wondered how we could ever walk the trail, for we could scarcely see a foot ahead of us, but when we got to the end of the trail we found that even here the water was too cold and we had to content ourselves with wading.

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