

Page for the Young Folks



A Nanaimo boy named Rogers was drowned this week on the west coast of the island, in Nitinat lake, near Bamfield station. Just how he fell into the water will never be known, for no one was near him at the time.

The story of the flood at Monterey, in Mexico, is a very terrible one. The Catalina river overflowed its banks and destroyed a great part of the city. It is said that two thousand lives have been lost and that more than fifteen thousand are homeless. It is hard to imagine anything so terrible.

Colonel Holmes has gone away and Colonel Peters has taken his place at the barracks. Though the people of Victoria are sorry to say good-bye to Colonel Holmes and his family many will be glad to welcome his successor back. When he has had a good long rest Colonel Holmes is coming back to Victoria to live.

The millionaire railroad man, E. Harriman, is very ill but says he is recovering. He had to beg the newspaper reporters to leave him alone. The doctors told him he must rest but the people who read the newspapers are eager for news that it is hard for this man with all his wealth to get the quiet he needs. There are sometimes when curiosity is a very cruel thing.

The Spanish war in Morocco is still going on. The army has advanced against the tribesmen but no news of another battle has yet reached Europe. The Spaniards have lost almost all their foreign possessions and many even of their own countrymen, believe they would be better off without these possessions in Morocco. Still it is hardly likely that the tribes, brave though they are, will be a match for the disciplined soldiers of Spain.

Lord Charles Beresford is in Toronto and will make a speech on the navy at the exhibition there. There are not many boys in Canada who would not like to see this brave and clever man who has for many years been at the head of the British navy. He is, however, not coming to the Pacific Coast. We must see if there is anything in the speech he makes in Toronto which will help the boys to understand about the defence of their country.

The story of the discovery of the North Pole by Dr. Cook has roused the attention of the whole world. He went by way of Greenland and the land and seas to the north of it. He has not been heard of for more than a year and his wife, who lives in New York, has been very much afraid he was lost. He will be in Denmark in a few days and then we shall know the whole story. It is said that Dr. Cook is a very brave and modest man as well as a very learned man.

We are to have warships both on the West and East coasts of Canada. Some will be given by Canada to England and Canada will build some herself. It seems strange that it should be thought possible that anywhere on the Pacific Coast there would be a better site for a big drydock or a better or safer place for warships than in the harbor of Esquimalt, so long the Pacific naval station of Great Britain. This, too, should be an excellent place to build ships. But wherever the warships are built or wherever they are stationed they must have brave men to man them and he will tell the directors in London that it is the thing the boys must think most about.

The Electric Bylaw passed and already the engineers have gone to Jordan river to begin the work of harnessing the water power there. It will not be long before the company will have enough electricity to put electric lines through the southern end of the island. It is not likely there will be many idle men here even when all the city mains are laid. But we are not to have the Esquimalt water. At least the city will not have it for the people rejected the bylaw. The people of Victoria West will continue as before to buy the water from the company. The city council wants the citizens to give them authority to go to Sooke for water and

hands." Little Doris remarked, gravely. She smacked her lips as if her mouth watered for a bun. "Then I'd make an with my feet!" laughed Clem. She had put on her "bread-brimmer" and picked up her basket, ready for the currant-picking. The little rain-cloud had quite blown over.

At Jeannette was writing a letter to her soldier. The children thought she was away across the ocean, and it almost startled them when her sweet voice sounded suddenly in their ears. "I saw a little boy making mud pies with his feet!" said Aunt Jeannette.

"Aunt! With his feet?" "Yes, with his two little feet, and he did it in a very workmanlike way, too. You would have been surprised."

"O, aunt, don't stop! Tell us the rest!" pleaded the three children, eagerly. "But I'm afraid to keep Clem waiting—it will be so hot in the currant patch soon," Aunt Jeannette objected.

"Hot! I'd rather pick currants in—Mantla, aunt, than not hear that story!" Clem cried. So Aunt Jeannette handed her soldier's letter in her portfolio and told them the story.

"I think he must have been on his way home from school. He was a bright-faced little fellow about as old as Clem, and he had on a little blue cape like a soldier boy. It hung round him in loose folds. There was a new house going up on the street, and he was making his pie out of a little heap of sand beside the great box the men were mixing mortar in. I wish you could have seen the neat way he made them!"

"O, aunt, with his feet!" breathed Clem.

"With his feet. He drew the moist sand toward him into a little pile, with one foot, and worked it and stirred it and patted it with the other. He was so busy he didn't notice anybody watching him until I said, 'How much do you ask for your pies?' and then he looked up into my face and smiled. We felt quite sorry for those who loved them."

"Then I s'pose you shook hands," little Doris said. "Aunt Jeannette's face sobered. 'No, but we both smiled. That's a beautiful way to get acquainted.'"

"They are beautiful pies," I said.

By if it is decided to build it here. After parting with the members of the Board of Trade, this gentleman, old in years but young in heart, went to both the hospitals, and after he had seen them went out to the University School and talked to the cadets there. If all the citizens of Victoria had as much energy and as much public spirit as this gentleman, who has spent more than three score years and end of his long life in Canada, how fast our city would grow.

Premier McBride and Dr. Young, minister of education, have been on a visit to the North. They were surprised at the progress they saw. On the Queen Charlotte Islands there are important fisheries and valuable mines. A great many settlers have gone in there lately. Prince Rupert, which is now thirty years old, has become a flourishing city with about two thousand people. All along the coast as far North as Astin, there are settlements everywhere the lumbermen and miners are preparing the way for the farmers, who will fill our valleys with fruit trees.

Earl Grey spoke of the great value of the fisheries. In Scotland and in the North of England as well as in Eastern Canada there are thousands of people who make their living by fishing. It is hard work but the harvest of the sea seldom fails. Earl Grey said he hoped the fisheries would be carried on by men of British birth. There are people willing to work in Great Britain as well as in other parts of the world for the moderate wages fishermen can earn. Here most men are in a hurry to get rich and are leaving the fisheries to be carried on chiefly by men of other races.

The harvest is being gathered on the prairie, and it promises to be a splendid one. There are not enough harvesters and more are being asked for. The danger of frost in most places is almost over. The grain is threshed as soon as it is reaped and sent away to the elevators. In every city from Calgary to Montreal the merchants are feeling the effect of the promise of a bountiful harvest.

During the week, Earl Grey, Lady Grey and their daughters have been visitors at Government House. The Government of Canada has been holding a holiday and there have been no public receptions. They have gone about enjoying themselves just as a family would. The ladies and gentlemen have been doing in Victoria this summer.

Earl Grey spoke to the Canadian Club on Wednesday just as many distinguished gentlemen have done who wish that they had something to say to the people of Victoria.

We are all very thankful that Earl Grey did not meet with some terrible accident or with death itself when he was lost in the woods on the shores of Bute Inlet a week ago on Friday.

Like most men, and especially like most Englishmen, Earl Grey does not like a fuss made over an escape from danger, so he would not have told anyone that he was lost and that he almost slipped down the side of a precipice in the dark. But some way the newspaper men got hold of the story and told it before anyone could prevent it.

If any harm had befallen Earl Grey there would have been great and widespread sorrow. He is doing good work for Canada and for the Empire and England never needed stronger and wiser men more than she does today.

Lady Grey, too, while she has lived in Ottawa, has helped in all kind and charitable work. She is greatly loved by the people who know her best. In this she has been helped by her daughters.

AUNT JEANNETTE'S STORY

"I wish I didn't have any hands, so there!" snapped Clem. "Then nobody'd say 'Don't you please to pick some currants for dinner?' and 'Don't you please to pick some currants for tea?' and 'Don't you please to pick some currants for supper?'"

"But I don't mind—huh!" the little fellow said cheerily. "There's heaps of things a fellow can do with his feet. There's run an' walk an' skip an'—this." And he went back to his pies again. I bought a dozen pies, and

went away and left him there. Whenever I think of him now, it's standing there still, whistling and moulding his little round wet pies."

There was silence in the big, bright nursery, for a minute. Danny broke it with a soft little whistle that had quavery-quavery notes in it. Clem was shuffling her stout little boots about, as if she were trying to make imaginary sand pies on the carpet. They were clumsy little feet at that work. "I couldn't do it, aunt—I couldn't," she said, soberly.

"Is that all of the story, aunt?" little Doris asked. "Why, no, not quite. I used to see the little fellow often after that, and I found out some other things he could do. He could print and add sums on the blackboard."

"Now, aunt!" "Now, aunt!" "But it was true that he could. Wait till I tell you how. His brother went to school with him every morning, and took the shoes and stockings off his little pink-and-white feet. Then the teacher lifted him up on a high stool and let him take the chalk in his toes and go to work. That is truly what happened every day. And he told me he was a real little scholar. That's all, little Doris."

"The girls could beat the boys at that game because they could talk faster. A woman's tongue," says an old Yankee proverb, "is hung in the middle and runs at both ends," and the girls certainly were able to rattle off at a great rate these mentioned phrases, as well as the riddle, "If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickle peppers, how many pickle peppers did Peter Piper pick?" as well as Dr. John Wallis' immortal verses, dated 1853, which begin:

"When a twister, a-twisting, wilt twist him a twist,
For the twisting of his twist he three twines doth intwine," etc.

Various ingenious wights have concocted phrases difficult to say "tippingly with the tongue." Perhaps the three that here follow are the hardest to repeat:

"Flesh of freshly fried flying fish,"
"A glowing gleam glowing green,"
"The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms."

Alliteration is not always necessary to make a sentence a tongue twister, though most brief examples show that peculiarity. Here is a longer sentence that exhibits about as unhappy a collection of syllables as can be brought together in the English language. "She stood at the door of Mrs.

A Wise Dog

On July 5, 1866, Mr. E. Vaughan, Esq., of 66 Chilton road east, St. John's Wood, got up early in the morning. This shows he was not lazy. Further he walked quite a way to a pond on Hampton Heath and began to fish. This shows he had patience. While he was fishing a rather small, black-and-tan terrier came running up and took hold of the leg of his trousers and gave it a good shake. He was not fishing for

in it; and in the water was a puppy swimming feebly and quite unable to get out because of the steepness of the banks. The gentleman and the older dog looked at the puppy as if no explanations were necessary. Of course, Mr. Eriam understood; and he got the poor puppy out of the water and set him on the grass. There he had a roll to dry himself, and after both dogs had followed the gentleman a little way to show they were grateful, they went off.

Tongue Twisters.

Back in the New England country school districts the youngsters used to stump one another to say rapidly such tongue twisters as, "A skunk jumped over a stump into a skunk hole," and "What sort of a noise annoys an oyster?" A noisy noise annoys an oyster."

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The Two Little Flocks.

Five little sheep on a hillside grazed where the ragged daisies grew, And just over the top of the hill were five little clouds in the blue. And the five little clouds in the sky looked down.

On the five little sheep below, And called out to them, in a friendly way, "O little white flock, halo! Now isn't that plain to you?"

Come up with us, little pasture-sky—O little white flock, please do! But the five little sheep on the hill looked sad, And nibbled the grass instead.

And each one smothered a sorrowful shaking, his wise little head, And they galled to the flock in the sky, "Such union would never do; We must be fed on the greenest grass, While your meadow is so about the sky, And how would we look, when trying to fly, with hard little feet for wings?"

Sheep of the earth and sheep of the sky, Were made for different things! And the five little flock in the sky looked down.

On the little white flock below, And they said to themselves, "How queer when we assemble each other so!"

—Miriam S. Clark.

The Dress of a Bluejacket.

Many readers will be spending some part of their holidays at the sea-side, and may see something of the ships and men of the Royal navy. There are many little points which they may be glad to know.

The blue linen collar which Jack wears is said to be a relic of the days when British sailors had long and greasy pigtails. The backs of the white jackets used to get very dirty, so they were ordered to adopt a collar which could be easily removed and washed.

The three white lines round his collar are said to be in memory of the three great victories. The black silk scarf worn under the collar is a token of mourning for Nelson. After the death of the great admiral's death reached England this black scarf was ordered and the custom has never been discontinued.

Jack's arm is often very interesting. It carries barges mysterious to the land-lubber but denoting some special qualification and duty.

On one you will see in gold a little naval gun and torpedo crossed with a star above. The man who wears this is a leading torpedo man.

On another arm you will see a gun placed horizontally and a star above it. This belongs to a first-class seaman gunner.

On a third you will see a little gold screw propeller, which is the badge of a stoker.

These badges are worn on the right arm half-way between the shoulder and the elbow.

"Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gig whip." "A special sale of selected shopworn satin slippers."

"Strictly strong, Stephen Stricker snared sickly six sickly, silly snakes."

An Exotic Subject. By Felix Leigh. "Let us go and study Nature!"

"Said the Doctor to the school. (He is awfully impulsive. Is the Doctor, as a rule) So we trooped along beside him. Wearing laces, no doubt, of glass. Since we guessed that Nature said, With the Head, would be a sprae,

Said the worthy Doctor, kneeling, "Here's a bombus' nest. You know That's the 'bumble'—Tut! it's stung!"

On the nose—"we'd better go!" whereupon we hurried after. As he strode across the plain. All felt sure that some amusement (With instruction) we should gain.

"There are blind-worms in this hedge-row; We must find one if we can." Quoth the Doctor, "They are harmless—"

Here the Nature students ran. Yes, we ran as if for dinner. And the bull which chased us hoity Helped the Doctor o'er a gate,

"Have you ever heard of sundews?" Later on the Doctor cried. "Though they're plants, they're insect-eaters; In a bog they're apt to hide. An, see yonder! This exclaiming He stepped out on what seemed grass.

And next moment he was sinking In a miniature morass.

"I will sit down on this hillock, As a real my little demand," Said the Doctor, when we'd dragged him.

From the guanine to dry land. But he rose up rather briskly. Which was natural, you'll grant. When I mention that the "hillock" Owed existence to the ant.

We would like to study Nature With the Doctor twice a week. For instruction (with amusement) Is the very thing we seek. But of late such studies are not. It would seem, the Doctor's whim; And our chaps believe that Nature Is a bit too rough for him!

The Two Little Flocks.

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The World's Most Powerful Magnet.

Every boy is familiar with the magnet. After a pocket knife, a magnet, in the minds of some, is the next best thing.

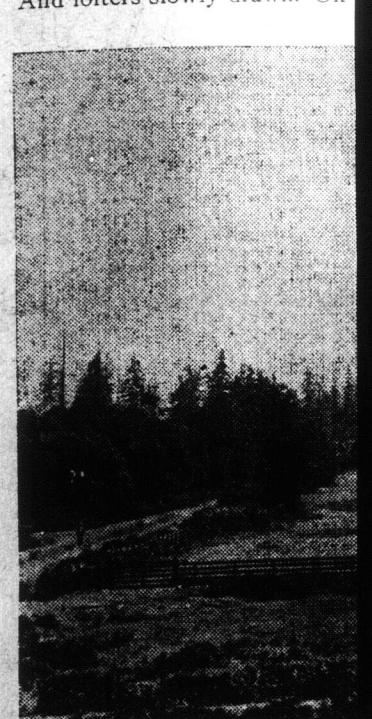
Of recent years the magnet has come to the front in the workshop and the factory, and now the world's biggest magnet will lift a weight of 50,000 lbs.

These giant magnets are made in evidence in iron and steel works where they are used not only for lifting bars of metal, but for holding in position large sheets of iron or steel while being riveted, removing huge metal weights from blast furnaces, transferring loads of nails from one part of the works to another, and in picking up metal scraps from heaps of rubbish.

The mammoth magnets, such as have been mentioned, are electrically operated by a current is sent through the coils of the magnet by means of a switch. The current is switched off the magnet drops its burden.

MILL

There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier Than all the valleys of Ionian. The swimming vapour slopes up glen, Puts forth an arm, and creeps pine, And loiters slowly drawn. On



Scene Looking

The lawns and meadow ledges Hang rich in flowers, and far runs The long brook falling through ravine In cataract after cataract to the Behind the valley topmost Gables Stands up and takes the morning

To one who traces, from the the Millstone River flows into waters of Nanaimo Bay, the mean of this boisterous stream, and many a winding way into the of the valley, the mind's eye find itself vistas beyond a counter-fabled vale of Ida which is picture-taken in the appended lines. T miles from Nanaimo opens out River Valley which in ever wide extends thirteen miles in length skirts of Nanaimo to the head Bay. Although within such a of Nanaimo, a city of 8,000 inhabitants has been practically undeveloped, southern extremity. Here through the land, the stream winds its fields heaving with plenty. On side, a low-lying ridge of hills verdure clad crest against the of the Gulf of Georgia. To the westlands are crowned with upland fields of grain and orchards lie groves of fir and pine. Higher back, the bench-lands, forest-clad erect themselves as bulwarks at tresses of Mt. Benson, which peaks to the golden portals of the

There is no more stable fortune prosperity of a country than the resources of its arable land valleys as the above described Valley that is hidden the make the future of Vancouver. For many years, owing to the agricultural class and lack of development and enterprise, the rich land has lain dormant although such great commercial and natural having long passed through the of pioneer life, there has yet the vague, enticing glamour of an indescribable touch of the many years it has lain in a corner some poet has called

*** Two worlds, o

However it has now emerged peaceful condition which herald rapid development and enterprise one writer has put it, rapidly enters of being "discovered." Industrial expansion which is being out Vancouver Island, has in attracted attention to the farm of the island in general and particular. Taking into consideration that a 50-acre Vancouver Island equal of a 200-acre farm in the price and productivity considered that thousands of acres of land are still available, it can easily be seen that a marvellous future awaits this district.

Heretofore, mixed farming chief agricultural pursuit, but attention is now being directed to fruit and poultry raising. The valley is suitable for nearly all cultural life. In the bottom-rich loam prevails, which produces roots, it is believed, unsurpassed of the world. In the higher reaches, which sweeps upward to the wooded bench lands, the soil what lighter and loses its condition better adapted for the though producing grain and



Seaside Joys in the Heart of London—Water and Sand for the Children

Those little Londoners who see the sea only upon the occasion of a rare treat have an excellent substitute for the beach in Bishop's Park, Fulham, where both water and sand are provided for them. With particular reference to our photograph, it may be said that the boy with the boots slung round his neck is official "boot-minder" for a number of his comrades.

"But why do you make them with your feet? It is such a funny way."

"Oh, if I hadn't said that! I am sorry for it still and I said it years ago. For when the little fellows looked up at me gravely, I knew all at once why he stood there staring at his feet. He need not have told me. There were no hands under his little blue soldier cap."

"Oh, no, please no, aunt!" "The tears were in Aunt Jeannette's eyes."

"But I don't mind—huh!" the little fellow said cheerily. "There's heaps of things a fellow can do with his feet. There's run an' walk an' skip an'—this." And he went back to his pies again. I bought a dozen pies, and

dogs and he did not like his leg being mistaken for his bat. So he gave the dog a gentle kick just to remind him he could not use his teeth any way he liked. The dog liked meat better than kibble, but for a moment it went away. But soon it was back again and was making all sorts of doggy signs.

This surprised the gentleman, and since the dog made no other attempt to get hold of his leg he decided it was best to let it alone. So he put his rod on the bank, and told the dog to lead on and he would follow. The dog wagged a happy tail, and looking round now and then to see he was really coming, he led the gentleman about a hundred yards to a pit with high banks. The pit had water

Smith's fishhouse shop welcoming him in."

There is a beautiful lake near Westster, Mass., the Indian name of which is the length of an old-fashioned hay rope and as hard to pronounce quickly as many of these carefully thought out phrases. The aborigine called the lake Choc-a-ga-gog-man-choc-a-gog-chau-bun-a-gun-sa-mang—then he caught his breath. The meaning of the thing in English would probably be as long and involved as the introductory sentence of Ruskin's "Modern Painters."

Here are a few more of the phrases calling for linguistic acrobatics: "Six tick tick ticks." "Two toads tried to trot to Tedbury."