

FOR THE JUNIORS

CANADA'S FUTURE.

By Freda Chalmers Malloch. Aged 14.

CANADA, the largest of the British possessions, has an enormous and extremely brilliant future before it, and if all its products and industries multiply as vastly as they have in the last century even Europe or Asia may not possess greater power, wealth or manufacturing faculties as Canada.

It is almost incredible that one hundred years from now the population of this "country of ours" will have increased to such an enormous extent that the Western prairies, with all their regal magnificence and the peaceful country dotted with quiet farms, will be converted into prosperous cities. But although Canada's populace is now comparatively insignificant to that of Europe or Asia it is being increased enormously every year by the thousands of immigrants pouring in from every portion of the globe.

As the population continues to so rapidly multiply, annually, so must the manufactures and industries increase. Food and clothing must be supplied in great abundance to the people, and in order to do this the machines for making these necessities must be obtained and this will give rise to an extensive manufacturing industry. This industry alone is sufficient to supply millions of the populace with work in the future.

Then for a country so extremely important in the history of the world Canada will have to have good laws if the people are determined to make their native country prosper. The laws must be made by sensible, honest men, who labour not for their own interests, but for the general benefit of the country. In future years, if the laws of Canada are wisely made and carefully considered before they are finally passed; if they are continually and strictly enforced, they will undoubtedly be an immense benefit to the country, and prove entirely just and satisfactory to the people.

In the future Canada's wealth will probably be enormous. This is likely to occur because the population is so immense that the annual revenue derived from the taxes levied on the people will doubtless multiply, and help to swell the treasury of Canada; and in this one way, if even a few of the many prophetic ideas expressed daily, as to the future wealth of Canada come true, our own country will be made one of the wealthiest of nations. Still another of the already numerous contrivances by which Canada's income will be annually increased is by the daily consumption of postage stamps used in sending letters and messages, etc., by the immense population. This, plus the many other annual revenues, contributed annually to the maintenance of the Canadian Government, and other expenditures, will in time make Canada one of the foremost of the wealthy countries of the world.

Another extremely important feature in the history of future Canada, is the progress of education, for without education a country cannot be complete or perfect, and cannot be compared with a country possessing all the modern educational institutions. Schools and colleges where learning as well as different trades and occupations are taught will undoubtedly be erected in and throughout the Western cities and Provinces. In future years, if Canada has all the modern educational institutions the countries of the old world may vie with it.

Thus, in the above and many other ways, Canada has a dazzling and brilliant future waiting impatiently to be grasped. The future is made so brilliant because of the great wealth, manufactures, industries and commerce of Canada in the mysterious years to come.

MADDENED.

"I'm maddened at you," said small Jean, "and I'm never going to play with you again."

"I'm madder than that at you," said John.

"I don't love you any more, and I wish I had some other child for my brother."

John swung his feet and whistled to show that he didn't care.

So the unhappy children sat at opposite ends of the porch when Auntie Ree came around the corner of the house.

"Well, treasures," she cried, "I've brought the pony carriage, and we're going out to the park this afternoon, as I promised you. But what's the matter?"

"We're maddened," explained Jean with dignity.

"Yes, we're mad," confirmed John.

"Oh, that is too bad!" said Auntie Ree. "And of course I can take only one of you to the park. It wouldn't be pleasant for people who are mad to go together. Which one shall I take today?"

The twins did not look at each other, but they were thinking very hard.

"I b'lieve," said John slowly, "you'd better take Jean. She was sick yesterday, and most likely the air would do her good."

"No, Auntie," cried Jean, jumping up in her eagerness, "'cause John wants to see the bears worse than I do, and he wants to ride in the little white boat. And I'm not a bit sick to-day, and besides when I felt bad yesterday he gave me his playthings, and I broke a screw that makes the engine go, and he wasn't the least bit cross. He's the goodest boy I ever saw, and I truly want him to go."

"Then I don't believe you are mad at him any more," said Auntie Ree.

"No-o," said Jean stealing a glance at her brother.

"Neither am I," cried John, with a beaming face.

"Then run and get ready," said Auntie.

Hand-in-hand the twins raced upstairs to ask mother to help them. Later when they were driving along between the daisy fields with all the delights of the woody park in anticipation, they patted each other across Auntie's lap.

"I'm so glad we're not maddened any more," sighed Jean.

"So am I," said John.—Zelia Margaret Walters.

THE BOY AND THE BIRD.

A LITTLE boy, with some little tools
In a little tool-chest new,
Was looking around for a little work
For his little hands to do,
When a little bird, with a glossy breast,
Flew down to a cherry limb
That was very close to the little boy,
And twittered a song to him.

The little song pleased the little boy,
Who said to the little bird:
"Your song is sweeter, it seems to me,
Than any I ever heard.
But I can tell, by your tone of voice,
That you're wanting something now,
And I'll gladly help you, as best I can,
If you'll only tell me how."

The little bird, with a little hop,
Came a little closer then,
And a joyful note from his ruffled throat
Came bubbling in song again.
And the little song told the little boy
That a pretty thing to give,
Is a little house to a little bird
Who's hunting a place to live.

The little boy, with some little tools
In a little tool-chest new,
Was happy, indeed, for a little work
That his little hands could do.
And the little bird with the glossy breast
Soon found near the cherry limb,
A little house that the little boy
Had built with his tools for him.

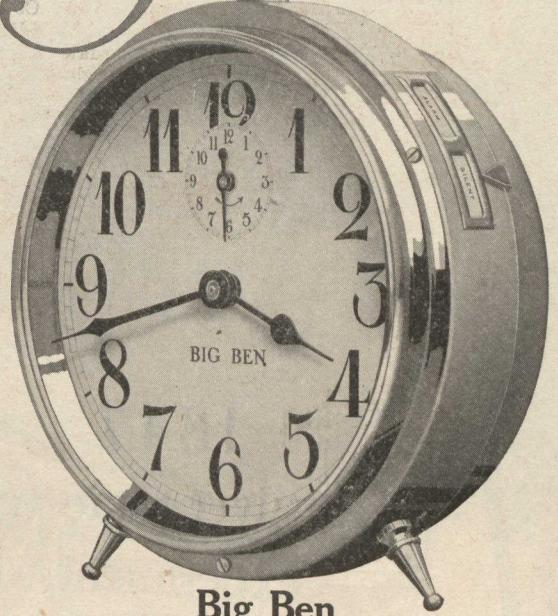
The little bird saw the little house,
And his heart was filled with glee;
And I needn't say he hurried away
For his little mate to see.
And they built their nest in the little house,

Where they live in peace and joy,
And the tree-tops ring with the songs
they sing,

In thanks to the little boy.

—Charles F. Hardy.

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