

A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

It is curious that the French president Fallieres is going to pay the annual round of visits as those lately made by the English king.

Canadians did not do as well as was expected in the shooting contest at Biliby, England. The marksmen from every part of the United Kingdom, England, Ireland and Scotland made higher scores than those from Canada.

The rebels in Persia seem to be having things their own way. The Shah is hated as a tyrant. Russia is standing by as acting the part of a peacemaker. It is strange to think of the Czar of Russia taking the part of the people, against their ruler no matter how great a tyrant he may be.

The sovereigns of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia are, so the newspapers say, soon to greet the President of the French Republic. Time works great changes. It is not yet ten years since England stood alone among the nations of the earth. Now it looks as if Germany was deserted by all her friends.

Bishop Potter of New York, died on Tuesday He was an old man and had spent his life in trying to make the great city a better place to live in. Some of his plans shocked other good people. He was one of those who believed that there was much good even in bad men and that every means should be tried to lead them to a higher life.

Already the first of the wheat crop is gathered in Ontario and every day brings the harvest of the prairie provinces. Showers and sunshines are ripening the grain and everyone hopes and believes there will be abundance of wheat this season.

This oil men possess in Canada. The farmer is the greatest of wealth producers. We can do without many things but we must have food.

The Skeena River is a very busy place this summer. Thousands of men are at work on the first section of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Only men who are willing to work hard are needed in that northern country. Even among men who work with the pick and shovel or the axe, the steady man whose brains help his muscles will get employment where others have to go without. In this northern country no man who is fit for his work need be long idle.

There is discontent everywhere in these days. The whole world has been crying out about the government of Turkey in Macedonia. Now a number of the young men in Turkey itself demand that the Sultan shall abdicate and that a republic be proclaimed. They are willing to fight for their country. Even among men who work with the pick and shovel or the axe, the steady man whose brains help his muscles will get employment where others have to go without. In this northern country no man who is fit for his work need be long idle.

Barbadoes is one of the West India Islands that has been noted from its earliest settlement for its sugar plantations. It has not in the past sold much of its sugar to Canada but is now beginning to have this growing country for a customer. It has offered to admit many of the products and manufactures of Canada at a low rate of duty, if in return, we will reduce the duty on Barbadoes sugar. On this point of Canada much of our raw sugar comes from Asia and from the Hawaiian Islands. Canada is a large country and our rulers have to consider what will suit every part of it.

A schooner with a number of learned men on board will enter the harbor and sail along the coast of Behring Sea. These scientists intend to study the natives of Kamtschatka, the Aleutian and the Kurile Islands as well as animals and plants which may be found in the waters or on the coasts of this cold and desolate region. This schooner left Vladivostok in April and the expenses of the ship's company are to be paid by a Russian millionaire who resides in Moscow. Which of the boys who read this thinks that such knowledge would be worth spending thousands of dollars and much time to gain?

There is not a boy in Victoria who would not have gone a great way to see Lord Roberts when he landed at Quebec on Friday. The world is full of men who have always been ready to uphold the honor of England and to sacrifice his own life in order to save that of a comrade. These are the love and admiration of every son of the Empire.

It is a fine thing to be always fit and ready for duty and one cannot look upon even the picture of this little old man without admiring him. One who sought help from him in vain. It is such men as he, strong, unselfish and self-denying that have made England great.

Three years ago the Russian fleet under Admiral Rojestvensky, on its way to Japan fired at some English fishing boats by mistake. A number of the people were killed and the English were very angry. There was a report a few days since that this admiral died in Berlin. In the morning the story of the forgotten blunder was spread among our people. Other incidents related to the discredit of the Russian officer. It was found out through the day that the story of the death of the admiral was a mistake. The unfortunate admiral suffered far more than the pain of death when he saw that even after he left the world his faults would not be forgotten.

Men spend their lives in learning many things. While some are studying the works that wise men have written about the events that have happened long ago or trying to understand their thoughts, others are carefully watching the different living creatures in the world around them. None of these are harder to observe than the fish. There is to be a great meeting of those who are interested in the fisheries of the world in Washington, the capital of the United States, in September. There is nothing connected with fish or fishermen which will not be discussed at this convention. This branch of nature study is very difficult but it is important and interesting.

The long session of parliament is over. A great many laws have been passed. Very large sums have been granted for the opening up of railways in many parts of Canada. Cautious people, will perhaps think that the country is spending more than she can afford. No one will doubt the wisdom of the law that passed against the sale or manufacture of opium in this country. While good people are fighting against the evil of strong drink it would be very foolish to let an even worse habit spread among our people. The law against the use of cigarettes by boys will, if it is obeyed give us in a few years a generation of young men stronger in body and mind than the foolish lads who now waste their money and destroy their nerves with tobacco.

The people of Nelson are busy, and prosperous. The city is growing so fast that the city of the plant which supplied the light to the city has to be doubled. The men have named A. S. Goodeve, of England, to be the Conservative candidate for West Kootenay.

The boys and girls of the fine little inland city have come out ahead of the whole province in the entrance examinations. Not only did all the candidates who wrote pass but Anna Palmquist came first in the province with more than 86 per cent. of the total number of marks. The whole district there was only one failure. It looks as if the future of Nelson would be a bright one. Boys and girls who work hard in school are not likely to fail when they take their places as citizens.

The low passenger rates between Seattle and Victoria are bringing thousands of visitors across from the Sound. Now the fare from Seattle to Vancouver is reduced to twenty-five cents. If the steamboat companies are not making money the people are getting a great deal of pleasure in these holidays. There is enough travel and trade between Victoria and Seattle to enable the boats of

the two companies to earn fair profits. The C. P. R. is a strong company, and will not allow itself to be shut out from a trade to which it has a right.

Besides the pictures published very nice ones have been received from Sibyl Hardwick, Grace Burrill and Harry Johnson. They will be reproduced in another issue.

In spite of wet weather, the Olympic contests have been going on in London. All kinds of sports have been engaged in. In most of the contests the athletes of Great Britain and Ireland have carried off the honors. In running and jumping, however, many of the prizes were taken by men from the United States, and two Canadians, Kerr and Lehart, have distinguished themselves. When this was written the finals had not been run. It has often been said that Englishmen are not as fine men as their forefathers were. It is very satisfactory to know that in contests which are open to athletes from every nation men of the Anglo-Saxon race have proved stronger and more skillful than those of other nations.

The papers are full of letters and articles about the water question. It does not seem as if there was any need to talk so much. Victoria ought never again to be so scarce of water as it is this summer. The changes that are now being made will give us, so we are told, plenty of water, if the city were not to grow any more. But it is growing. Houses are

gentle nuns and their Indian pupils, with many an other of whom you have read some before the spectators just as they looked in the long ago.

And then there is the representation of the battle of the September morning nearly a century and a half ago, the English won the battle which gave them possession of Canada. These are the sights that the genius of Mr. Frank Lascelles has prepared for the pleasure and instruction of Canadians. The show will soon be over, but it will not be forgotten and the memory of the past will make us love our country more dearly than before.

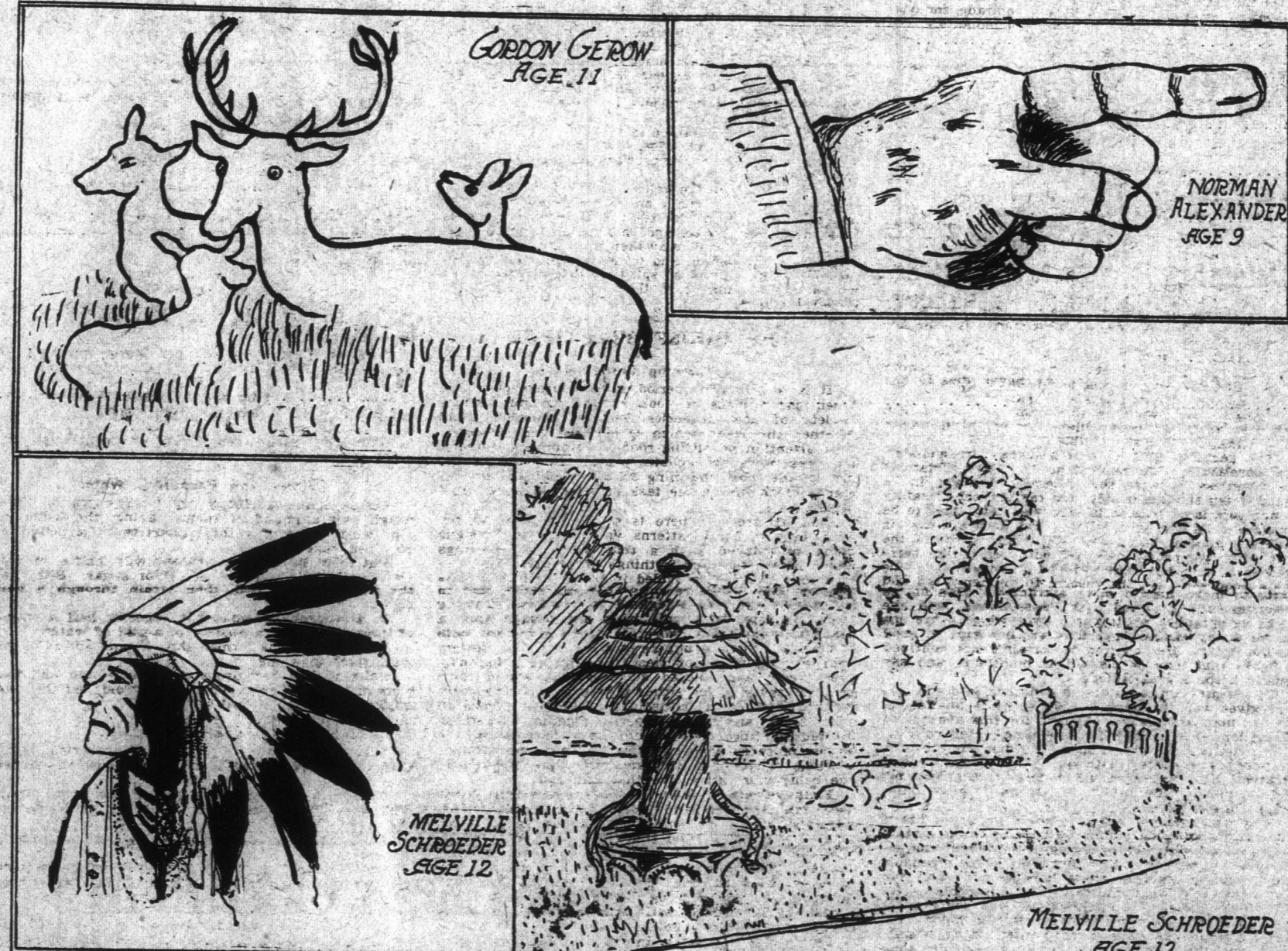
THE RESCUE OF A RED-COAT

Charity May stepped briskly to and fro before the spinning-wheel which she had brought out to the door-stone of the gray farm house on the hill. Occasionally she lifted her brown eyes from her work and gazed out over the rolling pastures of the fair island of Prudence or across the strip of bay to the Rhode Island shore.

"It is a fine day, Polly," she said at length to the small girl who sat beside her sewing. "I think perhaps mother will let us go out in the boat when our work is finished."

"Oh, Charity! Does she think she will?" cried little Polly, in her excited, stammering, rather longer stitches than usual. "I will be beautiful on the bay this morning."

Charity studied the sea and sky intently. "There's very little breeze stirring," she replied.



going up everywhere. If there is a good harvest on the prairies this year many more people will come to live where they will not suffer from cold in winter or heat in summer. Englishmen and women are coming every day. Families are growing up and young folks are making homes of their own. It will be some years before waterworks can be made, and even then the city begins now the new supply will not be here too soon.

For many years Canadian live cattle have not been allowed to land in England as it was said there was danger of disease among them. It appears that the same rule was applied to those from Norway and Sweden. This has helped to keep up the price of meat in England and premier Aquith has been asked to appoint a commission to find out whether or not the cattle are now healthy. Certainly we very seldom hear of disease among cattle sold to the butchers in Canada.

In these days of cold storage it does not seem as necessary as it was formerly to import cattle alive. But meat which has been preserved by cold spoils very quickly when placed where it is warm, while live cattle can be kept until they are needed. This trade in live cattle is a very profitable one.

There has been much talk of late about navies, England, as usual, has said little. But there has been lately some naval manoeuvres on the coast of England in which three hundred warships took part. It is a great sight to see a fleet of sixteen battleships and a number of smaller vessels, all of them, as they sail into a harbor but who can imagine what it must be to watch three hundred ships in action!

The British admiralty has resolved to place a squadron to guard the northern passage from the North Sea. All the British naval stations have until now been in the English Channel. No foreign fleet could have passed into the North Sea from the Atlantic Ocean by that passage. Now, however, it is believed that danger might come from another direction and a squadron will be stationed at Cromarty Firth in the north of Scotland. This will close in the North Sea completely. If the emperor William or his successors ever go to war with Great Britain the German ships will have to fight very hard to get their way to the open sea. Rosyth will be the home port of the new squadron.

How many children have been trying to imagine what is going on at Quebec these days. The splendid warships from England and the United States are anchored in the river where Wolfe's fleet watched the French armies on the opposite shore. The Prince of Wales and all the fine ladies and gentlemen who are with him are going through the queer narrow streets of the old town or driving along the broad avenues and admiring the fine residences and buildings of a modern city. Everywhere crowds of pretty dark-eyed girls and boys watch them and talk to each other in the quick, eager way of French children.

Near the churches you would see great numbers of priests and nuns pass in and out of the convents for Quebec has changed, in some ways, little since the English conquest and the priests are as zealous and the nuns as devout as in the days of the old regime. And then the grand and stately company of princes and lords and statesmen as well as the immense crowds in the streets have been watching from day to day the wonderful pageants where Cartier and Champlain, Le Jeune and Maisonneuve, D'Aulac and Ormeau and the regiment of Carignan Salieres, the

"I am almost sure mother will say we may go for a while if we do our work particularly well. Take care of those stitches, Polly. The last ones had best come out. They will never earn thee a jaunt, but more like an extra long plain."

Polly pouted, but in a moment laughed and pulled out the offending stitches, crooning softly to herself as she set them right with great care. Charity worked with a will, and her task was soon finished. She disappeared into the house, and in a few moments her voice rang merrily through the open door.

"Mother says 'yes,' Pollykins. Put up your work for today."

Mother May followed her older daughter to the door, and gazed lovingly after the two young figures.

Though Charity was Polly's senior by five years, the sisters were loving comrades. They were both very happy when their brother Ben built for them a boat. It was a rough craft but staunch and seaworthy. Charity had strong young arms, and soon became expert with the oars, and even eight-year-old Polly quickly learned to pull away gallantly.

This morning the boat lay on the sand where Ben had left it after a fishing trip the day before. Polly with a joyful gurgle, climbed in, and took her place in the stern. Charity pushed off with little difficulty, and they were soon floating on the wide bosom of Narragansett Bay. On this August morning the warm, blue haze made all distant points vague and indistinct. Presently Charity dropped her oars and sat still with clasped hands, and even Polly for once was quiet, as the little boat drifted with the ebbing tide down toward Newport and the ocean.

"The French ships sailed out yesterday to meet Admiral Howe's squadron at sea, so Father was telling Ben last night," Charity said at last, breaking the long silence. "How can men fight and kill each other in this lovely summer weather?"

"Oh, Charity! Do they really do such dreadful things? Does she think it can be really true?"

"I fear it is, 'Jambikin' her sister answered both faintly, and they were soon floating on the wide bosom of Narragansett Bay. On this August morning the warm, blue haze made all distant points vague and indistinct. Presently Charity dropped her oars and sat still with clasped hands, and even Polly for once was quiet, as the little boat drifted with the ebbing tide down toward Newport and the ocean.

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"Don't fear, little one," Charity soothed, "sister will take care of thee. Sit still now. We will be only a few moments, and then if we both row I think we can get home before three." And she turned the boat again towards Portsmouth.

Once on shore, she hesitated. Was she taking her little sister into peril? "Would she rather sit in the boat and wait for them?" she asked.

"No, no," Polly scrambled hastily out and caught her hand. "I'll not be left. I will go with them. We will take care of each other."

The two girls climbed the slope to the summit of a knoll, and there, a few feet away, was the little way through the tangle of bushes, stopping now and then to look and listen. All about the bay berry and sweet fern had been crushed and trampled as by heavy feet, but nothing broke the stillness of the summer noontide save the bees buzzing over the flowers and the crickets chirping in the grass.

"There must have been a skirmish here yesterday," Charity said.

To Be Continued

GUM CAMPHOR EXPERIMENTS.

Get some gum camphor and make a few of these experiments. Put a small piece of the camphor in water. It will float, and after a short interval it will begin to move about on the surface of the water, and will keep this

up till it has all dissolved. This is because it dissolves more quickly in some parts than in others, and so the water keeps pulling it first one way and then another.

Put another piece of camphor in the water and set it on fire, and it will burn and move about at the same time, making a very pretty sight. You may utilize this knowledge and construct a little toy. Make some boats by folding paper to that shape, and attach to each a bit of the gum camphor. When you place it in the water, the boat will sail about until the camphor is dissolved, and if you set a little boat on fire it will burn, camphor and all, still moving in the water until it is all consumed.

Now pour a little water into a flat-bottomed shallow dish. Hold a stick of camphor up to the light to see which way its grain runs, and following the grain, cut a small rod of the camphor, about a quarter of an inch square.

Hold the end of this rod to the bottom of the shallow dish, and the water will begin to ripple and wave, and will continue to do so until the end of the rod is melted away. The reason of this is that the water is first drawn to the camphor stick, and as the stick dissolves a film of camphor forms on the surface, which has a tendency to draw away from the stick, even as mercury draws away from glass. So the result here is a wave motion, first a drawing to the stick, and then a drawing away, until the end is dissolved.

Now place several of the little paper boats, without camphor on them, in the thin layer of water around the edge of the dish, and put the stick of camphor in the middle of the dish to the bottom. The little waves will at once form, and you will see the boats buffeted about by them; indeed, some of the boats may be wrecked against the camphor stick.

The following experiment will be successful if made on a fine, dry day, as in such a condition of the atmosphere the film of camphor will almost instantly evaporate. Put some perfectly clean water into a perfectly clean vessel, and over the surface dust someycopodium using a small muslin bag to hold the powder.

When you have put a thin layer of the powder over the water, dip the end of a camphor stick into the water, and the powder will begin at once to pull away from the stick and to form into wheel-shaped figures, which will begin to revolve, making a very pretty effect.

Amusing as all these experiments are, they also teach a wonderful law of nature, that of attraction and repulsion, so that your time will be well spent in making them.

NATURAL HISTORY

About Spiders. Rightly considered, a spider's web is a most curious, as well as a most beautiful thing. The majority of children suppose that the spider's web is pulled out of its mouth, and that the little insect has a large reel of the stuff in its stomach, and that he could reel most instantly add feet, yards, or rods, to the roll.

The spider's web is a set of tiny tubes, at the far end of the body, and that the threads are nothing more than a white, sticky fluid, which hardens as soon as it comes in contact with the air.—The Herald and Prebster.

A tradition of mine, continues Mrs. Spencer, "once possessed a small roush red terror which has a queer habit of invariably sitting up when in any doubt or

difficulty. One day, when she was taken into an adjoining town on a shopping expedition, she was so unfortunate as to get lost. Poor Topsy ran up and down the streets for a long time, vainly hunting for her friends, and then a bright thought struck her. She made straight for the church, where a service was going on, and the congregation was much scandalized at the sight of a small dog being chivvied up and down the aisles and between the seats by an indignant vergen armed with a silver rod. The Lessons from the excited vergen, ran up the chancel till she knewing, I suppose engaged in reading, when, not long afterwards confessed that it was with the utmost difficulty he succeeded in suppressing his giggles, especially as many of his congregation were on the verge of hysteria. Finding her last appeal useless she quietly walked out and made the best of her way to her village home. The same dog was a thorough little sportsman, for she had been one of a scratch pack out in India engaged in hunting jackals, and when her longer-legged companions left her in the rear and the last of them had disappeared she would sit up and look round for help in a half comical, half-pathetic way. She had, too, a wonderful memory, for on a former owner of hers arriving in this country from India after an absence of five years she recognized him immediately with frantic demonstrations of joy.—Strand.

About Birds

What good care nature takes of her creatures! You have all heard, no doubt, that the eagle, the hawk, and other birds of prey, can look directly at the sun without being dazzled by its light. If they had not this peculiar power, they would be seriously handicapped in their search for food.

They do not, however, look at the sun with their eyes in their normal condition. Nature has provided them with a thin skin, or membrane, inside the eyelids, which they can draw down at will over the ball of the eye, thus protecting it, but not seriously interfering with its sight.

But that is not the only provision that nature has made for their eyes; they have the power of adjusting the focus so that they can see as well at a great distance as they can near the object.

There is another unique provision that nature has made for birds about which questions are often asked, and that is their ability to maintain their hold on the perch when they are asleep. Many persons suppose that it is the persistent action, during sleep, of the muscles of the claws up into the leg, are certain little tendons, which contract or shorten, when the bird is sitting. The shortening of the tendons gathers in the claws so that they grasp the perch, and the grasp will not relax until the bird resumes its standing position. The hold on the perch, therefore, is really an involuntary action.

Wide-awakers who have seen chickens walking about the yard may have noticed this action of the tendons. When the chicken lifts its foot to take a step, it bends its leg, and the claws at the same time draw in. This is precisely what takes place, when the chicken, or bird, sits on the perch.—Chicago News.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Dear Editor—I am hoping that the picture I have enclosed will meet with better success than the last. The summer holidays promise to be long ones, and I hope to get through a lot of fun before school begins. I can swim now or paddle in a boat, swim a little bit, ride a horse or a bicycle and climb trees. I am a good swimmer. We sometimes take lunch and go to Cadbury Bay in our boat and stay all afternoon. The youngest in our family is a girl seven months old. The next is a boy two years old, then comes my eleven year-old brother and then myself. I am thirteen. We have a little dog and that is all the pets we have. I will close now hoping for success. SIBYL HARDWICK.

Nitinat Cottage, Oak Bay Avenue, July 20, 1909.

WITH THE POETS

Quoting From Gray's Elegy "That's it," said a man who had stepped in the corner grocery store to get 3 1-2 pounds of granulated sugar. "I'm going home tired. I remind myself of the line:

"The plowman homeward wends his weary way."

"You mean plods his weary way," said the schoolmaster, as he went out of the door with a can of kerosene. "He means to quote the line that reads:

"Homeward the plowman plods his weary way."

remarked the village lawyer.

"I meant to quote just what I did quote," said the first speaker, sternly.

"The weary plowman homeward plods his way."

"I understand your quotation," said a man who was sitting on a sugar barrel, to be:

"Weary the homeward plowman plods his way."

"You are wrong," said a neighbor, who was enquiring the price of hams. "He said:

"The weary plowman homeward plods his way."

"Pardon me," broke in a travelling salesman for a sausage house. "If the gentleman intended to quote from Gray's Elegy, the quotation should read:

"Homeward the weary plowman plods his way."

"Please understand," said the man with the 3 1-2 pounds of granulated sugar, "that I do not make mistakes in quotations. I have twice said that the line is:

"The weary plowman plods his homeward way."

"I understand you to say," observed another neighbor:

"Homeward the plowman weary plods his way."

"I may easily have been mistaken as to what he said," remarked an elderly man, "but what he undoubtedly wished to say was:

"The plowman weary homeward plods his way."

"That is not what I wished to say and not what I did say," retorted the man with 3 1-2 for 17 cents. "I said, and I will stand by it.

"Weary the plowman plods his homeward way."

"Pardon me for butting in again, gents," said the sausage drummer, "but I must insist, as before, that if you would accurately quote the immortal Elegy, the line must read:

"The plowman weary plods his homeward way."

"Gent'm'n," said the village good-for-nothing, getting up from a heap of rot behind the stove, "you're wrong—'cuse me, you're all wrong. The quotation is:

"The weary plodman homeward plows his way."

Thereupon they went their ways, every one even to the last speaker, believing he was right.—Youth's Companion.