

at

's champions and those who
The whole party were taken

is trying to make converts in
painter of talent, who believes
absolutely essential for the
he wears no foot covering of
and when he is out he wears
boots, which are perforated so
of the air and water.

any Limerick Competitions,
orders went up, not long ago,
General Post Office, in England,
number of important postal or-
Post office last July was
monthly average is 100,000.

ature father-in-law was fol-
named Simpkins, who
of a well known New York
for a magistrate at Pittsburg,
marriage licence ready. They
but 2 o'clock in the morning,
were married in the street
us.

ght to be a crow, fluttered
ottage in the village of New-
r three-quarters of an hour
the family dinner was falling
pitched on the hot stove,
and on being washed
with a marked ring. The bird

the "field," related it curious
ago, which occurred while he
the moors round Fort Augustus,
shot a young cuckoo, mistak-
soon as it fell, a small grey
and remained with it until a
skop up the little bird then
on a tuft of heather, a few
outbush the foster parent.

FROM THE POETS

emory
-house that I know of,
misty, the wind is
falling around it,
he frost has kissed,
uttered and gloomy,
ng and grown,
have fallen
of stone.

randah
and in rows,
aning and withered,
st-house blows.
their branches
to the air,
wings in the storm wind
broken stair.

t-house that I know of,
is grass-grown gate,
adrows the phantoms
and lying in wait.
-N. B.

wer Children
ng the names of several well-
in flowers)
country Garden
children well
one she favored
ton to tell,
tones of envy,
s Mother's pet,
flower,
the little bird
gnonette,"

you call her silly?
not think,
made the lily,
indeed," said Pink.

blue-eyed flower,
"ve quite forgot,
I guessed already."
Forget-me-not,
tongue go faster
ise," said she,
ed the China Aster
Anemone.

peak unkindly,
y knows,
other flower
eside the Rose.
her hazy
me as well;
as the Daisy
the sweet Bluebell.

to a tall flower
was Hollyhock,
the Hollyhock
pretty frock.

be a quarrel
and Mizonette;
ch a pity
or quarreled yet."

try Garden
discord here,
wer children,
are dear."

Wish
ere better? Let me tell you
actions, keep them always
motives, let your thoughts
on of the sphere you occupy,
ere happy? Then remember
kindness as you pass along
many may be oftines traced
the scorn shelters armies
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

and Age
but the flower of age?
is fade away,
re never to return.
d we but learn
ours!

but the seed of youth?
te a truth?
as fade away,
gment day,
en be ours!

Home
reside brightest,
al breast?
and heart lightest,
ee possessed?
of sadness,
patience borne,
those of gladness,
y cheeks adorn?
by fitness,
r room;
as sweetness
sone.

CURRENT TOPICS

More than sixty years ago England went to war with China to force her to allow opium to be imported into that country.

All the teachers of the Chinese people knew that the habit of smoking opium destroyed all that was good in a man and the government wanted to prevent the people from getting the drug. Yet the British nation persisted in the trade upon them, and in that case the wrong prevailed.

In these days the Chinese who have crossed the ocean and settled among us persist in using and manufacturing opium. The druggists buy much of it for, like most things in the world, it has its uses. But we are to believe the story told by one of the Chinese manufacturers in Vancouver the other day a great deal more opium is made and sold by him and others of his countrymen than can be rightly used.

We have enough bad habits of our own. It would be indeed, a very sad thing if opium sellers found cus- tomers among white people. These habits of ours are very wonderful and delicate machines. If we treat them properly we can do good work in this world. We will cure them in any way we see fit for and will make them the masters of our will in place of its servants. Wise boys and girls will take all the fresh air, pure water and good food they can and as few drugs as possible.

The holidays will soon be here with boating and all kinds of out-door enjoyments. Are any of the boys going to form cricket clubs? Every school should have at least one eleven. It is said that the gentlemen's game, there should be plenty of Victoria lads who would like to learn a game that so many of England's great men played. It would be interesting to know if the savages from whom Canadians learned it tried to injure one another as modern players do too often do.

Baseball is an exciting game, good in its way, as all outdoor games are. There is little fear that lacrosse and basketball will be played in our country. But there should be room among those who love sport, not so much for excitement, as for the skill and sportsmanlike qualities it teaches.

The girls, too, should all have some good game. Croquet should never have been allowed to go out of fashion, where there is room to play affords a pleasant way of spending a summer afternoon. Tennis too is good. The pity is that there are not more good courts. For boating, bathing, swimming, walking and running will help girls to grow into strong healthy women. Nice girls do not spend their time in the street and they never act so as to attract attention. Nothing in all the world is so sweet as a good little girl. She may have a little freckle on her face but every one likes to see her and the strange thing is that she she thinks of herself the more others think of her.

The Premier and Dr. Young have been travelling about the country talking to the people and seeing what the country needs. They were all through the Okanagan, the Kootenays and the rest of the country. That is, really through the southern part of the province. They have come back delighted with the signs of progress and the wind that blows from the north. More settlers are coming into the country and all are doing well. Surveyors have been sent into the northern valleys where it is believed in Canada should make a living. Now it is known that both the soil and climate are suitable for farming and grazing, while the rocks beneath are rich in iron, copper and minerals. The day will not be far distant when along the route which McKenale followed more than a hundred years ago, there will be a line of cities and districts as well known as Okanagan or Comox or Kootenay are now.

Not only the big ocean liners on the Atlantic but balloons in England and Aeroplanes in several cities have been making tests of speed. One wonders sometimes if there is so much gained after all by so much haste. In the old quiet days men were great and brave and wise. Still all the world is in a hurry and some of the greatest minds are now busy trying to plan by which people will be able to travel and to fly in the shortest possible time round the world. This All Red Route, as it is called, is a fine doubt benefit Victoria, for in the harbor of Esquimalt the largest ships can float in safety and this is the first port of call on the Orient.

In Mr. McGregor's address on Japan there were two things in the mind of the people that tell why that country is becoming great so fast. One is that children honor their parents and are obedient to them and the other that the people have a great love for their country. Boys and girls who are trained in habits of obedience are likely to grow to strong men and women and men who are eager to suffer and die for their country cannot but make a nation great. In both these respects Canadians have much to learn from the little brown men across the water. Mr. McGregor has been for several years a teacher in a large Japanese college so he has had a splendid opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Japanese.

It looks as if the children in Oak Bay were going to have a big school of their own where all the children can attend till they reach the High School. This will be a great convenience to the people who live in that municipality. It is to be hoped the Oak Bay children will be as good as the children of their best to beat the boys and girls in the city schools.

Just after Queen Victoria came to the throne a little boy was born in Quebec who has added to the fame of Canada. This was Louis Fréchet, the Canadian poet. Critics say that no one in Canada since has written as beautiful poems as some of his. They were written in French and received great praise from the best judges of poetry in France. For some years this poet has lived a quiet life and on the first of June he passed away. There are other and perhaps better ways of becoming great than making money or fighting even in a good cause.

At the age of sixty-nine, Sir Redvers Buller died on the second of June. For just half a century General Buller had been a soldier and many years of his life were passed in camp or on the field of battle. He served in China and in Canada, but most of his life work was done in Africa where he fought his last campaign. Here at the battle of Ulundi in the Zulu war of 1879 he won the distinction valued most highly by the British soldier, the Victoria Cross, by saving the lives of three of his comrades. Five too, twenty years later, through weary and anxious months he was forced to reflect sadly on the mistake he had made at the battle of Tugela River, near the beginning of the Boer War. The brave old general had however the satisfaction, in the end, of releasing his countrymen who were imprisoned in Ladysmith, and of driving the Boers from Natal.

As a lieutenant in the army of Gen. Wolsey, Buller marched to Port Garry to put down the Red River rebellion of 1870. The flight of Riel made the victory a bloodless one but there are men still living in Winnipeg who remember the bluff English officer, then in the prime of his manhood. General Buller was a brave and honorable man who spent his life in the service of his country.

On the same day a Canadian, Sir Robert Reid, noted as a contractor laid down his work forever. Sir Robert had won a reputation through Newfoundland, the Lachine bridge and bridges across the Niagara and the Colorado. These men all served their fellow men. Yet many bridges and railroads have disappeared, even when battles are forgotten the terms written by the Canadian poet on the tiny snowbird will be read and his name will be remembered.

Night after night for many years a little band of men in Victoria have been studying to understand the beautiful thought that musicians have put into words. They have trained their voices, those wonderful instruments, to carry those thoughts to the minds of others. All of these men work hard all day and they had to take time to practice often when they were weary. But they have learned how to give pleasure to others as well as themselves. No one ever listens to an Artion Club concert, but they come away the better for it. The praise the club received from the musician, Walter Damrosch, was well deserved.

Boys as well as girls, who can sing, have a talent that will bring them much pure pleasure in their lives.

The great goldfields on the border of the Arctic Circle are still producing large quantities of the precious metal. With the opening of summer a fleet of ships has gone from the Sound to Nome in Alaska. From Dawson word comes that the sands of the Tanana River have already yielded \$1,000,000, while three quarters of a million are being brought from the Klondike itself.

In England great interest is being taken in the great celebration that is soon to take place in Quebec and considerable sums are being subscribed towards the national park. All through the Dominion boys and girls are contributing their mite towards making this beautiful spot worthy of the great men of whose deeds it is a memorial and of our noble and beautiful land. The statue of Peace which the Governor-General wishes to erect will cost a great deal of money if it is made as lovely as it should be. This would be a good object to which to devote the children's contributions.

The pretty story in last week's paper was by a Victoria school girl. There has, it is understood, been some misunderstanding about the essays. The prize winner was Evelyn Le Clerc. Only one prize was offered. All essays received but one were printed. Each was good in its way but most of them were on the Queen's Birthday, not on Empire Day. You would all like your page better if you did something for it.

Jimmie looked surprised. His brother was seldom ill-natured. "Why not?" he asked, staring up into Joe's face with his honest eyes.

"Because we're so out of it," said Joe, wearily. "It seems 's if I wouldn't mind if we could only have a Thanksgiving just once, but to know—I wouldn't ask for the cranberry sauce nor the nuts nor the candies nor any of the trimmings. I'd be satisfied with a turkey and a mince pie, but it's no use wishing."

"No," said Jimmie, cheerfully. "It's no use a-wishing, but I like to hear them talk about it. I like to hear about Amelia's grandma, too. I think it's real good of her to say that every year—about how she wishes everybody could have just as good a dinner as they're having. If I was sitting down to a turkey and ducks, I'd be added, hungrily, 'I shouldn't stop to talk.'"

"Talking don't do any good," returned Joe; "and I don't want to hear about folks having things if we can't have 'em ourselves; and that's the truth."
"Joe," said Jimmie, timidly, "do you remember that time last summer when Jerry had taken 'two much drink and Dr. Heywood stayed all the evening with him and sent you down to the store for medicine? Well, when he wasn't looking after Jerry, he sat in the kitchen with me, and he told me stories, mostly true ones, and—want me to tell you one?"

"Fire away," Jimmie said.

"This is true," began Jimmie, while a vivid flush crept into his cheeks and he always did when he was excited. "It happened at—let me think—oh, yes,

Mrs. Dix gave a last satisfied glance at the table, threw another log of wood on the crackling fire, opened the window a bit and then disappeared into the sitting room.

"Oh," shivered Joe, blowing on his fingers, "how cold she wanted the window open! It seems as if I shouldn't mind getting right into the fire."
"Here they come," whispered Jimmie. "That old lady with the white cap on must be Grandma Dix. Hark! They're saying thanks be for the food! Ain't you glad the windows open now, Joe. We can hear every word."

They could even hear Grandma Dix's thin, cracked voice, as she said, "I wish every one could have just as good a dinner as we're going to have," and at the close Jimmie could not forbear clapping his hands softly, in appreciation of the old lady's humane wish.

"My," said Joe, excitedly, after grandma had finished speaking, "ain't they pitching in, though, to make up for lost time! Look at Amelia, will you, Jimmie? She's just stuffing herself. Say, don't the crispy part of the wing make your mouth water?"
"Yes, only I guess I'd rather have the drumstick, there's such lots on it. That little fellow down at the end has been eating and eating and it isn't half gone yet. But we ought to be going now, Joe, or we won't get to the Ben's in time for dessert."

"Some way I don't feel quite ready for dessert," said Joe, with a wan little smile.
He held aside the prickly branches for his brother to creep out of the hiding place. They stole away from the scene of festivity in silence, till they turned the corner of the house; then Joe said, softly,

"I say, Jimmie, didn't the men on our ship cheer

"What were you looking into the window for?" persisted the doctor.

"What were you looking into the window for?" asked Joe, boldly. He thought to gain time by this question, never dreaming for an instant that Dr. Heywood had really been guilty of committing this rudeness. The doctor looked a trifle amused.

"That is a fair question," he said, laughing a little, "and I believe I will tell you how it happened. You see, this is the best Thanksgiving in my life that I haven't spent with my people. Even when I was in college I used to go home for it; but Bangor is so far away that I couldn't spare the time this year. And when I was coming back just now from a patient, and thinking of the lovely dinner waiting for me at home, somehow the lights in the Ben's house attracted me, and I jumped out of the buggy and came up the lane just to catch a glimpse of a jolly Thanksgiving party."

"That's curious," murmured Jimmie, moving closer and leaning his cold cheek against the doctor's sleeve, "for that's just what we were doing."

"But you were cheering," suggested the doctor, with some curiosity.

"Yes, Jimmie admitted, warning a little. "We were cheering as the men did on the sinking ship you told about, for it was so good to see all the people eating and eating—my, it was almost the same as having it yourself!"

"No, it wasn't anywhere near the same," interrupted Joe, so suddenly and with such fierceness that both Dr. Heywood and Jimmie turned and stared at him. "It weren't! You can have a good time for a while if it's fun to look at the turkey and see it carved and put on the plates, but when the first fellow puts a piece into his mouth, it ain't your mouth nor nothing like it! Maybe great fellows on the boat did cheer," he added, turning abruptly on the doctor.

"Faps they did—once, but if they had to do it two, I bet they couldn't stand it!"

A strange look came into the young doctor's face at Joe's words. He suddenly picked Jimmie up in his arms and Joe by the hand and strode down the lane to the place where his buggy was standing.

"Without a word he bundled the astonished boys into it, covered them up with a warm buffalo robe. Then he jumped in himself and started the horse off on a brisk trot toward his home.

The fifteen minutes' taxi-ride was seated about the well-loaded table in the doctor's cozy dining room. Great logs of wood were crackling and blazing in the fireplace and trying to outshine a whole army of wax candles that were burning in the room.

A bright color crept into the boys' cheeks and the happy and contented eyes as they bent eagerly over the plates filled with every tempting bit. Thanksgiving dinner could possibly suggest.

"Poor little oops!" they had the courage of soldiers, murmured Dr. Heywood, almost as if he bent over and took Jimmie's hand that was resting on the table and shook it warmly. Jimmie looked up at him with glowing eyes.

"I tell you," he said, drawing a long breath, "it doesn't seem of good to be on the other side of the window—don't it, Joe?"

"What an idle vagabond you are!" said a surly mastiff to a squirrel that was frolicking about in the trees above him.

The squirrel threw a nut-shell at him and said, "As he been watching you these two hours," said the mastiff again, "and you've done nothing but dance and swing and skip and whiz that talk of yours about all the time."

"What an idle dog you must be," said the squirrel, "to sit for two hours watching me play!"

"You wouldn't care to see me, however," said the mastiff.

"No, nor you with me, if you knew all," said the squirrel. "Be content, like me, to take together the rough and the smooth of your proper lot. When I'm starved with cold in the winter, I shall be glad to think of you by your pleasant fire. Can't you find lots are more equal than they seem?—Early Days.

This is a good story of Henry M. Stanley, after his return from Africa, when writing his "Dark Continent."

He used to spread his reference maps on the floor of his room, and one day, after searching for a map which he much needed, he spoke to his assistant, who found it near the fireplace, with Stanley's cat on its ass.

He started to turn the cat off, when Stanley said: "Never mind—don't disturb the cat. I'll get along without the map until the cat wakes up."

The cat slumbered on, and not until the arose did the famous explorer reach for his map.

POETICAL CLIPPINGS

The Magic Touch
On the edge of the Black Forest,
Neath the mountain's frowning brow,
In a tiny little cottage
Lived a tiny little boy.

All day he cooked, and swept, and scrubbed,
Without a thought of rest,
Until the sun had gone to bed,
Down in the vermillion west.

Perchance, you think, she lived alone,
Among her pots and pans.
Oh, no! for there were Elsa, Gretchen,
Carl, and little Hans.

But you will feel a sadness,
If you have a heart that's kind,
To learn these little people, every
One of them, were blind!

They never saw a bowl that needed
Washing, nor a cup.
They never saw things lying round,
As a proper fairy should.

They never saw how fast their mother's
Hair was turning gray;
In fact, these children were in quite
A melancholy way.

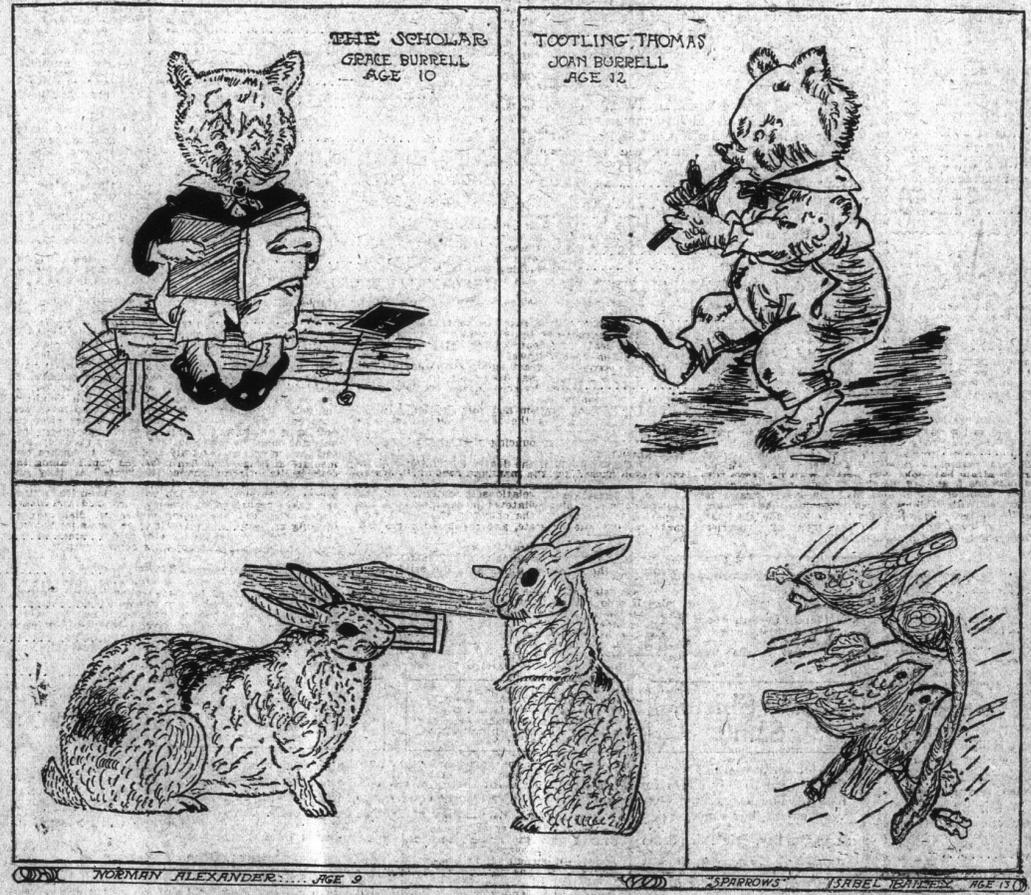
One day the fairy Good-Will came
A-wandering through the wood,
And peeped in through the window,
As a proper fairy should.

She saw the little blind ones, and,
Of children being fond,
She touched each eyelid gently
With her shining silver wand.

Behold a marvel! First, the children
Look with startled eyes;
Then Elsa seizes broom, and achi! the
Dust, how swift it flies!
Carl sees the empty woodbox—never
Saw the thing before!

All, in magic with the wooden shoes
A-clattering on the floor.
And Gretchen mends the fire,
And she turns the spinnaker too;
And chubby little Hansel looks
To see what he can do.

Then the little fairy Good-Will went
Smiling on her way,
Well pleased to see the miracle
Her magic wrought that day.
On the edge of the Black Forest,
Neath the mountain's frowning brow,
In a cheery little cottage
Lives a cheery little trou;
And her needles click-clack gallily,
For her work is lessened much.
Since the children's eyes were opened
By the fairy's magic touch.



If some of the older boys and girls would send in pictures it would do the little ones good. An interesting letter now and then would be a treat. Write to me or to your school. You know it is not quite pleasant speaking always to those who never answer you.

There's trouble between the President of Panama and his neighbors and he seems to have offended the United States by his actions. That country has now that she is building the Panama Canal, a great and important piece of government work that seems a very good thing.

BOTH SIDES OF THE WINDOW

Joe Trotter sat at his desk in a cold corner of the schoolroom and pretended to study. The other girls and boys grouped about the stove at the further end of the room, were laughing and talking.

Jimmie Trotter, Joe's younger brother, sat beside him with a large spelling book open on his lap, but he was not looking at it. He was listening with wide-open blue eyes and glowing cheeks to the gay talk which floated over to them now and then.

Sometimes he looked at his brother for sympathy, but Joe bent resolutely over his book and did not look up.

"All of us are going to grandma's," said Amelia Dix, with a triumphant air. "There'll be forty-two in all, counting the Benhets, who are third cousins. We're the largest family you'll find in the Middlesex county, I guess."

"Well, I don't know that I should consider that an advantage myself," drawled Steve Wilder. "When I am sitting down to the table and looking at the turkey and the ducks and the cranberry sauce and all and remember that I'm one of the youngest and that I'll be helped along toward the last. I can't help feeling sort of glad that there aren't more than sixteen of us."

Every one laughed, and Tommy Bent said, sympathetically, "Isn't it awful when the old people are slow? My Aunt Eunice, now—it always takes her five minutes to make up her mind whether she'll have dark or light meat. Peter says this year he's going to say, just as soon as we sit down, 'You always take light meat.'"

"Grandma Dix," continued Amelia, importantly, "is such a very good woman. She never lets us sing till she has said: 'I wish every one could have just as good a dinner as we are going to have,' and then she says, 'So do I,' and then begins."

The sharp tinkle of a little bell now called the children to their desks, and they were forced to drop the all-absorbing subject of Thanksgiving dinner.

"Joe, don't you like to hear about Thanksgiving?" said Jimmie that day, as they trudged home over the long two miles between the little cottage on the outskirts of the town and the school.

"No, I don't," said Joe, sharply.

at the Samoan islands, away off in the southern Pacific ocean.

"You see, we had some warships there and so did England and Germany, too, only the story isn't about Germany at all and one day a hurricane struck the ocean between the ships and the wind first whisked down on the ships and the wind last whisked down on the island there wasn't hardly anything left of ours, and a little steamer got in steam and escaped. And what do you think our men did, Joe? Just went on deck and cheered her like everything, though they were pop certain they would be drowned in a few minutes!"

He laughed abruptly and looked at Joe, Joe's eyes were shining, too, as he listened and he asked in eager tones:

"But didn't our fellows get out after all?"

"No, not all; some of them were drowned. Kind of makes the shivers run all over you, don't it?"

"I'd like to do a thing like that," said Joe meditatively.

"Dr. Heywood said," went on Jimmie, with a side glance at his brother, "that that's one of the most heroic things that was ever done. He said that a fellow having a bad time himself and seeing another fellow who might be having a bad time, too, but who wasn't—if that fellow could be glad that the other fellow was having a good time it couldn't help but make that first fellow feel better himself; and that's so, I've tried it."

Joe wheeled about suddenly.

"That's the way you like to hear about Thanksgiving?"

"Yes, it is," responded Jimmie, sturdily. "At first it made me feel sort of bad, too, as it does you, but it don't now. And today I was thinking as long as we ain't going to have any Thanksgiving of our own why can't we go around and peek in the windows at some of the other folks' dinners and kind of be glad that they're having such a good time?"

Joe agreed to this, after some persuasion, in a desperate kind of way, and at 2 o'clock on Thanksgiving day the little inspectors set forth. They decided to take in the two dinners that sounded most attractive—the Ben's and the Ben's.

The Dix's dining-room was at the end of the house, directly opposite one of the windows, and not more than fifty feet away.

The boys hid themselves among the overhanging boughs, and hungrily watched the preparations for dinner that were going on inside. They were somewhat early and the meal was not yet in progress.

Mrs. Dix, with a white apron tied over her best brown dress, was busy at the dining-room, putting a salt cellar here and a napkin there, and counting the places over and over to be sure that no one was forgotten. Finally the kitchen door opened and in came the cook, red and panting under her heavy burden—two turkeys side by side in an enormous platter.

These were placed on the table and were quickly followed by four brown ducks, vegetables without number, cranberry sauce, and everything above all, great bunches of crisp-looking celery.

when they saw the other ship getting out of danger? Seems to me we ought to cheer because there are folks in the world who ain't hungry like us."

Then the young vessel rang out lustily in the cold, still air, and floated in at the open window.

"What was that?" said Grandma Dix, suddenly laying down the carving knife he had taken up, "and sounded near the back of the house; as if some one was cheering."

"Every one is happy today," said grandma, smiling contentedly on the faces around her. "Don't keep Amelia waiting for her second help of turkey, Ne'mah!"

It was a mile to the Ben's house, and by the time the boys reached their hands and feet half-frozen, and they could hardly manage to crawl up on a low-shed built out at right angles with the dining room. They could see the group at the table perfectly from this perch, for it was nearly dark outside, and all the lamps were lighted in the room.

"Pump pudding and mince pie and pumpkin pie," reported Joe, with a shiver.

"And nuts and raisins and apples and, oh, my! yes, oranges!" said Jimmie, rather unsteadily, for his lips were blue and stiff with cold.

"Tommy looks like a fat partridge," observed Joe, after a moment's silence. "He must have been at it for two hours—and solve we," he added, grimly. "A few flakes of snow fell from the dull gray sky, and settled about their necks in cold drops. The wind came up with a sudden fierceness and blew for blasts up their sleeves and in their pinched, hungry faces."

"Let's go home, Joe," said Jimmie, suddenly; and there was a catch in his breath that sounded almost like a sob.

"All right," said Joe, in a low voice. "We'll slide off the other side of the street easier. But we haven't cheered yet, you know."

"No," returned Jimmie, very faintly, "so we haven't."

"Hurrah!" began Joe, and he tried to put the same amount of enthusiasm into his voice that he had before.

"Hurrah!" echoed Jimmie, tremulously, and blew off one nump little hand, while he clutched the frosty strings with the other preparatory to sliding down from the roof. "Hurrah! Hur—great guns!"

A man's strong arm had suddenly seized him and placed him rather unceremoniously on the ground beside his little brother, who had received the same assistance before.

It was young Dr. Heywood. He sat down on the water butt and drew the boys toward him. When he recognized his captive, disappointed and mingled with surprise on his face, for he had seen them often while taking care of old Jerry and had admired the plucky honest way in which they battled with their poverty.

"Explain yourselves, boys," he said, with sternness, closing his warmly gloved hand on Joe's wrist.

"We weren't taking anything," Jimmie piped out, humbly.

"The honest true we weren't—except a look into the window."