

# A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

## CURRENT TOPICS

The French president, Fallieres, and the czar of Russia met on July 27th on board the warships in the harbor of Reval. The world will not be told what they had to say to one another though there is little doubt that the meeting was a very important one.

At Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, a terrible thunderstorm killed three of the 10,000 soldiers who were in camp there. The tents were blown down by the storm and other damage done. The bravest of men might be excused for being terrified by an enemy so restless as the thunder-bolt.

The pictures in Thursday morning's paper tell more about the destruction wrought by a typhoon than a whole newspaper full of description. These terrible storms which send thousands of Chinamen to a watery grave are too terrible for one who has not witnessed them to realize.

In the House of Commons in England a few days ago Lord Grey declared that it was no part of England's plan to leave Germany without friends and allies. The British statesmen tell the truth. Yet it is known that there is much unfriendly feeling between people in England and some of the German neighbors.

President Castro of Venezuela seems to be in a very quarrelsome mood. He has badly offended Holland. His latest order was to close the ports of the country against the products of the West India Islands. It is said that the people of Trinidad and the other islands near are very angry at the interruption of their trade and expect England to interfere.

American laborers have attacked the Italian fellow workmen in Louisiana. An empty house belonging to an Italian was blown up by dynamite, both Americans and Italians used knives and pistols and at last the foreigners fled to New Orleans for safety and appealed to the Italian consul. Here, too, the soldiers have been ordered to see that peace is kept.

On Tuesday there was a collision on the West-bound C. P. R. train not far from North Bay. Only one man was killed, though several were injured. It was marvellous that no more had been killed for a long time. The engine went through a tourist car. How one section of a train could run into the other at 3 o'clock in the afternoon is not easy to understand.

There have been many reports this week which show that the mines in Kootenay are in a more prosperous condition than they have been for a long time. This is good news. In some of the valleys in West Kootenay there are now fine farms and good orchards, although it was formerly thought that this was only a miner's country. This means much for the future prosperity of Kootenay.

What could have induced a young man of twenty-five, who seems to be in his right senses and does not look like a criminal to turn highwayman in a country where there is honest work to do is a puzzling question. The man who calls himself Charles White, will probably spend many years of his life in a penitentiary in punishment for the crimes which were as fruitless as they were wicked.

On Friday, the 24th of June, the Battlefields of Quebec were swept over by the Prince of Wales to the Governor General, to be held in honor of the late King. There was great cheering as the Prince closed his speech. The pageants are over but the great park will, as long as Canada lasts, be a memorial to the brave men who laid down their lives for what they believed to be the right cause. If men of British and French descent work loyally together for the good of the nation, laying aside all jealousies and prejudices, Canada will prosper as she has never done before.

The Sultan of Turkey has restored to the Christian province of Macedonia the power to govern itself. There is to be an election very soon. Whether the people who have been persecuted for many years are fitted to manage their own affairs remains to be seen. It is not likely that even the small part of the peninsula which remains will much longer obey the orders of one man. The map of Turkey is gradually growing smaller. One by one Greece, Bulgaria, Roumania, Serbia, Herzegovina have gained their liberty and Macedonia has now become partially independent. Many of these small countries are more or less under the protection of the great nations of Europe.

Across from Vancouver the new townsite of Point Grey is to be laid out. It is expected that this suburb will become the home of the wealthy citizens of Vancouver. An attempt is being made to name the streets after persons who figured in the early history of the province. It is to be hoped that none of the city councillors will, some day in the future, change these historic names for others which mean little or nothing. In Victoria, Cook and Vancouver, Quadra and Discovery, Chatham and Panton, Keane, Douglas, and Blanchard, as well as a few others preserve the names of explorers or their ships, or important persons who figured in the history of the province. They are much more suitable than such names as Elizabeth or Henry, of which no one knows the origin.

The government of this province has given a large sum \$30,000, with the promise of \$20,000 more to the sanitarium for tuberculosis patients at Tranquille. Everyone will be glad of this. Consumption is a terrible disease and one which must not be allowed to spread in our province. It would be a pity if people of British Columbia, far better to place every man, woman or child, suffering from tuberculosis where they will have a chance of getting well than to allow one such patient to die neglected and uncaared for at the risk of spreading the disease around him. Every boy and girl should learn how to live so that their lungs will be strong and healthy and how to spread the infection. It is not less important to know how to wait on others at once bravely and to know fear always increases the danger of any form of infection. The doctors are hopeful that tuberculosis will, in the future, become as rare as smallpox, but this can only happen by learning what we now have learned.

In England, in the United States and even in Canada we are accustomed to hear of great strikes. For one reason or other the large bodies of men stop working. Very often these discontented people are sent to the front and the owners of the factories or the works. Men of British birth who are ready to be surprised or alarmed when they hear that 20,000 mill hands in the great city of Bombay have left their work and that it has been found necessary to call out the soldiers to restore order.

But this is not a common strike. The men have struck not because of a dispute with their employers but because one of their fellow countrymen, a newspaper editor, had been punished for stirring up the public mind. The Hindus showed their hatred of foreigners then in the streets. This is very sad and dangerous state of affairs. It is to be hoped the discontent will pass away and that Hindus and Englishmen will come to understand one another better. For a long time the British government has done its utmost to make India prosperous. Great public works have been carried on in India and famine no trouble has been known there. It is hard for the people of the East and West to understand each other.

The summer is wearing away and the children must make the most of the three weeks of their holidays that remain. Today the High School examinations are on. It is a pity that the students have not a longer time to enjoy themselves. To many of them the time that has passed since the examina-

tions has been an anxious one and their real holiday only begins when the lists are published.

Thousands of young men are coming from eastern Canada and from the United States to help to gather in the harvest of the prairies. Some of these are common laborers but more are young farmers who leave their own homes in order to make some ready money and to see the country. A great many of the homesteaders in Manitoba and Saskatchewan first came out to the country as harvesters. The reliable fellows are excused for being terrified by an enemy so restless as the thunder-bolt.

Those boys and girls who take an interest in sports will have learned long before this of the success of Hayes and the failure of Dorando, and they will have seen that the Canadian, Kerr, won the 200 metre race. Although the American won the Marathon race the sympathy of the world, as well as of the crowd, will be with the Italian, whose powers of mind and body alike gave way when he had almost reached the goal. The long race of twenty-three miles was a terrible test of endurance and it is to be doubted if men ought to try their strength to its utmost limit except to save life.

It is said there is jealousy between the American boys and their British victors. This is unfortunate and it is to be hoped the feeling will soon give way to respect. The sportsman who does not know how to behave when he is beaten does not deserve to succeed. It is a matter of surprise that the athletes from

store and of the skill and industry of the men who have built up the business. The Weller brothers are men who afford a splendid example to all the boys in Victoria. They have done their work quietly and honestly and they have succeeded. Many people besides their own family will miss Mr. George Weller who died last week. He was one of those who loved to do a kind act or say a kind word. The world is the better for his life and his place will not be easily filled.

Lord Roberts is not coming to British Columbia. There are very few who will not regret that they have not had a chance of seeing the brave old general who will not, in all probability, again visit Canada. The story that comes from Quebec of the refusal of the soldiers to let Lord Roberts pass through Quebec is very amusing. The general had been at a garden party at the residence of the governor of Quebec. As he drove back his carriage was stopped by the lines of troops who were stationed along the route as a guard to the Prince of Wales, who was about to take leave of the city. Lord Roberts told who he was but the soldiers did not recognize him and would not let his carriage pass through. At last Bobs got out and began to toll up the steep ascent. He was, however, overtaken by two detectives in an automobile, who knew him and asked him to take a much amused with the incident. This shows that not to have known the famous general if he had come to Victoria.

time, with the girls' help, succeeded.

"If there can only get down to our boat," Charity urged, "we can take these home and then mother will care for these."

"Come, poor soldier," Polly echoed. "Dear nothing will make these quite well."

"A smile crossed the officer's pain-drawn face. "Bless your dear heart, pretty one," he said. "Limping painfully with the stiffened leg dragging, he made his way to the beach. Charity just behind him, supporting him when he stopped to rest, and Polly by his side patting his red sleeve when she felt he needed encouragement. The man's breath came in gasps, but he smiled at his rescuers."

"Good little Samaritans," he whispered. "Suddenly Polly cried out, 'Oh Charity! Look, there's a storm coming!'"

"Sure enough. Over the high shoulder of Prudence Island, great masses of purple cloud were rolling heavily eastward. The wind was increasing almost to a gale, too. One of the sudden, violent storms of the region was approaching."

"We must get home before it breaks," Charity spoke calmly, but for a moment her heartbeats quickened. "There is no shelter hereabouts."

"Making a last, supreme effort the soldier rolled into the boat and faintly."

"These must take the other pair of oars and pull for dear life."

A low growl of thunder in the west served to turn Polly's attention from their wounded passenger. She caught up her oars and rowed like the brave little woman she was.

and then sheets of rain began to fall. Through the storm the young mariners rowed bravely on toward the harbor shore, and after a half hour of hard work pulled into the calm water inside the point.

When the storm clouds had all rolled over, leaving the western sky aflame with gold, and a rainbow spanned the bay, promising a beautiful tomorrow, Charity and Polly, once more in spousal rags and kerchiefs were sitting on the old door-stone hand in hand.

"I'm glad we saved the young man," Polly remarked happily, "and I think his red coat is very pretty, even though it is wicked."

"Dear little Polly," Charity answered with a half smile. "It is not wicked for him to wear a red coat. He wears red, the color of his kind just as we wear the gray of the Friends."

"I wish Friends wore red then, if it is not wicked. I like it," Polly said decisively.

"For shame, Polly," her sister admonished. "It is not strict enough with us."

"Up stairs the British officer, his injury having been found to be only a bad strain, lay in Mother's tender-scented bed-room bed. He was now fairly comfortable and had told his story."

When the French ship had been landed from Newport harbor by the appearance of Admiral Howe's fleet, the British troops had marched out of the city, and succeeded in driving the Americans from the island, though not without severe loss. In the battle on the downs, the Sir Hugh Grantham, major of his Majesty's Sixty-third Foot Regiment, met with an accident. His horse was shot, and fell instantly, pinning him beneath its body, and injuring his right leg. He with difficulty crawled away from the scene of the combat, and when the British retreated to the city, was left unnoticed in his place of refuge under the bushes. Next day, he succeeded in dragging himself nearer the shore and hoisting a sign of distress, a bit of his shirt-sleeve tied to a stick.

The young soldier improved steadily under the kindly care of the Quakers, and soon was able to limp down stairs, and often joined the children in their favorite work-place on the old door-stone. He proved a merry companion, telling many stories of his adventures across the sea, the old red manor house among the great oak trees, where his mother housed with his little sister Marjory, whom he declared Charity strongly resembled. Polly rejoiced greatly when he once more donned the beautiful red and gold coat.

"It is so gay," she said, patting it often. "I do like it."

"Dear heart!" its wearer cried one day, catching her up. "I believe you are a little turned out. I think you would really change your peaceful gray for warlike red. It is not so?"

Does that not think I could be as good a girl in a red coat as in a gray one?"

"Perhaps," he answered gravely; "but certainly you could not be a braver little maid."

At last the day came for Father May to take Major Grantham over to Newport, whence he was to sail for England with his regiment, and two very sorrowful little lasses in white caps and kerchiefs watched their father's boat out of sight.

They missed their friend sadly and they had not forgotten when, in the early spring, a boat box which had just arrived from over the sea, the letters were from the major and his mother, thanking the Mays once more for their kindness to the wounded "redcoat," praising the bravery of the little girl who had nursed him, and expressing the contents of the box with the hearty gratitude of the Granthams. Marjory sent many loving messages to Charity.

When the great box was opened, wonderful treasures were disclosed, beautiful things such as the simple New England Friends had seldom seen. Books for Father May and the boys, fine linen and delicate china for the mother, some heavy silver spoons for Charity's dowry chest. "Just like Marjory," the letters said, and down in the very bottom something red. As Mother May drew it out, Polly began to dance.

"For me?" she cried. "Is it not, mother dear?" Her mother looked at the label a little doubtfully, and then wiggled as she saw her little girl's shining face. In another moment Polly was shaking out before the admiring eyes of the family a beautiful, long scarlet cloak.

"May I wear it, mother? Will thee not say I may?" she begged.

And Mother May, wise woman that she was, still smiling answered gently, "Thine may wear it sometimes, my dear."

And Polly did wear it until the Friends in Providence City heard of the frivolous red cloak down remembrance to Mother May. Then it was laid away, and has been kept safely through many, many years, and is a memento of their little Revolutionary ancestors.

## FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

To London-Town

Saw-saw Sa-car-a-down,  
Which is the way to Lon-don town?  
One foot up, the other foot down,  
That is the way to Lon-don town!

"Can't I travel a new way now?"  
"Well, there's a new way each day!  
Or to take the Air-ship painted brown,  
That may ar-rive in Lon-don town!"

"But mo-tors of-ten de-cline to go,  
And air-ships out to sea may blow;  
So one foot up, and one foot down,  
Is the safe-way to Lon-don town!"

—Shells—  
All Be-cause of a Crab

Dal-sy will you come to the sta-tion with me,  
to meet Aunt-le, call-ed Mo-ther, "we must hur-ry, for she does not know our new house."  
Dal-sy had been play-ing on the sands, but ran up at once.

"Just pop on your sand-shoes," said Mo-ther, and hur-ri-ed off to the Pa-rade. Dal-sy soon fol-low-ed. On their way they met a lit-tle girl, two said:  
"What a pit-y we can't take it home!"

Then she care-ful-ly pick-ed a lit-tle crab out of her pail, and plac-ing it on the road, ran quick-ly af-ter her mo-ther.

"Oh! poor lit-tle thing, it will get run over!" cried Dal-sy. "May I just take it down to the beach, Mo-ther?"

"There is n't time, dear, un-less you would ra-ther not meet Aunt-le. I will ex-plain to her if you like."

"Please do!" said Dal-sy, and she ran to pick up the crab, which was just scut-ting to-wards a cart.

"What a shame to take it from the sea if they did not want it!" ex-claim-ed the lit-tle girl. She car-ried it down the beach, and put it in a dear lit-tle rock pool, watch-ing it as it scut-tered hap-pily away un-der the stones.

"Sud-den-ly a voice cri-ed, 'Dal-sy!' and she saw a la-zy beck-on-ing to her from the Pa-rade.

"Why it's Aunt-le," she cri-ed in a ma-zement as she rac-ed up the beach.

"Yes, it is," and Aunt-le laugh-ed, and she kiss-ed the lit-tle, hot face. "I came by an early train and have been look-ing for your house for such a long time. I don't know what I should have done if I had not seen you. Where is Mo-ther?"

Dal-sy then ex-plain-ed.

"We must meet her, in-stead of us meet-ing you," laugh-ed Dal-sy. "How sur-pris-ed she will be!" And she was.

"Good gra-ces!" she ex-claim-ed. "I won-der Aunt-le has not got all-to-geth-er!"

"I should have been if I had not seen Dal-sy," re-plied Aunt-le.

"And Dal-sy would not have been there but for the crab," said Mo-ther, with a mo-men-t of hesi-ta-tion on the part of Dal-sy would have caused dis-as-ter, but guided by the two pairs of oars, the lit-tle boat kept her nose pointed to the sea, and rode out the gale. The worst of the blow was over in a few minutes.



Great Britain and the United States took so many of the prizes.

The victors received their trophies from the hands of Queen Alexandra, and no doubt that gracious lady had something suitable to say to each of the gallant fellows who had striven so hard to fit themselves for the contest. Though almost an old woman the Queen of England has a young heart in her bosom.

The following account of Kerr, the Canadian athlete taken from the Montreal Star, shows that he is a young man of whom Canada may well be proud:

"Robert Kerr, the young Canadian who won the principal Olympic race of today, the popular Bobby Hamilton. His father is George Kerr, who, for the last 18 years has been in Hamilton's service as board the foreman for No. 2 ward. Bobby was educated there, in the early '80s in age, and occupies a position of responsibility in the employment of the International Harvester Co., with which he has been almost ever since it established its Canadian branch here. He has been running several years, first coming into prominence as the crack sprinter of the Harvester company's fire brigade. He is running under the auspices of the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union, and volunteered to look after the Hamilton team in the Montreal Star's King's Birthday race last November. He is a fine type of young man, clean in life and character, well educated, intelligent and trustworthy. He is a member of the First Methodist Church where he is to be seen at every service when in the city, and which church his father is a leader and member of the quarterly board."

Every one in Victoria is proud of Weller's splendid

Continued From Last Week

Suddenly she stumbled and almost fell over something, and stopped with an exclamation. There, in the uniform of a British officer.

Polly clung to her sister and began to cry loudly, slightly and opened her eyes.

"Hush, little one," Charity whispered. "He cannot harm thee not more a little now. His leg is broken, think." He is badly injured. His leg is broken, think."

At her sister's assurance, Polly took courage and stopped crying. Coming closer, she examined admiringly the scarlet coat, with its trappings of gold. To the little Quaker lass, who had never before seen anything but sober garments, it seemed wonderful indeed.

But it was Charity's turn to look distressed.

"We must get him into the boat and take him home at once," she said.

"But how, Charity? He looks heavy," and Polly surveyed the prostrate man doubtfully, and Polly said, "I don't know," answered her sister, "but we must find a way," and she gently touched the gold-embroidered sleeve. Again the soldier opened his eyes. Suddenly he made a weak effort to rise.

"Can thee not move a little now, if we help thee?" Charity asked, looking out a bit anxiously. A fresh westerly wind had sprung up, and Polly's "white ruffles" of an hour ago had become whole-caps now.

Once more the soldier endeavored to rise, and this