RECOLLECTIONS

BOYISH ADVENTURES

* Swry for Boys in the Y oth's compa by Sir William M. Conway

rione people are so made that hum-irum existence is intolerable to them. If they are compelled into offices, they become speculators or originators of business vontures. The English-speaking race is made of such people. That is why sport has so much charm for thom. Its uncertainty is its fasci-

tion The desire for adventure, that is to and centre for auventure, that is to say for the unexpected, leads some of us to strange places, the stranger the better, for in strange places who knows what may happen next? I suppose this is why I took to mountain-climbing from boyhood, and why I love it

now.

How well I remember my first snow climb, when every stop was into a world now to roo! The start was in the night—Orion was shining low down in the south. The woods we first passed through seemed like fairy glades. Then came the grassy hill-side, and then the enow. Thad never seem snow like it, granular and iey. The dawn broke like a forest fire in the east, the mountaintops flaumed, the snow-field glittered, and all the world seemed new.

Soon clouds came down and enveloped us, but what cared I, so long as my friends were willing to go forward? Snow fell, wind blow; we shivered with cold; we could not see twenty yards in any direction; but the guide knew the way, and my cagerness warmed the kindness of my shivering companions, who doubtless would gladly have turned back.

Truth to tell, it was a miserable day for the hills and a wretched expedition. We saw no view from our summit, we were wetted to the skin and we lost our way, but never again shall have been in more dangerous places since, and had an escape or two here and there, but the unknown never eame so near to me as then, nor will opne till I stand on the ultimate ow. How well I remember my first snow

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shore.

But it is not necessary to travel to find adventure. The most exciting adventures often arise in daily life. There are more accidents and hair-But it is not neceesary to travel to find adventure. The most exciting adventures often arise in daily life. There are more accidents and hair-breadth escapes in modern cities than in all the savage regions of the world put together, whilst the days of an exploring party's travels are often very montonous, and the work of survey and collection very humdrum and hard. Adventure comes to the adventurous like laughter to the merry. Babies are of all living things, except puppies, the most adventurous; but, unfortunately, they forget all the fun they have. I have a dim reminiscence of seizing hold of the chimney of a cousin's toy locomotive and being handsomely burnt, and a variety of the like scrapes, but the two most glorious episodes of my childhood remain with me still.

One was a quite magnificent headforward glissade down a very long staircase, the rush of which is a mem ory of perfect delight; the other was more serious, and I was too undeveloped to appreciate it aright.

I believe I was two and a half years old when it happened. My recople always told must that I could not possibly remember it, but, as will be seen, I proved them wrong. It came to pass in this way at a place on the Thames called Gravesend, which is now more manufactories and wharves, but was then a watering place handy to Rochester, where I was born.

My parents and grandparents took two houses facing the river and about a quarter of a mile apact. A road ran in front of them, and there was an elevated path on the far side of it on too of a bank by the river. Cakes and presents were chiefly associated in my mind with my grandmother, a that I always counted the hours till I was taken to see her.

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presents were chiefly associated in my mind with my grandmother, a that I always counted the hours till I was taken to see her.

One day, being left alone by my nurse and within reach of my hat, I clapped it on my head and slipped out of the house unperceived. I remember climbing the steps on the far side of the road, up to the path on the bank. I was so small that I had to use both hands and feet for the ascent. Then I hurried along, fearful of being caught, and with my mind set toward cakes at the other house.

I was off alone for the first time, and the sensation was delightful till some dirty children came along and jeered me. There were ships in the river and the sun in the sky. I toddled forward, forgetting one thing in another as young children do, and only held to a definite direction by the hope of cake. At last I came opposite the other house, and only the road remained to be crossed.

There was a great cart coming down it drawn by a team of horses that

road remained to be crossed.

There was a great cart coming down it, drawn by a team of horses that seem in my memory like elephants. I could not calculate relative velocities, so I started over at once, and arrived just in front of the leader's feet. He must have tried to avoid stepping on me, but I got mixed up between his legs, and he came to a standstill.

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The carter picked me up; I can remember his brawny fist, and it seems to me his face was kindly. He set me down on the far pavement and I stood before the door, but the bell was far out of reach. This was an unforseen difficulty, at which I suppose I cried, and so got it overcome, for the next thing I remember is a

terrible hullabaloo of friends and ser vants and nurses, and a running to yants and nurses, and a running to and fro between the houses and much joy because I was safe, the like of which in other forms I have known to

jay because I was safe, the like of which in other forms I have known to happen since.

The main thing, however, was that the cake was fortheoming, but it was long before I had another chance of an exploring expedition.

A few years ago I was going by road from London to Rochester, and passed this place. I recognized the houses and the path, but did not know we had ever been there. It afterward appeared that thus was the seene of my ourliest adventure.

Folkeston was our summer holiday place, and on the cliffs there I began climbing, but the chief difficulties to be overcome were due to the watchful ness of attendants. Once, however, I manuged a small alpine accident and had a good roll down a steep slope, after which scrambling was wholly forbidden.

had a good roll down a steep slope, after which serambling was wholly forbidden.

Two older boys were the companions of these days, and both of them became mountaineers; I suspect that had something to do with my eagerness to climb. I began on the Malvern Hills, down which you can have splendld grass gliesades. At the age of seven It wilked up and down Snowdon, but beyond getting firmly stuck in a bog. I had no adventures on that Welsh journey that I can recall.

When the time came for me to be taught riding I was handed over to an old trooper. He used to take me out with a girl, about whom I only remember that she tumbled off one day. It happened in this wise: We had gone to see some athletic sports in a field at the edge of a wood near Bournemouth. Something occurred behind us, and the young lady looked round, lost her balance, and fell over on the off-side of her horse. The trooper jumped down and caught her before she touched the groun.' with praiseworthy promptitude. Away went his horse and away went hers as hard as they ould pelt. I was riding a little Arab, and quite unable to control him, so off he went with the rest. The crowd shouted, and some men tried to cut us off, but the horses dodged them. The air whistled in my ears and the world seemed to be in a turmoil. Presently we headed for the wood, the big horse loading. The branches were low and elastic, for the trees were young. The horses had to dodge about to avoid the trunks, and so went slower, but as long as there was room for my beast he did not care about me.

My legs shawed a trunk or two, but presently abranch caught me arross the middle, the pony beast he did not care about me.

My legs shawed a trunk or two, but presently abranch caught me arross the middle, the pony both as good boy because I had not shouted out, and hak kept hold of my whip.

It must have been a year or two after this that we spent a summer on the Clyde, and I had the exquisite pleasure of boating. The water was perhaps a yard square. This was my middle, the pony had been

waves.

The sea went down with the tide,

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and our departure was easier than our landing. We were rowed to the mainland, and walked up to the nearest village, where we called on the parson. He supplied our ravenous appetites with food.

The cance is the natural boat for a boy on a river. You see which way you are going, and you have it all to yourself. The first time I ever got into one I was nearly drowned, for it was a wintry day, and as I was sailing I wore a thick jacket, which made swimming almost impossible.

I remember I was sailing up an avenued reach of a stream which was not more than twenty yards across, but very deep. The wind was blowing up stream between the trees as through a tunnel, My little boat went merrily before it, and I was laving the best of times, when I came to a place where there was a wide gap in the trees on both sides, and the wind blew across through the gap instead of up stream as before. I asiled straight into the freen current of air, and was blown over promptly.

As I went over I remember feeling

fresn current of air, and wasblown over promptly.

As I went over I remember feeling singularly foolish. I lost my paddle, but came up near the overturned boat, which I lay hold of at the end and on to the bottom of which I sorambled, for it was mid-winter, and the water was ice-cold. There I sat astride in midstream, awaiting developments and shivering.

There was practically no current.

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There was practically no current, and the two banks maintained their distance. My hat floated near me, but just out of reach, and various footboards, paddles and other loose objects decorated the neighborhood. After what seemed an age another boat was heard coming along, and presently it rounded a ormer and I beheldan old schoolfellow, whom I had not seen for years, plying the paddle.

Our greeting was as warm as circumstances permitted. He helped me out of my troubles and all ended happily.

happily.

A few days later, when the floods were out, I was again upset, but close to a shallow place, to which I succeeded in kicking my way rather than swimming, for I was in an ulster this time. It took two men to hoist me and the water in my clothes on to a bank!

and the water in my clothes on to a bank!

In these and many other ways, which it would be too tedious to mention, the unexpected met max at home in boyhood. The experiences of most boys are more adventurous than were mine, for I was more looked after than many.

I don't think I ever fell out of a tree. I only once tumbled through the ice when skating, and then not into deep water.

The best fun that came to me always came in dreams and imaginings, when I voyaged through the air and penetrated to the bowle of the earth and explored the North Pole and the Sahara, and had the best sort of a time generally; but then, that is what dreams and imaginings are for—to expand the meagre outlines of actuality and endow the impossible and the superhuman with all the glory of fact and experience. supernumen ... and experience.

Capacity of St. Peter's.

It needs fifty thousand persons to make a crowd in St. Peter's. It is believed that at least that number have been present in the clurch several times within modern memory; but it is thought that the building would hold eighty' thousand — as many as could be asked on the tiers in the Colosseun. Such a concourse was there at the opening of the Ecamencial Council in December, 1896, and at the publices celebrated by Leo XIII; and on all three occasions there was plenty of room in the sides, besides the broad spaces which were required for the functions thomselves.—Marion Crawford, in the Century.

Clearly Slanderous.—"I hardly know whether to feel aggrieved or not," said the Ancient One. "Mr. Talcott told me I was a true daughter of Eve." "What impudence!" said the Sweet Young Thing. "You don't look to be more than a granddaughter of Eve, at the very utmost."

THE DOCTOR'S PERIL.

"He was a man who did not know what fear was." We read of this inexperienced individual every day without a thought of eavil. Did anybody ever really know such a nan? I am for one firm in the belief that he never lived. The bravest man I ever mew was the doctor. His heroism had been proven in four years of war, and, all about the country side his courage was proverbial. He had been known to risk his life with such hardihood that it was a question as to whether heroism or folly was uppermost in his character. Yet this hero not only had a knowledge of fear, but had felt it himself. He had been literally scared out of his senses, and, worse than that, the danger was only the shadow of a danger and had no real existence.

This is the tale of it as he told it to me: "It was a good many years ago. I had quite a practice among the country people outside town and used to drive nearly every day over the rock read that runs south into the river valley. Four miles out is the Hamson place, a neat cottage close to the road in a large yard where there was and one day I noticed people moving in. They were Northern people, a gentleman and his wife. His health was deliest and he had come to try our milder-dimate. She was a slight frail, sunny-haired little woman very young and girl like,

"I saw them often after they had settled down. They evidently loved the open air, and seemingly spent the whole day outside the house. I have often seen her working with garden tools among the shrubbery while he looked on leaning upon his cane. Again I would see them at lunch or tess upon the gallery or under the trees. They were a pleasant sight for I love to see husband and wife so unconsciously fond of each other.

"Several months were along and the winter was near at hand. With its approach there came a spell of cold wet weather, good weather for a doctor's practice but very disturbing to his convenience. The genuinely sick are more, numerous and then there is a vast increase in those who think they are sick which amounts to the same thing

a vast increase in those who think they are sick which amounts to the same thing in the wear and tear of a medical man.

"One raw night I had just returned tired and sleepy from a far visit to an exasperating old woman hoping I might be at peace for the rest of the night when my hopes were shattered by a ring at the door. I opened and found a negro standing shivering in the drizzle.

"Well,' I said as he stood dumb unmoved, 'What's the matter? Who is sick?"

"Boss,' he answered, finding his voice, 'you is wanted out to Mistah Wimanses right away. He's been tucke'n down bad and de Missus sent me to get you to come quick as you kin.

"Wimans? I don't know him. Where does he live?

"'Why day is the new folks what's took the ole Hamson place on de rock road. Me an' my ole woman been a working for 'em since day fust come."

"I knew then where and by whom I was wanted. I roused my own servant, had my gig brought around and in a very few moments the negro and I were on our way. When we reached the Hamson cottage the negro took charge of my horse and vehicle, leading it around to the stable in the rear and talling me to go right up to the front door and ring the bell which I did. The door opened. There stood the little sunny-haired woman, her face all drawn with the marks of anxiety and distress. She spoke rapidly to me in a nervous half-whisper as I took off my hat and great coat in the hall.

"Doctor, I began to fear you were ever coming. I am so uneasy about my hueband. Come, follow me at once."

"She led the way along a hall and into a large bedroom. In the centre

my husband. Come, follow me at once."

"She led the way along a hall and into a large bedroom. In the centre was a solid, heavy oaken table and over opposite the door a bed in which lay some one, evidently my patient.

His face was turned to the wall and one hand lay motionless outside the counterpane. He seemed to be asleep. His peculiar quiet did not impress me at the moment. Bringing a shair close to the bodeide I laid my medicine case on the floor and proceeded to examination. The little woman stood close by holding the lamp so as to assist with its light.

"I felt for the pulse. The hand

its light.

"I felt for the pulse. The hand and wrist were cold as ice. There was no pulse. I hurrically passed my hand beneath the covers to find if there was any, heart action. There was none. I turned the head toward me. The jaws had fallen, the eyes were wide open, fixed in the awful stare of death. The man was a corpse. Surprised and shocked out of my ordinary professionel bearing I exclaimed:

"Maclanimed:

bearing I exclaimed:

"'Madam, I am too late. Your husband is dead, He must have died four or five hours ago. It is very strange that you should not have known his condition."

"She turned hastily and set the lemp up on the table. Then, going around so as to place the heavy structure between us she faced me lesning forward with her hands resting on the polished surface. The look she turned upon me was one which no man

could ever forget who had once seem it. She spoke. Her voice had a harsh, vibrant, rasping sound that made my nerves jump at every word.

"Dead! Dead! It is not true You are lying to me. You are one of our enemies. He is yet living and you would bury him. My God! you would bury him alive. You shall not. You shall not."

"I was so amazed, surprised and overwhelmed that I could not think or act but rose half up from the chair. At my motion, still repeating those words. You shall not, you shall not, she stepped backward, tore open abureau drawer, took out something and again faced me. I saw then what that something was. It was a six shooter of largest size, a weapon baving almost the power and accuracy of a rule. She held it cocked full upon me using both her hands to steady it, the weight being too much for the slight strength of her single arm. I could plainly see her slim foreinger resting against the trigger. I sat down again as she hissed at me these words:

"Liar! Murderer! You shall now, at once, or I will shoot you as you sit there."

one, or I will shoot you as you sit there.

"It was four good long steps between us. There, too, was the barricade of the table. Should I rush upon her I must receive at least one and probable two or three shots. She could not miss me, and a bullet would surely disable me. These things flashed through my brain and the idea was dismissed in the twinkle of an eyolid. Then the full terror of my situation came upon me as a wave. The woman's brain had turned. She was crazy and possessed of that one fatal idea. Between myself and death was the slightest pressure of a finger, a mere imiscular contraction responsive at any instant, to a disordered im pulse of a lost mind. I am not ashamed to say that when the fall realization of my critical position came upon me that I was scared, hadly scared, scared completely out of my senses. I sat there helpless and dazed and bewildered. The woman's voice aroused me.

"Restore him," she said. 'Begin row.'

"What I did was not the result of

ed and bowildered. The woman's voice aroused me.

"Restore him," she said. 'Begin row.'

"What I did was not the result of any forethought, but simply a mechancal act induced by fright. I reached down, and ploked up the medicine case, opened it, and began fingering over the vials, saying all the while:

"Well, well, be patient and we will try what we can do."

"There is a possibility,' I said, 'that he is in a cataleptic trance. Living, but presenting all the appearance of death. If this is so, I may be able to revive him."

"Revive him, then,'she answered, do your work and do it quickly. Bring him to look at me, to talk to me.

"All, me, no one has ever worked such marvel since the gentle Nazarene walked the earth. My panic had gradually worn away, however, but the sense of deadly peril still remained. A careless movement, an incattious word, might bring a bullett crashing into my brain. But the quick movement of my mind brought a suggestion of a means of escape. Pulling myself together I spoke again.

"Madame, I will use my utmost skill in spite of the extraordinary situation in which you have placed me. That I would do in any event, and is all I can do. I had no idea of being called to such a case, and the simple medicines I have with me are useless in this instance. I require rare drug of extraordinary power. With your permission I will raturn to town and get what I need. The delay will in no way affect your husband's condition."

"Would the pretence deceive her? She did not answer at once, and when

tion."
"'Would the pretence deceive her?
She did not answer at once, and when
she did the structure of my hope fell

"Would the protence deceive her? She did not answer at once, and when she did the structure of my hope fell in ruins.

"No, she replied, 'you can not leave here. I will call a servant, and you can send for what you wish."

"My despair was only for a moment for her very words were pregnant with a great idea. I would send a message for what I wished, but it would be for help to a living man, not impotent drugs for a dead one. I took out my prescription pad to write, and easme near spoiling all with my precipitancy. Of course she would insist on seeing what I might write, and reading a summons for help, her crazy fury would go beyond all restraint. Deceit must wear a more careful guise. How to write such a message as would be intelligible in town and unintelligible to her, puzzled me considerably until I thought of Latin, though there was a chance of her becoming familiar with the language. As opposed to the certainty of English there was no choice in the matter. I went to work at once, and the necessary words came to me with surprisingly small effort, considering I had allowed years to pass without any attempt at furthering the delice studies. To SATTERIERE & FINK, DUGGISTS.

TO SATTERLEE & FINK, DUGGISTS. In nomine Dei, 2 drachms.
Statim mitte auxilium, 5 ounces.
Homo mortuus est, 10, ounces.
Uxor furiosa, me 2 drachms.
Tenens cum pistole, 3 drachms.
ARAM EDWARDS, M.D.

"It was very bad Listin, so had that I expect the soul of my old professor up in heaven grew heavy with indig-nation, but if the right man get hold of it, its purport was plain. Translat-d, it meant: 'In the name of God

send help immediately. A man is dead, his wife insane holding me with a pistol. I pat signs of drams and ounce at the end of each lins to add to the prescription like appearance of the whole. When I had finished I said "the prescription is ready. You can call the servant." She made the negro take the paper from me and hand it to her. I felt my heart beat dill and heavy with anxiety as she attempted to read it. She gave no sign, but handed the message to the man telling him to go to town at oner and procure what it called for. He left the room. So I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs on the traveled pathway in the yard, the slam of agate, and I knew that my call was on its way.

"Alone there in that room with that crazy woman and the dead man I could do not hing but sit and wait and think. As the moments passed with leaden slowness, possibly long before it could in reason be expected, my nerves grow tense with anxiety, and every sense keenly alert for signs of approaching resoue. My brain grew sick with appre' unsions of probable miscarriage of the message. Again my mind began to call up visions of all the bloody, mangled wounds I had ever seen or imagined. 'A doubt sense seemed to possess me, a feeling of anxious hope, and a sickening impression of ovil all around and about to close in and destory me.

"At last the welcome sound came. I heard the front door of the house open suddenly with a crash and a noise of hurrying people in the hall. She heard at the same instant, a look of startled questioning crossed his face and the fury of a maniae possesseted her as the screamed at me.

"So, villin they come to help you They may hury my husband, but you will go with him.

"I saw her finger contract upon the trigger, I covered my face with my hands expecting the explosion, the paid, the crash. What I did hear was aharp crack, a rush, half emother-cd ejecutlation, a noise of struggling and something that was heavy which fell upon the floor, I looked up.

"Two men had hold of her. She was trying to free herself, wild-sp

Flax Culture.

Flax Culture.

Mr. John A. Donaldson writes:
Now that spring is at hand we hope
the farmers will find it to their interest in Outario, as well as in the
Northwest, to enlarge their acreage in
the cultivation of flax, an industry
that is growing rapidly in favor with
the agriculturists of the Dominion at
large.

The growth of this valuable plant
is only in its infancy in Canada. We
are informed that the Belgians sent a
company to British Columbia last fall
to open a large flax manufacturing
concernto commence operations there.
This will put new life in the project;
Belgian soutched flax being worth
just-double the price of the flax of any
other country in the world. As a
proof of this I hold in my possession
samples from the different flax growing
countries. While Belgian is quoted
at £110 sterling per ton, the next in
quality is quoted at £60 sterling. We
may gain valuable information in the
near future from the operation of this
firm in British Columbia.

Before closing these few remarks,
however imperfectly thrown together,
let me say that on the 10,000 acres of
Mr. John Lowe, formerly Deputy
Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa,
he has a plough, drawn by a steam
engine, that ploughs twenty acres a
day, something unknown before in the
history of Canada or any other country, keeping pace with the general
improvements that are cropping up
every day.

Trusting the farmers will receive
these few remarks, as they are intend-

improvements that are cropping apevery day.
Trusting the farmers will receive these few remarks, as they are intended for their benefit, and that of the country generally.

The Dead of St. Peter's.

The Dead of St. Peter's.

And far below all are buried the great of the earth, deep down in the crypt. There lies the chief apostle, and there lie many martyred bishops side by side: men who came from far lauds to die the holy death in Rome—from Athens, from Bethlehem, from Syria, from Africa. There lie the last of the Stuarts, with their pitiful kingly names, James III, Charles III, and Henry IX; the Emperor Otho II has lain there a thousand years; Pope Boniface VIII of the Caetant whom Sciarra Colonna structing Borgis, Alexandor VI lay there awhite, and Agnesse Colonna, and Queen Christian of Sweden, and the Great Countess, and many more besides, both good and bad—even the Caterius Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, of romantic memory.—Marion Crawford in the Century.

There are amusements involving passion and vanity, which dissipate the soul; and there are others, only entered upon with simplicity, for recreation and refreshment, while the heart remains steadfast to its sacred moorings.

moorings.

It is easy in the world to live after
the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after one's own; but the
great man is he who in the midst of
the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.