

STAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

In Atlantic City, New Jersey, the law forbidding the sale of liquor on Sunday has been broken. The governor of the state declares the law must be kept. He has to call out the soldiers to enforce it. This city is a great pleasure resort, and it seems that the "gangs" of fashionable people who spend their holidays there think that they should have what they want without regard to the law.

Count Leo Tolstol, the great Russian author, kept his sixtieth birthday a few days ago. He is very ill. The letters he has written lately against the cruelties of the Russian government must have caused him great excitement. It has been said that they will be read everywhere, but in Russia. The government of that country will not allow anything to be published which finds fault with the rulers of the land.

Mr. Hardie, who is a member of the British parliament and a labor leader, is in Canada. This visitor believes it his duty to go about the world looking for the evil in it. He has advised the mechanics of the Canadian labor unions in the streets in the strike, and says that the British union men will help them. With thousands of mechanics out of work on the Tyne and on the Clyde, it might be thought English workmen had enough to do to take care of their own idle people.

The editor would like to whisper a word in the ears of the young girls of this and of other cities of our beautiful province. Your behavior on the streets is noticed by ladies and gentlemen who come to the city, and they judge not only you but your parents by your appearance and manners. Loud tones and conspicuous dresses make them think that all the girls in Victoria are like the few who spend their afternoons on the public streets. For the sake of their city, for that of their mothers, but above all for their own sakes, girls should be modest and gentle.

Last week heavy rains caused great loss in the states bordering and near the Gulf of Mexico; North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia were in many places flooded. Rivers overflowed their banks, dams were broken and bridges washed away. In the town of Augusta, Georgia, houses and warehouses were destroyed, water covered the streets, while the corn and cotton crops were both greatly damaged, and in some places ruined. Not only the states in which this flood occurred will suffer, but the damage done to the crops will be felt by those in other states who depend on the corn for food or the cotton for employment.

Australia is a part of the Empire of which we do not know much. It appears that although its cities are far larger and finer than those of Canada, though they have no winter, and though grapes and oranges and other delicious fruits flourish there, though immense bands of horses and great flocks of sheep are kept by the landowners, the country is not a good one for a man with only his skillful hands and his strong body. Large as it is, work is hard to find, and only those who have full purses should take passage on the Australian boats. Canadians who are ready and willing to work need not leave home to find employment.

Whale fishermen from England, Canada and the United States have refrained from taking whales in Behring sea within forty miles of the islands on which the seals breed, Japanese hunters have killed the animals up to the three mile limit. In doing this they were within their rights according to the law of nations. Now, however, two of their vessels have been seized because they were found slaughtering seals on the shore. This may lead to the Japanese joining in the agreement to protect the life of this valuable animal. Unless this is done, it will not be many years before all the seals in the North Pacific ocean are destroyed.

There is much open talk, both in England and Germany, of war between the two countries. Both nations are building great fleets and supporting immense armies. Such a war would be a fearful thing, and thousands of the best and bravest men on both sides would fall in battle. If the cities of both countries are stored priceless treasures of art and learning that have come down through peaceful years, such a war would be all the more terrible, perhaps, because the English and Germans are so civilized. It does not seem possible that men, without the most serious cause, will bring upon themselves and on their wives and children the awful loss and distress which this great struggle would cause.

Ambassador Bryce, who does England's business in Washington, thinks that Canada and the United States should prepare to keep the centennial of peace between the two countries. A hundred years is hardly a long enough time in which to bury completely the memory of war. Canada was a young country when the war of 1812 began, and the United States was not old enough to be wise. We are getting to be very good friends, but our friendship is not likely to be made firmer by thinking about Queenston Heights or Lundy's Lane. Ambassador Bryce is a very learned and clever man, but he is neither a Canadian nor an American, and cannot enter into the feelings of the people of these countries.

The places of the mechanics in the C. P. R. workshops in Winnipeg and in Eastern cities have been struck are being filled, it is said, and work is going on as usual. The trains east of Winnipeg were delayed by a cloudburst near Fort William, which flooded the track in several places. Earl Grey, governor-general of Canada, and many pleasure-seekers from Winnipeg were on board the delayed trains, but no one was hurt.

The electric railway company are building the tram line to the cemetery, and very soon it will be ready for traffic. While in and around Victoria much is being done, it is nothing to the miles of track that are being built near the Fraser river. There the company are building 63 miles of road between Westminster and Chilliwack. Some of this is nearly completed, and the farmers in Westminster district will be able to take the tram into town.

Canada is growing very fast. There are 250,000 more voters on the lists than there were four years ago. That means that there must be at least a million more people in the country now than there were then. Even since the lists were made out many trillions of farmers have come north from the United States. They, as well as a number of the older settlers, are taking up new land on the prairies. The first of September the sections were opened up, and in many of the towns hundreds of people were waiting to take up "homesteads," as they call the big acres of land which every farmer can get free. While in most cities in the United States there are idle men and great distress, almost all those who are able and willing to work find employment in Canada. In some of the cities immigrants have crowded, and the work they can do is not to be had, while they either will not or cannot do what work there is. Very few men in Canada who are willing to turn their hands or their heads to any useful employment need be hungry. In most countries in the world great numbers of even the most skillful and industrious workmen are idle.

Now is the time for country children to prepare a school garden for the school. The schoolhouse in British Columbia ought to be the prettiest spots in the whole district. There are so many lovely shrubs and vines that could be planted, and grow almost unattended. It takes time and trouble to prepare the ground and to get the seeds and roots. There are some districts where the teacher and pupils have made gardens. Will either teacher or scholars write and tell others how this has been done? Children who have gardens around their homes are not only happier but better than those who take no pride in their school.

The editor has heard it said that the boys in some

parts of this province allow their lady teachers to split the kindlings and light the fires on wet, cold mornings. Surely this can't be true in many places. Even little boys should be ashamed to let their teacher or any other woman do work which they can do for them. British Columbia boys should be gentlemen, and there is no better test of a gentleman than the way a man acts towards the women he knows.

It is a pity that the Young Men's Christian Association have not a large new building to commence their season's work. Mr. Braze, instructor, Findlay and other members of the association are doing splendid work among the lads and young men of the city, but by the time the readers of the Children's Page are old enough to go down to the Y. M. C. A. on winter nights for physical culture, it is hoped there will be a great big gymnasium. It would not take so much after all to build it, if all who could would subscribe. In the meantime the school drill and outdoor games are enough for all but the biggest boys.

Rev. J. W. Wadman, who has been living in the Hawaiian Islands, thinks that if the people of those beautiful but very warm islands knew what a bracing climate Victoria has, they would be glad to come here for their health, or when they wanted to spend a holiday. All our visitors are pleased with

mined to allow the people to take part in their own government without further resistance. In the dispute between Holland and Venezuela nothing important has been done. Holland declares that while Castro has insulted her by sending home the Dutch minister, no offence should have been taken of any act of the subjects of Holland in Venezuela or Curacao.

The governments of England and Italy, as well as that of the United States, have been consulted by Holland, but they do not consider that they should meddle in the quarrel. Although Castro has interfered with the business of almost all foreign residents of Venezuela, he has not ventured to insult the government of any country except that of Holland.

Pictures have been received from Dawson and from Ericka, in East Kootenay, as well as from Victoria, young people. It is very nice to think that children in places so far distant like to read the Children's Page and try to make it interesting to others.

TOM TURRILL'S FOOTBALL MATCH

It was Tom Turrill's first term at school, and he was thirteen. Up to then he had been taught at home by his father, a country clergyman; yet as his father

a boy come out. To his great surprise, he recognized George Wentworth. Scatterthwaite stopped at once, and Tom, trotting up from behind, heard him say:

"Wentworth! It's a jolly shame that a fellow of your age, and standing should break rules like this! I suppose you want in for ginger-beer?"

"If you're so cocksure about what I went in for, I needn't tell you," flashed out George, and ran off down the road.

Scatterthwaite followed more slowly, and Tom trotted along behind, feeling quite miserable that George was in trouble, and wondering what had made him go into the inn.

Ted Molyneux was in when they got back, and Scatterthwaite went straight to his study and told him all about it.

"Must I report him?" he asked, when his story was told.

"No," answered Molly. "It's a matter for the prefects—at any rate, the first time. But I can't make out about Wentworth doing it. Why, he was almost made a prefect last term, and he was certain of being put on the next vacancy."

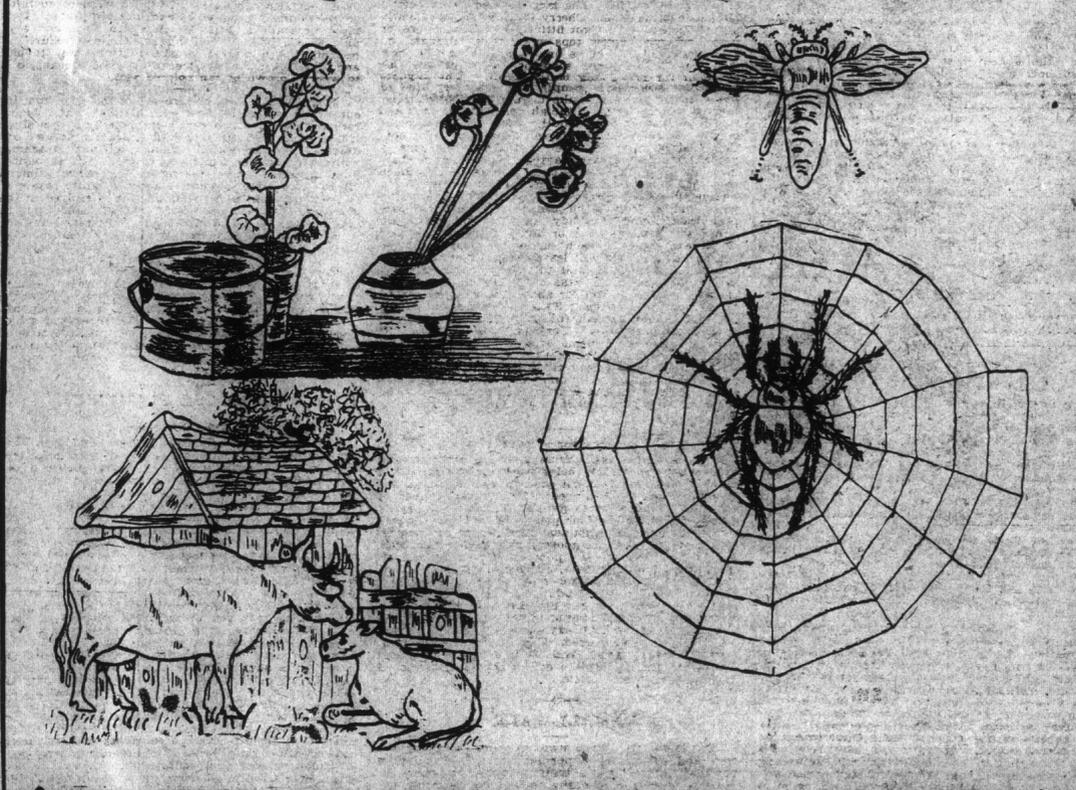
"Yes, I know. But I saw him come right out of the house, and he had no excuse of any kind. I suppose he was hot and tired, and thought he's break rules for once, as there was no one about."

"That's not much like Wentworth. However, the fact remains."

DRAWN BY R. P. CHRISTIE, AGE 15



DRAWN BY MARGARET KING, AGE 13



FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

Child's Sleep Song

Now, altogether, my little ones, sing
The dreamy song, with its rhythmic swing!
All together, and one by one,
Here where the shadows of sunset run,
Here where the shadows of sundown creep
Over the river of childheart sleep!

Hi-day, ho-day, bumblebee,
Pussy cat's climbing the catkin tree!
Hi-day, ho-day, what do you think,
Little one's eyelids have lost their wink!
Dreams in the cradle and dreams in cot,
So many dreams has the Dream Man got.

Now, all together, my little ones, kneel
By cot and crib when the shadows steal!
"Now I lay me" and "Father, dear!"
Yes, the Father of All will hear
Lispings lullaby, whispered prayer,
And the dreamy song with its soothing air!

Hi-day, ho-day, rain or snow,
Dreams on wings of the sunset go,
Fluttering down on the heads that rest
On snowy pillow and tender breast!
Hi-day, ho-day, over the hill
Unto the valley of Ever-so-Still!

Curly Head, Dimples, and Rosy Cheek,
Sing me the song of the foe that seek
The fairy palace, the elfin dell,
The wonderworld of the childland spell!
Now, all together, while love bends low,
The cadences of the dream song flow:

Hi-day, ho-day, robin red
Has sought his rest in his swinging bed,
Baby's mischievous hands are still,
The plaintive voice of the whippoorwill
Fills the dusk with a mournful strain—
Heigho, to the By-Low Land again!

But one by one do the eyelids fall,
Out of the shadows the dream songs call,
Dusky arms of the night unfold
The fabled heads, with their locks of gold;
"Our Father which art on high"
Oh, guard them ever," the love-lips sigh:

Hi-day, ho-day, grasshopper green
Is the finest fellow I ever have seen!
Hi-day, ho-day, baby is sweet
From top of his head to soles of his feet!
Hi-day, ho-day, now they have gone
Down to the valleys that dream till dawn!

Now, all together, my little ones, twine
Four arms in necklaces tender and fine!
Sing the song of the dreamy hour
When little birds nest in the dreaming tower,
When dreamy lips of the shadows sing
The dreamy song with its rhythmic swing:

Hi-day, ho-day, bumblebee,
Pussy cat's climbing the catkin tree!
Hi-day, ho-day, what do you think,
Little one's eyelids have lost their wink!
Lips are singing in slumber sweet,
And, oh, for the dancing of dreamland feet!

Charlie's Prayer

Charlie's grandmother went often to the Old Ladies' Home, to visit the inmates and cheer their hearts with little gifts of flowers and fruits, a sympathetic word or a whispered prayer.

Charlie had fallen in the way of going with her, and during every week saw her helping grandma up the front steps of the Home. To be sure, the top of his head only came to grandma's elbow, but he felt very large and strong.

The dear old ladies in the Home grew very fond of their little visitor, and watched for his coming eagerly. His bright face was like sunshine to them in their quiet, uneventful lives.

One day old Mrs. Adkins fell sick, and she lay in her little room a long time. Because she suffered very much and grew no better, she found it hard to be patient, so grandma went often to see her.

One week grandma wasn't well, so Charlie went alone to see their friends. He went about from room to room, making a little call in each, till he came to No. 19, where Mrs. Adkins lay. His heart ached with sympathy as he stood beside her, and saw the tears in her eyes.

"Could I hold your hand?" he asked, anxiously. "Mamma likes to have me when her head aches."
"No, thank you, dearie. Your soft little hand could not reach my pain. No one but God can cure it."

Charlie felt that he must do something, so remembering grandma's habit, he asked, quaintly, "Shall we have a little word of prayer?"—just as he had heard her say it.

Ever in her pain, the old lady smiled, but she only said, "I should be very glad, dear."
Down went Charlie on his knees; his chubby hands were clasped and his blue eyes reverently closed as he said: "Dear Jesus, she is very sick, and she's suffering worse than if she had a bad headache. If she's too sick to be cured, please let her go to sleep and wake up in heaven. Amen."

Much relieved, he stood up and reached for his cap. Mrs. Adkins put her arm about him as she said, tenderly: "I think Jesus has helped me already, and I just want to tell you I'd rather God would answer that prayer than any other you could have thought of. I have so many dear ones waiting for me in heaven, and no one here any more. Good-by, little comfort."

The next time Charlie and grandma visited the Home, the little room was empty, for Mrs. Adkins had "gone to sleep" a few days before, and "wakened in heaven."—Christian Work.

Fair play is better than winning the game. The chief use of a good game, indeed, is to teach fairness and self-control to both winner and loser. The boy who goes into games with this spirit will enjoy them most thoroughly, and at the same time raise the standard of athletics higher.

WITH THE POETS

The Irish Robin

(An Irish Legend)

Of all the merry little birds that live up in a tree
And carol from the bycymore and chestnut,
The prettiest little gentleman that dearest is to me
Is the one in coat of brown and scarlet waistcoat.
It's cocky little Robin!
And his head he keeps a-bobbin',
Of all the other pretty fowls I'd choose him,
For he sings so sweetly and true,
Through his tiny, slender bill,
With a little patch of red upon his bosom.

When the frost is in the air, and the snow upon the ground,
To other little birds so bewildering!
Picking up the crumbs near the window he is found,
Singing Christmas stories to the children;
Of how two tender babes
Were left in woodland glades
By a cruel man who took 'em there to lose 'em;
But Bobby saw the crime
(He was watching all the time!)
And he blushed a perfect crimson on his bosom.

When the changing leaves of autumn around us
Group and flake and fall,
And everything seems sorrowful and saddening,
Robin may be heard on the corner of a wall
Singing what is soiling and gladdening,
And sure, from what I've heard,
He's God's own little bird,
And sings to those in grief just to amuse 'em;
But once he sat forlorn
On a cruel crown of Thorn,
And the blood it stained his pretty little bosom.

—Boston Pilot.

"If we're not to report it, we must deal with it."
"Yes; and we must deal with it pretty severely."
"Make him stay at home the next paperchase?"
"That's not rough enough. It isn't as though he was a new boy. What would punish him best would punish us too."

"Not knock him out of the match?"
"Yes, he'd feel that badly—and Hugh Conyers isn't half as good as Wentworth."
"He deserves a jolly good punishment. I'll go and tell him now; he's been in some time."

Scatterthwaite marched off to Wentworth's bedroom. He found him sitting on the bed, looking rather white. He had changed his clothes; those he had been wearing lay in a heap on the floor. A torn handkerchief was on the bed beside him.

"Of course you know you've got to get something for this," said Scatterthwaite.
"Of course," answered Wentworth scornfully. "What is it to be—hug, drawn, and quartered?"
"You're not to play in the match on Wednesday."
The blood flew to Wentworth's face, and he bit his lips hard.

"Have you any explanation to give of your conduct?" asked Scatterthwaite.
"None whatever," returned Wentworth proudly.
"Of course, if it happened again we should report you."

George made no answer, and Scatterthwaite departed. When George came downstairs there was a little bustle going on in the hall. A cab was at the door, and Hugh Conyers came from the tea-room with his coat on, looking very happy. A servant carried his bag out to the cab.

"What's up, Hugh? Where are you off to?" asked George.

(To Be Continued)