

THE PACIFIC THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

Victoria has had a great loss in Mr. Ernest Pen- drey, who was killed a few days ago. Those who knew him best say that he was a good boy always and that as a man, he led a blameless life.

The Hindus are not going to Honduras after all. It appears now that the Sikhs who went there told their countrymen they were better off in British Columbia than in Honduras. If they must leave this province they would return to India. As long as they can earn a living they are not likely to be sent away.

For twenty-six years Samuel Gompers has been head of the laboring men of the United States and he has again been chosen as President of the American Federation of Labor. The election was held at Denver on November 21. The working men of the United States must have great confidence in their leader as since 1881, there has been but one year in which they have refused to elect him.

The German Emperor has shown that he meant to keep his promise not to speak rashly. A few days after he made the speech the people of Berlin, the capital of his kingdom. It is a hundred years since the city council was formed and the citizens were holding a celebration. Instead of speaking as usual the emperor read an address, handed him by Prince Von Bismarck. In the emperor's speech he hoped nothing would divide him from the love of his people.

Not only members of the Church of England but every one in Victoria will be glad to hear that a new cathedral is to be built. There is no more beautiful spot than Chertsey Hill and it is fitting that it should be crowned by as fine a church as the city of the people belonging to the congregation can afford. It was here that the first church in Victoria was built, and it is hoped that no other shall be raised that may last for hundreds of years as any of the English cathedrals have done.

England is preparing to spend a very large sum of money in order to enable the farmers of Ireland to buy back the land from the owners who now rent it to them. The man who is asking for this enormous loan is Augustine Birrell, the chief-secretary for Ireland. Even the most dissatisfied of the Irish leaders believe that if the people have farms of their own they will be contented and prosperous. It is to be hoped this will be the case for anger and ill-will have done much to keep the Irish people poor as well as miserable.

The Russian Grand Duke Alexis was brought home to St. Petersburg to be buried. His son, the Czar, attended the funeral. He walked for three miles through the streets to the fortress where the body was laid. His wife and mother and a number of other great ladies followed in carriages. The streets were lined with armed men. No attempt was made to harm the royal mourners. But it is to be feared that this was rather because it felt it would be useless to try to harm the emperor and the royal family, and because no hearts were filled with fear and hatred.

The children have been very industrious this month. Their projects have been: Dora Pease, Robert Murray, Jessie Kelsey, Betty Barton, Norman Alexander, Annie Banner, Percy McCearn, Julian Crowther, Cyril Harrison, John Burrill and Albert Smith. Some of them are well done and the editor is much obliged. The children who go over their drawings with pen and ink save a great deal of trouble. We must ask our kind young friends to have new drawings sent in. They should appear as often as possible and those which can be reproduced will be published soon.

There have not so far been any manufacturers of cloth in British Columbia. We buy our cotton, our woolen and our silk goods either from Great Britain, foreign countries, or from eastern Canada. It is said, however, that the government has arranged to purchase a grass that grows in China for the looms. The material is called ramie and makes a strong and beautiful cloth like the best linen. It is to be hoped the men who have been working on this project will appear as often as possible and those which can be reproduced will be published soon.

Lord Roberts has fought many battles, often against great odds. No one would accuse the old general of cowardice. It is possible that he would say a word which he did not believe was the exact truth. When then he wanted the British nation from his place in the House of Lords that the country was not safe from invasion unless an army was made much stronger we must believe that there is danger of such an invasion. Lord Roberts spoke very plainly and showed how very strong an enemy Germany might become. But we are not living as if no such thing as war were possible. There are many who do not think we are wise.

Most children will remember that when more than a hundred years ago Alexander McKenney found his way to the Pacific Ocean he met many wandering tribes of Indians. Afterwards Fraser came and built Fort George and other trading stations among them. Their descendants live very much as they do today. This autumn they are suffering from hunger. Game is scarce because it is said, the deer and other wild animals have been killed by wolves. The men who have the care of the Indians have arranged with the traders at the Hudson Bay Posts to supply them with food. The government will pay every Indian who kills a wolf his full reward. In this way it is hoped the wolves will be destroyed and the Indians saved from want.

The emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph, is as you learned some time ago, a very old man, and is greatly beloved by all the people of his great empire. Perhaps some of you have wondered why this good old man should have broken the treaty he made with other nations of Europe by taking possession of Bosnia and Herzegovina. It is said now that his heir and nephew, Prince Franz Ferdinand has great influence over the emperor which his aged uncle rules. Although he does not openly take part in the government of the country, both the king and his ministers act, so it is said, as he wishes. The prince is a man of forty and, if he lives, must soon be ruler of Austria. Prince Franz Ferdinand is a great friend of the Emperor William.

It is being found out in St. John as well as in Quebec, that the Ottawa and its department, accepted money from the men with whom they did the government's business. The man who paid this money expected to get this and a great deal more from the marine department. Now the money the government pays for coal, iron or stores for the ships, belongs to the people. So these servants of the people were paid for allowing the money of the nation to be wasted. Boys cannot learn too young that it is wrong to take presents from those who deal with their employers. Employees who take favors are always in danger of doing something wrong in order to please those who give them. If Canada is to be an honored nation her people must be honorable, and every boy should feel it his duty to uphold her fair fame.

There is a newspaper in England that knows very little about the Pacific. Its editor has been foolish enough to listen to Tories about Vancouver Island and Victoria that are untrue. This would not matter much, if he had not allowed the slanders to be written in his paper. The Yorkshire Post, saying many things about Victoria that would keep English people from coming here to live. There is not a boy or girl living in our city who does not know it is very foolish to believe the milder than in any part of Canada and much milder than in any part of the world. We know that no one is in want and that there are few poor people. No sober industrious man who knows how to work and is willing to take what

he can get to do need be long idle. It is true that prices are high but so are wages. It would be well if in any city in England there were so many happy, contented citizens in proportion to the population as there are in Victoria.

The fruit which Mr. Palmer brought to England is being exhibited in many of the cities. Already a gold medal was taken at Bath and a silver one in London. At some of these exhibitions the Hon. J. H. Turner, who is agent for the province has charge of the fruit. At others Mr. Palmer is present to see that it is properly cared for and brought to the notice of all visitors. The aim of these gentlemen is not only to get a good market for our fruit but to show Englishmen what an excellent place this province is for fruit farming. There are no better gardens in the world than are to be found in England and Scotland and there is room enough in our valleys for a great many contented citizens in proportion to the population as there are in Victoria.

College students sometimes behave in a way which young gentlemen or indeed young men of any class who were not in college would not dream of behaving. Sometimes their pranks, though silly, do no great harm. At others they are very property and annoy peaceful citizens. A short time ago the police had to look to control the students of McGill University, Montreal, on theatre night when they considered they were allowed to do as they liked. The students were excited and there was disgraceful rowing and rioting nearly all night. Many of the young men were hurt and the policemen have been arrested for going beyond their duty.

In Halifax something of the same kind occurred and the students are under arrest. It is a pity that college students who ought to be wiser and better than other young men of their age should set an example of foolish rowdiness which would be disgraceful in a crew of ignorant sailors ashore from a long voyage. If the police have been brutal they should be punished, but the young men who broke the laws of the land are the policemen's duty to enforce, are not free of blame.

The little ones all know Stevenson's pretty verses about the friendly cow, but older children, and grown people too, often forget how much they owe to the patient animals who serve us so willingly. Yet what should we do in the temperate zone without the milk, the butter, the cheese, the leather, and the many other things with which the cow supplies us? In a new district misses more than milk. In these days, indeed, condensed milk takes the place of that fresh from the cow, although it is not so good. It is more expensive. There are people who tell us that we can live without meat and still be strong and well, but Englishmen and their descendants look upon roast beef as the most wholesome of foods. If we are in danger of losing anything that we realize how much it is worth. The news that a very dangerous disease has broken out among the cattle of New York and Pennsylvania has alarmed the people of North America but of Great Britain. No cattle will be allowed to be sold from these states and every effort will be made to separate the diseased cattle from those that are well. Many of those who recovery was hopeless have been slaughtered. It is to be hoped the spread of this sickness which is called "the foot and mouth disease," will be checked not only for the sake of the animals themselves but of the human beings who are dependent upon them.

Men and women are now gray-haired who remember the first great exhibition of the industries of the world was held in London in 1851. Many of you would think the machines and implements of labor shown there were very old-fashioned if you could see the things that are shown at a great exhibition in the Crystal Palace, which was planned by the King's father, Prince Albert, who planned the exhibition. It was held in an immense building of glass and iron called the Crystal Palace. You children are used to hearing that railroads and steamboats convey, not only the work of men's hands but all kinds of animals and plants to be seen by hundreds of thousands of people in different cities in the world. But those who were at the Crystal Palace Exhibition never forgot the wonder of it. The English people could not believe that the building and as it could not remain in Hyde Park where it was, it was taken down and put up in another part of London. It has become a place of amusement for the people of the world. Many wonderful and curious things are kept there and when London children have a holiday or when their friends and cousins come to visit them they are taken to the Crystal Palace. The sights lately to be seen there were moving pictures of British Columbia. There English children, as well as their elders, could see the grand mountains and the rivers of this province and watch the canoes and lumber mills at work. Pictures of the mines and miners were shown. The smelters of the Upper Country were seen at work. But what would delight these city children more than anything would be the exhibits of chards and fruit farms where apples and peaches or delicious strawberries were gathered and prepared for market. Capt. Tallow, who saw the pictures, says that nothing could give a better idea of the country except a visit to the province.

FIRE-BRIGADE JOE

(Concluded.) As the months went by Joe became a great favorite with most of his companions. He was the youngest member of the force, and he had a deal of good-natured fun poked at him; but he took everything in the spirit it was intended, and occasionally got back some shrewd hits that showed that though he was a little more than a boy, he was quite capable of taking care of himself.

The other men at the George Road Station were very amused at his enthusiasm for his work. He got books from the library, and studied the history of fire-fighting in his leisure hours; whenever he got an opportunity he would help the engineers to repair and clean the splendid engines on which he rode. He was, in fact, he never seemed happy unless he was thinking or reading or talking about fires and methods of putting them out, so that it was not very long before he was called "Fire Brigade Joe."

He attended many fires, most of them quite small and unimportant; and he would have been perfectly happy if it had not been that he had quite inadvertently made an enemy of one of the men, John Johnston by name.

This fellow, a morose, sullen man, whom promotion had passed by, had put a spite on Joe for some unexplained reason, and did all in his power to stop Joe's growing popularity. No trick was too bad for him to say. However, Joe quickly learned to ignore him, and all were well for a time.

The change came when Joe had been a fireman about six months. His companions had been complaining that they were constantly missing little things, small sums of money, and articles of no great value, but nevertheless precious to their owners. The curious thing was that Joe never lost anything, and Chris Johnston was not slow to point this out. Of course, the other men laughed and declared that Joe was the very last one they would suspect of pilfering; but somehow or other Joe found that he was not treated in so friendly a fashion as he had expected. He would die down and stop when he was approached a group, and he was never asked to join in any of the evening games of draughts, dominoes, or bagatelle. To his distress he rapidly found himself becoming an outcast again. At last the petty pilfering reached such an extent that the head of the station declared that it must be stopped at all costs. He had himself just lost a small silver cup he had won in some drill competition, and he had reported the whole circumstances to headquarters. He announced that no efforts would be made to catch the thief, and that when he was caught he would be instantly dismissed if he was in the brigade, and that he would be given in charge in any case.

After that the thefts stopped for a while, but Joe was not taken back into favor again. Then, all of a sudden, the blow fell. The head of the station sent for him one evening and showed him a letter.

It was on the official paper of Leete and Co., and ran: "Dear Sir—It has come to my knowledge that you have been troubled with a number of thefts at your fire station recently. It is, of course, no business of mine, but in the interests of public safety I think it my duty to inform you that one of your men, Joseph Richards, was dismissed some time ago from this office for theft. If you care to have more particulars, I shall be glad to supply you with them. Yours truly, VERNON LEETE."

"Well, is that true?" asked the head of the station when Joe had finished the letter. "Yes, it is true," the lad murmured, a sick horror numbing his every faculty. The head looked at him keenly. "I don't think you are the thief who has been taking things here," he said at length, "but, for all I know, you may be, and in the light of this letter I have no alternative, but must obey my instructions from headquarters, and tell you that you are dismissed from the force. I shall not inform the police, because I want to give you a chance, my lad. You can stay here tonight, and tomorrow morning you will return your uniform, etc. to store, and—well, I should advise you to go away as quietly as possible."

The blaze in the Night of the Fight in the Flames. Joe woke with a start and jumped into his clothes



NATURAL HISTORY

Police Dogs in Holland

That a policeman on night duty in a great city would be more respected by criminals if accompanied by a powerful and sagacious dog is a reasonable supposition; yet it remained for little Belgium to carry out this innovation in Antwerp, Ghent, Mons, Bruges, and other cities in Belgium which has now spread to other parts of Europe.

As time went on and the number of dogs was increased it became apparent that night crimes, even the worst crimes, were almost completely stopped. Cunning ruffians had often contrived to outwit the soldierly patrol, but these big, swift, silent-footed and sagacious dogs inspired terror in the most desperate evildoers.

The night service of the city is now made by about one hundred and twenty guards, assisted by fifty or sixty perfectly trained dog police. The city is divided into a hundred and twenty sections, so arranged that man and dog can always count on their neighbors' support if occasion should arise. Careful check is kept upon the men, that they visit every yard of their beat; but even if the men are inclined to shirk their work, the dogs will keep them up to it. If the night guards are used by day they get extra pay, and a corresponding number of hours is taken from their next night watch.

Regarding the achievements of his dogs, M. Van Wesemael told of an arrest by one of them, named Beer. One night Beer came upon five drunken fellows wrecking a saloon on the outskirts of the city. The men were great opposers and offered a resistance to the law was feared. The fine animal sprang forward without a sound. When the patrol reached the spot four of the men had fled, and Beer was chasing the fifth by the light of the moon. The officer appeared Beer gave up his prisoner and was off like the wind on the trail of the fugitives. The patrol followed with his prisoner, guided by a series of short sharp barks. Presently he came upon the other four, who had turned at bay and were trying to keep the dauntless Beer from tearing them to pieces. Thoroughly frightened, sobered even, the men offered to give themselves up if Beer were controlled. This was promptly done, and the procession started for the central police bureau, with the victorious Beer, now at liberty to give vent to his joy, barking and racing round the prisoners exactly as if they had been a flock of sheep.

Tom is another dog no less alert. One winter night in a quiet street near the docks he met a man with a sack. Tom was alone at the moment, but as both sack and man seemed queer to him he gave the alarm, repudiating all attempts at anxious conciliation. In a minute or two Tom's colleague came along and asked about the sack. The explanation being somewhat lame, the man was invited to the police bureau. There he confessed that he had stolen a piece of beef and several dozen eggs from a small store on the outskirts of the city.

Tippo is another terror to burglars. He is a reared race of great weight and strength, long and lean of leg, a fast swimmer, a high jumper, and so daring that he will even point blank revolver shots will turn him from his duty. He has been invited to the police bureau and has narrowly escaped death. From The Century and February, 1907, Our Dumb Animals, Children's Little Tots.

Can Animals Reason?

"I had a pet monkey, a gray ape," said John Lover, the zoo-keeper, "when I was soldiering in India. Marmaduke was the ape's name, and one day I gave him a corked bottle of whisky, and he kept it for a week. I killed a lot of time watching Marmaduke trying to get the sugar out of the bottle. He would put it up to his nose and sniff it, and then he would try to get the cork out, and he would try to shake it out, and he would roll it and juggle it this way and that, watching

it with the most earnest face. He kept it by him like a child with its doll, and, my! how he did try to draw it forth! One afternoon as I was carrying a jar of coffee from the stores I dropped it. The jar crashed to pieces and the coffee rolled all over the ground. Marmaduke, who was with me, seemed to give a kind of start. He went straight home to his corked bottle, climbed to the roof with it, and threw it into the compound below. He was down almost as soon as the bottle, and the look in his eyes as he ate the sugar was amazing. And yet there are some people who say that animals can't reason."—League Journal.

FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

The Little Old Man in the Automobile. You surely have heard of the old woman, I know. You lived in a Shoe, oh, so long ago! She had such queer notions and terrible ways—What would we all do if she lived in these days!

As all of her children were supple and young, She packed them in closely, pulled up the shoe's tongue, And then laid the shoestraps across, very tight, And her children all slumbered until it was light.

A Little Old Man, who is popular here, Has a way of his own, his almost as queer— His house is not mostly of leather—'tis steel! And, instead of a Shoe, it's an Automobile.

And as for the children, there's room for each one. (They all are so happy, so brim full of fun!) What sport by the roadside to picnic each day— Pick berries and flowers—then up and away!

Some morning you'll see them—oh, such a big load, Just flying along, like the wind, on the road! You cannot mistake them, for all in the car Are singing and shouting wherever they are.

Their laughter and noise can be heard half a mile, But every one nods or responds with a smile. I rather dwell with this Man—wouldn't you? Than dwell with the "Woman who lives in a Shoe." —Cornelia Walter McClurey.

Susan's Green Bow

Susan was in the country on a visit to Grandmother Dodge, and the little girl was quite sure that there was no more lovely place in the whole world than Susan's farmhouse, with the white porch over the front door and the big piazza on the side.

Susan could play about the green yard and in the big barn, and had her playhouse under one of the big trees in a corner of the pasture; and although there were no other children for her to play with, she was never lonely.

One reason why Susan enjoyed her playhouse so much was on account of a goat that was pastured in the next field. A high board fence was between the field and the pasture, and Susan's playhouse was close to the fence.

The goat would sometimes try to poke his head in between the fence boards, but never quite succeeded. In between the fence boards, but never quite succeeded.

One day Susan tried of playing with her pieces of broken china, her bright tin dipper and the rag doll, Dinah, who was always such a disagreeable creature, and began to wonder what she would do next. She looked toward the high board fence and saw the goat feeding in a distant part of the field, and as Susan watched the goat she remembered how funny it always looked when it tried to get its head in between the low boards.

"I know I could get my head between those boards," said Susan to Dinah, putting up her hands to tie the lovely green-ribbon bow more securely. It was a new ribbon. Grandmother Dodge had brought it home from the village only the day before.

"Now watch me, Dinah!" commanded Susan, standing the rag doll where her eyes of black beads were fixed directly on the fence; and then Susan tipped her smooth brown head and slid it carefully through between the boards. The goat started across the pasture, thinking gleefully that she was really smarter than the goat, and hoping the goat would see her.

The goat did see her. The nodding green ribbon was a suggestion between the fence boards. "O-ho!" said the goat. "Another bunch of green grass for me!"

Susan had just decided to go back to play, but, some way, she could not tip her head so easily with the board fence holding it so close. She moved this way and that, making the green ribbon bow wobble invitingly, so that the goat came faster and faster, and in a moment Susan felt a fierce tug on her hair.

The goat screamed Susan. "The goat will eat my head off!" And she twisted her head so quickly and screamed so loudly that Susan found the goat jump back in surprise, but Susan found her head free again. Eagerly she came straight on to the goat, and she looked reproachfully at the goat, whose mouth hung an end of her beautiful hair ribbon.

The goat looked so solemn and chewed on the ribbon so perseveringly that the little girl forgot to be sorry about her loss, and laughed aloud. "Old Billy-goat thought it was a new kind of grass," she said to Dinah, as she brushed the hair back from her forehead. "I started across the pasture to tell Grandmother Dodge—Youth's Companion.

WITH THE POETS

Sunset of Days

"Cheery hearts and smiling faces, Gentle speech and ways, Makes a cloudy, dull Thanksgiving, Sunniest of days." —Kindergarten Review.

The Ship-Builder

(By Albert Bigelow Paine) Just a little girl was she— scarcely three— (Half past two, to be exact, Very little girl, in fact) And she saw her brothers sailing Yacht-barks that were decked— Saw them make them, deftly nailing— With a skill she lacked— Watched, with yearning unavailing.

So she made a little boat of her own, All alone, And her hammer was a stone (And she worked too hard to fall), And the hull was a chip, And the mast was a nail, And she had sailed the little ship In a tub or water pail; And it weathered every gale, And returned for every trip.

There she launched the little vessel o'er and o'er, (Such a funny little maid, As she sailed it to and fro, In the summer sun and shade) And she sailed the little ship In the tub or water pail; And it weathered every gale, And returned for every trip.

Dear, the happy seasons come and pass; And the busy little lass, Older now, is building still; Fairer barks, with defter skill; Bonnet of hope with freight of dreams, Trusting them to swifter streams, And the world's capricious will.

And, perhaps, has she forgot—tiny tot, That boat she built alone, With the nail and chip and stone, And the funny hat she wore (I have not), I kept the four On a shelf above my door; There they lie, as years go by, Blending with the long ago Where forgotten summers blow (Priceless treasures they, to such as I,