

Out-of-Doorists



THE EXHIBITION

All the boys and girls of Victoria had a holiday and a half last week, and a great many of them attended the show. It would be very interesting to know what all those thousands of sharp eyes saw and what the children thought of the exhibition. Some, perhaps, saw the arties that the side shows, and all the boys would contrive to see the horse races either from the fences or the grand stand. A number both of boys and girls collected the pet animals and saw the prize chickens. City children are somewhat afraid of long hours and many of the cattle, but admired the parade, where the animals were to be seen at their best at a safe distance. Inside the boys would see the temptation of looking at Hutchinson's electrical display, nor of deriving both pleasure and profit from that. Fewer would stop to look at Spencer's display from the Albion town, but that too is interesting. Town boys were made in town and before long the iron to make them will be dug from our own mines and manufactured on Vancouver island. The fruit was enough to make any boy's mouth water—girls are never greedy. Such beautiful apples are not found in any other place do not grow in many parts of Canada, and better than the best specimens are to be found in the province. The vegetables showed what can be done by intelligent labor on the soil of Vancouver island, and some of the mainland farmers came over to show what the soil of the Chilliwack valley can produce. The girls all went upstairs to see what pretty things were made of fingers can make, and a good many both boys and girls took a look at the pictures, and admired the beautiful flowers, whether cut or growing. What idea of the resources of the province would an intelligent young person get from the exhibition? He would come away with the idea that there were a great number of very fine farms, and that the farmers were both enterprising, industrious, and intelligent. All the more he would conclude, is true of the fruit-growers of the province, and if he found a little bit of grapes and strawberries so much has been done in a few years, a great deal more and better work should be done in the future. He would find that there were a few manufacturers and more enterprising merchants. This and perhaps more a stranger would gather from the exhibition. But this is very far from representing all the industries of the province or even of Vancouver island. There are not found in any other place working in the coal mines. Their labor requires special training and concentration, and the wealth of our province. Not many miles from Victoria men are engaged in the copper and silver mines and marble and iron mines. There are also a few manufacturers and more enterprising merchants. This and perhaps more a stranger would gather from the exhibition. But this is very far from representing all the industries of the province or even of Vancouver island.

He might study uninterestedly the anchor had taken a grip. By Walden Pond, in a forest almost within sight and sound of the city, he built with his own hands a home for himself and lived there for five years cultivating his garden and working new fields in the year at surveying or some other business by which he could earn a little money to supply his simple wants. In these lonely years he obtained much knowledge of the quiet world in which he lived. He afterwards returned to the world of men and became a great friend of the poet and philosopher Emerson. Though so tender to the creatures of wood and air and water, this strange man had little love for man and women. He would rather be alone than in the company of the most of them. He only set what we give and it is not to be wondered at that, though men admired his learning and his research, they did not love him. Here we will close this short sketch of a most interesting character, one who dared to live as he thought right in spite of the scorn and the frowns of his kindred. He was one of those around him and who in his forty-five years of life accomplished much.

A DEADLY ANCHORAGE PART I.

Bert Saxon went whistling towards the little slip where his boat lay with others. One hand was in his pocket, the other was fishing lazily, in the pocket of Bert's jacket was a tin of bait—long worms dug from the mud when the tide was lowest. On the back of Bert's saucy young head floated a little cap of straw, no body quite knew by what means, least of all Bert himself, who did not even care. But it stuck, and that sufficed. A cheery-looking lad he was of some fourteen merry summers, who took things cheerily, and was better at games than books. He was often upon his hands and knees, and would be found at home upon the water, and could manage a boat with very fair skill. One trait he lacked, however, in such a craft, and as Bert got his hand upon the taut chain, against which his head was bumping, he noticed that the boy was lower than usual in the stream.

STORIES OF ANIMALS

The Birthdays Party. Tim and Zip were two handsome and enterprising pet coons, the constant companions of Ruth and James Saunders. If they slipped the cherry tree to gather the cherries Tim and Zip went strong and fast, and were lower than usual in the stream. They dropped one, instead of taking another from the midst of plenty, and he was laboriously down to the ground for it. There was not a little excitement among the children one morning when the elephant in some private unknown to me, then he shouted, "out away!" I made one dash with the knife, and felt the trunk tightening on my hair in a way that made my blood run cold. However, I screwed up my courage, and again applied the shears, and time I had lanced the abscess, sprang the foot, and bound it up. Evidently the elephant was in a great deal of pain, it relaxed its grasp of my hair, and drew a long breath. Several months later I happened to be in the neighborhood of the show and I sought out the keeper to ask after my former patient. She was well and hearty, he told me, and invited me to come and see her. On approaching the elephant she looked at me at first with indifference, then steadily and with interest. Then she stroked out her trunk and laid it caressingly on my head. Finally she wondered to relate the story of her foot, now thoroughly healed, and showed it to me. She had not forgotten.—Chum.

SUNBEAMS

It was in a wood. The trees were tall and grew close together. They were newly covered with fresh green foliage, for it was spring. When you look at the branches, there were places where you could see the blue sky through the leaves. In some places the leaves were so thickly grown to see any sky at all, or even to let the rain through. But just now the leaves were like a beautiful green pattern traced on the background of a soft blue sky. The sun was shining brightly, and the rays of sun were slanting through the branches of the trees, and they were again applied the shears, and time I had lanced the abscess, sprang the foot, and bound it up. Evidently the elephant was in a great deal of pain, it relaxed its grasp of my hair, and drew a long breath. Several months later I happened to be in the neighborhood of the show and I sought out the keeper to ask after my former patient. She was well and hearty, he told me, and invited me to come and see her. On approaching the elephant she looked at me at first with indifference, then steadily and with interest. Then she stroked out her trunk and laid it caressingly on my head. Finally she wondered to relate the story of her foot, now thoroughly healed, and showed it to me. She had not forgotten.—Chum.

THE BOY AND THE CHIMPANZEE

One dreary, stormy day a chimpanzee, little more than a baby, arrived at an animal show, homelike and frightened, after his long journey over seas from his forest home. Crouched in a corner of his cage, he shivered continually, making a rattling noise every now and then. When the trainer attempted to touch him, the poor, terrified animal would shriek with fright and work himself into such a nervous state that it was thought best to let him alone. At the end of three days it was feared he would die, for he refused to eat or drink anything. And then it happened that a little negro boy, the son of a helper in the stable, came along, and, noticing how unhappy the chimpanzee looked, he talked to the poor creature in quiet, caressing tones, and offered him a piece of fruit. For a while the chimpanzee never moved, then, as the boy kept on talking, he thrust out small, hairy paw, took the fruit with a jerk, and ate it ravenously. The trainer, who had been watching them, encouraged the boy to give the animal another piece of fruit, and after that the boy came daily to talk to the little "chimp" and feed him, always, however, under the direction of the keeper, who at first kept at a distance, but after several days joined the friend. Little by little the "chimp" learned to lose his fear of the trainer, and when he found the man did him no harm, and gave him food, he allowed himself to be dressed in clothes, and taught to eat with a knife and fork and drink out of a mug. But the friendship between the "chimp" and the boy continued. When the former was not performing in the show ring, he would sit in his cage and watch anxiously for his friend, giving little guttural cries when he appeared. "Chimp" was never so happy as when sitting with the boy or watching him at play with the children. He would, however, allow no other child to come near him. —New York Tribune.

THE ELEPHANT REMEMBERED

A veterinary surgeon told the following story concerning the intelligence and gratitude of an elephant: Some years ago, a horse was summoned by the proprietor of a famous show to come to his stables to attend a female elephant. The creature had stopped on a nail or piece of metal, which penetrated her foot. She was in great agony, and when I reached the elephant stables I could hear her trumpeting with pain. On entering, I found her standing on three legs, swinging the sore foot slowly backwards and forwards. I felt rather nervous as I approached the creature, but she kept telling me to have no fear. The elephant he explained was a very intelligent creature. He had been laboriously down to the ground for it. There was not a little excitement among the children one morning when the elephant in some private unknown to me, then he shouted, "out away!" I made one dash with the knife, and felt the trunk tightening on my hair in a way that made my blood run cold. However, I screwed up my courage, and again applied the shears, and time I had lanced the abscess, sprang the foot, and bound it up. Evidently the elephant was in a great deal of pain, it relaxed its grasp of my hair, and drew a long breath. Several months later I happened to be in the neighborhood of the show and I sought out the keeper to ask after my former patient. She was well and hearty, he told me, and invited me to come and see her. On approaching the elephant she looked at me at first with indifference, then steadily and with interest. Then she stroked out her trunk and laid it caressingly on my head. Finally she wondered to relate the story of her foot, now thoroughly healed, and showed it to me. She had not forgotten.—Chum.

BEHEADINGS

1. Behead a stem and get a conversation. 2. Behead a full color and get a line of light. 3. Behead a color variegated with spot and get a fruit. 4. Behead a company of sheep and get a curl or malting. 5. Behead a man and get a form of water. 6. Behead whatever one believes he has inside his skull and get a form of water. 7. Behead to fly aloft and get something with which the boatman is familiar. 8. Behead a portion and get a relation of the rat. 9. Behead great scarcity and get the planet on which we live. 10. Behead an apparatus used in retarding the motion of a wheel and get a garden implement.—New York Tribune Farmer.

WITH THE POETS

Afraid of the Dark. Who's afraid of the dark? "O, not I," said the owl, "I've given a great squaw, and he whicker his jaw. And I nudged his jaw!" "Tu-whoo!" Said the dog, "I bark. Out loud in the dark—Boo-oo!" Said the cat, "Mew!" "I'll scratch anyone who dares say that I do. Feel afraid—Mew!" "Afrail," said the mouse, "I've hid inside the house! Hear me scatter, Waver's the matter, Squawk!" Then the toad in the hole, And the bug in the ground, They both shook their heads. And passed the word round. And the bird in the tree. And the fish and the bee. They declared all three That you're not to see One of them afraid In the dark. Bow, the noble boy. Who had gone to bed, Just raised the bedclothes. And covered his head! "Incantation Enquirer."

Advertisement for 'OLEY!' featuring a large illustration of a man in a suit and hat, with text describing the product and its benefits.

Advertisement for 'ASH GROCERY WALLACE' with contact information including 'PHONE 312' and 'Johnson St. Warehouse'.

Advertisement for 'the Diploma' range of goods, including 'Laval Separator Hars' and 'Age Co's Goods, Carts, etc.'.

Advertisement for 'WARE CO' located at 'BROAD STREETS' with contact information 'P. O. Box 682'.

Advertisement for 'the New Exhibition' featuring 'Works' and 'after the New Exhibition'.

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