

looking. Her features were clear and her hair dark. There was a sinister, angry gleam in her eyes, as though she resented our presence.

A WONDER SPOT.

Laysan Island is one of the wonder spots of the world. On this little lump of rock and land, poking up its head in mid-Pacific, so many thousands of birds gather year by year to lay their eggs and rear their young that one can scarcely step anywhere on the narrow confines of the island without treading on a bird, a bird's nest or a bird's egg.

And everywhere there are birds—thousands upon thousands of albatrosses, white and brown, in great distinct colonies; great rookeries of terns and petrels and frigate birds; countless rail runs everywhere in the long grass; bright tropical honey birds, bright yellow finches flutter in the shrubs; curlews scream, ducks quack and crake chirp all the day.

The albatrosses on Laysan are absolutely fearless. They take not the slightest notice of the riders who come to despoil them of their eggs, and all the other birds are as tame as pet canaries, with the exception of the curlews and ducks—these alone cannot be caught in a hand net.—Pearson's Magazine.

The swimming of a river, more than three hundred yards broad, with a current of four and a half miles an hour, by a whole division of cavalry, which is a bold feat to attempt, has been successfully though not without considerable difficulty, carried out by the 3rd Division of Cavalry of the Russian army. The river thus crossed was the Niemen, the point of passage being near Kovno, just below the confluence of the Vilia. The exact width of the locality chosen is 320 yards, the average depth of water 6 1/2 feet, and the velocity of the stream 4.8 feet per second, or approximately 4 1/2 miles an hour.

HEART RELIEF IN HALF AN HOUR.—A lady in New York State, writing of her cure by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, says: "I feel like one brought back from the dead, so great was my suffering from heart trouble and so almost miraculous my recovery through the agency of this powerful treatment. I owe my life to it." Sold by Jackson & Co. and Hall & Co.—19.

The deserts of Arabia are specially remarkable for their pillars of sand, which are raised by whirlwinds, and have a very close resemblance in their appearance to waterpots.

Vanillin, an artificial substance for vanilla, is made from the sap of the Scotch pine, while a kind of rubber has been obtained from the common Birch.

BIRTHS.

HALLETT—At Greenwood, on Nov. 17th, the wife of L. H. Hallett, of a son.

NIELANDER—At Nelson, on Nov. 22nd, the wife of George Nielander, of a son.

HARRIS—On the 23rd inst., at 151 Fort street, the wife of W. H. Harris, of a son.

FORTIN—At Rosland, on Nov. 20th, the wife of F. D. Fortin, of a son.

MOWATT—At Vancouver, on Nov. 22nd, the wife of H. Mowatt, commander S.S. Athenian, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

MNEILL-GUNTER—At Rosland, on Nov. 21st, by Rev. Dr. Robinson, Rufus F. McNeill and Miss Rosa B. Gunter, both of Rosland.

COBURN-WALKER—At Kamloops, on Nov. 20th, by Rev. J. C. Stewart, Frederick E. Coburn and Miss Florence Walker.

EVANS-WOODMAN—At Vancouver, on Nov. 20th, by Rev. Mr. Wilson, James Evans and Ada Woodman.

RITCHIE-SON—At Nelson, on Nov. 19th, by Rev. J. H. White, John Ritchie and Miss Nellie Johnson.

CARR-KENNEDY—At Verco, on Nov. 20th, by Rev. J. P. Westman, Andrew Carr and Mrs. Agnes Kennedy.

HILLS-MITCHELL—At Vancouver, on November 23rd, by Rev. L. Norman Tucker, J. T. Hills and Miss Estelle M. Mitchell.

DIED.

BRODERICK—At Kamloops, on Nov. 21st, Martin Broderick, of Notch Hill, aged 54 years.

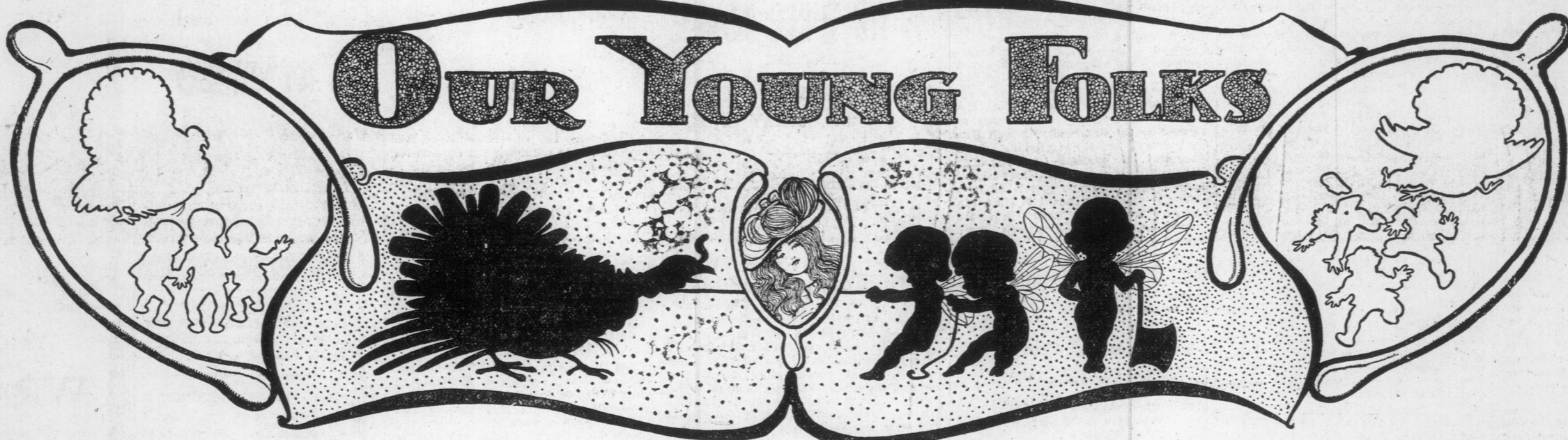
STEVENS—At Kamloops, on Nov. 21st, William Stevens, aged 54 years.

ABERCROMBIE—At Vancouver, on Nov. 23rd, the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Abercrombie.

KAINS—At the family residence, Dallas road, on the 25th instant, Tom Kains, a native of St. John's, Quebec, aged 50 years and 11 months.

NOTICE.

Public notice is hereby given that I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of land for a mill site, situate on Goose Bay, Observatory Inlet commencing at a post planted at the corner of E. Donohue's lot, 308, which post is marked D. A. R. 8, N. E. corner of same west 20 chains; thence south 20 chains; thence east 20 chains to the shore of Goose Bay; thence following the meander of said shore line to place of commencement, containing 40 acres more or less. DONALD A. ROBERTSON. Dated 27th Sept., 1901.



A SUBSTITUTE AT QUARTER.

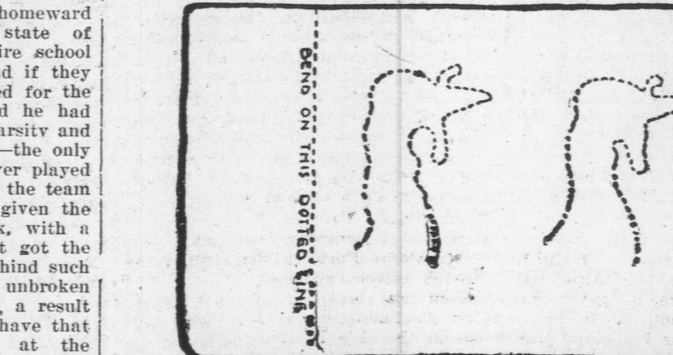
A THANKSGIVING FOOTBALL STORY.

BY RAYMOND FULLER AYRES.

It was Charlie Town's first year at the Valley "Prep" School, and he had made the varsity! This is a most unusual thing for a freshman to do, for as a rule, the average of strength and weight necessary to make the "line" and "backs" who, as a rule, are two or three years older, and that a period of growth when two or three years permits a wonderful increase in size, sinew and solid muscle. Still, by some of his catlike activity and phenomenal sprinting abilities, Charlie was a feature at the all important position of quarterback. He was envied by his teammates, less fortunate; his companions sought by the seniors, and—oh!—some almonch of joy—he was praised by the coach! Still he was not happy.

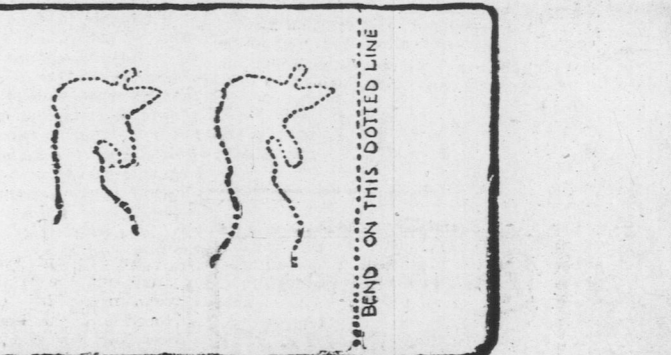
Charlie. "Every infant that could manage it in our little town has the diphtheria or whooping cough or something, and those that are not sick yet are trying their best to catch it, and my father is the only doctor in the place. It is out of the question for him to leave, and we have never yet failed to be together on Thanksgiving Day. You see, there are only we two left." The door opened, and a tall, sturdy fellow entered just in time to hear the last words. It was the captain of the team. He took a seat on the edge of the narrow bed and eyed Charlie sternly. "What's this I hear," he said, "about your not playing in the game with Millville on Thanksgiving Day?"

A THANKSGIVING DAY GAME



No doubt many of our little readers will hardly care to indulge in violent exercise after eating their fill of Thanksgiving cheer, and often, after the turkey has been utterly wrecked, the last of the dessert consumed, and every little jacket has grown uncomfortably tight, there comes a question of "What shall we do to have some fun?" Here is a way to have some fun that does not demand too much exertion, and still provides a form of amusement in keeping with the day.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER TRICK.



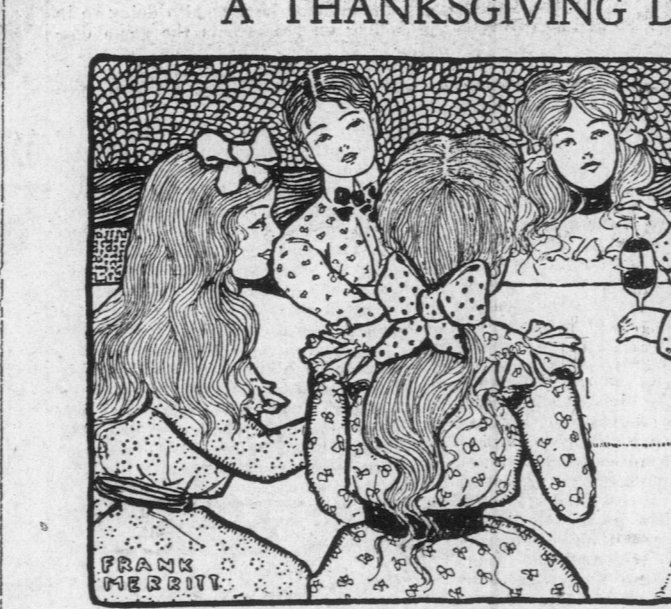
As the Thanksgiving dinner is drawing to a close and the dessert is being eaten, very slowly, indeed, because of all the good things that have gone before, the time is ripe for one or two clever tricks that can be played with ordinary table articles, and you may be sure that every one at the table will enjoy them immensely.



HE BAN THIRTY YARDS TO A TOUCHDOWN.

"I must go, Dick," cried Charlie in despair. "Dad would never forgive me if I did not."

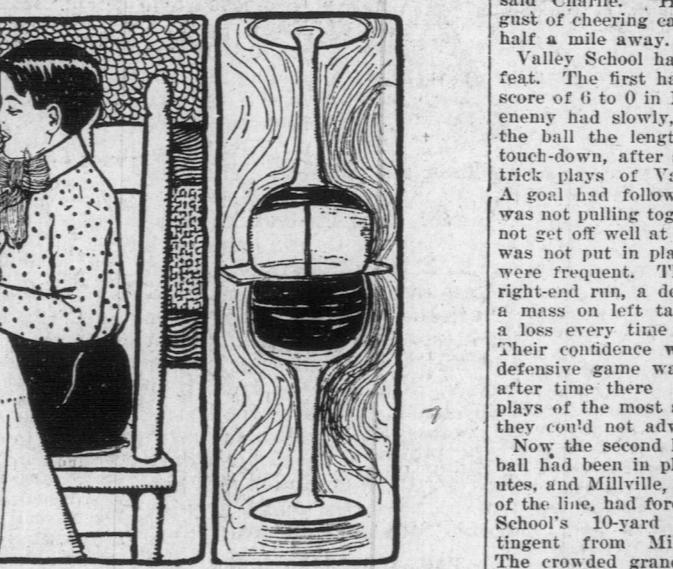
A THANKSGIVING DINNER TRICK.



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upon looking at his watch Charlie found that he had but three minutes to wait. He paced the platform impatiently, trying to guess the cause of this very unusual request, until the train came in. His father sprang from the platform of the smoker and came to meet him with beaming face.

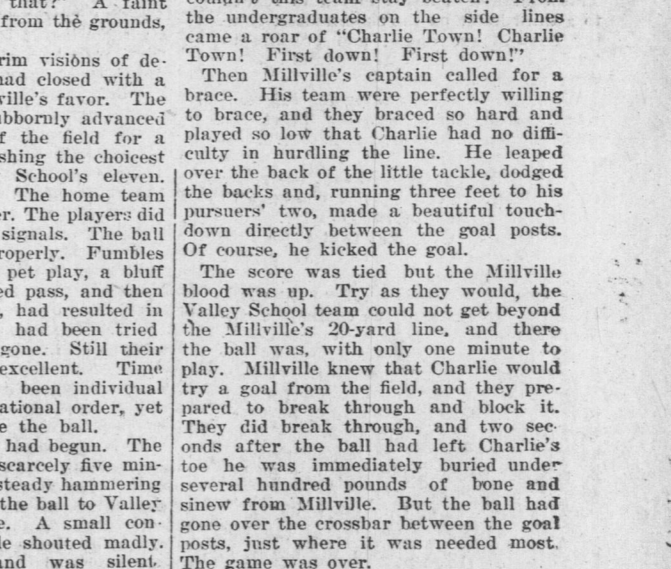
A STREAM OF CLARET WILL RISE INTO THE GLASS.



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ed the girls in the grand-stand. Valley School had the ball. Charlie panted out of danger. The ball was Millville's at the centre of the field. They started to push their way down the field again, but the Valley School eleven had decided that they did not want to be pushed. Millville tried again and again, but made no gain. Their captain signalled for a kick, but some ruffian from Valley School broke the line, blocked the kick, got the ball, ran off with it and would not stop until he had gone 30 yards. This was awful! Millville could not understand it. Why couldn't this team stay beaten? From the undergraduates on the side lines came a roar of "Charlie Town! Charlie Town! First down! First down!"

A THANKSGIVING DINNER TRICK.



As the Thanksgiving dinner is drawing to a close and the dessert is being eaten, very slowly, indeed, because of all the good things that have gone before, the time is ripe for one or two clever tricks that can be played with ordinary table articles, and you may be sure that every one at the table will enjoy them immensely.