

Children's Corner

YOUNG KNIGHT THOUGHT.

All night long and every night,
When my mamma puts out the light,
I see the people marching by,
As plain as day, before my eye.

Armies and emperors and kings,
All carrying different kinds of things,
And marching in so grand a way,
You never saw the like by day.

So fine a show was never seen
At the great circus on the green;
For every kind of beast and man
Is marching in that caravan.

At first they move a little slow,
But still the faster on they go,
And still beside them close I keep
Until we reach the town of sleep.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE GOLDEN TREASURE.

Long, long ago a farmer had three sons who did not like to work. They were really very lazy, and although he tried his best to teach them to help him on the farm, they would only do the work that was absolutely necessary, and neglected all the rest. One day the father found he must go on a long journey, so he called his sons to him and said:

"My boys, I am going very far away, and may never come back. I leave you all my treasure, but you must find it for yourselves. It is hidden in my fields."

"Before we dig up another field," said one of the brothers, "we might just as well make some use of this one, so let us plant some corn in it."

His brothers were quite willing, and so it happened that while they slowly and carefully dug up another field, the corn grew in a most amazing fashion.

One day their mother said:

"I see the weeds are growing very fast in your corn, boys. Since you've gone to the trouble of planting it, you may as well cultivate it."

And as they cut the weeds they were so pleased with the way it grew that they took more and more care of it, and when it was ready for cutting, they found they had the finest crop they had ever raised. They sold it for almost as much gold as they had expected to find in the field.

One day as they were resting under the shade of a tree, the oldest boy said:

"Boys, I've been thinking of what father said about the treasure he left in the field, and I believe he meant we should find it in just this way—by cultivating the farm he left to us. I for one mean to keep on searching for it in the same way."

His brothers agreed with him, and after that there was no farm in the country that was so well cared for, nor one that brought its owners so much gold.—Western Home Monthly.

THE VOWEL GAME.

"Now," said Charlie when everybody was gathered around the table, "let's play the vowel game father told us he used to play when he was a boy."

"How do you play it?" asked everyone at once.

"It's very easy," replied Charlie, distributing pencils and paper impartially among the family group. "You take the five regular vowels, a, e, i, o, u, and, beginning with the first letter, each player writes as long a sentence as he can, using no vowel except a in any word, but repeating that letter as often as he wishes."

"I don't quite understand," said Cousin Lucy. "Please give us an example."

"You'll have to give me a few minutes grace, then," laughed Charlie, taking his pencil and paper. "Suppose I take 'a.'" He wrote industriously a few minutes and then read the result aloud:

"Ah, madam, Frank Farns, a tall, tasty, black man at Panama, has a cat that can catch all bad ants and bats at Nathon's pantry and barn."

"Bravo!" cried uncles and aunts and cousins, as Charlie finished reading the queen sentence.

"You see," continued Charlie, "you may give the players five minutes or any time you agree on beforehand, to make up the sentence. When the time is up, the sentences are read and the one having the longest sentence of good, plain, commonplace English has gained the first point. You go on this way for each of the five vowels, and when all the sentences are read and compared, the person who has gained the most points, wins the game."—The Comrade.

OH, YOU GIRLS!

Doris was gazing wistfully into the glowing coals which were burning in the grate, while her mother sat by engrossed in a book.

Suddenly the mother looked up and, noticing her daughter's unusual mood, inquired:

"Doris, how do you know that this young man loves you? Has he told you so?"

"No, mother, he hasn't," replied the young woman, with gladness in her voice, "but if you could only see the way he looks at me when I am not looking at him!"

A certain clergyman asked a small boy: "Who is that elderly gentleman I have seen you in church with?" "Grandpa," was the reply. "Well," said the clergyman, "if you will promise to keep him awake during the sermon I will give you a penny a week." The boy agreed, and for the next few Sundays the old grandfather was made to hear the sermon. The clergyman was delighted at the success of his little scheme, and handed over the weekly penny according to the contract. One Sunday, however, the old gentleman went to sleep as before. Very much vexed, the clergyman accosted the boy at the end of the service. "I am very angry with you," he said. "Your grandfather was asleep as usual during the sermon today. I shall certainly not give you a penny this week." "It doesn't matter," replied the boy, coolly; "grandpa gives me twopence not to disturb him!"

LANGFORD INSTITUTE.

The Langford Women's Institute met recently; the usual business disposed of, and a very interesting paper was read on the subject "Household Commodities, Freightage of Food Supplies," etc. in British Columbia. The topic evoked animated discussion.

Householders had been urged to buy only British Columbia goods whenever possible, it was stated, but nothing had been done to close out American cheap fruit. There was another trouble: the inability of the householder to buy quite small quantities of foodstuffs at a time on account of the use of the five-cent piece as the smallest coin in general use. This caused unnecessary outlay to the householder, it was urged.

It was suggested by the reader of the paper that if the United Women's Institutes of British Columbia were to make representation of the injustice of these conditions the government would take the matter up, and would do its part to see that all the money spent in the province should be circulated in Canada and not elsewhere.

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