



North American Fairies.

A Series of Stories written for
"Young Canada" by

MRS. MARY SLIPPER
PORT ARTHUR, ONT.

No. 1.—Princess Goldy-Locks.



AGES ago when this earth was inhabited by Elves and Fairies, a number resided on our own continent of North America, and towards the north on the shores of Lake Michigan and Lake Superior were two distinct kingdoms of these little folks. We are told now-a-days that fairies have disappeared from the face of the earth, in fact some people claim that it is all a myth, and no such beings ever existed; but the redman coming out of the depths of our northern forests often brings us descriptions of strange little people of which he has obtained a glimpse in far away places where only his moccasined feet has ever touched. Be it truth or fable, the stories told by the camp-fires of the early voyagers on those two great lakes contain morals quite applicable to this age and generation.

On the rocky north shore of Lake Superior dwelt a race of North American Fairies. They were governed and ruled by a king who was almost worshipped by his faithful subjects, and who deserved to the full all their loyal devotion, for he was kind and good, and his reign was peaceful and happy.

This king ruled over a large country, from the blue waters of Lake Huron on the east, to the laughing wavelets of Lake Winnipeg on the west; and all the vast country north between these two bodies of water to the shores of Hudson Bay. It is to us does not seem a large kingdom, but to these little folks it was a great country; and still it was but half of what they once owned, for they had lost half their possessions, through, they all knew in their loyal little hearts, the one only fault of their idolized and almost perfect sovereign: for even fairies are not perfect, and their king had one grievous fault, if a fault it was—he was too generous.

This king had a very beautiful name in fairy language, a name as we have no word in our language like it, the meaning only can be given—Constancy. So we must know him as King Constancy.

Much wealth had King Constancy, and

many beautiful palaces, for though his kingdom was wild and rocky, still these great and frowning rocks were but stone vaults of nature, wherein to store all her wealth of valuable and glittering treasures, and his faithful little subjects worked earnestly to withdraw from these frowning walls the stored riches of ages to add to the wealth of the kingdom.

King Constancy's favorite home was his summer palace, and it was built on a strange spot, but a wildly beautiful one—on a headland jutting out into the clear waters of Lake Superior, dividing the waters into a beautiful bay. This headland to-day is called Thunder Cape, but the fairies had a much better name for it. I am sure. The king's palace was a most beautiful one, and it was called by all the Silver Palace, because it was built of silver, and it was so bright, that when the sun shone on it his subjects could see it from afar flashing back the brightness. The king and queen were very fond of this palace and spent much of their time there.

Across the many miles of water lived another fairy king, brother to King Constancy, and it was he who had obtained half King Constancy's kingdom. He was as bad as King Constancy was good, and feared by all as much as his brother was loved. His name was King Copper. He was cruel and dishonest; but as no man is altogether bad, so with fairies. King Copper had two virtues—he loved his children devotedly, and he was very brave. King Copper had four children—three daughters and one son.

His two oldest daughters were very beautiful, but the eldest was the most beautiful fairy the sun ever shone upon. She was her father's favorite and the pride of the whole kingdom. Princess Goldy-Locks was her name. Her sister was most lovely, and a sweet, gentle disposition was hers. Her name was Princess Eglantine, and she was dearly loved by her father's subjects. Princess Goldy-Locks was quite spoiled by all the admiration and praise she had received for her wonderful beauty, and she had come to believe that in all the world there was no fairy princess quite so beautiful as herself, so she became quite indignant one day when she heard a much travelled fairy describe the grace and beauty of fairies abroad.

Princess Goldy-Locks determined to travel and see for herself these wonderful fairies, so she besought her royal parents to consent, but King Copper at first refused to consider the matter at all; but Princess Goldy-Locks wept and pleaded so much, that with some misgivings he consented to allow her and Princess Eglantine to visit their uncle, King Constancy, at his summer palace.

With a large retinue they set out on their long journey, and one day after a month's weary travel they drew near their destination. The sun was just setting, and its golden beams rested lovingly on the walls of the silver palace, and it sparkled like a diamond in an emerald setting.

"Look, sister! look!" exclaimed Eglantine, pointing to the glittering palace.

Princess Goldy-Locks raised her head from the velvet cushions and glanced languidly in the direction pointed out.

"How very bright it is," she said, passing her white hand over her eyes. "It hurts my eyes, Eglantine; I wish you would not call my attention to such things."

Eglantine smiled, but still looked in admiration at the beautiful palace drawing nearer. As their vessel touched the shore the king came forward himself to welcome them, and amid music and rejoicings they entered the palace to meet the queen, their aunt.

Princess Goldy-Locks was much impressed with all the wealth of King Constancy, and was in love with his beautiful home. It took the two princesses many days to explore the palace and grounds, and they were not nearly through when the king invited them to journey with him to the capital of his domain, which was situated on a large island many miles distant, but in full view of the silver palace.

With much pomp they journeyed across the water towards the island, which is a large mountain rising many hundreds of feet out of the water, and is known to-day, because of its peculiar shape, by the name of Pio Island. The top of the island looks to be flat and a lake is supposed to be in the centre of the top.

Princess Eglantine was much amused when the king told her the city was situated right on the top of that immense mountain.

"But how do we get up there?" asked Princess Goldy-Locks. "Wait a short time and you'll see," said her uncle, smiling at her rueful countenance.

As the royal boats touched the shore a number of white sea-gulls circled gracefully down, and the king and his suite were helped to mount them. The one Princess Goldy-Locks mounted had a massive golden collar encircling its snowy throat, and a slender chain was put into her hands by an attendant. At a signal the great birds mounted, and Princess Goldy-Locks found herself enjoying a new sensation which did not last long enough, for almost immediately the sea-gulls alighted again on the top of the island and willing hands were helping her to alight. The royal party found itself in the heart of a fairy city, and a city overjoyed at the sight of a beloved sovereign.

A week passed all too rapidly in this delightful place. One morning Princess Goldy-Locks watched her uncle pass her window, and she called out to him to take her with him.

"But, my child, I'm away to the Hall of Justice," said the king, gently.

"Nothing could suit me better; I love to see justice done," pleaded the Princess, and, as usual, Goldy-Locks had her own wilful way.

(To be continued.)

A Wise Resolve.

"You see," said Jack, "at New Year a fellow ought to say
Ho's sorry for the past, and will
Be better in some way."

"Leastways, the preacher said so; And I told mamma that I
Would get up when she called me,—
That's the hardest thing to try."

"I'll be as patient as I can,"
Said the flashing dark-eyed Nell.
"I'll practice all my scales each day,
Nor grumble once," vowed Bell.

Then boy Blue looked up gravely
From his blocks upon the floor;
"I frink," he spoke with thoughtful air,
"I'll try and eat some more."

—FAITH FENTON.

Written for "YOUNG CANADA."

Two Little Boys.

FRANK BRUNTON was a very little boy, who lived in a great big house with a brown stone front; he had a brother and sister who were both over so much older than he was, and everyone made a great deal of him. Indeed, some of his uncles and aunts had begun to say that Frank was getting spoiled. Even Uncle Dick said so, and he was Frank's favorite uncle, because he was able to tell such capital stories about the lions he had killed out in Africa; and besides, Uncle Dick had the most wonderful pockets in the world. Every time Frank saw him he was sure to find something in them, and whenever he came in he was almost certain to say, "Well, youngster, do you think you could find a top, or a ball, or a bag of candy, or a quarter, or something like that in my pockets?" and then began the wildest scramble, and Frank was sure to find some of these nice things stowed safely away. At last, however, instead of being glad to get them, he used to be cross when he did not get as much as he wanted. One day Uncle Dick said to Frank's mother: "Mary, that boy is getting awfully spoilt. If you don't look out he will be the most wilful, selfish little beggar on earth." So Mrs. Brunton began to think that perhaps it might be true, and she tried to find a way to make Frank think of somebody besides himself.

It was getting very near his birthday, and Frank was very much excited with thinking over all the things he wanted as presents. "My!" he said, as he sat, pencil in hand, doing his small best to print a list, "it isn't the writing I find so hard, mother, but it is hard to think of what I want. I do seem to have most everything. Do you s'pose daddy will give me a sleigh with reindeer like his?"

But Mrs. Brunton said she did not think he would.

"Then he is a nasty, mean, old thing," cried Frank, throwing down his paper;