

PARADE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

The whaling station at Sechart is attracting the attention of visitors from all parts of the world. A great deal of money is being made by those engaged in the business of capturing these monsters of the deep.

While the weather on Vancouver Island was cool last week, there was frost on the prairies. It was, however, severe enough to do much harm to the wheat except an wet, low-lying lands. On the whole, the harvest reports are very good.

A very sad state of affairs exists in the large manufacturing and manufacturing city of Glasgow, Scotland. Thousands of men are idle and the government and kind people of all kinds have to support them and their families. The people of our little city, where every one has work and plenty to eat and drink and wear, cannot be too thankful.

There is talk of war between Holland and Venezuela, and the South American republic does not seem to have a friend among the nations. But Holland does not do things in a hurry, and if President Castro can be brought to his senses, his government will not engage in a war that will bring misery and loss upon innocent people. If he persists, however, the support towns of Guayra and Porto Bello will probably be destroyed.

Victoria business men go about their work very quietly. We hear a great deal about the progress other cities are making, but very many people in Victoria know little about what is done in our own city. Yet Victoria ranks third among the ship-owning cities of Canada, Montreal and St. John, N.B., are the only ones above her. It is a good thing for Victoria boys and girls to know as much as possible about their own city and their own province.

It is some weeks since there have been any reports from Morocco. But it appears that Sultan Hafid, the brother and enemy of the reigning Sultan, has been advancing northward. Report says whether the French will go to the help of the defeated ruler or whether the Moors will fight their own battles and choose their own Sultan will be watched with interest both by Christians and Mohammedans everywhere.

One would think that even the smallest and naughtiest of boys could understand that it was not only wrong but very bad to interfere with a railway train. It appears, though, that the bad boys of Ladysmith had to be taught to leave the trains alone by the death of a poor little lad of eight years, who slipped from a moving train on which he had jumped unseen, and was crushed to death. Boys, little and big, cannot be too careful not to meddle in any way with railroad or other tracks or with the engines. There is always danger either to the lives of others or of their own.

Among the distinguished visitors to Victoria lately were David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University, and Mr. Bastedo, a Canadian civil servant. They have been engaged for some time in studying how best the fish of the United States and Canada can be preserved and at the same time how the fishermen can carry on their work most profitably. Fishing, and the catching and handling of fish, is a very important industry, and it is very important that they can, they will frame a set of laws to be passed at Washington and Ottawa for the guidance of fishermen.

The Congo Free State, which was really ruled by King Leopold of Belgium, is to be taken over by the government of the country. Leopold has proved a cruel and selfish ruler, and the people who inhabit the fertile country discovered by Livingstone, that if good man could have foreseen the cruelties committed for the sake of gain by white men, calling themselves Christians, it would have broken his noble heart. The Belgian nation declares that this disgrace will no longer be permitted. No man in Congo will henceforth be treated as a slave and forced to labor, and the people who have so long been used to injustice and cruelty are to be emancipated. The Belgians are a problem that the people of Belgium will have to work out.

The people of Fernie have gone to work bravely to rebuild their city. They have received help from all directions. Premier McBride went up to see what the government of the province ought to do, and Mr. Templeman promised to get what assistance he could from the Ottawa government. Before all the public buildings are rebuilt there will be plenty for both governments to do.

Have any of the school children thought of the proposal to send warm mittens and stockings to the Fernie children before the beginning of winter? Talk to your teachers, your mothers and your school mates about it. Perhaps some pupils have money of their own they can spend. A wise man once said, "He gives twice who gives kindly."

From all parts of the province there are reports of the destruction of the forests by fire. The fires are almost always caused in the first place by carelessness. Campers and farmers are the chief offenders. The farmer who has a camp fire, and lights a fire, and it is often beyond his control in a very short time. The embers left by the camper often smoulder for days, and at last are fanned by the wind into a blaze. The fires thus caused destroy not only thousands of valuable trees, but leave the land worthless. Until every boy and girl, man and woman in the province learns how valuable the forest trees are, not only to make lumber but to preserve the rivers and streams of the country, to say nothing of their beauty, the destruction will go on. Near the railroads sparks from the engine are among the destroyers of the forest.

If half the tales that Russian refugees tell are true, it would almost seem as if civilized nations ought to unite to compel the government of Russia to cease its cruelties. In this age of the world no one should be allowed to torture the defenceless men and women. It is no wonder the wife of the Czar brought up in a country where oppression is unknown and where life and property are secure, has broken down in the unhappy land where her husband is surrounded by enemies, and where tales of torture, imprisonment and executions are whispered even in the royal palaces. But the evils of government are not the only ones from which the people of Russia are now suffering. Cholera has broken out in the south and is spreading fast. This is one of the diseases that cleanliness and plenty have banished from more civilized countries.

The people of Sydney, New South Wales, welcomed the fleet of the United States navy, great rejoicing. The cities of Australia are much larger compared with the population, than those of Canada. This accounts partly for the great crowds which lined the beach as the fleet drew near. Every one likes to see warships, and a fleet from any country would be a great sight.

But there is another and a very serious reason why the people of Australia are glad to see the American warships. The Australians hate and fear the Japanese. The working men do not want Japanese laborers, and as there is a great deal of work to do in Australia which the people of Japan can do well, and as the Island Kingdom is not very far off, it is feared that it may be impossible without using force to keep the Japanese workmen out of the country. This the United States has succeeded in doing, and it is a great help to the Australians. It is as the enemy of the Japanese laborer that the United States fleet is welcomed to Australia. England is Japan's friend and ally, and although Australia is a part of the British Empire, it is an enemy of this laborer. This is a serious state of affairs, and it is not to be wondered at that British statesmen are concerned about it.

Although during the last century wonderful discoveries have been made in science, no one has yet found out how to prevent the gas which causes the terrible explosions from forming in the coal mines. In Wigan, England, seventy miners were killed, and no one knows who was to blame. When Davy invented the safety lamp it was hoped there would be no more mining disasters, but yet there is no part of coal mining is carried on in which the world does not occur. It is said that, on the whole, there are no more miners die in a year than there are among other classes of workmen. Whether this is true or not a coal-mine explosion is an awful thing. The possibility of a sudden and terrible death is seldom absent from the minds of the coalminers or their wives. This does not prevent some of them from being foolishly and wickedly reckless. We must not forget that the fuel which gives us so much comfort is not procured without the risk of life and of the grief of widows and orphans.

Almost all the newspapers in Canada contain accounts of public meetings and political articles appear in every issue. It is believed that an election will take this fall for the Dominion Parliament. The Liberal government with Sir Wilfrid Laurier as premier has now held power for twelve years. During the last year the government has been prosperous and the government has had much money to spend. As most boys and girls know, the greater part of the revenue of Canada is derived from duties on imports which are levied on foreign countries. When there are good harvests and plenty of work people buy sugar and tea, silks and china, dry goods and fruit and hundreds of other things, on which duty is charged. With the money raised in this way, canals and railways, public buildings, wharves and lighthouses are built, harbors are dredged, cruisers made for the protection of the fisheries, surveying ships are employed, penitentiaries are supported and civil servants paid.

In this way millions of dollars are expended every year and it is very important not only that plans shall be wisely made but that these plans shall be faithfully carried out.

If times are hard the people will buy less and, accordingly, the revenue will be smaller. Governments, like men and women, are apt to spend carelessly when money is plentiful. It has been shown this year that the men entrusted with the public money of Canada have been spending and that the country has not always got as good work as it paid for.

Now that the members of the Liberal government are asking to be again entrusted with the management of the country's business the Conservatives say that they have been proved to be extravagant and that other men should be put in their places. The Liberals declare that laws have been changed and reforms begun and that if they remain in power they will do better than before.

On both sides there are many men who say that which ever side is in, money will be dishonestly used. This is as much as to say that all Canadians are thieves. The members of parliament, are, as a rule, the ablest men and the most trusted in the cities or country districts they represent. If they are not good as well as clever it is because the people who vote for them do not value honesty as much as ability, or are so stupid that they are deceived by men who pretend to be what they are not. It is not an easy thing to vote wisely and the electors of Canada must study public questions if they are to be well governed.

Nanaimo, Ralph Smith, the member for the Dominion parliament and Mr. Hawthornthwaite, the Socialist member for the local legislature had a debate in which each said all he could to injure the other in the opinion of the listeners. At Sidney speeches were made by the Premier, Mr. McBride, Capt. Clive Phillips-Wolley, Hon. R. G. Fallow, F. H. Barnard and Mr. F. H. Shepherd who was asking the people of Nanaimo and the Islands to send him to Ottawa to represent them in the next parliament. All the speakers were on the Conservative side and were listened to attentively. But, after all, the great crowd of people went out rather to have a good time than to think about politics. There were games and contests and perhaps more people will remember the pretty girls and the fun of the games than the arguments of the speakers. Those who read the speeches in the papers next day understand them better than many who listened to them.

General Pole Carew spoke before the Canadian Club on Tuesday. The general is a brave soldier and believes that every part of the British Empire should be kept together for the good of the world. He said many kind things about Canadian soldiers. The general believes that war is a good thing for a nation. Not many Canadians agree with him in that. Still it is Great Britain's needs their assistance they have shown that they are ready, willing and able to help her.

General Pole Carew is a strong Conservative. Another of our late visitors, Mr. Hamar Greenwood, P. M., believes that Mr. Asquith and his party, of which he is a member, have done and are doing much for the Empire. Honest and able men may differ widely in their opinions.

DOSIA'S DAY

(Concluded)

"We can!" Miss Minnie, one of the gaudy white bridesmaids, spoke up suddenly. "Mrs. Morris, there is a lot of white cheesecloth up in your garret, you know. Alicia and I used it when we had that lawn party in May. Cheesecloth makes lovely drapery, and I'm all dressed, and we've got two hours and more before the wedding, and if you let me have a needle and thread, I'm pretty sure I can gobbie up something."

She paused inquiringly. Aunt Esther looked at her as she was going to faint away. As for Doria, she turned white instead of pink. Cousin Alicia's maid

of honor in gobbled-up cheesecloth! What, oh, what had become of her beautiful Day? She felt that she was going to burst into tears, and very likely she might have done so, had not Harold, escaped from Dinah, providentially fallen downstairs at that moment and come rolling in at the parlor door.

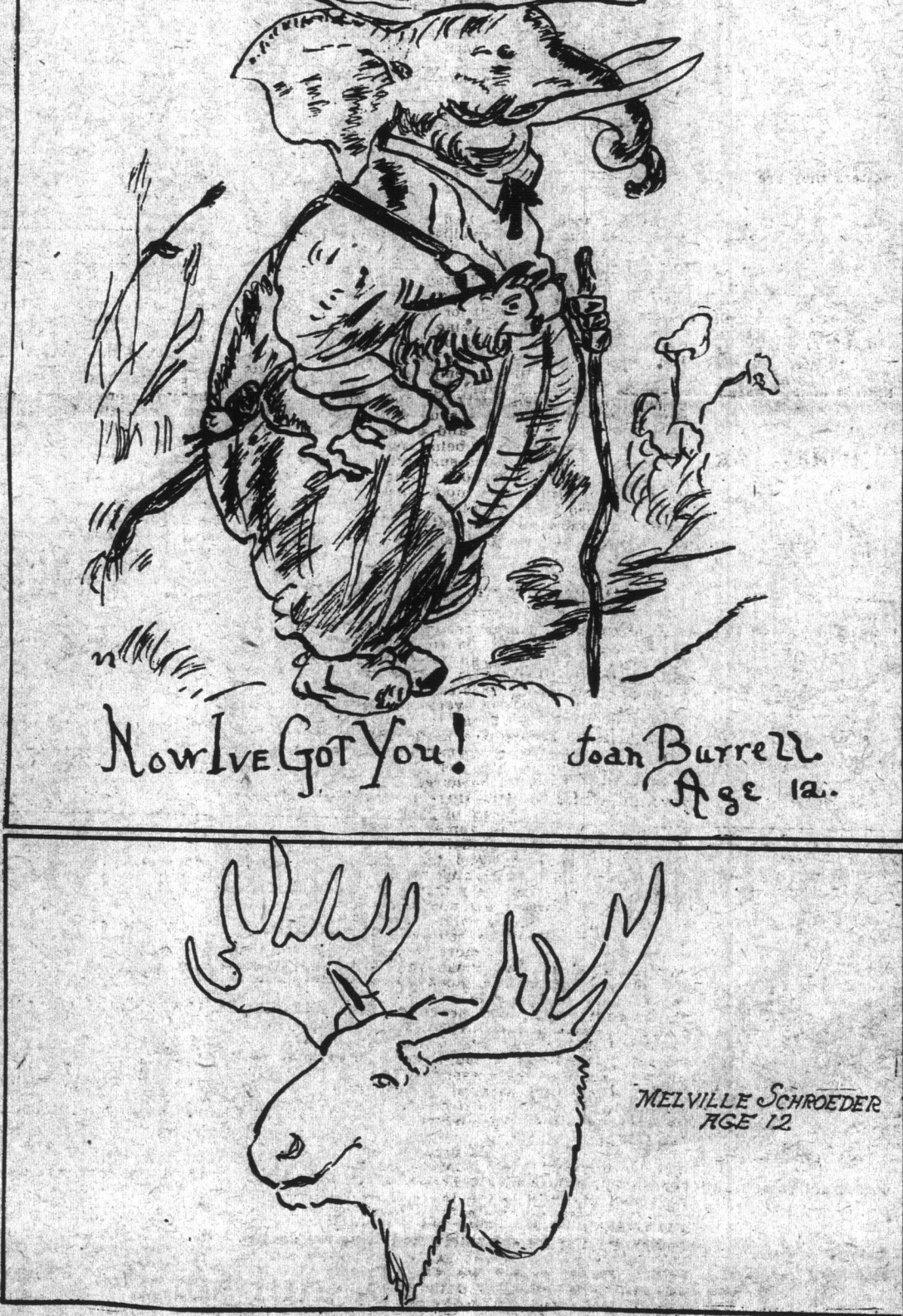
With this distraction of her thoughts, Doria had a sudden vision of Cousin Alicia's bright face, and bethought herself that the only reason why she was the maid of honor at all was that dear Cousin Alicia loved her and wanted her, and that it didn't matter in the least what became of her Day, so long as dear Cousin Alicia's Day was unclouded; and she laughed, too, and took Miss Minnie by the hand.

"Come!" she said. "Let's go and gobbie up the cheesecloth; and if it won't do—you can take the bride's bouquet!"

If her voice faltered a little on that, nobody—except Rob—noticed the fact. There were other things to think besides the little maid of honor, and, after all, they could get on without her. Everybody melted out of the parlor. Aunt Esther bustled away to dress the bride. Mr. Tompkins bore Cousin Ralph to be to the house next door where they had rooms—to take a nap, he averred. Miss Minnie and Doria went up to the garret, accompanied by Harold; and Rob, left by himself, wandered out on the veranda and scowled furiously at the sunshine.

To all appearances the Day was as beautiful as ever. He knew well enough how Doria was feeling about it! Nobody else knew, or cared, apparently. If anything was to be done about the matter, he was the one to do it; and something must be done, there was no question about that.

He sat down on the steps and cast about him wildly.



other to spare. I can't leave, anyway—wouldn't be here now if I hadn't Ralph locked up in his room and on his word of honor not to try to get out. There's the railroad."

"I know," said Rob, briefly. "Next train leaves at 2:10, and return gets here at 4:30. Wedding's at 4:30, and Aunt Esther wouldn't have it half a minute late—even to please Cousin Alicia!"

A gleam came into Mr. Tompkins's eye. "Cousin Ralph is going to have her all the rest of his life," pursued Rob, bitterly. "I should think he might wait five minutes now!"

"Mitten," said Mr. Tompkins, "if necessary." This time Rob saw the gleam, and caught fire. "If Nora hadn't carried off the suit case," he breathed, "and if there was any way of holding this thing back, even for so long—"

"Where there's a Will, there's a way," softly observed Mr. Tompkins, whose first name was William. Rob's face spread into a delighted grin. "I believe you," he said, with conviction.

"There are so many things," mused Mr. Tompkins, sadly, "so many things that are liable to happen just at the last minute, especially if one is a little absent-minded! And, there's Harold, I believe, if I were you, I'd take the chance. And I'd take that automaton, dressed with the hum of voices and the stir of feet. Over in the blue room at the house, Doria looked at herself in the glass and gave a final twitch to the gobbled-up cheesecloth. It sagged down on one side and she hoped up on the other. His heavy stitches gaped here and there, and its defects were but partially hidden by the white ribbon borrowed from the florist's stock. It was a credit to Miss Minnie, all things considered, but—Doria shook herself severely. What did it matter? What did anything matter, so long as dear Cousin Alicia was satisfied?

Slipping down the stairs, she caught sight of a radiant vision, through an open door, and Cousin Alicia's own voice called her softly from within. For one wonderful moment she was held close to the heart of all that bridal whiteness and sweetness, under the mild folds of the bridal veil.

"Do you mind a cheesecloth maid of honor?" she whispered, against Cousin Alicia's cheek.

"I love her!" came the fervent answer. "What, what! Aunt Esther, magnificent in silver-gray satin, stood, amazed in the door. Only ten minutes to the time, and Alicia standing there, looking her little cousin, as if there were so much thing as getting married in the world! A breeze swept through the house. There was a flutter of bridesmaids and a rush of ushers. The bride descended the stairs, with Dinah holding her train. Were they all there? Was everything ready? Where was Tompkins, then? Where was—"

The clock in the church-tower struck half past four. A rustle came through the church, and then a hush. Heads were turned and ears strained. The organ went on playing "Traumerel," softly, sweetly, and nothing but the breeze came floating in at the wide doors.

Down at the station, the arriving train had brought one belated wedding guest. Dusty, disheveled, wild-eyed, hatless, but armed with a dress suit case, to which he clung desperately, he bounded into a carriage and demanded to be driven to Cloverfields "in less than no time."

Fast as the carriage went, it slowed up a trifle in turning the corner by the church, and without waiting for it to stop, he leaped out, fell in a heap waiting to shake the dust off it or himself, and rushed on.

The organ was still playing "Traumerel," softly, sweetly. Nobody was on the church steps or the porch. All was sunny, peaceful, waiting. But beyond, across the green—what had happened there? The organ seemed to be shedding bridesmaids on all sides. They tumbled out into the sunshine like white butterflies, and here and there an usher darted among them like a distracted black beetle. On the end of the porch appeared Aunt Esther, waving her arms and pointing in majestic excitement hither and thither, and then the parlor window Cousin Alicia could be seen standing like a lily under the white mist of her veil.

"What is it?" panted Rob, dashing into the house and running plump into Doria on the stairs. "Oh!" she cried, clasping her hands fervently. "Rob! isn't it just what we might have expected. We're not frightened, because of course, he's always lost; but Cousin Alicia says she should never forgive herself if she got married while he's down the well or on the chimney—or, didn't I tell you?—it's Harold—they can't find him—they Rob! Is that my—"

"Your trousseau!" gasped Rob. "Take it!—here, wait! I'll carry it up for you. Get it on! Hustle! don't stop to breathe! I'll send somebody to hook you. If you can do it in ten minutes!"

"But—Harold!" "Don't worry!" There was a curious sound, half choke, half chuckle, in Rob's throat. "He'll be found. Mr. Tompkins—No, it's not hysterical, it's just dust. Mr. Tompkins will find Harold! Go!"

Reassured, though bewildered, she went. Ten minutes—she could have done it in two, if necessary. Three bridesmaids flew up to help her. They tore open the suit case and out tumbled everything that her eyes had so longed to see. Off came the gobbled-up cheesecloth, and on went the peachblow

chiffon, the silk stockings, the little rosy slippers and the long white gloves. Before the last hook was fastened, a soft rush sounded from below, and a chorus of soft shrieks, with Harold's voice above them, lifted in shrill, indignant protest, and silenced by somebody's gentle but peremptory hand.

"Found!" cried Rob, jubilantly, flying up-stairs as the bridesmaids flew down. "Didn't I tell you? Now then, Doria! The wedding's on! One, two—arc—you—ready?"

"Ready!" echoed Doria, floating out to meet him like a little rose-colored cloud, crowned by a radiant peach blossom of a face. Downstairs she flew, greeted by oh's and ah's of admiration. In a trice the procession formed. The organ, over at the church, brooded for a moment among hushed, expectant harmonies, and then broke softly into the first thrilling notes of the bridal music, and the lily-white bride, and between them, her heart keeping time with her happy feet, walked the little peachblow maid of honor.

It was not till all the breathless, joyous afternoon was over, till the last handful of confetti had been thrown, and Cousin Alicia had waved her handkerchief for the last time from the window of the carriage which bore her away with really-truly-Cousin Ralph from the waiting group on the green, that Doria, turning to walk back to the house, found Rob beside her, and fell upon him with all her pent-up wonder.

"Tell me, Rob!" she cried. "How did it happen? who did it?"

"Why, a little of everybody, I guess," said Rob, understanding. "Pretty much everybody was in it, first and last, even to the conductors and chauffeurs; they all but stood on their heads to help, when they knew what was up. We had to hold the wedding back a little, of course; that was why Mr. Tompkins lost Harold."

"Mr. Tompkins—lost Harold?" Doria's eyes were wide.

"Well, he—mis-laid him, I guess," chuckled Rob. "He's a little absent-minded, you know! Anyway, he found him again pretty quick, when the time came. He's a brick, Mr. Tompkins is. And so's Nora. Didn't I meet her coming up the steps with that—what?—after I'd ransacked the house for it? And hadn't she lugged it all the way back from the ferry when she found out the mistake, just on the chance that we'd send?"

"And you, Rob?" cried Doria. "How can I ever thank you enough? You went all the way down there and back. You must have flown!"

"Flown!" Rob heaved a sigh that sent the roses leaves flying. "You just ought to have seen me, the thought one time I'd never breathe again—and lost my wedding hat into the bargain! I tell you what, Doria, I hope you enjoyed yourself, but it's a good thing we don't have a wedding in the middle of the day! If we did, there wouldn't be enough left of me to—"

"Rob!" said Doria, and her eyes were so dewy with tears that they fairly made rainbows of the laughter sparkling through. "Rob! you are dear! Everybody is dear! It has been a darling day!"

As even as she spoke, over in the west, where the sun was just setting, the Day sent out a great golden smile, as if in answer, and went peacefully to sleep among its primrose clouds.

WITH THE LITTLE TOTS

A Game for Two

(By J. W. Linn)

While their mother was sick, Ted and Jimmy were spending two weeks in the country at Uncle Joe's. He was a fine uncle, they both thought; but much of the time he was busy with his writing, and then the hours hung heavily. The novelty of the little farm was worn off; there was no place to fish, and the only horse on the place was Uncle Joe's own saddle horse, too powerful for small boys to be trusted alone with Uncle Joe knew all this, and he was not surprised on the third morning to be roused from work by Ted, who entered and sat down with a gloomy sigh.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

"I want to play baseball, Uncle Joe."

"Why don't you?"

"There's only Jimmy and me, and two can't. There's—there's more fun in places where there's a lot of boys, don't you think, Uncle Joe?" Ted spoke delicately, for he did not wish to hurt his uncle's feelings; but Uncle Joe understood. He always had a way of understanding the boys. "You might play wall-ball," he suggested.

"What's that?" inquired his nephew.

"You need, said Uncle Joe, 'a ball, not too hard, four barrel-staves, a shingle, and the back of a woodshed.'"

Ted's eyes opened wide. "Sounds like a funny game!"

"You get the barrel-staves, and I'll come out and show you," replied his uncle.

When the staves, the shingle, and Jimmy were collected, Uncle Joe sharpened one end of three of the staves, and stuck them in the ground edgewise in a row a foot apart about five feet out from the woodshed. Then he laid the shingle across their tops. The fourth staff he shaved down neatly for a third of its length, and then wrapped the cut part in cloth. "That's the bat," he explained, "and the cloth is put on so that it won't hurt your hands."

"We've got a good bat, Uncle Joe," said Ted. But Uncle Joe laughed.

"Not so good as this for wall-ball," he said. Then he stationed Ted, with the bat, a yard in front of the three staves and then shingle.

"Now," he explained, "Jimmy shall pitch to you; but he must stand back of this line." He marked the line about forty feet from the shed. He marked the ball, and it knelt on the shingle, you are out, and Jimmy bats. If you hit it in any direction, you must run to that tree and back, and you count as many times as you can make trips before Jimmy can either throw the ball so as to knock off the shingle, or can stand on the home base with the ball. But if he catches it on the fly, or reaches the home base with it, he knocks off the shingle while you are still running, you are out."

"How about fouls?" asked Ted.

"A foul is as good as a fair ball in this game; only the woodshed is on the pitcher's side, remember. "Sounds more like cricket than like baseball," objected Jimmy, who had read books on games and was well posted, "but I think I'd like to try it, too."

"You may call it woodshed cricket if you like," answered Uncle Joe, his eyes twinkling.

He returned to his writing, and was interrupted no more that morning. But two hot and red-faced nephews met him at luncheon.

"How did it go?" he asked.

"I'm ahead!" cried Jimmy. "Five runs!"

"He's got ahead, but we're going to play all afternoon, and I bet I beat him! When is the game over, Uncle Joe?"

"Not until the woodshed is tired," said Uncle Joe, again with the twinkle in his eyes.—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

SHORT STORIES

David

The largest and one of the finest of Michael Angelo's great masterpieces is his statue of David. It is called the "slant" from the colossal size. The young artist was only 25 years of age when he began it; it occupied two years in its execution. No work of the great master earned such a harvest of praise among his contemporaries. The boldness and assured touch of the great sculptor awake our admiration. Not only the subject was prescribed to him but also its size and proportions. It stood for over three hundred years in front of the old palace in which Savonarola held his first Parliament on the free city of Florence, of which, according to an inscription still visible, Jesus Christ alone was Lord. The original is now removed to the art gallery. A copy in bronze is placed in the great square dedicated to Michael Angelo on a hill overlooking the City of Flowers.