

CANADIANS ON THE NILE—  
TOWING THE BOAT  
BRIGADE.

### GOOD BOOKS FOR BOYS.\*

What we specially like about Major Henty's books is the robust and manly tone of British patriotism with which they are inspired. The series recounts some of the most striking events in English history, from the days of Beric, the Briton, in the old Roman days, down to the recent "Dash for Khartoum." The romantic story of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," the stirring tale of the bold British sailors and their conflict with the Spaniards in the time of Drake, the founding of the British Empire in India under Clive, and a score of other stirring events in the history of the British Empire, are treated with great vigour and great fidelity to historic accuracy.

Comparatively few boys will sit down and read a prosy history; but give them a stirring story in which the dry bones of history are clothed with living, throbbing flesh and blood, and they will read it with avidity, and acquire a large amount of useful information. They will acquire, also, a taste for historic reading and study that will lead them to investigate in wider fields for themselves. We know one boy who in reading Major Henty's books keeps the open atlas beside him and refers to encyclopaedias and larger histories, and puts his father through a regular catechism on the subjects treated by these books. Our chief difficulty is that the books are of such absorbing interest that the boy is apt to be beguiled to give them time that should be spent in school studies or exercise, and even the "stern parent" finds himself dipping into these books with the avidity of a boy.

"The Dash for Khartoum" is especially interesting. A gallant story it is: how a few thousand British redcoats and bluejackets put down a strong rebellion, went nearly 2,000 miles up the Nile, brought order out of chaos, and started Egypt on a course of prosperity such as it had probably never known before. This may seem an extravagant assertion in view of the ancient civilizations whose very ruins are stupendous. But that old civilization was one of oppression and wrong, when the poor peasants were crushed beneath burdens akin to those of the Israelites in bondage.

In our journey up the Nile we met many British officers and others who had taken part in this dash for Khartoum, and often we sat upon the steamer's deck in the glowing day's decline and listened to stories of hairbreadth escape and deeds of daring that made the nerves thrill. "There the memory of Gordon," said one military officer, "is revered almost like that of the prophet himself. They regarded him as almost superhuman." At Tel-El-Kebir, we saw the pathetic burying-ground in the midst of the desert, where sleep the remains of the gallant British soldiers who were slain in the terrible battle at that place. In the English church at Cairo the walls are fairly covered with memorials of British soldiers and sailors who have

given their lives for the regeneration of this old land of the Nile.

"The Dash for Khartoum" is especially interesting to us in Canada from the fact that 900 Canadian voyageurs took part in the exploit, in conveying the troops and stores up that wonderful river and surmounting its cataracts. We give illustrations of Canadians on the Nile, not very artistic, but showing the facts of the case. The pictures in the Henty book are of high artistic merit. There are ten beautiful engravings and four plans and maps of important places. The tales of Lord Charles Beresford and Captain Burnaby, recounted here, have never been surpassed in the annals of British daring.

The unhappy necessity for conquering the fanatical Madhists and Arabs was one that was forced upon the British Government, and it seems to be one of the cases in which the sword has to be the true peacemaker.

The incident of the murder of Gordon and the fall of Khartoum is one of tragic interest and makes a stirring episode in this story. Sir Charles Beresford ran the gauntlet of the hostile batteries, and, with his steamer, rescued Sir Charles Wilson's party, and began the sad retreat from the abandoned Soudan.

We follow the adventures of a couple of English lads in these stirring times. They get into a good deal of trouble, partly through their own fault. Major Henty gives the sound advice, "When in trouble you should always go freely to your best friends and natural advisers, and lay the case fully before them. It may be that, if the trouble has arisen from your own fault, you will have to bear their temporary displeasure, but this is a small thing in comparison with the permanent injury that may arise from acting on your own impulse. In most cases cowardice lies at the bottom of concealment, and cowardice is of all vices the most contemptible; while the fear of the displeasure of a parent has ruined many a boy's life. Therefore, when you are in serious trouble, always go to your best friend, your father, and lay the case frankly and honestly before him; for you may be sure that present displeasure and even punishment are but small things in comparison with the trouble that may arise from trying to get out of the difficulty in other ways."

However, all's well that ends well, and our young readers will want to find that out for themselves.

### CHIVALRY ON CRUTCHES.

BY EVERETT H. SCOTT.

We two in a railway car seat—The Boy and I. In five minutes we had scraped acquaintance. He shared my illustrated papers; I shared his gumdrops—moderately. I knew that he was freckled, snub-nosed, and sturdy. He knew—all that a pair of keen gray eyes could tell after a prolonged survey. Whatever he learned seemed to persuade him to confidence; and the sight of a certain famous group of school buildings loosed his tongue. My interruptions were few, and, for the sake of the story, they appear not at all.

"There, sir. Watch close. It's just around the curve. N-n-now! Did you see? The one with the red roof and a cupola—la, I mean.

"Yes, sir, that's the best place for boys there ever was. We all call it The Jolly Jane. But that's not the real name, of course. The Jane-Wheeler-Memorial - Cottage - erected - by-loving-sisters-and - presented-to-The-Blandford-School-for-Boys. You ought to hear us fellows sing that when we're all together. We make it the last verse of 'The Three Salty Fishermen.' It goes great to that tune. Every new fellow has to sing it three times through, backward, inside of a minute, or else he has to do a wooden soldier.

"Boys hate to do wooden soldiers, you know, so this year every new fellow had the Jolly Jane verse by heart, except Sid Stevens. Bum Willetts held the watch and gave Sid a good two minutes. And Softy Barrows coached him up. But Sid just couldn't keep his tongue untwisted. Well—there was the wooden soldier to do. The boys felt—why, they felt like sancho. For, you see, Sid was lame, had to get around on two crutches. And of course he couldn't do a wooden soldier. But there was the cottage rule. And we couldn't tell Sid he was out of the play, could we? Oh, we were in a pickle.

"Well, sir, Sid didn't wait a minute. He just held out those two crutches and said: 'Here, boys, these are my wooden soldiers. Let them do the trick.' Wasn't it clever of him? The boys shouldered the sticks and had their walk-around and sang the Jolly Jane verse until the professor had to come up and look into things a bit.

"Sid was a Jolly Janette worth having. If there was anything in the way of a good time, Sid was in the middle of it.

"Good times? That boy without any legs worth mentioning got us into all kinds of games and hunts, peanuts and such, you know. But the best of all was the sheet and pillow-case party. Did you ever go to one? Then you know what fun it is.

"We couldn't talk anything else for a week beforehand. One night after supper we were all roosting on the piazza rail talking about the way we'd pick out the different fellows. Bobs Hilburne spoke up—he never thought a minute how it would sound—and said, 'We'll know you, Sid, by your crutches.' Wasn't that—ghostly? Bobs didn't think, that was it. He's a thoroughbred, Bobs is. And if he'd have thought— Anyway, he said it.

"For a minute things were pretty quiet, you'd better believe.

Then Sid laughed, with just a bit of a choke at the same time, and hopped up with 'Don't you care, fellows; I'll have my share of the fun guessing the rest of you.'

"Wasn't that fine of him? You know how sort of awkward a fellow feels at a party. Well, it was just the same that Friday night, only worse. The sheets would keep coming unpinched, and would get under a fellow's feet the best he could do. And you can't ask for a pin without giving yourself away. At least, we couldn't. You try it some time. Say, 'Please give me a pin,' in a little squeaky voice. Oh, you'll be known for sure.

"When we finally waddled into the parlour there was a sheeter with the crutches down on the floor beside the chair. Ben Moulton—wish you could know the dear old blunderhead—forgot all about keeping his mouth shut. It

was a regular up-and-down war-whoop. 'Hello, Sid!' And then he caught his foot in the sheet. Over he went, clear into the next room.

"And there was another sheeter and another pair of crutches. You ought to have seen Ben! Head half out of the pillow-case, sheet all down around his knees, he was a sight. But he didn't think of how he looked. He eyed one, then he eyed the other. 'My crack—' And he stopped right there. For in the door stood another Sid, crutches and all.

"You know what a racket twenty boys having a good time can make. We made it that night. And all we did, as sure as I'm sitting here, was to find out who was the real Sid. To be sure, we didn't find out that until the pillow-cases came off. And then the one I thought was Sid was Bobs, and Bobs was Dofy Green, and Dofy Green was Sid.

"What next? Why, we sang 'The Salty Sailors' through three times; and the first time we made Dofy sing the Jolly Jane verse, and the next time, Bobs, and the next time, Sid. And we ate ice cream. And—that was all."

There was a spot of red under each freckled cheek and a dancing light in the gray eyes, quite enough to make me ready for the eager question, "Wasn't that grand of Bobs?"

## Whereas

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## Whereas

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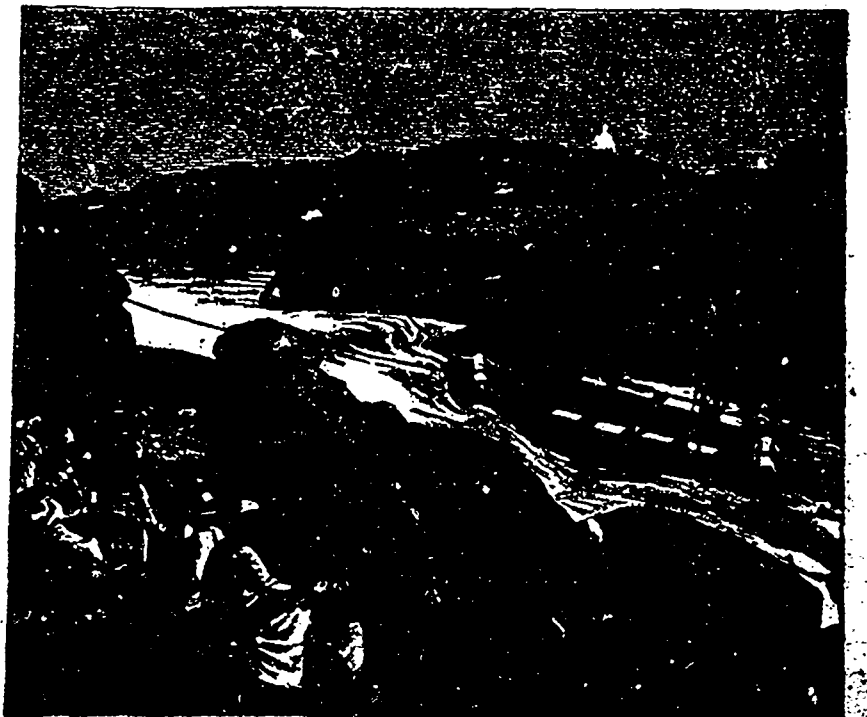
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CANADIANS ON THE NILE—ASCENDING CATARACT.

\*"The Dash for Khartoum: a Tale of the Nile Expedition." By G. A. Henty, author of "Held Fast for England," "The Lion of the North," etc. Blackie & Son, London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, \$1.50.