

For half a day we plodded until we found the owner of the slaughtered sheep (a lonely bachelor, dwelling in a little fern clad valley), who promptly offered us, upon the altar of friendship, his last solitary apple. That three times divided fruit cemented our friendship and off we set to gather in the pelts—if they were worth while?—but the yellow figure had sneaked again out of the dark bush and had finished his work of destruction, evidently seeking such dainty

Ten centuries ago this great B.C. fir was the age of the youth now standing beside it.

At this date in B. C. affairs there was much rivalry in sealing and fishing on land. Fritz and I have seen boats leave Seattle and Canadian cities, two which promptly pounded their way across open once they struck the Pacific shores, and were nearly wrecked if they landed where they came on the shore. We saw many other boats landing again, and some the was placed the night before in a boat, and was taken to the shore.

"A wreck!" shouted Fritz, "and some men coming in through the surf." A pedestrian trip does not encumber one with pajamas, etc., so we had leaped up almost fully clothed. We splashed through the shallow lagoon and ran up and down along the edge of the sea. Again we heard the voices, twice more the gun was fired and the lights sent off—then all was silence. All night long we prowled along those sands, cold, dispirited, fearful every surf would lay at our feet a dark something which had once been a human being. In fact the pretence of a breakfast, after the daylight had showed us a blank sea, no sign of ship or boat or wreckage, was a pitiful failure. How could we eat with, as

"Put an anchor watch on, and the rest of you foot it back to town and tell that wealthy owner you will sail the lobster trap back, if he comes as supercargo." I think I saved their lives, and the owner's too, as he refused to risk the trip, and a tug pulled the wreck back to harbor with much clanging of high power suction pumps.

If everyone were wise and sweet,
And everyone were jolly;
If every heart with gladness beat,
And none were melancholy,
If none should grumble or complain,
And nobody should labour
In evil work, but each were fain
To love and help his neighbour
Oh, what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me for you and me!

And if, perhaps, we both should try
That glorious time to hurry;
If you and I—just you and I—
Should laugh instead of worry;
If we should grow just you and I
Kinder and sweeter-hearted—
Perhaps in some near by and by
That good time might get started.
Then what a happy world 't would be
For you and me—for you and me!

Teacher: Tommy, spell "wrong."
 Tommy: R-o-o-n-g.
 Teacher: T-r-o-o-n-g?
 Tommy: M-a-y-b-e that's the way you asked me to spell it.