# The Young People's Department.

[All letters intended for the Young People's Department must be addressed to Cousin Dorothy, 52 Victor Ave., Toronto.]

## THE WORK-A-DAY LASS.

There's never a task that she will not do,
With a bright and smiling face,
Love with the labor the long day through,
And everything in its place.
Tidying up when the first pale dawn
Peeps at the window sill:
Running along to the gladsome song
Of home, for it is her will.

Sparkling white is the washing there,
Dainty the frocks and frills,
Sweet as the wind from a woodland lair
Wrapped in the mystic hills.
Kitchen a nook where the kettles shine,
Pots—you can catch a trace
Of her golden hair and the velvet line
Of her laughing, pretty face.

Never a nook that the broom escapes,
Dusted the sunny halls;
Patched all the stockings and gowns and capes,
Matchless the snow-white walls.
Work-a-day ever and willing, too,
Busy the years that pass:
Offer her praise when she comes to you
This little household lass.

—W. Livingstone Larned, in Young People's Paper.

## STRENGTH OF BIRDS.

Birds can eat and digest from ten to thirty times as much food in proportion to their size as men can. If a man could eat as much in proportion to his size as a sparrow is able to consume, he would need a whole sheep for dinner, a couple of dozen of chickens for breakfast, and six turkeys for his evening meal. A tree sparrow has been known to eat seven hundred grass seeds in a day. Relative to the bird's size, these seeds were as big as an ordinary lunch basket would be to a full-grown man.

A bird's strength is equally amazing. A white-tailed eagle, weighing twelve pounds, with a wing spread of six feet, has been known to pounce upon a pig weighing forty-two pounds, raise it to a height of a hundred feet, and fly off with it. The bird had covered a distance of half a mile before the pig's owner succeeded in shooting the thief.

Birds can and do work far harder than human beings. A pair of house martins, when nesting, will feed their young ones each twenty seconds—that is, each bird, male and female, makes ninety journeys to and fro in an hour, or about one thousand a day. It must be remembered that on each journey the bird has the added work of catching the worm.

Even so tiny a bird as the wren has been counted to make one hundred and ten trips to and from its nest within four hundred and thirty minutes; and the prey carried home consisted of larger, heavier and harder-to-find insects than were caught by the sparrows. Among them were twenty good-sized caterpillars, ten grasshoppers, seven spiders, eleven worms, and more than one fat chrysalis.

—Young People's Weekly.

## FAVORITE ROYAL HORSES.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra show their affection for their horses in a curious way. When a favorite dies, its hoofs are cut off and polished, and the horse's name is inscribed on each hoof. These are placed in a row in one of the harness-rooms at Sandringham. On the wall above are photographs, or prints, of the owner of the hoofs. Their Majesties have their favorite dogs as well as their favorite horses. Against a wall at the back of their residence at Sandringham may be seen a stone: "To the memory of dear old Rover."

## WHEN ANYTHING GOES WRONG.

You'll find no help in hurrying,
And scurrying,
And worrying,
You'll find no help in flurrying
When anything goes wrong.
Just face it like a little man,
And do the very best you can,
You'll find this far the better plan,
If you would get along.

You'll find no help in sighing so,
And crying so,
And pining so,
You'll find no help in whining so
When anything goes wrong.
Just meet the trouble with a laugh,
And soon its size will be but half,
You'll find this quite a helpful staff,
If you would get along.

—James Rowe, in the Children's Star Magazine.

## HOW CANADA BEGAN.

I don't know why we always speak as if America had not existed before the white men came. Very likely the red men thought themselves quite as important as we consider ourselves to be, and would have been just as well pleased if Columbus had never discovered their country. However, the history of Canada began three hundred years ago, and you know there is to be a great celebration at Quebec this summer, in honor of the founding of the city by Samuel de Champlain, in 1608.

In Disgrace.

Champlain was a Frenchman, and he was born in the good old times when no one had to complain that nothing ever happened, as people sometimes do nowadays. He was a Roman Catholic, and he was a navy captain, and also a soldier, and, of course, there was no lack of fighting. Henry IV., who won the throne by fighting, thought a good deal of Samuel, and tried to keep him at the court; but it was much too dull there for a man in search of adventures, so off he went to the West Indies. He kept a journal of his voyages, embellished with sixty-one pictures, which show plainly that he was not much of an artist. Many of these pictures represent dragons and other monsters that he heard of, and I think he liked to think there were really such things, for he was naturally fond of anything extraordinary. After two years he got back to France, and was finding things very dull, when an old friend of his asked him to go with an expedition to explore what was called New France. This old man wanted to accomplish something really great before he died, and he was going to spend his money in planting the flag of France in the new world, besides converting the red men to Christianity. Nothing could have pleased Champlain more, for he was very religious, and always ready for adventures. For the first time he sailed up the great St. Lawrence as far as Hochelaga (Montreal), saw a few Indians, and sailed back for further instructions. But his old friend had died in the long time he had been away, and nothing had been settled. However, a nobleman was sent out to begin a colony on the Bay of Fundy, and Champlain spent three years there. But just as the colonists were beginning to be a little comfortable, the company which was backing them up went to pieces, and everybody had to sail home again.

Samuel had not forgotten the wonderful St. Lawrence, however. It seemed to him the best place for a settlement. The little rivers running into it were so many roads into the wild country, where furs abounded, and by the same roads missionaries might go to the savage tribes, and, as he used to say, the saving of one soul was worth more than the conquest of an empire. "All things come round to him who will but wait," and at last he found himself sailing up the river in a ship, bearing men, arms, and stores, with which to start a fur-trading colony for a certain French nobleman. Where the river narrowed to only a mile across, with the heights of Point Levi on one side, and, on the other, the cliffs of Quebec, he landed his men. The place is a natural fortress, guarded on one side by the St. Charles River, and on the other by the St. Lawrence. It was a grand scene, though woods covered the strand between the cliffs and the river, and nothing but bare rock was to be seen where the old Citadel now stands. It was not long before Champlain's axemen cleared a space, and in a few weeks a row of wooden buildings stood on the river's brink. There was a strong wooden wall, and above it a gallery, with loop-holes for musketry, and around it a moat. Inside this was Champlain's house, and his men's quarters. He also had a garden, in which he used to work, and gardens were important things in those days, when you could get no vegetables unless you grew them yourself. This little settlement was the beginning of the great City of Quebec, called Stadacona by the Indians, and it was also the beginning of Canada, for round Quebec grew other little settlements, and the King of France became interested in them, and after that the King of England. So, little by little, in spite of starvation, and savages, and every kind of difficulty, Champlain's colony grew, and it was not his fault that England got it in the end. He was a great man, you might almost call him a hero. Do any of you read Parkman's Histories? The story of Champlain is in the first, "Pioneers of France in the New World," and I think it is one of the most exciting stories I ever read.

Perhaps some of our young people who live near Quebec would write and tell us what is going to be done to celebrate the Tercentenary? C. D.

## A LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am again writing to you, to please tell all of those who wrote to me that I am sorry to have been so long in answering their letters; but mother was away, and then she was ill, so I have been very busy. This is St. Patrick's day, and there are sports and a ball on in Morwell, the nearest town to us. I suppose you are having the end of your winter, but we are only having our autumn. From the letters I receive, I think some people are of the opinion that there are still black savages here. I have never seen a black fellow, and, indeed, there are very few in Victoria now. The only real savage black fellows are in the extreme north of West Australia and Central Australia. There are mission stations in most of the States, where they are educated and cared for by white people.

With kind regards from your little Australian friend,—

DAPHNE BREWSTER.

Yinnar, Victoria, Australia.

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At a political meeting an Irishman watched closely the trombone player in the band.

Presently the man laid down his instrument and went out for a beer. Paddy investigated, and promptly pulled the horn to pieces. The player returned.

"Who's meddled mit my trombone?" he roared.

"Oi did," said Paddy. "Here ye've been for two hours tryin' to pull it apart, an' Oi did it in wan minut!"

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A Scotch sailor and an Irishman once had a quarrel. They agreed upon a hand-to-hand encounter, to be fought to a finish, and the one who wished to acknowledge himself beaten had to shout out "Sufficient." After a full hour's hard pugilistic work the Irishman at last roared out "Sufficient."

"Ma conscience," said the Scotchman. "If I havena been thinkin' o' that word for the last half hour, but couldna ken it for the life o' me!"

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Little Tommy had been forbidden to swim in the river, owing to the danger. One day he came home with unmistakable signs of having been in the water. His mother scolded him severely.

"But I was tempted so badly, mother," said Tommy.

"That's all very well. But how'd you come to have your bathing suit with you?"

Tommy paused, and then said:

"Well, mother, I took my bathing suit with me, thinking I might be tempted."

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The day the doctor called to treat little Kitty for a slight ailment, it was only by the most persistent persuasion that he succeeded in getting the child to show him her tongue.

A few days subsequent to this the child said to her mother: "Ma, the doctor don't have to tease me to obey him any more!"

"Why not?"

"'Cause every time I see him going by the house now I stick my tongue out at him!"

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Captain John E. Pillsbury, the U. S. Navy Board's new member, said the other day in Washington of a recruit who could not shoot:

"The sergeant tried the fellow first at 500 yards, and he failed to come within a mile of the target.

"Then he was tried at 300 yards, then at 200, then at 100; and his last shot was worse, if possible, than his first.

"The sergeant looked at him disgustedly, got very angry, and, walking up close to him, shouted in his face:

"'Attention! Fix bayonet! Charge the target! It's your only chance.'"

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A teacher in a New England school had found great difficulty in training her pupils to pronounce final g. One day when a small boy was reading, he came to a sentence that he pronounced as follows: "What a good time I am havin'!"

"No, Johnny," interrupted the teacher, "you made a mistake. Don't you remember what I've been telling you? Try that last sentence again."

Johnny re-read as before, "What a good time I am havin'!"

"No, no," said the teacher, a little impatiently. "Don't you know all I've told you about pronouncing the g?"

Johnny's face lightened, and he began again, confidently: "Gee, what a good time I am havin'!"