

## Little Red Riding Hood

The Maid Has Gone West Looking for Wolves—  
Writes the Satellite Telling a Sad Story of  
Unsuccessful Search.

Mr. Satellite, Chatham, Ont.:

Revered Wise Man in the East—  
Yours of May 4th arrived some time  
ago. I was delighted. You write so  
much like Horace Greely. When I get  
a letter from either of you I'm always  
in ecstasy, because I imagine it's from  
the other one.

I reached here in time to celebrate  
All Fools' Day with feast and song,  
according to my custom. You've  
heard that misfortunes never travel  
singly, and it is so, for there were five  
Miss Fortunes in our party. But the  
other four forbade me to call them  
such, so I'll tell you their real names,  
whence, whither and why. Miss De-  
Caw, M. A., and sister, of Leamington,  
were going to Langenburg to teach;  
Miss Kenney, Leamington, was labeled  
for Moose Jaw, same reason; Miss  
Russell, of Blenheim, was bound for  
Brandon, as book-keeper. We had a  
good time, all five of us, every minute  
of the journey. We were together as  
far as Winnipeg. We spent several  
hours there with Margaret Scott, who  
used to teach in Leamington, too, be-  
fore coming to Edmonton and Winni-  
peg with her Business College.

This region is even better than I ex-  
pected. Just one disappointment so  
far. From my remote infancy I've  
been reading about the wolves of Can-  
ada, fine, big, ravenous brutes, which  
snatch a man off his horse and de-  
vour him bodily, saddle, bridle, boots,  
buttons, jack-knife, everything. This  
is what I like, and I came to see some  
of it. I never doubted that I should  
be able to board three or four miles  
from school and that, for variety, the  
wolves, twenty or thirty in a pack,  
would chase me home a couple of  
nights per week as long as I lasted.  
Or take turns with the blizzards,  
making me spend an occasional night  
locked in the school-house. I remem-  
ber how pleased I was when I first  
noticed the three lamps on wall-brack-  
ets at school. They were there, I  
thought, so that when the wolves came  
to serenade me I would nail up the  
windows, pull down the blinds, light  
the lamps and amuse myself reading  
until they'd go off. I even made a  
selection of books and supplies suit-  
able for such occasions and took them  
over. When you get lost near my  
school and seek shelter therein (the  
door hasn't been locked in four years)  
you will find some sea biscuit and salt,  
horse-radish where I keep them in  
tin box in readiness for a siege, along  
with a copy of "With Wolfe at Que-  
bec," and the sequel to it, "With An-  
other Wolf at Rome," written by  
Romulus and Remus. I'm perfectly  
ready for the wolves if they would  
only come, but they never do. My  
first week I expected them every day,  
the next week I used to go home the  
longest way so as to meet them, and  
the third week I was a wicked scap-  
tling, doubting their very existence.  
The next Sunday my landlady was coming  
from church, when she turned a cor-  
ner and met one of her black hens, dead  
enough, being carried along by a wolf.  
My grief is that I wasn't with her,  
but I go to school by that road ever  
since. No use. He never shows him-  
self. I primp up every morning now,  
trying to look as appetizing as possi-  
ble, and I'm wearing my best dress  
to school every day just because it is

red. (I thought he would think I was  
Little Red Riding Hood and come  
forth. But even this stratagem fails  
to allure him. His classical educa-  
tion has been neglected; he doesn't re-  
alize what the traditions of ancient  
history require of him. Or else he  
starves under the delusion that I'm  
not very fat.)

Maybe you think—as I did—that a  
Northwest rural school must be a  
very crude specimen of architecture.  
Mine is far better than I had allowed  
myself to expect. It is frame, dimen-  
sions 20 by 25 feet. Outside is painted  
pale blue and brown. Six windows,  
three on the east, three on the west.  
From the west I can look out, to-  
wards Japan, and see this scene:—

Harris implement agency, livery sta-  
ble, harness shop, blacksmith shop,  
and seven or eight dwelling houses.  
There will soon be regular trains and  
a daily mail. Now, I think I've de-  
scribed the "outside" of my school-  
house very fully. You see, my school-  
yard is about 10,000 acres in area, and  
Blenheim, being within my play-  
ground limits is entitled to a share  
of description. Besides the town,  
then, my other outside ornaments are  
a well, wood-pile, stable with sod  
roof, a gopher and some cows. Yes,  
and I have two ladders, so if I want  
to climb the roof there is nothing to  
hinder. Nobody knows why there  
should be two ladders, but I've con-  
cluded that one is for going up and  
the other for coming down, and shall  
govern myself accordingly. The door  
faces north, and the key hangs on a  
nail outside; nobody knows why. The  
door is never locked, but I suppose  
that would be marauders think it is  
when they see the key hanging there,  
and so turn away baffled. Wolves,  
too, would notice it and come to the  
same conclusion.

The inside of my school is not at all  
different from the orthodox school-  
house of Ontario. Besides the furni-  
ture usual to school-houses, I have a  
good organ and a large sky-green  
wooden chest which stands just under  
the Orange Lodge charter. I guess it  
contains the Orangemen's goat, but  
am not sure. In fact, it's locked. Oh  
yes, and I have a Visitors' Book, too  
—something I've heard of but never  
saw before coming here. Who says  
we are behind the times? When the  
wolves chase you in some evening,  
please register in that book. All  
kinds of distinguished folks have been  
inscribing their autographs there, by  
fits and starts, since 1881. Among  
sundries, I have a vanilla bottle full  
of varnish wherewith to shine the or-  
gan when the spirit moves me, a felt-  
lined contribution plate, and a tin  
biscuit box full of Presbyterian hymn  
books. I have sweet peas and morn-

ing glories growing in cans in the  
hanger and a tin of paint containing  
hammer and nails, too, as I can  
amuse myself driving nails when all  
other pleasures become a weariness.  
No excuse for loneliness out here.

You say if you can locate Roca-  
ville you will call when you come west. Do.  
Nothing could tickle me more. I will  
go along a good steel trap and we will  
go for a wolf-hunt. Never mind any  
rope. I have plenty. What is the best  
way to catch wolves alive? Do you  
know? Can't you start some kind of  
controversy about it in The Planet,  
and so find out? You might persuade  
Rev. J. J. Ross to devote his inexhaus-  
tible researchfulness to some good  
useful subject like this instead of  
wasting so much time and talent on  
such purely ornamental themes as In-  
fant Damnation.

No, thank you, I'm not pining to  
write a letter for your G. H. J. I  
am out of print for good now. I can  
honorable folks ought to be after hav-  
ing their obituaries published. I care  
not who makes the nation's songs if I  
may snare its wolves. And you can  
be of immeasurable assistance to me  
in this noble but neglected branch of  
agriculture, if you will. Do you hap-  
pen to possess a copy of "Little Red  
Riding Hood" that you've outgrown  
yourself and wouldn't mind sending to  
my wolf's address? (Moosomin, I  
think). I wish you would send the first  
write him a few confidential lines on  
the fly leaf, too, won't you? Tell him  
that Little Red Riding Hood has gone  
west to live; that she is as fat and un-  
sophisticated as ever, and say sic 'im.  
I am getting fat, if he only knew it.  
For I gained 91-4 pounds the first  
month I was here. But, I beseech  
you, don't let him know that the origi-  
nal Red Riding Hood lived nine hun-  
dred years ago, for possibly experience  
has taught him that there is a cer-  
tain invariable relationship existing  
between longevity and muscular  
toughness. You might even deliber-  
ately fool him a little. Hint that

## The Days of Auld Lang Syne

Interesting Events of Ye Olden Times Gathered  
from The Planet's Issues of Half a Century  
Ago.

From The Planet from October 18,  
1854, to November 1, 1854.

A plowing match was held in the  
field of G. W. Foott.

The residence of A. P. Slater was  
burned to the ground on Tuesday,  
October 10.

Thomas McCrae resigned his posi-  
tion as station master at the G. T.  
R. depot.

A report reached town that Sebast-  
opol had fallen on October 20, but  
was later denied.

By the Canadian Gazette, of the  
21st, we notice that the Government,  
through the influence of W. B. Wells,  
judge for this County, has been in-  
duced to offer a reward of \$250 for  
the apprehension of three persons,  
who entered on the morning of Aug.  
21st the dwelling of Amos S. Shaw,  
of Chatham Township, and after  
threatening the lives of both Mr. and  
Mrs. Shaw, decamped with some three  
or four hundred dollars.

According to advertisement, the  
sale of lots in that part of the town

called upon to witness. The road and  
ditches were literally covered with  
dying and dead while the groans and  
agonies of the former would suffice  
to cause tears of sympathy to roll  
down the cheeks of even the most  
obdurate.

Among the killed was Robert Mic-  
hell, Aberdeen, Aberdeenshire, Scot-  
land. (He was father of W. W. Mit-  
chell, caretaker of the postoffice at  
the present time.)

## IN THE CANADIAN WEST

Continued from Page Nine.

I have now taken you to the Rocky  
mountains, but there is still over 600  
miles to travel before reaching the  
west end of our journey. This last  
600 miles I do not attempt to de-  
scribe, even if space would permit, for  
I could not in any way do justice  
and it would be vain for me to at-  
tempt in my inexperienced way to  
try to describe the Great Banff Hotel,  
finished and furnished in the most  
elaborate style, and costing some  
three or four hundred guineas. The  
great Government Park, with its in-  
habitants of buffalo, deer and other  
animals; the wonderful hot springs  
that boil up continually out of the  
mountain, filling a basin of about  
30 feet in diameter and six to seven  
feet deep, exhausting through a pipe  
replacing this quantity of warm  
water every 2 1/2 hours, neither can  
I describe the long natural subterranean  
passage which the Government  
caretaker led us through away in  
under the mountains, which they say  
is over 9,000 feet high, the construc-  
tion of the C. P. R. through the moun-  
tains shows great engineering skill.  
One could hardly believe that long  
tunnels could make such short curves  
or climb such steep, long grades as  
they do. Great precaution is used in  
running these trains. We had two  
large engines, one in front and one be-  
hind, our train of nine passenger cars.  
At the bottom of particularly steep  
grades there is about a quarter of  
a mile of trussel work with a track  
laid on a very steep up grade. The  
main track is always connected with  
this, so that should anything happen  
that the train would get past con-  
trol or run away it would run on  
this up grade, which is made very  
steep, and stop. There are men al-  
ways at these places, and if the train  
comes down all right they throw a  
rod on the track and it passes on.

We stopped at Vancouver three  
days and got a good knowledge of  
the city. The population is about 26,  
000. We drove through the park  
which they claim is the best in the  
world (but it is not). We saw the  
seals, wild animals and birds, but the  
greatest wonder to me were the large  
trees. We measured cedar trees 15  
feet in diameter and very high, also  
the Douglas fir, about the same size  
and which looked to be 200 feet high.  
Vancouver is a fine city, built up  
within the last 20 years, surrounded  
by high rocks. Indeed all the places,  
commencing at the Rocky mountains  
to the coast, are all rock, no farming  
land. The tide rises here about 11  
feet. There were several very large  
vessels at the docks. The largest was  
the Empress of Japan, owned by the  
C. P. R. (as that company owns every-  
thing in this western country). I got  
a pass and we were shown all through  
it.

Leaving Vancouver we take a very  
nice boat (also belonging to the C.  
P. R.), and after a pleasant sail of  
about 70 miles we reach Victoria, the  
capital of the province of British  
Columbia. This is a beautiful city  
of 25,000 on the Island of Vancouver.  
We visited the parliament buildings  
after the old aristocratic English  
style. A drive through the City Park,  
with its artificial lakes, rustic bridges  
and wild animals, would convince one  
that there is a considerable wealth  
in the city. The streets are all good,  
the whole city being built on a moun-  
tain rock. There are no agricultural  
lands in this locality, all being moun-  
tains and rocks.

We visited the British Graven docks  
at Esquamaul (Esquamaul). In the  
bay there were several British gun  
boats; one called the "Plover" is in  
the dry dock for repairs. One of the  
officers kindly showed us through it  
and explained the working of the  
guns. It is wonderful how easily and  
quickly these great massive concerns  
are handled. This is a very impor-  
tant British port. A great many regu-  
lars are here, their barracks covering  
a large space.

This is the end of our tour on Brit-  
ish territory. Next we go by boat  
to Seattle, a sail of 80 miles, and  
remain there a day or two. From  
there along the Pacific Coast to San  
Francisco, where we will remain a  
short time, then turn homeward via  
Ogden, Denver, Pikes Peak, Salt Lake,  
Omaha and Chicago, stopping over at  
places of note, and hope to reach  
home early in July.

Yours respectfully,  
S. T. MARTIN.

## THROUGH SLEEPING CAR SERVICE

If you are contemplating a trip to  
New York, Boston, or points east,  
bear in mind that the Wahash-West  
Shore route has through sleeping car  
from Chatham without change. See  
Mr. Rispin, King street, for particu-  
lars.

BRAIDS AND TASSELS.

FLOWERS AND LACE



There is a little turn to this new hat which is particu-  
larly striking, and, unlike other ideas, has never really been  
seen before. The twisted ringlets and tassels of matching  
silk attached to ribbon pendants fall gracefully at one side,  
and are distinctly striking as a temporary innovation. Model  
of New York Millinery Supply Co.

The softly flounced effects, interspersed with dainty  
small flowers on its natural form, is a tasteful and attractive  
fashion for the simpler outlines of such hats as are shown.  
There is invariably a tendency towards the plaque outline and  
the simpler idea. The new elaboration makes a very different  
effect and is to be copied in great variety during the season.

## Could Not Lie On Her Left Side.

WAS TROUBLED WITH PAIN  
IN HER HEART FOR  
SIX YEARS.

Expected Her Friends Would  
Find Her Dead.

Mrs. C. Bondreau, Campbellton, N.B.,  
was completely cured by

MILBURN'S  
Heart and Nerve Pills.

She tells of her experience in the follow-  
ing letter: "I was troubled with a pain  
in my heart and weakness for six years.  
Most of the time I could not lie on my left  
side. I consulted a doctor but got no re-  
lief and was completely discouraged. I  
did not think I would live long and expected  
my friends would find me dead. A friend  
brought me a box of Milburn's  
Heart and Nerve Pills and I took them to  
please her, not thinking they would do me  
any good. I had not used half the box  
when I commenced to feel myself getting  
better and by the time I had taken two  
boxes I was completely cured and can re-  
commend them to all sufferers from heart  
trouble."

Price 50 cts. per box or 3 for \$1.25, all  
dealers, or

THE T. MILBURN CO., Limited,  
TORONTO, ONT.

And then, when I weary of this—for  
I am fond of variety—I can rush  
across to my east windows and look  
out, half-way to Buxton, and see this  
landscape:—

The nine-pins on the horizon are  
grain elevators, two miles away. They  
indicate Roca-ville, a brand new  
town, very booming. A year ago there  
was nothing there but poplars and  
scrubby undergrowth—a "bluff," they  
call it here, though when I was little,  
in Arkansas, I learned that a "bluff"  
is a right smart heap of limestone,  
and in Ontario I had heard "bluff"  
used as a transitive verb, and not  
meaning either granite cliffs or un-  
classified vegetation. (A year ago,  
then, there was nothing but bluff  
where the town is now. The railroad  
from Moosomin was begun last fall,  
and when the track was laid this far,  
a store was built, just a shanty, so  
small that the proprietor put up a tall  
pole with a flag on it, so that people  
would know in which bluff to find the  
store. From this the town grew all  
winter, and is growing yet. There  
are three elevators built and two more  
begun, with capacities from 25,000 to  
35,000 bushels. There are two gener-  
al stores now, of good size and well  
stocked, a lumber yard, a Massey-

When my ship comes in!  
Ah! when will it be,  
And where is it sailing  
Far out on the sea?  
I've been waiting and planning  
The things I would do,  
The things I will do—  
When my ship comes in.

## BABY'S WELFARE.

Every mother is anxious for the  
health and welfare of her little ones,  
and Baby's Own Tablets is the best  
medicine to make baby well and  
keep it well. Thousands of mothers  
keep the Tablets constantly in the  
house—they say they would not be  
without them. As proof of this  
Mrs. George Kilgore, Wellwood, Man.,  
says:—"Having used Baby's Own  
Tablets for some time, I can truth-  
fully say that they are the best medi-  
cine I have ever used for little ones.  
I think so highly of the Tablets that  
I always keep them in the house."

A medicine, like Baby's Own Tab-  
lets, which so many mothers praise,  
is the right one for your little ones.  
They are guaranteed to contain  
neither opiates nor other harmful  
drugs, and can be given to the  
youngest infant with perfect safety.  
Good for teething troubles, constipa-  
tion, diarrhoea, simple fevers, worms  
and all the minor ailments of chil-  
dren. Sold by druggists, or may be  
had by mail at 25 cents a box, by  
writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine  
Co., Brockville, Ont.

Grief for things past that cannot  
be remedied and care for things to  
come that cannot be prevented, may  
easily hurt, can never benefit me.

Let it be our happiness of those  
around us to comfort some sorrow, to  
relieve some want, to add some  
strength to our neighbor's virtue.