

The Children's Page

CURRENT TOPICS

There is to be a big steel factory at Fort Mann, the Canadian Northern terminus on the mainland.

Great Britain, the United States and Russia will promise to kill no more seals in Bering sea if Japan will join them.

The government has plans ready for a very beautiful court house at Grand Forks. It is to be built of cedar, granite and brick. The design, which has been drawn by Mr. Lawrence, is a very beautiful one.

Four and twenty robins, and three times as many goldfinches, brown linets and green linets are to be brought out from England by Mr. J. R. Anderson when he comes back from his visit to the old home land.

The most terrible stories of the famine in China are still being sent by missionaries and others from the northern districts. It is feared that even the harvest will bring little relief as the people are too sick and weak to till their farms.

The Grand Trunk Pacific boats, boats, Prince George and Prince Rupert are to commence on the first of April to run to Stewart after leaving cargo and passengers at Prince Rupert. It is expected these boats will have a very busy season.

A great sum will be spent by Great Britain on the navy this year. What we would consider a fleet will be built. Five Dreadnoughts, four cruisers, 20 destroyers and six submarines, costing \$15,000,000 have been provided for by the government.

A Seattle millionaire named Hillman has been found guilty of fraud. He has not been sentenced because he has appealed to a higher court. But in these days when men in the United States who cheat their neighbors cannot escape punishment by taking their cases from court to court.

There were terrible avalanches in Mono county, Nevada, on Thursday of last week. Mining camps and machinery have been ruined and it is feared, if lives were lost. Telephone and telegraph wires were buried or broken. Such a snowstorm has not visited the mountains for years.

At a meeting of the board of trade a number of gentlemen spoke of the need of a new post office. Almost everyone knows that the building is too small and that however hard the clerks work, they cannot give business men their letters as soon as they should receive them. The post office is a Dominion building and many other rich enough to have at their western entrance a building not only large and suitable but handsome.

The president of the United States has gone on a holiday to the south. He spoke in favor of the reciprocity agreement at Atlanta, Georgia. In his speech he told his hearers the south would benefit by the agreement. He praised Canada and said it would be a mistake not to make friends of powerful and progressive nation. These are big words and Canada has scarcely begun to look upon herself as a nation.

The governor presented the prizes won by the Fifth Regiment on Thursday of last week. The prizes were given by the Militia Department and the Victoria volunteers won the governor's medals and many other prizes. The people of Victoria have good reason to be proud of the men of this regiment. They spare no pains to make themselves fit, if necessary, to take the field against the enemy.

In the meantime, the exercise is good for them and the very better citizens because they are good soldiers. An American army is now on the Mexican frontier, determined to prevent any assistance given to the rebels from the United States. To judge by the despatches, Madero's party has grown stronger. At a fight at Casas Grandes the brother of the rebel leader was killed. Madero's party put himself at the head of the troops. The Mexicans do not seem to want the help of the United States troops yet. Very severe laws have been passed against the destruction of property. If these can be enforced the rebellion will be over.

It is very likely that the grandson of the good Queen Victoria will spend Empire Day in this city. A 24th of May holiday in Victoria is a sight worth seeing, even by a young man who has gone round the world. His Highness Prince Leopold of Battenberg is the son of Princess Beatrice, Queen Victoria's youngest daughter and her husband, who was a German Prince of the same name and title as his son. The Queen of Spain is the sister of Prince Leopold. He comes to Victoria from Japan but he has been visiting New Zealand and Australia. He will be 23 on the 21st of May so, if he stays at all he will spend his birthday here. Victoria people will give him a hearty welcome. His father was a soldier and died in South Africa. His mother is living.

One of the most interesting places near Winnipeg is St. Boniface. Before Winnipeg was founded there was a Roman Catholic mission there. It was from its chapel that the "Bells of St. Boniface" which guided the Red River Voyageurs in Whittier's poem, rang. They have been preserved and are now in a larger church, so visit-



ons to Winnipeg are told. The old Indian industrial school at this place was burned a few days ago. No lives were lost, but a manuscript dictionary of the Indian languages was destroyed. It took a lifetime of make and it is feared can never be replaced.

Mexico is jealous lest the United States shall, uninvited, send soldiers across the frontier to assist in putting down the rebellion. The government of the United States says there is no intention of doing anything of the kind. Yet no one believes an American army has been sent to the southern frontier just to drill.

There was a great meeting of men from the labor unions of the province in Victoria last week. They were welcomed by Premier McBride and Mayor Morley. They listened to many clever speeches from delegates. The idea of Mr. Watters that the progress of the province depended on the education of its workers was a true one.

The Treadwell gold mines of Alaska are on Douglas Island. The town of Douglas was almost destroyed by fire one stormy night last week. The gold was very severe and though 800 of the 2,000 miners fought the fire, they were not very successful. Juneau on the other side of the channel, was ready to send help but the storm made crossing impossible.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy has gone home to England to get two new steamships to take the place of the old Empresses and a fine big boat is to be built for the Australian run. Sydney, Auckland, Suva, Honolulu, Victoria, Vancouver will be the ports of call of the good ships Zealandia, Makura and Marama which will make the trip from Auckland to Victoria in 17 days.

The Sheffield choir is coming here in May. This famous body of singers is made up of men and women who have very sweet and powerful voices and who have been well trained. No one, young or old, should miss the opportunity of hearing these sweet singers. It is a fine thing to be able to give pleasure to people in every part of the British empire, as this choir will do. The gift of song is one of the greatest which can be given man or woman.

Are there none of your fathers' or big brothers who would take time and trouble to train a troop of boy scouts? So many Victorians are busy men. Yet, it is surely worth while making some sacrifice to help to make strong, manly, useful, God-fearing men of the little fellows who have not much chance of turning out well without such help. The work, which began so well, will fall, unless men care enough for the boys to teach them scout law and lead them an example of true manliness.

There are now so many railways in British Columbia that the government has formed a department to carry on the business with the companies operating them. Some day they will need a minister who will have no other duties to attend to. At present Hon. Thomas Taylor is minister of railways and works. Mr. Taylor has managed his own office so well that it was considered he could begin the work of a new department. No higher compliment could be paid to "Good Roads Taylor."

In Santa Barbara county, California, not only have crops been damaged and animals killed but in some places the land itself has been carried into the sea by the rivers which have been swollen by the mountain streams. The Santa Maria, Santa Rosa, and Fresno rivers have overflowed their banks. It is reported that a great old reservoir near the town of Santa Maria has been broken and that owing to the flood all business in the city was stopped. It is, however, almost certain that after a storm is over less harm has been done than was feared.

The Natural History society wants all who will welcome these little immigrants to subscribe a small sum

towards the fund they will cost. This robin is the little red-breast we have read about but which those of us who are Canadians have never seen. All of these birds are known to be friends of the gardener. There are many farmers who would be willing to spare some of their fruit to hear again the blackbird's whistle or the song of the mavis, but the gentlemen of the Natural History society are very careful. Subscriptions can be sent to Mr. F. Napier Denison, Mr. Harold Nation or Mr. Arthur S. Barton.

The board of trade has asked the Dominion government to allow Mr. F. Napier Denison to go to Great Britain to tell the scientists there what he has discovered about the movements of the earth and what he thinks may be one of the causes of explosions in coal mines. It is hoped by Mr. Denison and by those who know something of his work that an observatory may be established here. If this were done the young folk of Victoria could look at the stars through a big telescope and get leave from some of the wise men who would come to live here to watch them at work finding out the secrets of nature. Not many of us know still lately that Mr. Denison had discovered many things which few other people in the world know, if he has not gone a step further than any of them.

A small Russian army is marching on the Chinese frontier and will take possession of the town of Kulu unless the treaty of 1881 is continued. The two points specially in dispute are the placing of Russian consuls in certain parts of China, and free trade in certain products among which is tea. It must be remembered that this treaty would only be in force a short time longer if the Russian Bear had not come down on China. This looks like a case where a just international law if there were one might, be put in force.

Australia, though a very large country has a small population and vast tracts of land that is unfit for use. A British admiral who was sent to find out how the Commonwealth could be defended, proposes to spend an immense sum in building a great fleet and fortifying a large number of ports. He is not willing, however, to ever so willingly pay for his himself and Great Britain is asked to help. It is planned to man the ships by Australian officers and men. This report of Admiral Henderson has caused almost as much surprise as Sir Edward Grey's speech against the building of more battleships.

A terrible powder explosion destroyed the town of Pleasant Prairie, in Wisconsin, on the 9th of March. The town contained about 700 people and almost all the grown-up people were employed in the factory. Not many lives were lost as the men were not working at the time.

The shock was felt in Chicago, where everyone thought the explosion was in some part of the city. There have been many severe explosions lately and much loss of life and property has resulted from the careless handling of powder, dynamite and other material used in blasting building factories and in handling the dangerous stuff of which explosives are made. The company offers to rebuild the town of Pleasant Prairie.

Sir Edward Grey, foreign secretary of Great Britain, made a speech on Monday that has set the whole world talking and thinking. Sir Reginald McKenna, the first lord of the admiralty had asked for a great sum of money to keep up the strength of Britain's fleet.

Sir Edward Grey then astonished his hearers by showing that the money spent in building battleships was ruining the civilised nations of the world. Yet it would be useless for any one to try to cease. President Taft had proposed that Great Britain and the United States should make an agreement never to go to war again. He believed that if two such powerful nations were to agree many countries

would follow their example. There would then be need only of such armies and navies as would form the world's police to enforce the law upon the disobedient nations. All this seems very wonderful. Yet it is not more than a hundred years when men killed one another to avenge an insult. The man who fights a duel now and kills his opponent is looked upon as a murderer. If men can live in a city without quarrelling why should not nations agree to settle their disputes according to right and not by might. If the British empire and the American Republic agree to work together for the peace of the world this day when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and men shall obey the command given nearly 3,000 years ago to love one another will be nearer. But are there enough followers of President Taft and Sir Edward Grey to make this possible?

BEACON HILL IN SPRING

One beautiful spring morning I went to Beacon Hill everything seemed to have made a month's growth in a week. The wild crocus peeped out from under the bushes of blooming broom; the grass was covered with buttercups and daisies with a shooting star among them. In the young oak bushes along the path the tiny green with its pure white petals and yellow stamens and petals. Now a wild canary stopped to drink the fresh dew from the green moss that spread like a blanket over the damp rocks, and then flew away singing a song of spring. Insects life too had begun once more; the bee buzzed from flower to flower gathering honey, the ants ran to and fro, getting food to store up for the young ones. One of the loveliest things was the scenery for as it was a clear morning, one could see Mt. Baker in the distance, the snow on it glistening in the sun. Further to the south was a ship on its way to Seattle, and on the south the Cascade Range seemed to come out of the still water and rise almost to the blue sky. The clouds had one or two white clouds in it. These mountains looked beautiful, shining in the morning sun. Now and then a soft breeze would shake the trees and make the flowers nod their pretty heads. Everything seemed to be in the best of health, the small insects, and the grass seemed to say, as they waved gently to and fro, "Be happy, it is spring."

By Winsome Nerontso, aged 12. Note: The editor is very grateful to Winsome for her very pretty composition.

A REVOLVING CASE

By Leonard Hatch. It all started because I was lazy. I had done my work promptly and thoroughly, I should not have been ordered to stay on after the regular hours. I was to finish my work by one o'clock, but I had not stayed on working alone. I had never before occurred to me to—but I am anticipating the causes which stopped my dawdling for good and all. I was working that winter in a big general store, where I was in charge of the business to keep the public corridors spick and span—to scrub floors, polish the brasswork round the stairways and elevators, and keep the office door-nobs gleaming.

But instead of feeling pride in the huge office building, I was in a bad mood. I had grown shifty. I did just enough work to keep from being reprimanded. And today I had not even done that. I was to leave the door open for the porter to come and tell me what the head porter came to me and told me with perfect justice—that my work had not been done thoroughly. I was to stay on and work an hour over my usual time. After the frequent manner of one who is in the wrong, I grew sulky and resentful. My fellow workers left by one o'clock, but I stayed on. I was to leave the door open for the porter to come and tell me what the head porter came to me and told me with perfect justice—that my work had not been done thoroughly. I was to stay on and work an hour over my usual time.

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dramatic which ran day and night, to provide for the lights and elevators in the building. And this motor had not been properly adjusted. Twice that day when it was thought to be disconnected, the gears had suddenly meshed and started the door, to the annoyance of workmen who were putting in a few final screws, every arm in the building had been given a jerky motion, and to touch the door, but in my present bitter and cook-sure mood I felt a supreme indifference to the order. I went along the dim, echoing corridor to the new door, carrying scrubbing materials—clothes, cleaning polish, and a box on which to stand, for I am only five feet in height. My hope was not to find the enclosing sides shut, for as they were fitted with springs, I should not have been able to reach the inside of the door. Fortunately, my scheme was not to be frustrated thus. The farther side of the door had been shut, but my side was still open. I put my little box upon the angle, and began to apply the wet coat of cleaning polish. I was in a hurry. In the dark, it was fast getting dark, and when day light had gone, there would be no other illumination. A single, electric bulb was burning at the other end of the

long corridor, but it was too far away to do me any good. Secondly, I wanted to finish my self-assigned task before the engineer went out to his supper. He was always in the habit of taking a look about the hall before he left, and I wanted to see him. So I worked away industriously, and finally had two sections of glass covered with the wet polish. I sat down on my box to rest and wait for the cleaner to dry. It had grown nearly dark. I was wholly inside the door—if one can get inside a door—and my back fitted comfortably into the angle formed by the door and the wall. I leaned back and I slept. I was awakened suddenly by a sharp click above me. I was in almost complete darkness, and at first was dazed, having not the remotest conception of where I had been. For an instant I crouched there in panic and confusion. In my bewilderment and half-terror I lunged out a hand. It struck something hard. Then, with a surge of relief, there came back to me the realization of where I was and how I got there. Instead of getting anywhere, I came crashing against a hard, smooth obstruction.

Far down the hall the faint electric light showed me the receding figure of a man. In a flash I realized what had happened. The engineer, in his tour of inspection, had seen the side piece of the door ajar, and not noticing me, he had closed it. The door had been shut. The spring-lock had done the rest. Its click was what had waked me. At first I was too much surprised to do anything. Before I realized the necessity of so doing, the receding figure of the engineer had turned a corner and vanished. But in the confusion of the moment, I was possessed by the absurdity of what seemed to me a ludicrous predicament. That there might be danger in it I never dreamed.

I set myself calmly to getting out. My call was a right-angled triangle, with one side slightly curved. With all my strength I pushed against the enclosing wall in which the engineer had encased me. It yielded not an inch; the lock held firm. Suddenly it occurred to me that the other side might not be locked. Fortunately that was easily reached. I had only to revolve the door until I came round to the other side. Accord-

ingly, I leaned heavily against one of the sides of the "V" which imprisoned me. To my delight it began to revolve easily.

Thank! This single metallic note came up to me from somewhere beneath the door. Then the wall which I had been pushing kept on moving away without my help. The teeth of the gearing below had meshed. The motor had begun to turn the door!

Even then I was not frightened. As I came round, I tried the other exit. There, too, the lock held firm. The door moved on; of necessity I moved with it. For the first time I began to realize that this was something more than a good joke on me.

This unending circuit, like that of some wild animal in its cage, began to grow irksome. Naturally I tried to stop the door by putting my shoulders against the wall behind me and trying to brace my feet. But there was nothing whatever on the level tiled floor to brace them against. The door moved on so smoothly and inexorably as before, shoving me round with it.

I soon gave this up and took a walk. I went again. Then I struck me that perhaps I could drive some wedges in at the bottom or sides of the door, and so check it. The box upon which I had

Some fair city, in trade or art, School or college, needs you today. If, undaunted, you do your part, Earnest purpose and honest heart, Know that surely she will repay.

Here he studied and played like you, Here at last to a man he grew, Year by year in the long ago.

Noble his life was, free from stain; Love and honor to him belong; Here he wrote of the sun and rain, Here he minted for us our coin.

Many a treasure of foreign song, This is his table, that his chair, Where he sat in the twilight dim; Shut your eyes, you may see him there.

But his statue is in the square; So his city has honored him.

Little sons, there is much to do, Though no statue shall be our prize; Men are about, the brains and true, Some fair city is calling you.

Wherever her roofs may rise, Under the elms or alar from these, Live oaks droop in the morning breeze, Or perchance, where the western pepper-trees Burn like flames at the harbor's mouth.

Then some day, in the evening brown, May you come, with your labor past, Honored hands to be folded down, Back once more to your own dear town.

Never to be ashamed at last, —Mary Eleanor Roberts.

stood was still underfoot, being pushed about like myself. I felt for it, took it up, and succeeded in wrenching it apart. The boards I tried to wedge in, where the turning door scraped the sides of the cage. The fit was too tight to permit any such wedging. I tried the strips of wood on the floor, but found them ineffective there also. Still this big wheel-like engine went endlessly round—and round—and round—and round. Still I walked with little mincing steps. The short orbit began to make me dizzy. I felt as if I were walking in a treadmill. I began to reel on my feet. Occasionally I would pace wrongly in the darkness only to come up with a bump against the glass in front of me. From time to time I had shouted, of course in vain. I had beaten on the heavy plate glass with my fist.

(Continued Next Sunday.)

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

"I'd like to say," said little Miss Bartlett, "but I guess I oughtn't to." "Oh, come now, John and the children won't miss you!" said her hostess, facetiously, for Miss Bartlett is the little spinster who lives by herself on the second floor at the Jordans. "You see," exclaimed Miss Bartlett, conscientiously, "I have the key to the back door, and Mr. Jordan has lost the front door key. Maybe he's only left it at his mother's and that's where they've driven today, so they will find it. But if he hasn't left it there, but has lost it, how ever will they get in?" "I told Mrs. Jordan I'd try to get back before dark, so to let them in. If the key's lost—it's getting dark already. I don't know how they'd get in!"

"Well, of course," said her hostess, "but I guess they'd make out some way."

Finally, however, Miss Bartlett's sympathetic mental vision of the pitiful state of the Jordan family, shivers outside their own portals, sent her hurrying homeward. She found the house lighted up.

"No, we didn't find the front door key," Mrs. Jordan replied to the question.

"O dear, and I wasn't here to let you in!" "And we had a job of getting in," went on Mrs. Jordan briskly. "Every-

window down-stairs was locked. I'd seen to them myself, and the storm-wind was too. Father, he had to go way down to the Rawsons and borrow their ladder and—"

"O dear, and I'd promised—almost!" lamented the conscience-stricken little spinster.

The two Rawson boys had to carry it, on account of father's back. They set it up to the storeroom window—I thought maybe it wasn't fastened, but it was, and they had an awful time to get it open. Benny Rawson hurt his thumb, and like as not it'll be a felon."

"Now don't you get all worked up over it, Miss Bartlett," put in "father," rather sheepishly. "When they'd finally got it open," Mrs. Jordan was bent on the orderly unfolding of the plot—"We Benny crawled in and thought he'd come right right down to the front door first, and slip the lock, so's we could all come in. After he'd fell over most every chair and table in the house and had got to the front door—well, what'd you think?"

"I don't think," said Miss Bartlett, hopefully.

"Why father's forgot to lock the front door at all, and we might all have walked right in, first off!"

"Now I almost wish," said the little spinster, thoughtfully, "I could have made it seem right to stay to tea at the minister's."—Youth's Companion.

UNTIL THE PITCHER IS PERFECT Out of the pottery even a young man was taking a beautiful piece of work. To the ordinary eye it was very nearly perfect in form, in coloring and in all its workmanship. But the young man who had made it saw something of imperfection about the pitcher, beautiful as it was. With the pretty thing in his hands he stepped to the door. There was a crash. The lovely pitcher fell to the ground, a little heap of broken fragments.

"Why did you do that?" some one who stood by asked. "I thought it a most excellent piece of work."

"It was not the best I could do! I never could be satisfied with it! Now I am going to make a better one!"

Then Josiah Wedgwood went back to do his best. Today the world prizes the wedgwood pottery most highly for its beauty and perfection. The young man, who was not satisfied with anything but the best, put himself back to work. From a humble workman he rose to be one of the greatest manufacturers of the world in his chosen line of work. But never would he permit a piece of inferior pottery to go from his factory. Those who worked for him knew it would be of no use to try to let poor pieces slip through.

"That never will do for Josiah Wedgwood," they would say. "If it should break in his hands he would only break it to pieces and perhaps discharge us."

Yonder is a young carpenter at work. Watch him! At moment as he places his square across the end of a board, he marks the line the saw is to follow in cutting it. Close against the edge of the board he brings out the tongue of his square. He knows that the slightest variation here will give him a catering line and spoil the work of the saw. For the board will not fit perfectly into the place in which it is intended. With steady hand he brings his pencil toward him, pressing hard against the other tongue of the square. Standing up, he looks at the work over. Is the line true? Nothing else will do for this man, he on his way to the master carpenter's place. Every mark must be perfectly true, every cut of the saw as straight as a die, every mortise exactly on the mark.

Up to the well-trained ear of the locomotive engineer of the fast express comes the grating of a piece of steel on another metal bearing. The piston is working hard. Slight as the noise is, he catches it and knows that the piston is wearing itself to pieces. Leaping from his place, he seizes an oil can and drops a little stream on the wearing metal. A little lightens his face as he listens for the sound that disturbed him a moment ago and does not hear it.

But why not let the steel wear? It is only a little way on to the end of the run, where another engineer will take over this young man. Does he need to be so careful? Listen to his answer. "I am working for the best place on the road. I must turn my engine over at the roundhouse in the best possible condition. I shall not be satisfied until I can do my work perfectly!"

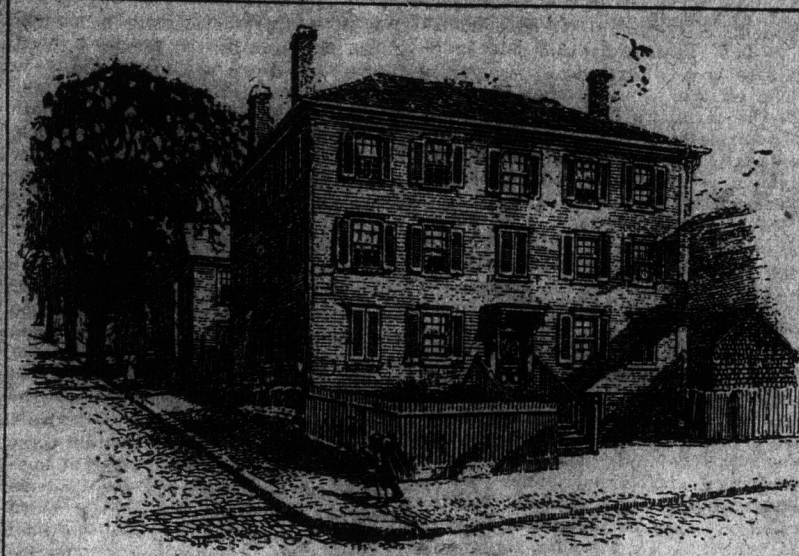
In a great factory where bronze work is done an old man is polishing the surfaces of a beautiful door. Over and over again he pushes his polishing tools on the already smooth surface. No sooner is he done with this time over, than he goes back and begins it all over again. Every spot and place on the door is touched and retouched and you can see, even with your unskilled eye, that each time over leaves the door more beautiful.

"But how can you tell when to stop?" you ask the old man. There is a smile on his face as he says: "We just keep at it till there is nothing more we can do."

It is the keeping at it that Josiah Wedgwood could not make a perfect piece of pottery at his young carpenter made many marks on the board before he let the master mechanic's bench years the traditions engineer until at last he stood at the his profession.

And, best of all, as we put ourselves into our everyday work earnestly, patiently, whole-heartedly, the lines of our characters come out more and more clearly. Life must have the chiseling and the painstaking and the patience, but the end is so glorious that our hearts rejoice and are glad that we have been thus faithful.—Ex.

"No, I'm tired of reading about the rise of a Republic. Let me try the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire for a while."—Youth's Companion.



The House at Portland, Maine, in Which Longfellow Was Born.

The Longfellow House at Portland

This is the home that his boyhood knew, That good poet whose songs we know;

Here he studied and played like you, Here at last to a man he grew, Year by year in the long ago.

Noble his life was, free from stain; Love and honor to him belong; Here he wrote of the sun and rain, Here he minted for us our coin.

Many a treasure of foreign song, This is his table, that his chair, Where he sat in the twilight dim; Shut your eyes, you may see him there.

But his statue is in the square; So his city has honored him.

Little sons, there is much to do, Though no statue shall be our prize; Men are about, the brains and true, Some fair city is calling you.

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I was awakened suddenly by a sharp click above me. I was in almost complete darkness, and at first was dazed, having not the remotest conception of where I had been. For an instant I crouched there in panic and confusion. In my bewilderment and half-terror I lunged out a hand. It struck something hard. Then, with a surge of relief, there came back to me the realization of where I was and how I got there.

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A LION HUNT

The very name S. memories of delightful red-letter days of sport commenced troubling, was at rest, unoccupied the white man, and a kaffir, or caravan. Ex-tive expeditions again land is still much turies ago, and (when-tered) should again p-nature-loving hunter-where the natives, the are still in their primi-

An earlier trip in been considerably han-my companion, had le-and on March 26, 1896 the little 80-ton steam slowly up to the landi-

On our return to got a rough handling- were lucky to pull thr-age she foundered with-approached I pointed D the old white Egypt-the residency, with a- yard and palm trees, tropical sun, the sand- to low foothills, and a- the distance, rose the- with Gan Libah, or- boldly in the foregr-charge at Berbera infor- at present in the count- had just left, also Capt- having had a somewh- place called Daghat, w- shikari, the latter had- off by a lion within a- happened that I had d- mountainous region of- Webbe Shebeyli River- ing through the Daga- I might get a change o- death, as the lion had- had engaged amongst- who had been with Cap- of the dead shikari. A- how I got this lion, wh- fine one, and incident- about the hardest an- work I ever had with- four weeks of more or- that preceded our arriv- was a district practica- one small village.

On May 13 I came very large lion, which I had ever seen before pronounced it to be the anxious to meet, ident- of the hind feet being- that it made a defecti- lowing the tracks for- evidence that the lion w- and I was beginning- when a thunderstorm- water-spout of rain, cor- spoor. My disappoint- However, the following- at 5 a.m., I again had- immediately to hit off the lion. After two hours' D. and his shikari, who- the same spoor in fro- forces, and soon came- killed a gerenuk and th- bush to devour it. Ou- we should find him in- we went, the covert be- to go through parts of- to sight the lion any- blank. The first thing- was a grand leopard sit- like a big dog some 120- peared to be waiting fo- of the lion's meat, as w- his spoor following th- antelope. The shot was- tempting; but our trac- lion, which they thought- this discussion the leap- might as well have had- found the lion was miles- bars a lot of rain later- place quite swampy; i- how's we followed the- crossed places well ove- the tracks led us to a vi- seen for a fortnight. He- lion had jumped the vi- the night and taken out- rocks took up the track- rocky hill, where in a- the head and feet of the- lost the tracks, and afte- search D., who was very- of over fifteen miles, and- of coffee before starti- and went down the hills- toward, which could be- sward, the valley. I, to- and had a bad sore heel, such a lion.

About half an hour a- heard a native h