THE VICTORIA COLONIST

F FOR THE YOUNG F

CURRENT TOPICS

Castro, the president of Venezuela, is so ill that the Vice-President has to act in his place. In the meantime Holland is considering what it will do.

There was a terrible flood at Hyderabad, in India, which drowned three thousand people. Such loss of life very seldom takes place except in the crowded cities of India and China.

From all directions there come reports of accidents by people who drive their motors at too great speed. During the fair week there was very fast driving in Victoria, and it was a great mercy there serious accident.

There are many heroes among railroad men. We do not know how often they save the lives of the passengers by risking their own. A few days ago an engineer, Charles Livingston, was killed on the Na-tional Transcontinental Railway, near Winnipeg while trying to save his train. There were thirteen persons on the supply train and all were saved except the brave fellow who stuck to his post.

The editor is very much ashamed to see that St. Nicholas was stolen out of the Ladies' reading room at the Carnegie Library. The naughty girl who did this has punished others for the librarian has very properly taken the magazine into the reference lib-rary. How could any one who loves reading be so selfish and so dishonest? Those who behave in such ways bring disgrace upon the whole city, and in time they will be found out. they will be found out.

Earl Grey has returned to Ottawa. He and his friends only came as far west as Okanagan, where he has a large farm in the dry belt. It is not dry now as water has been brought into it by irrigation. It used to be thought that the desert could only be made to blossom as the rose by a miracle. But we have seen how men can make wheat and fruit grow in land that was thought fit for nothing, in Alberta, British Columbia and in Washington.

There is a wild but beautiful tract of land in East Kootenay which Game Warden Bryan Williams wants the government to keep for a game reserve. Out of all the land in British Columbia he believes a space thirty miles square should be set apart for the survivors of those wild creatures which once roamed over the whole country. Hunters have not yet destroyed the game in this region and he thinks the animals should be allowed to inhabit it.

All German fathers from the Emperor to the peas-ant teach their sons some useful trade. President Roosevelt is following this wise example. His son Theodore has gone to work in a large carpet factory. If he is as capable and as honest as his father, he will, some day, be a great manufacturer. Both in the United States and in Canada the poorest boy may become wealthy and honored, but it too often happens that the sons of great and wealthy men are useless, extravagant and wicked.

The strike of the C. P. R. machinists is over. Everyone must be glad that the men went back to work and that their wives and children will not suf-fer in the winter that is coming. The strike was not a disorderly one, so there will be no hard feel-ing now that the men have gone back to their work. Wise men are trying to find a way to make great Wise men are trying to find a way to make great quarrels between workers and their employers im-possible, and no doubt they will succeed. There will always be careless and lazy workmen who will be dismissed. But employers will not be allowed to treat their men unjustly.

Several new school districts have been made and the boundaries of others changed. This shows that British Columbia is being settled. The children who the come here are more fortunate than were those who first settled in Eastern Canada. Here schools are built as fast as there are children to fill them. There many girls and boys had to pick up what education they could get at home or perhaps in a few winter months at a distant school. Yet it will be well if the most and worken who are around up on are are are men and women who are growing up now are as wise and upright as their grandfathers and grandmothers

e Grand Trunk Pacific railroad from Edmonton nce Rupert is being built into British Columbia guickly. The question of how supplies are to ought to the men who are working at the two very red miles in the centre of the province is puz g the government and the contractors. It is ight a supply road should be built from one of the stations on the C. P. R. into the country through which the Grand Trunk Pacific runs, but whether Revelstoke, Golden or Kamloops would be the best place to start from has not been decided. The railroad company will ask the government to build this

directions. The city engineer is making haste to put in the pipes that are to carry water to fight the fires and the permanent sidewalks are being laid along streets that were a few years ago out of town. It looks as if Victoria would soon be as clean and comfortable a city as one could wish to live in. But though the city is doing so much, there is plenty left for people, young and old, to do about their own homes before everything is trim and tidy. The wages paid these men will keep away hard times from many homes this winter. When we read that people in other cities are autering from want of food, we ought to be very thankful that no one here is either cold or hungry.

The visit of Lord Milner to Victoria was a great honor to our city. This great man was not born a lord. He was a doctor's son, and his mother was the daughter of a general who had been made gov-ernor of the little Isle of Man. But Alfred Milner ernor of the little Isle of Man. But Alfred Milner was clever and industrious as a boy. When a young man he wrote for the newspapers, and it was no doubt then that he learned how great the British Empire was growing. His knowledge attracted the attention of the men who were governing the coun-try, and he was sent to Egypt. There he worked with Lord Cromer and came to understand affairs so well that he wrote a book which taught the English peo-ple much about what was going on in that great country. When a wise ruler was needed at Cape-town, in South Africa, Lord Milner was made governor. He remained

governor. He remained during the war and un-dertook the work of mak-

took was easily done. He had many and powerful

enemies, but went quietly on his way, doing what he believed to be his duty. It is such men but

who make empire-build-

nature study and showed that many of the men who had done most for

the world had spent years of their lives in nature study. One of these is a young man from Vic-

a young man from Vic-toris, Dr. John Toöd, who had helped to find a cure for the sleeping sickness, which killed thousands of people in Africa. Other nature stu-dents had found that the

dents had found that the

ers.

"Don't you remember Toomai?" she cried. This name made me fee in the memory

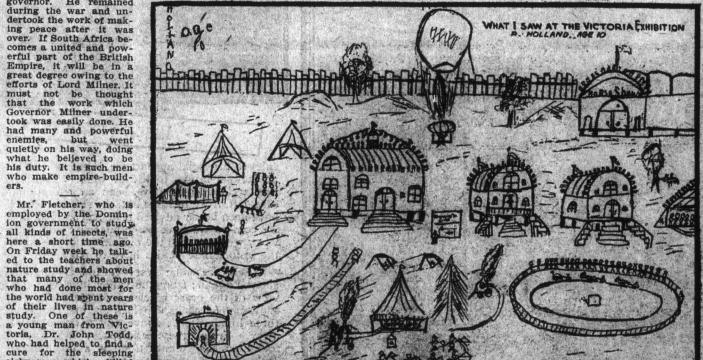
This name made me feel "warmer" in the memory hunt, though still vague. "Jungle Book?" I asked. She nodded, then shook her head, and said, "No, it couldn't be Kala Nag after all;" and added, in word-perfect Kipling, "He'd served the Indian government for 47 years, and as he was fully 20 years old when he was caught, that made him 70. And he remembered pushing at a sun stuck in deep mud, and that was before the Afghan War of 1842. No, it couldn't be Kala Nag." Jexpressed my relief at the removal of the doubt. But her mouth corners did not lift. She looked at the great grey beasts with sorrowful eyes. "But perhaps he feels bad, just like in the verses," she said.

she said "What verses?" I asked, interested to see yet an-other instance of the way the "Jungle Book" stamps itself on child minds. And she said, softly and without a falter-

will remember what I was. I am sick of rope and chain. I will remember my old strength, and all my forest

affairs. I will not sell my back to man for a bundle of sugar-

I will go out to my own kind and the wood-folk in



I will go out until the day outil the morning breaks-Gut to the wind's untained kiss, the water's clean caress. I will forget my ankleter in and snap my plotestatisks I will revisit my lost over, and playmates mast-iters. I will revisit my lost over, and playmates master less. I will revisit my lost loves and playmates master less. I will revisit my lost loves and playmates master less. Darze. This is a very simple game. It may be played the players should know of it a day or so in advance The players eact themselves in two rows, facing ach other, and the first player on one side begins by or "playful," thus, "our dear little cat is pratful". I while revisit the solution of the first player can count ten must ubstitute some other adjective dearm coal, and in our own time Edison and Marconi, mak-ing a servant of the electricity Franklin brought down to earth, and Pasteur and Koch, peering at the tiny things that enter into our bodies and cause disease and death. These, and thousands of others have, by studying the world round them done great things for mankind. Even to understand what they did is worth long study, but who knows what boys or girls can find out for themselves who learn to use their eyes? What Dr. Fletcher showed was that nothing is so small as to be beneath the notice of the wisest man, and that no knowledge is useless. Though children look forward to a long life, the very longest life is too short to learn even a little about this wonderful world in which God has placed us.

until all the players on one side are out, says Home The game may be continued, for some time, if desired, by using adjectives beginning with the other letters of the alphabet.

to make one pound of honey, must go from hive to flower and back 2,750,000 times. Then, when you flower and back 2,750,000 times. Then, when you think how far these bees sometimes fly in search of these clover fields, oftener than not one or two miles from the hive, you will begin to get a small idea of the number of miles one of the industrious little crea-tures must travel in order that you may have the pound of honey that gives them so much trouble.— What to Eat

THE AUSTRALIAN BOTTLE TREE

It was like a real bottle, thirty feet high, covered with the bark of a box tree, and with a gum tree growing out where the cork ought to be." Such was the way in which an Englishman described the first bottle tree which came under his notice; and truly, one who does not know the tree, its sudden appear-ance in his pathway, often in the midst of dense scrub, must make a vivid impression. The lower part of the trunk is thick and cylindri-cal, decreasing in size towards the top, its shape be-

cal, decreasing in size towards the top, its shape be-ing that of a gigantic living bottle, from the neck of which spring the only branches and leaves that the which spring the only branches and leaves that the troe possesses. In this respect it carries to an ex-cess the peculiarity of most Australian trees, namely, their lack of branches for a considerable distance up the stem. The bark is of a grayish color and is very hard, but the wood inside is soft and moist. The latter can be chewed in the same way as sugar cane, but, as it lacks its sweet, pleasant tasts, it is vary used in this way. This peculiar char-acteristic of the tree, however, makes it a val-uable food for cattle. In-deed, during the long droughts which occasion-ally visit Australia hun-dreds of settlers have to

dreds of settlers have to thank the bottle tree for saving them from ruin. Sometimes for more than a year, and in the inland districts for still longer periods, scarcely a drop of rain falls. Every blade of grass is dried, tanks become empty, creeks no longer run, and in many cases dry up al-together, as do nearly all water holes and lagoons; cultivation is impossible, and fodder for cattle and horses is extremely dif-ficult to procure. Then the bottle tree comes to the rescue. Every scrub is searched for these liv-ing bottles, and every-where is heard the ring-ing of axes as the strange, attractive trees are laid low. As soon as the trunk has been stripped of its bark, the cattle are brought to it, if within easy distance, and there they remain until neither leaves nor wood are left. In places have no scrubs of will drive many miles a wagon load of this mes, Instead of flowing the the cutter, and thus make dreds of settlers have to thank the bottle tree for

sister and brother had a ride on the merry-go-round. and then we went into the main building and looked at the school work and then to see all the flowers, if was really beautiful. After that we went upstairs to see the sewing. I put a dressed doll in the exhibi-tion dressed in white, but did not get a prize for it. The girls' cooking was very nice and so was the sew-ing, I think. There was a little church with a clock at the top and doors that would open and close and a light at each side.

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light at each side. After that we went to have our dinner at one of the tents and after we had our dinner we went into the machinery building. We could hardly hear each other speak, so we did not stay in there long.

Mother said that she wanted to go and see the poultry, so we went in there. There were some very funny roosters with feathers all over their eyes so that you could not see them and pigeons with fan

Then we went to see what the horse show building was like. After that we went to see the stock parade. There was a great lot of them and it was very nice to see them too. After a while we had a walk to see the sheep and pigs. Then we went round to the back of the race track to see the balloon go up. It took a long time for the balloon to get blown up, so we had to wait. The balloon went up with such a start and when it got up a little way grade balloon a

so we had to wart. The balloon well up with such a start and when it got up a little way smoke began to come out of it, and the man got out of the box, and when it came down. It was tied to a parachute and when it came down it made such a noise. In a little while the man came down with a parachute over him. After that we went home. Your loving friend, M. GRANT.

Girls' Central School, Sept. 28, 1908. Victoria, B. C.

Dear Editor.—My cousin took my sister and me to the exhibition. I think it was nice. After we went through the gates we went into the main building, and looked around at the things. But the prettiest was to look down from upstairs and see the flowers and fruit in different colors. Then we went into the machinery building and looked around. A man that was attending to the paper machinery told how they made paper with wood. They first took chips of cedar or Douglas fir and put it into a ma-chine and boiled for eight hours with a little soda which turned it black and soft. He showed us the which turned it black and soft. He showed us the which turned it black and soft. He showed us the chips before and after they came out of the machine. They then take the black pulp and put it into another machine, and after they take it out it looks like cream. They put the pulp into another machine and made paper of it. We went and saw the horses, chickens, cows and sheep. Then had lunch and had a ride on the merry-go-round. Then we saw some of the horse races, stock parade, and after the balloon went up we came home. Yours truly, MARGARET ANDERSON. Girls' Central School, Sept. 28, 1908, Victoria, B. C.

Dear Editor.—Would you like to hear of a trip I took up to Pender Island in our holidays? We start-ed for the Sidney train at half-past seven. It was a lovely day. The sun was shining and lots of people by both the sum was shining and lots of people out of the station at a quarter to eight. We saw lots of farms, and big fields of wheat and oats, and ani-mals were feeding in the fields. The hay was just beginning to be taken in. The sum was shining on filk Lake and the water-lilies were out and they one o'clock. If was very calm on the water, and were o'clock. If was very calm on the water, be not o'clock. If was very calm on the water, be were o'clock. If was very calm on the water, be office and got the mail. We had to walk a mile to far and so the mail. We had to walk a mile to far and so the mail. We had to walk a mile to office and got the mail. We had to walk a mile to have o'clock. Then we went up to the post office and got the mail. We had to walk a mile to have the bathing every day. We used to go visiting of the starm where we stayed. There were on the have to lot. They have telephones and a school, and overly place to live. We stayed right near the water have out of one of the stayed ourselve. Two little children of the farm where were lots of blackberries. It is have out of the mail to the water is pretty cold for six and seven were afraid of the water and would go up to the the takkes in the water and would spike a be then and they would run to the shore out a got the the mail. We wend the store and when they put here to the the water and would spike the mail the would run to the shore out a got the the mail to the store and the seven were spike when they put here to the store and would spike the mail to the store and the seven and would spike them and they would run to the shore out a got and the to the store and to the store and be when they there to the store to the store and the spike the mail the seven were the store to the shore out a got and the seven were the store the store and would spike them and they would run to the shore out a spike them and they would run to the shore out a spike them and they would run to the shore out a spike them and they would run to the shore out a spike them a lovely day. The sun was shining and the train passed out of the station at a quarter to eight. We saw lots

Girls' Central School, Victoria, B. C., Sept. 28, 1908.

WITH THE POETS

substitute some other adjective beginning with "p" for "playful;" thus, "our dear little cat is pretty." If he fails, he drops out of the game, but if he gives a correct answer he then counts ten while the second player on the other side is getting an answer ready. Thus the phrase passes from one side to the other

any will ask the government to build this oad as soon as possible

The corner stone of the new University school was laid on Wednesday. The building will be a fine one and the grounds will be large. This boarding school will give boys from the country a chance to get a good education. Many city boys, too, will at-tend it. The public school boys will have rivals in the lads of the University school. But this rivalry will be a good thing for both. Every school should-be proud of its masters, its scholars and its sports, and the very smallest pupil should work for the honor of his school. We cannot have too many strong, good and manly lads in Victoria, and if the University school brings some in from outside we will all be school brings some in from outside we will all b the better for it and for them.

The hew wing of St. Joseph's hespital was opened last week. The Sisters of St. Ann have now one of the largest hospitals in Canada. When more than fifty years ago the nums began their work in the lit-tle town of Victoria and lived in the little shanty fifty years ago the nuns began their work in the lit-tle town of Victoria and lived in the little shanty Dr. Helmcken spoke about, the very bravest and most hopeful of these good women could scarcely have dreamed that such splendid buildings as St. Joseph's hospital and St. Ann's convent would be built, even in so long a time as fifty years. But they did their work day by day, and as they needed more room they found the means to pay for it. Thousands of people all through the province remember the kindness they received from the sisters who nursed them.

All the children in Victoria who have admired the All the children in Victoria who have admired the beautiful house which they call Dunsmuir Castle, were sorry to hear that the old lady who owned it was dead. She loved little ones, and though few Vic-toria children have seen her, for she has been ill a long time, she took an interest in them and liked to hear about them. Her husband, the Hon. Robert Dunsmuir, was not only the discoverer of Welling-ton and Comox mines, but he was the founder of the coal trade, the principal builder of the EL & N. Tell ton and Comox mines, but he was the founder of the coal trade, the principal builder of the E. & N. rail-road and a business man who was ready to do any-thing he thought was good for the city or province. He was, too, a member of the government and helped to make many useful laws. In years to come the name of the Hon. Robert Dunsmuir and his wife will be known among the founders of British Columbia.

Thirty years ago last July England, Russia, France Thirty years ago last July England, Russia, France, Germany, Austria and Turkey signed a treaty at Berlin by which the little countries north of Turkey were given certain powers. This treaty the powers agreed should not be broken unless notice was first given. Bulgaria was made a principality, but tribute was to be paid to Turkey. Without any warning this treaty has been broken by both Austria and Bul-garia. Austria has seized the two little countries of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and Bulezerte has mede her treaty has been broken by both Austria and Bul-garia. Austria has seized the two little countries of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and Bulgaria has made her prince a czar and herself independent. Turkey's new government does not feel itself strong enough to force Bulgaria to return to her old position. Russia is angry with Austria. What will happen ho one can tell. You will need to get out your maps and to read the newspapers. A great European war would cause trouble and distress all over the world.

There never was as much city work going on as there is this fall. Wherever you go men are busy. Water pipes and sewer pipes are being laid in all

SHORT STORIES

Kipling at the Zoo.

I took a small girl to the Zoo one day, and we went the customary round of the cages. The lions ex-cited her admiration, the monkeys made her hilarious; she watched a boy drop a bun tied to a long length of string 'down to the bear, and only giggled when the

dents had found that the mosquitoes carried fever about with them and whole regions had been made healthy by its destruction. But the lecture was too long to repeat here. The whole word has been changed in the last century by men who looked out into this wonderful world with keen eyes and thought about what they saw. Little James Watt, watching the steam making his mother's ket-tle lid bob up and down, Benjamin Franklin, look-ing at the lightning and sending his kite up into the clouds; Humphrey Davy, studying the gas in the coal, and in our own time Edison and Marconi, mak-ing a servant of the electricity Franklin brought

animal made value rushes for it. But when we came to the elephants she became very silent. She looked at them with all her heart in her eyes; stood gazing, gazing at their great grey impassivity, and their inscrutable eyes with the cor-ners of her mouth drooped down. I asked what was the matter.

"Oh," she said, "s'pose one of them was Kala Nag!" I was forced to acknowledge no memory of Kala Nag.

A Pound of Honey

"When you eat a spoonful of honey you have very when you cat a spoontul of honey you have very little notion as to the amount of work and travel necessary to produce it. To make one pound of clover honey, bees must deprive 62,000 clover blossoms of their nectar, and to do this requires 2,750,000 visits to the blossoms by the bees.

"In other words, one bee, to collect enough nectar

A certain cricket club in the Midlands recently engaged a new man. About the same time, they bought a horse to pull the roller. Shortly afterwards the ground man approached the

club secretary. "It's about this 'oss," he explained. "What's wrong with him?"

"Nothing at present," was the reply. "But I want to know who will be responsible if the 'oss meets with

a bad accident." "Well," said the puzzled secretary, "I suppose you would be responsible." "Then I resign!" was the unexpected rejoinder.

"The poor brute hasn't the speed in him to get out of the way of the roller, and I shall be running him down and flattening him out some day." The club took the hint, and the ground man has now a better horse.

Well Thrown, Sir-A Story for Children

(Continued)

His heart jumped into his mouth, for he decided that it was the Doctor come to pay a necturnal visit to his study. What would the Head say when he saw him? What an inglorious end it would be to his day of triumph.

Nearer came the soft noise, and then, actuated by Nearer came the soft noise, and table. The door opened softly and a man carrying a dark lantern en-tered and crept to the incandescent burner, turning opened softly and a man carrying a dark lantern en-tered and crept to the incandescent burner, turning the by-pass so that the room was partially lit up. He gazed found cautiously, and saw that the window was velled by some heavy curtains. Giving a grunt of satisfaction, he turned to the sideboard, which was practically covered with old gold and sliver plate of priceless value-relics of the days, when there had been an Abbey of Birkdale. Crash! The book fell from Dick's hand. The burg-lar muttered an oath, and lifted up the tablecloth. He glared at Dick, and produced a revolver. "Out you come," he said softly, "and don't you make a sound, else I'll put a bullet through you." "Stop there!" the man said. "I'll truss you up when I've bagged this lot, an' I'll leave you nice an' comfy for the night. Don't forget this," he added threateningly, patting his revolver. Dick's face was deadly pale, and he cowered in his corner. The burglar turned to the plate, and with deft

Dick's face was deadly pale, and he cowered in his corner. The burglar turned to the plate, and with deft fingers began to transfer it to his bag. Dick was dreadfully upset, for he knew Doctor Portmann prized the plate above all things. His gaze reved the room, and then suddenly his eyes lit up as he saw a silver mounted cricket ball, one of the Head's college tro-phies, reposing on the mantel-shelf by him. A des-perate plan came into his head. Softly he reached out his hand, and his nervous fingers grasped the ball. The burglar was intent on his booty, and he did not see Dick's movement.

Suddenly the boy took aim, the ball whitzed through the air, and struck the burglar full on the temple. Down went the man as though he had been shot, and he lay still, stunned. With a bound Dick sprang over the man's uncons-clous form out into the corridor.

"Help! Help!" he shouted. In a few moments a crowd of boys and masters in their night attire were on the scene. In a few words Dick explained what had happened, and reme-dies were applied to the burglar, and he recovered consciousness. Meanwhile the police had been tele-phoned for, and later on the discomfited burglar was taken to the police statio

The boys were sent back to the dormitories, Dick nongst them. "I will speak to you in the morning," the Doctor

said.

Templeton Minor crept into his bed sick at heart, for he felt that he was disgraced. The other boys plied him with questions, but he refused to answer any of them.

In the morning the boys were ordered to assemble in the great hall.

"My boys," began Doctor Portmann, "as you are aware a burglary was attempted last night, which was happily frustrated by one of your fellows." "Templeton Minor!" he went on. "Stand up!" Dick stood up, his face pale.

"How was it that you came to be in my study last night?" the Doctor asked.

Dick gazed fearlessly at the Head, but did not re-ply. Again the Doctor put the question to him with the same result.

"Come here," said Doctor Portmann, and Dick ad-vanved to the platform, his heart sinking, for he ex-pected to be publicly expelled.

"My boy," the Doctor said in kindly tones, placing his hand on Dick's shoulder. "I am glad to see that honor finds a great place among your attributes. Tem-pleton, I know the history of your midnight ramble. Carter, I am glad to say, has confessed everything, and it now only appreciation."

Carter, I am glad to say, has confessed everything, and it now only remains for me to thank you from my heart for your plucky act of last night. "As I said during the day, you use your head as well as you use your hands. Few boys would have . risen to the occasion as you did last night, even if they had thought of the remedy as you did. "Templeton Minor," the Doctor concluded, "I thank

Minor!

OUR LETTER BOX.

Dear Editor .-- I went to the exhibition on one of our holidays. We went in the exhibition on one of our holidays. We went in the morning about eleven o'clock. We had our dinner before we left. We walked up because we could not get a car. We got there about half-past eleven. We took our time in walking. The first thing we did was to ride on the merry-go-round. We had one ride in it and then we got off to go in the main building. We walked around and saw averything. Then we want out and had one merry-go-round. We had one ride in it and then we got off to go in the main building. We walked around and saw everything. Then we went out and had an loe cream. Then we went to see the sideshows. The first was three monkeys and two turtles, and more little alligators than you could count. Next we saw a lady made of rock. The men said they found her in Mexico. Next we saw the deep sea divers. A man was dressed up in a canvas coat lined with rub-ber. They put a brass things on his head so no water could get through it. Then they put on two very heavy shoes and a heavy belt. These they said were to balance him in the water. He showed how he nall-ed wood in the water and how he got the people out of wrecks. There was a little boat at the bottom of the water, and the man put a big bag in it and the other two were pumping in air and when the bag got full the boat came to the top. Then we went upon the srand stand to see the horse races. When they were over a man was going up in a balloon. Then the bal-loon went up pulling the man after it. When he came down we had some lunch and went home. CHRISTABEL HALLEY. Girls' Central Scheol, Victoria, September 28, 1908. Dear Edilor.—I went to the expibiliton Thursday

Dear Editor.-I went to the exhibition Thursday morning about ten o'clock. First when we got in my

The Land of Fairy Tales At the end of the world is a country fair, Forests and mountains and vales, And a wizard who lives in a turret there,

Sits spinning the fairy tales From gossamer webbing lighter than air, Blown there on scented gales.

From the magical East's enchanted glare, From palaces haunted and dim, Old stories of princes and ladies fair And genies and glants grim, And the glittering dragon's secret lair, Blown over the world's great rim.

And he weaves them into a web of dreams And he weaves them into a web of dreams When the stars begin to peep. And sets them loose 'neath the pale wee gleams On the silent tides of sleep. And swift they float on those wonderful streams And into folk's dreams they creep.

And all the tales that we read today, Tales strange and old and new. Come out of that country far away, Where he sits the whole day through, Spinning his web of colors gay, Spinning for me and you.

-F. O'Neill Gallagher in the Dally News, London.

She throws a mantle of blue smoke O'er every towering hill To hide the winter's hurrying feet With their dark blight and chill, And lights the yellowest marigold Where dooryard daisies died of cold.

She sits beside the meadow brook. And from her fingers tanned Dangles rich clusters of ripe grapes, Or strays about the land To spill brown nuts by cottage doors And over fragrant woodland floors.

She drops beside the mill stream dark A cloud of gentians blue, With frost-flecks on their fingers fair Instead of morning dew, Her breath within the maple wood Turns all the green boughs red as blood.

She mellows with her magic air All voices loud and harsh; "The songs of the rude harvesters Ring clear across the marsh; Even the hoarse crow pipes a note As from her own sweet sun-warmed throat.

She loves to masquerade as June In the soft garden close; She calls a brown thrush back to sing, But cannot lure a rose. She ties a vell of cobweb lace Over the poppy's faded face.

But when she lights the harvest moon, And in its clear rays dreams In orchards deep, through homestead panes, Or where still water gleams, Then truly is the changeful elf Most lovely and the most herself.

-By Susan Hartley Swett.

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you; the school thanks you; and we are all justly proud of you." A mist rose to the boy's eyes, and through it he saw the Doctor's kind face and the host of boys standing on the forms shouting at the top of their

"Well thrown sir! Three cheers for Templeton