

THE STORY OF RED-HEADED PHIL



coughed the captain. "No, no, no, I don't mean that. You can't go fighting a pack of dirty, idle lazy ruffians. Phil."

"Can't I, father?" said Phil, clinching his fists. "I think I could."

"Eh? Oh, yes, of course you could. But you can't, as a gentleman's sonan officer's son. You are going to be a soldier some day."

"Yes, but soldiers fight."

"Only when ordered to, my boy, and in some good cause. I can't have you coming home all battered and bruised. You wouldn't like to see Phil with a pair of black eyes and his nose bleeding, would you, May?"

"Oh, no, papa!" cried the girl; then she added, thoughtfully: "But I would like to see him beat those boys!"

"No, no; there must be no fighting for Phil except in a good cause," said the captain. "It is braver to treat it all with the contempt it deserves. Don't be kept in for such a cause as that, Phil. Let's see, May, you and Phil are going to Colonel Mayland's to tea, and there's to be a bit of a dance afterward, isn't there?"

"Yes, papa, dear."

"Then I shall drop in late to see how

ONE OF THE BOYS THREW A HORRID PIECE OF DEAD FISH

things are going on, and bring you

packing the snow down solid.

Then with spades and boards you can slap the walls into smooth shape. Leave an entrance in the back wall for the holders of the fort to use.

Then set up in the centre of the fort a mound, in the top of which you can insert your flagstaff. Set up neat piles of well-made snowballs in the corners of the fort, and depend upon the mound of snow in the centre as a source of extra snowballs if you find you need them.

One side occupies the fort, the other side plays besiegers. At a given signal the battle begins, and the besiegers try to rout the enemy and take possession of the fort.

things are going on, and bring you home. Take care of her, Phil, boy," he added, as he looked proudly at his bright, frank-looking son.

The door closed, and, after watching May trip by the window holding her brother's hand, the captain took up a book, returned to his seat and was soon deeply immersed in reading.

"Yes, pans, dear. One flew at Phil behind," sobbed May.

"But didn't I tell you to take care of your sister?"

"Yes, father, and I did try not to fight," fathered the boy, after glancing at his face in the glass.

"But, paps, dear," cried May, "you don't know. Poor Phil did just what you said, and he set his teeth hard when the boys followed us, and he hurried away to avoid them."

"Oh, he did, did he?" said the captain, using his own handkerchief to the tearful little cheeks.

"Yes, paps, dear; and he said he should love to go at them, but he knew you wouldn't like it, and we hurried on. But they kept on shouting at us, and Phil took no notice till one of the boys threw a nasty wet piece of seaweed at us, and another threw a horrid piece of



"IN A VERY GOOD CAUSE, MY BOY"

dead fish—and—and—and they both hit me, one on the neck and the other on the face, and—and then Phil fiew in—in—in a terrible passion, and—and—fought them, and—and—and oh, papa, dear, don't be cross with him—he was so brave! and is my face all dirty, too? "No, my darling" said the captain, gently now. "You seem to have washed it clean with those little tears. But, son Phil, I told you not to fight, sir." "You said only in a good cause, father," pleaded the boy, and the captain gazed in his boy's eyes in silence for a few moments.

"H'm!" he said, at last. "Three to one, eh, Phil?"
"Yes, father."
"Who won?"

"Who won?"
"I don't know, father, but I think I did, for they ran away."
"H'm-routed," said the captain, holding out his hand. "Here, take hold, my boy. I'm not a bit cross. But-er—" He hesitated and stopped as poor bruised Phil darted to his side. Then, after a cough: "Er—don't do it again."

It was hard work, but Phil strained his eyelids to get them well open to gaze in his father's face.
"Unless, I mean, it's in a very good cause, my boy. Now go upstairs and bathe your face."

—George M. Fenn, in Storyland.

Question Rhymes Game IVE each player two slips of pa-

per, on one of which he must write a question, and on the Then collect the papers, and place the questions in one hat and the nouns in another hat. nouns in another hat.

Each player now draws — first, a question, then a noun. He must then sit down and compose a rhyme in which he manages both to answer the question and to bring in the noun. Suppose the question is, "Do you like pickles?" and the noun is "violetr Perhaps your rhyme would be: "Do I like pickles?" Yes, I do, And I like violets, too. The first may be sweet or sour, But the latter's a lovely flower.

Useful Work for Loving Fingers

TO MATTER how much spending money you may have at your disposal, boys and girls, you can never buy any article that will please the one you give it to half so much as will some article that you have made with your own loving fingers.

rage the whole time he was being carried off.

"You've been fighting one of those

An Angry Monkey

Y OU know what clever tricks some animals can do, don't you? But they like to be praised just the

they like to be praised just the same as people do, and if they perform before a great many people they expect to be clapped.

There was once a clever monkey who could do lots of tricks, and he was taken to Turkey to perform before the Sultan, who is as important there, of course, as our President is here.

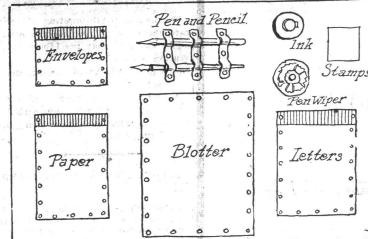
Now in Turkey it's bad manners to clap or show in any way if you've enjoyed an entertainment, so when the monkey had finished his clever tricks everybody was quite silent.

He was angry. After looking round and showing his teeth, he simply seized everything he could find and pelted the people—the Sultan as well!

You can guess how his master huried him out of the way as quickly as he could before he got himself into further trouble, but he chattered with rage the whole time he was being

top edge of each one with deep, butto.
hole stitches (using crewel silk)

Now cut out and tack to the board
three narrow strips of the serge, onehalf inch wide and five inches long.
These are to hold pen and pencil. Having done this, glue a traveling ink bottle, a serge rosette pen wiper and a
stamp box to the board in the upper
right-hand corner, and tack a couple of
sheets of thick blotting paper to the



bottom of the board, convenient of the writer.

Another very easy and very convenient gift you can make is a big workbasket, as follows: Buy a cheap camp stool and take out the canvas seat. Then tack a big silk or cretonne or sateen workbag to the edge of the framework of the stool; arrange a gathering string, and your workbag is ready to give.

For this gift you will need the counsel of some older head, no doubt, but your own loving fingers can do every stitch of the work.

Pioneer Speaks of Prince Rupert Harbor Best That Could Have Been

Chosen-Great Activity in

The District

All that immense stretch of country in British Columbia, lying adjacent to the Portland Canal or anywhere in the neighborhood of Prince Rupert, the new terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Rall-way, is being thoroughly prospected by speculators in agricultural lands and mining property. This statement was made in Victoria to a Colonist reporter by J. M. Collinson, a pioneer of that district, who is interested in the Maple Bay copper and gold mine. He affirms that, ever since it was authoritatively announced that the transcontinental railway terminus would be at the point selected, there has been a be at the point selected, there has been a pronounced advance in land, mine, and other values throughout the sections any-where within reasonable distance of the probable route of the railway from Hazelton to the coast.

Several years ago, Mr. Collinson states,

it would have been possible to go from one end of the Portland canal to the other without meeting any but native people. This summer all was changed. Everywhere dormant mining claims had sprung into sudden activity, districts which had into sudden activity, districts which had been mere stretches of waste had been surveyed and converted into thriving town sites, and, in fact, on all hands was apparent the commencement of a heavy influx of settlers and a remarkable development in natural resources. These, Mr. Collinson claims, cannot be estimated even by the persons more or less conversant with the topographical conditions and far less by the individual who has never visited the scene. From a section comparatively unknown and certainly untouched as yet by those interested in mining, timber or by those interested in mining, timber or agriculture, it has become the centre of attraction. "It would astonish you," said Mr. Collinson, "had you been able to witness the sudden transition of an absolute desert into a spot where the hum of indus-try can be heard on all sides." He went on to say that it was a striking illustration of the influence of a railway, especially one having communication with all the great Canadian centres, as the Grand Trunk Pacific would have when completed, upon a country much of which has not yet been visited, even by the most enter-

yet been visited, even by the most enterprising explorer.

The site selected for the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific is the best that could have been chosen, in his opinion. It combines everything that goes to make a great commercial and residential city. In the first place, its harbor is the finest of the many sheltered bays that are to be found along the coast in that vicinity. It is capable of accommodating the biggest is capable of accommodating the biggest vessels without inconvenience. The country which has been surveyed for the town site is comparatively level, and when cleared, buildings constructed, and railway depots, with trains arriving and departing each day, completed, should become the ideal city of the west, which the directors of the Grand Trunk Pacific have in their mind's eye. Moreover the climate is first-class, rivalling that enjoyed in this favored portion of Vancouver Island.

The standard and when the wick only would burn, and that only for a few moments.

But in spite of the surrounding water the candle will burn down to the very end. Come to think about it, it is quite possible, you see, for although the candle seems to bring the wick nearer to the water, it really becomes lighter and rises as it burns, thus keeping the wick continually above water.

"Up on that Portland canal," Mr. Collinson remarked, "we have a cold winter. There was snow on the ground when I left. But not so at Prince Rupert. For some inexplicable reason the temperature is more equable there. When we have cold weather with show, at Prince Rupert there is rain. Taking it all the year round, the temperature experienced at the new townsite is ideal, especially when it is re-membered how far north it is located. The summer there is really lovely. From May until September fine, warm, sunshiny weather prevails, with, of course, an occasional shower." Mr. Collinson reports that there has been considerable preliminary work done

at Prince Rupert this summer. The town-site has been thoroughly surveyed. A water supply has been located which would serve without difficulty as large a population as the city was ever likely to boast of. While coming south the steamer upon which he was a passenger had passed a vessel which it was understood had many thousands of feet of lumber for use in the building of a number of large structures. One of these is the new hotel. Questioned as to the character of the country in the immediate vicinity of Prince Rupert, Mr. Collinson stated that it was better adapted for mining than anything else. He asserted that the wealth of its mountains could not be overestimated. There was no doubt that when transportation was assured by rail and steamer there would be mines opened up which would vield enormous dividends. But back of the coast range of mountains the conditions alter entirely. There was to be found mile upon mile of territory which, he believed would make the finest agricultural land anywhere. The route of the railway would be through this district, and naturally it would not be long before large tracts would be taken up by settlers. The possibilities of the country from an agricultural standpoint could not be guaged by the most imaginative mind.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Conundrums. Conundrums.

1. Why are weary people like carriage wheels?

2. An old woman in a red cloak was passing a field, in which a goat was feeding. What strange transformation suddenly took place?

3. Why does a duck go into the water?

4. Spell, "blind pig" in two letters.

5. Which bird can lift the heaviest weights?

6. Why is a wise man like a pin?

7. Why is a Jew in a fever like a diamond?

mond?

8. Why may carpenters reasonably be-8. Why may carpenters reasonably believe there is no such thing as stone?
9. What is that which is put on the table and cut but never eaten?
10. What lives upon its own substance, and dies when it has devoured itself?
11. Why is a dog, biting its own tail, like a thrifty housekeeper?
12. What is it that is lower with a head than without one? 13. Which is the left side of a plum

Balancing a Coffee Cup OR this trick all you need are the following simple articles: A dinner fork and an ordinary-sized

cork. Fix the cork firmly in the handle of the cup, then stick the fork into the cork so that two prongs shall be on each side of the cup handle.

At the same time see that the handle of the fork slopes sufficiently to come under the bottom of the cup.

This brings the heaviest weight directly underneath, and makes it easy for you to hold the cup on the point of a knife blade, if you carefully find where the exact point of balance is, and also hold your hand steady.

Vanishing Coin

T AKE a small bit of white wax and stick it on the nail of your right middle finger. Be sure no one sees you do it.

Now take a coin (say, a dime) in the palm of your right hand and in-form your friends that you will make it disappear at your word of com-mand.

Close your hand so that the coin sticks to the waxed nail. Blow airily on your hand, make a few mysterious motions and passes and mutter some such words as "Presto! presto! be-gone!"

such words as "Fresto: presto: begone"

Then open your hand quickly, very quickly, spreading your palm out to the view of your friends. The coin being stuck to the nail of your middle finger will not be visible to them. When you command the coin to reappear all you have to do is to close your hand and rub the coin into the palm of your land.

OR this trick you want a piece candle and a nail to weight candle and a nail to weight it at
the lower end. This nail should be
of just sufficient weight to keep the top
end of the candle level with the surface
of the water in a glass, without wetting the wick.
Having placed the candle in the glass,



What Bothered Him. "You look awfully worried, Captain Brain!" Brain!"
"Yaas—I'm fearfully worried, don't
y'know!"
"Do tell us what it is?"
"Well, that's what's so fearfully
worrying, don't you know. I can't
think what it is I'm so worried

about!"-Sketchy Bits. Tommy Cat



If I walked with him folk would stare. So when he came to walk with me I wish I'd put on something warm I think I'd better go and share



Young Bunny's big umbrella there," Said Bunny; "If he comes to me I'll just pretend I do not see."

Warmhearted Bootblack.

A Chicago bootblack, with his kit on his shoulder and a package of newspapers under his arm, stopped at the call of a man with a club foot He worked away at the man's shoes, giving them as fine a polish as he could, and when the job was done the man threw him double pay, saying, "No change; I made you more work than as tolks do."





The boy spoken to lowernd the book he had been
reading to his sister, who was
some three years younger than he,
and turned rather red in the face as he
met his father's eyes; but he made no
reply, and Captain Linton, an invalid
officer of the British army, went on:
"Of course, my boy, I like to see you
kind and attentive to your sister, and
it's nice for you to read stories to her;
but she's an idle puss and ought to read
herself."

she's an idle puss and ought to read self."
was May's turn to look red now, and a glanced at her brother with her so half tearful, as they seemed to y, "Oh, Phil, why don't you tell pa?"
You see, my boy," continued the cape, "my army service has crippled me that I am obliged to hang about by threside, and with all my longing for toor life, it makes me feel vexed to you molly-coddling indoors reading ries to girls, when you ought to be ting an interest in vigorous games it trying to grow manly and strong, all very well trying to amuse your Then why don't you do as I say, sir? n't you like outdoor sports?" TAKE CARE OF SISTER

more. Hullo, May, what does that mean?"

The little girl's face grew crimson now as she faltered, "Mean, papa?"

"Yes, mean. I saw you screwing up your little mouth, telegraphing to Philip. What were you saying?"

"Only. 'Why don't you tell papa.'"

"Tell what?" said the captain, sharply. "What is it, Phil?"

"It's the boys here, father," said Phil, throwing up his head and speaking out in a frank, maniy way.

"What, your schoolfellows—teased you a bit? Oh, nonsense! absurd! Every boy has to go through semething of that kind."

"But you don't understand, papa, dear," said May, going close up and passing her arm under her father's.

Yes, father," said the boy, What do they do?" 'What do they do?' 'Chrey always shout 'Carrots!' at him, 'pa, dear,'' cried May. 'Carrots?' said the captain, sharply.

"Yes," said May, while her brother stood flushed and frowning, "And Red-hot flead" and 'Fireworks, and I'm sure Phil's hair isn't so red as I'm sure Phil's hair isn't so red as mine."

"And yours is a beautiful golden auburn," said the captain, kissing her tenderly, and there was a huskiness in his voice as he said softly: "Just like your mother's—exactly like hers."

Then Phil found his tongue.
"I don't mind that," he cried, "not a bit; but they throw stones at me and lie in wait to shout and jeer whenever I'm going to school or coming back. They hate all Doctor Burling's boys, and they shout after us all and make faces and pretend to howl or cry—and—and

"And what?"
"I know, papa, dear," put in May quickly; "one boy pulls another boy on his back, and then one of the others oretends to be whipping him."
"To make out," explained Phil, "that I'm being flogged by the doctor."
"Oh, pooh, pooh, pooh, Phil! You must be a man. Take no notice, treat it wit"

A Brave Kangaroo S showing the strong maternal love

among animals, the following story is interesting, not to say pathetic: The owner of a country stapathetic: The owner of a country station in Australia, sitting one evening on the balcony of his house, was surprised to notice a kangaroo lingering about, alternately approaching and retiring from the house, as though in doubt and fear.

At last she hurriedly hopped to the water-pail, and, taking a young one from her pouch, held it to the water to drink. While her baby was satisfying its thirst the poor mother quivered all over with excitement, for she was only a few yards from the balcony, on which, watching her, was one of her greatest foes.

The little one having quenched its on which, watching her, was one of her greatest foes.

The little one having quenched its thirst, it was replaced in the pouch, and the old kangaroo started off at a rapid pace, not waiting herself to take a drink. When the natural timidity of the kangaroo is remembered, it must be admitted that the affectionate mother exhibited astonishing bravery. So affected was the eye-witness of this incident that he never shot a kangaroo afterward. afterward.

Burying Beetles.

I N MANY parts of the world there are insects called "burying beetles," because they will bury small animals for their young ones to feed on. If one of these insects happens to find, say, a dead mouse, he will call his friends with a peculiar chirp, and they will all set to work to dig a big hole under the body and cover it with earth till it is huried.

freshly fallen, and divide your players into two sides, each side getting immediately to work making snowballs. At a certain signal all must leave off making snowballs and prepare to throw them. The side that has worked fastest will, of course, have the larger number of snowballs and consequently the greater advantage. sequently the greater advantage.
Whichever side succeeds in driving the other side beyond its back line is the wictor.

contempt."

"That's what I do do, father; but I can't gelp its making me feel wild, and I'd like to rush at them, and the worst is they can see how cross it makes me, and they do it all the more."

"Of course. Insolent ruffians! It would do them good if you gave one of them a good thrashing. I wish you would, my boy. I—ahem, ahem, ahem!"

one week of good coasting and kating and at least one jolly

Don't you pity the boys and girls of the tropics and semi-tropics, who have never even so much as seen a snow-take?

flake?

For any form of snow game, remember this, boys and girls, that you should not weight your snowballs with stones or any other heavy material. That would make them dangerous and hence spoil the pure fun of your game.

Take a day when the snow has

snow fight or game?

Another good game is to build a fort and fight over it.

First, roll up a number of huge snowballs, range them in a square, pile smaller snowballs on top of them, until the walls are as nigh as you desire, then fill in all chinks with snow, and finally set all hands to work

If the besieged fight valiantly till all their ammunition is gone and the mound in the centre has also been exhausted, then they will have to detail certain soldiers to rush out of the fort, secure snow and rush back again.

This is the opportunity for the besiegers to make a rush for the entrance and force their way in. If they can all get inside, the battle is considered won and the fort theirs to hold.

When the picked soldiers rush out of the fort after more snow they should have some ammunition sleds with them. If they are unprovided with these sleds, they can only bring in as much snow as they can stuff into pockets, hats and hands.

An ammunition sled is a box nalled

with your own loving fingers.
What can you make?
Well, what's the matter with a nice, useful writing board? Every one has

Stamps

need of such a board to place on one's lap and write on, at times when it is not convenient to use a desk or table.

It is very easy to make. Take a piece of common board, about three feet long and four broad. Cover it with art serge or some other material equally appropriate, which can be neatly tacked at the back with brass-headed tacks.

Now cut out three pieces of serge for pockets, one to hold envelopes, one paper, and the third old letters. Before tacking these pockets on to the board (with brass-headed tacks) oversew the

argains