

For the Boys and Girls

MESSAGE FROM A GREAT WRITER.

You have heard quotations from the lives and books of other great writers like Charles Dickens and Sir Walter Scott, who were gentle as well as great, and this is about "Ouida," which was not her real name, but one she was always known by. In nearly all her stories there are nice things about animals, and we know of a letter she once wrote to a little boy—who by this time must be a big man—and the letter said:

"My Dear Bertie,—
"Don't think I do not like you because I want to see you gentler to animals."

"You are a bright and clever boy, and ought to understand that animals being so entirely in our power, all unkind use of our strength over them is both mean and unwholesome. Try and remember that real manliness is always indulgent and never tyrannical. Perhaps long after I am dead, you will show this to your children, and say: This is what I was told by

"Ouida."

TOMMY, THE SCHOOL CAT.

Tommy had every right to be called "The School Cat," for no one took a greater interest than he in everything belonging to the school where he made his home.

He knew just the right time to be at the gate every morning to meet his particular friends; he knew what the play bell meant, and was always ready, when school was dismissed, to coax somebody to stay and play a little while.

The chief things that seemed to puzzle Tommy were: Why the pencils were moved about up on the desks where he could not reach; why the children sat so still while the teacher was talking; and why, when at last

someone would notice him, he was requested to wait outside till school was over.

The favorite lesson of all came at the end of Friday morning, for then, if all the week's work had been done, the children might choose a subject. Sometimes it was astronomy, or aeroplanes, or the life of a hero, but nearly always it was natural history, for everyone loved animals.

One day the chosen subject was "The Cat Tribe," and what could be nicer than to invite Tommy to show off the special characteristics of his family?

To his great joy, Tommy seemed to be the most important person in the room, for even the teacher was talking about him. He willingly showed how the cat family could drink milk, making a ladle with the tongue, so that none was spilled, unsheathed the sharp claws, and held a soft ball so firmly that no one could take it away, jump and land with every joint relaxed, run without making the slightest noise, and then lie so still that no one could tell there was anything there without seeing.

This was the kind of lesson that pleased Tommy, and everyone else, too, so at the same hour the next week, and for several weeks, Tommy was eager to help. He looked inside the fender, but there was no milk this time; he was ready to catch anything, if someone would throw it, but they were talking about kangaroos. At last he heard a familiar word, it was "jump." Up in the air went Tommy, to the delight of all the class!

Every day at play-time, someone would make a fence with clasped hands, saying "Jump, Tommy," and he knew what that meant. For a few moments, Tommy was the centre of interest, and ever afterward Class IV. was known as "Tommy's Class."

SHALL I LEAVE THE FARM?

Let's First Match the City's Lure Against the Things the Land Offers.

BY E. DAVENPORT

Shall I stay with the land or shall I cast my lot with the great centres of population where things are doing, where all the activities known to man rub elbows every day; where every kind of talent may express itself; where the great awards are to be had and where fame and fortune centre?

We are not much concerned about what may be called the normal drift from the country to the town in satisfaction of natural proclivities or even in replacement, recognizing the fact that in general men, like horses, are produced on the land and worn out in the city. But we are deeply concerned if anybody goes to town impulsively or under misconception, just as we are concerned about the character of the draft and whether only the dregs are left behind. Obviously people not a few, and especially the young who by the way have never seen a normal world, need some help to think these problems through to the end, not only in their own interest but also from consideration of public welfare.

Four Classes Hear the Call.

This question of leaving the farm seems to press with peculiar emphasis upon at least four distinct classes of country people:

The man of fifty or thereabouts whose boys have left him and who cannot hire help to operate the farm.

The middle-aged man in debt or conscious of his marked inferiority in earning power as compared with that of city friends or relatives.

The young married man without land or with prospects for inheritance so distant as to be negligible.

The boy not yet established for himself but beginning to think about his personal prospects.

To every man in each of these numerous classes there comes with varying degrees of emphasis that age-old question: "What shall I do with my life?" and each must seek his own answer.

There is no more pathetic figure in all Canadian country life than the gray-haired father, bent with the labor of a generation in developing a home and a business upon which his boys have turned their backs as fast as they have grown in to earning power, and for which it is impossible to hire sufficient labor to plant and harvest, to say nothing of keeping the betterments in full repair.

This is no modern edition of the stereotype and much-maligned retired farmer who went to town to educate his children, or to give the wife a rest, or to give the boy a chance. It is a new product born of conditions that make a day's work in the city, even at

with the school plans, working like beavers to meet interest—rent—and to get ready for real living by and by.

If the young married man wants the employment, the living conditions, the risks as well as the rewards that go with city life, then by all means let him pack up and go. But he will do well to remember that in going he will make a new acquaintance with bills; that rent will be due in advance for every month and that thirty days never rolled around so rapidly on the farm. If he wants so much as a cabbage, he will have to pay good money for it.

By all means this young man and his wife should go to the town if they have good reasons of a positive character, but let them not be frightened off the land under the impression that agriculture has gone hopelessly and permanently to the devil. The farm home is still the most economical place in which to live. The farm is still and always will be a good place for raising boys and girls.

An Anchor to Windward.

The country is full of wise young people thinking hard and deep on all these things. Some will go who ought to stay, and some will stay who ought to go, but whether they go or whether they stay, let them do it intelligently. It takes a steady more even to scrape along in town than to live comfortably on the farm.

All the farm boy's information of the city is on the favorable side, its big business, its wealthy men, its successful lives.

A few men in the city are highly paid, but their competition is keen and for the same reason most men work cheap in the city, for that is where men herd, in any case living expenses are high enough to raise the hair of the head of a country boy. And so it is that even what seem high wages melt away marvelously.

Men succeed and men fail in both city and country. Even so most men succeed fairly well in the country, and most men fail in the city to gain either the independence of the farmer or the competence that spells comfort.

Let the boy choose, but let him not be frightened away from the land by present prices, nor enticed into the city by temporary high wages.

Faith in the Future.

In spite of the disadvantages under which the farmer at present labors—I had almost said often by virtue of them—there is a vast mass of men and women on the land, ranging from the very old to the very young, who are plowing ahead with confidence.

Most such men, both old and young, are philosophers enough to realize that agriculture, like banking, is a safe business, but as such will never pay the high current profits of more speculative enterprises. They know that the farmer will always have a job and that his business is not subject to strikes and lockouts.

Accordingly, these people are not much disturbed. They are sending the young people to school and college as before, even under considerable financial difficulty, and they are more or less consciously getting ready to buy the lands and reconstruct the homes which a more shifty type of opportunists are letting slip from their fingers for a little temporary gain. A patriotic citizen may well take off his hat to these typical Canadian farmers, of whom there are more than we suppose.

One-Roomed House.

The old jest about the Irishman who, if he wanted to go from the kitchen into the parlor of his humble home, "just stayed where he was," is being translated into reality.

A Berlin architect has erected in the suburbs four novel houses, the object being to economize space.

In reality each house merely consists of one large room, at the end of which is an arrangement similar to a circular moving stage.

This is divided into three sections, one containing the essentials of a kitchen, another the essentials of a bedroom, and the third those of a reception-room. Thus, for example, in a moment the kitchen can be transformed into a reception room or the latter into a bedroom.

The public appears to view the idea with some doubt; for despite the shortage of houses only one of these new buildings has obtained a tenant.



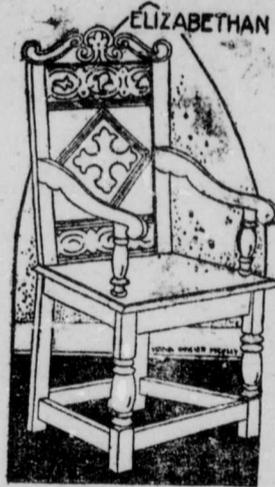
Already Fired.

Boss—"I saw that fool Brown smoking 'mong them powder kegs just now. I'll fire him! Send him in here!"
Workman—"Just a minute, Boss, as I will. They got an arm as a leg to find yet."

Things You Want to Know About Home Decoration

By DOROTHY ETHEL WALSH.
National Authority on Home Furnishings.

Elizabethan Furniture.



In making a study of period furnishings one is impressed by the influence the life and customs of an era had upon the designs executed at the time.
Necessity was ever a guiding hand.

and comfort the aim. Therefore, when necessity demanded sturdy, massive articles and heavy tapestries to keep warm the cold interiors they were produced. Chair backs were made high to keep the drafts from their occupants. The wing chair had its origin in such a service.

As we view early English articles we realize that the comfort of the large halls used then was not of the kind we would enjoy to-day. And we also are made cognizant of the fact these very sturdiness and massiveness; but reflect the demands of their era.

You are shown an Elizabethan chair in to-day's illustration. Closely allied with the Jacobean period which followed and was really a development of the Elizabethan we find many similar points in the two. The wooden seat of the chair pictured is characteristic of the type. Strap work was liberally applied. Of Flemish origin diamond shapes in moldings are often found. Straight lined and dignified the chair pictured does not interpret the modern idea. Contrasted with the lounging chairs we are wont to use in our homes it is ungainly and austere. Given careful consideration, however, it will be found to have much of beauty in its simple design, and as an answer to the demand of its time it combined utility with its beauty.



With The BOY SCOUTS

Field Secretary Edgar T. Jones has just returned from a visit to some of our far north Troops and it is thought our brother Scouts, leaders and friends will be interested in learning how Scouting is shaping in these comparatively isolated places.

He first wishes to remove the usually accepted idea that up there it is the "Frozen North." It is a wonderful country of splendid farms, forests of the finest timber, mines of gold, silver, copper, etc., a veritable "flowing with milk and honey" land, ready to receive a large influx of people, and undoubtedly possessing a great future.

Scouting has gotten a firm grip there and is ready for all future extension and demand.

In Haliburton the ravages of the fire are still seen and felt. Scouts have labored under great difficulties since, having lost uniform, records, their meeting place, in fact everything but their "will to conquer." They are out for real Scouting along the well-known lines of woodcraft, camping, etc., and much more will be heard of them.

Among the Gold.

It is a long run thence to Timmins, of gold fame, for here we have the largest gold mine in the world. Our representative arrived two hours late on account of engine breakdown, but was not in the town three minutes before he was made to feel perfectly "at home" by receiving the familiar Scouts salute, a reminder always of our threefold promise. After meeting the Troop it was felt Timmins has every reason to be proud of this group of future citizens possessing hearts of gold. Plans were laid for further extension of Scouting here.

The Pulp Town.

Found our Scoutmaster at Iroquois Falls unfortunately ill, but splendid meeting arranged with about fifty boys by Frank Biles, A.S.M., and late of Ottawa.

One week previously the troop had the privilege of seeing the whole process of paper making from the logs being felled, transported, cut up, crushed, and manufactured into newspaper.

Monteith, Matheson, and Elk Lake were each visited and public meetings conducted. One little fellow at the latter place was caught talking in his sleep at night, saying, "Grandpa, I know what the Cub's salute is, it's with the two fingers, like this." Evidently the Sunday afternoon meeting with Scouts and Cubs made an impression on him. There is the promise of good Cubbing all round.

Mention should also be made of the excellent progress being made in Scouting in Thorne, Charlton, Cobalt, Giroux Lake, as well as the prospects at New Lakehead, Englehart, and North Cobalt.

A real climax to this northern tour was reached at North Bay, when some fifty Scouts warmed their toes at the Council fire for an hour with Mr. Jones supervising the stoking. This was followed by Father and Son ban-

quet with the Mayor and elite of the town present. Interesting speeches were given, new Committee elected, the annual report presented, during which period the guest of the evening had to perform "Scouts Pace" to the railway station, preceded by Scouts transporting his grips, which "good turn" enabled him to just breathlessly scramble on the train not one minute too soon.

The trip covered over one thousand miles, and sixteen Troops and Packs were looked up and encouraged. The aftermath of thought is that the North is a great country for Scouting activities, particularly along lines of Woodcraft, and readers will rejoice to know the boys with their leaders are as keen as our southern brothers, and determined to make the best of what opportunities are theirs. Wouldn't it be fine for Scouting if some of our southern Troops linked on with one up North and exchanged ideas, letters, and confidences. Headquarters would be glad to facilitate such a plan.

The Story of Spices.

In olden times spices were valued almost their weight in gold to Europeans owing to the immense difficulty in obtaining them.

In the fifth century A.D., when Rome was conquered by Alaric the Goth, he asked as a ransom 3,000 pounds of pepper, then worth a fabulous price. The "fraternity of peppers" was said to be the first organization of dealers, and in the fourteenth century this became the "guild of grocers."

Venice traded in spices to the extent of many thousands of pounds annually, and there was considerable rivalry with Portugal as to who should secure the best cargoes from the Far-Eastern ports.

It is said that Christopher Columbus was searching for the profitable spice when he reached America; and Vasco de Gama, the famous explorer, made one of his most important voyages to get a cargo of pepper, cinnamon, and ginger from India.

The Portuguese were ousted by the Dutch in the supremacy of trade in spices, until it was in turn snatched from them in the sixteenth century by the British and the Germans.

Wisdom.

Say to your girl the sands are running. Tell her this of old wisdom and cunning

(I am remembering my own days).
That not one hour of her bliss has wasted.

No kiss ungiven, no joy untaught.
(I am remembering my own days).

Tell your boy 't is his hour of plenty. Only once is he golden and twenty
(I am remembering my own days).
Bid him build, since beyond recover
Fleet the days of the loved and lover
(I am remembering my own days).
—Katharine Tynan.

Even the smallest spark shines brightly in darkness.

He hath no need of property who knows not how to spend it.

The hypocrite has the look of an archbishop and the heart of a miller.

The king who fights his people fights himself.