

FINANCING OF ROADS BY DEAKIN

THE AUSTRALIAN PREMIER.

Society Gave a Banquet in Honor of Delegates to Colonial Conference.

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MAND IN SAANICH.

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The Mishaps of "Indian Pawaw"

BY WILLIAM WALLACE, JR.

Billy Betts was an only child. That is quite enough to let the reader know that Billy Betts was a boy to be pitied. First, on account of his dotting parents, who petted and spoiled him, and, second, on account of his having no sisters or brothers with whom to play and share the spoils of his mother and father. So Billy Betts was often obliged to pass long hours playing alone, for his foolishly fond mother had an idea that her son was just a trifle better than the sons of her neighbors and refused to permit him to go to play with them.

"At school you have quite enough of those rough boys," declared Mamma Betts, speaking to Billy one Saturday when he begged permission to join some of his schoolmates in play. "You have your dogs, your toys, your swing in the back and a big yard all to yourself. What more can you ask for?"

So Billy, putting, turned away without making any reply to his mother, who knew very little—it must be seen—about raising a child. Perhaps had she been the mother of several children she might have known more of their needs—or less of them, perhaps, for she was so continually looking after Billy and his wants that she made him peevish and cross at times with her over-attention. There was nothing in the house too good or sacred for Billy to have to play with. He was master of the house and ruled at times with a high hand. But all the time mother Billy nor his mother understood each other. While she petted and spoiled him in some respects, she was severe and unrelenting with him in others.

It was the last week of school and Billy was deeply regretting it; not that he was a very studious boy, but he had the pleasure of companionship and comradeship there that he was denied at home. During the summer his parents went to their pretty country place, where Billy was more alone than when in town. So he looked forward to the summer vacation with a sort of dread.

The week before school was out for the summer Billy confided his troubles to his dearest school friend, Paul Grey. That young fellow, as full of wisdom as his namesake, began to make plans for the summer, in which Billy and himself were the principal participants. Like Billy, Paul was an only child, and they were drawn together through common sympathy.

"I'll tell you what we'll do this summer," said Paul, confidentially. "We'll run away."

The following week was a busy one with Paul and Billy. Billy's mother was surprised that her little son kept so close to his room in the evenings and on Saturdays. She did not bother herself to inquire what he was about. She felt that he was going to be a real "home boy" and take the place of a daughter to her. But when she heard the strange story which Billy was telling her, she was so angry that she kept in a drawer under lock and key—she would have felt that something unusual was in her son's mind. He had gone to the back door. It had been arranged that he should meet Paul down by the river in a wild spot, where only occasional fishermen came to angle with hook and line. The run away had chosen the best of the time, and he was in a fine place for fishing they would not want for food.

At such a daring proposition. Run away from his mamma and papa! He shuddered to think what they would do with him should he dare to do such a terrible thing. He shook his head emphatically, saying:

"Oh, we couldn't do that, Paul! We couldn't run away."

"And why not?" asked he of glorious name. "Neither you nor I are allowed out of our mamma's sight all summer. Now, I want to go fishing, hunting, swimming and a lot of other things that all the other boys do. But the only way I get to fish is in company with papa. When I go to a picnic I go with mamma and have to stay dressed up all day. I don't like it. I want to be like an Indian."

"Oh, that would be great!" cried Billy, the name of Indian making a deep impression on him. "I'm half in the notion to go with you and be an Indian all summer. Where would we run away to?"

"Oh, we'll find plenty of places to run away to," explained Paul. "The main thing is to get the nerve to do it. And if you can get that I can, for I'm born BRAVE, I am." Paul felt his own courage in this confession, and stood up as tall as he could and looked defiant. Not that anything threatened him; but he liked to feel that he was a hero.

Although Billy had never played at being a hero, he did not relish the idea of Paul having more courage of purpose than he himself possessed. So, summoning up all his courage, he said: "Well, I wasn't born a coward, neither. I can run away as fast as anyone when it comes to nerve. I'm willing to be an Indian for the summer, if you are."

It must be confessed that Paul felt slight misgivings when Billy so readily acquiesced to his wild scheme. But now that he had done the planning, it would never do to go back on it, although he had hoped really to see that Billy would turn pale at the first suggestion of running away, and that he then would have an excuse to plan something more in keeping with their usual mode of living.

"I'll take a butcher knife and my air gun," said Billy, becoming quite enthusiastic. "What weapons will you have?"

"Oh, I'll have two knives—long and sharp—and my bow and arrows," said Paul. "But we'll have to dress in something besides these clothes." And Paul looked down at his natty Norfolk suit of grey tweed.

Little Maggie's Party

Dear little Mag a party gave
To a very strange company
Of animals that were wild enough
To fill a menagerie.

A roaring lion with tawny mane
Was sitting on a chair.
A cunning fox with gleaming eyes
Sat beside a big black bear.

A tiger slung a kangaroo
Occupied one end of the table;
And a zebra, with his many stripes,
Was eating all he was able.

An alligator, with grinning jaws,
Had his eyes on a berry pie;
An elephant, with his ivory tusks,
Sat on his trunk nearby.

'Twas a goodly company to see,
And they stayed till after dark—
Then home they went so merrily,
For they belonged to Noah's Ark.

Paul was to bring fishing tackle and worm would serve for bait. Billy reached the place appointed for meeting about half an hour after sun set. He expected to find Paul there waiting for him, but in this he was disappointed. The woods were dark and lonely, the water of the river deep and threatening. But Billy must not be a coward, so he quickly disrobed himself and donned the Indian garb he had brought in the bundle. Then he set to digging bait, thus gathering courage every moment. Work was better than thinking.

Twenty minutes later Paul appeared, peeping through the bushes. "Gee," he exclaimed, "you do look like a warrior!" Then he donned his own Indian attire and got from his pocket some colored chalk, with which they painted their hands and faces.

"Now we are Indians for sure," Paul declared. "No more civilization for me. A life wild and free. Hip-pee!"

"Yip-pee, tip-pee," hallooed Billy, feeling for the moment a real Indian. Then the boys decided they must settle on names fitting their new personality. "I'll be Mohawk," said Paul. "I'll be Pawaw," said Billy. Then they began to ramble about the woods in search of birds. Billy had an air gun and Paul a bow and arrows, so they were well equipped to furnish their own food. They each took many shots that forenoon at birds and squirrels, but not one did they hit. They tired out, they were about to retire to their chosen stopping place when Pawaw's foot slipped on the river's wet bank and before he knew what was happening he was taking a very cold bath in water much over his head. Mohawk, though a sturdy fellow, stood on the bank crying, "Help! Murder! Fire!" Luckily for Pawaw there was a fallen log overhanging the water at the very place where he had fallen in, and on rising to the surface after a straining dip he had presence of mind to catch the end of the log and pull himself out of the water.

Soon Pawaw was on shore again, straggling and coughing, his ears and eyes dripping with water. He was a sorry-looking fellow, and a cold one. "Now if we'd only thought to bring a blanket along you could wrap up till your clothes dried," said Mohawk. "But you'll have to go into your white clothes again for a while."

"If we had some matches we'd have a fire," shivered the wet Pawaw, getting out of his Indian garb as fast as he could. "Gee whiz!" said Mohawk. "We didn't bring any matches, did we? Well, how can we make a fire? We've got to look for our own matches, didn't we? Well, how can we make a fire? We've got to look for our own matches, didn't we? Well, how can we make a fire? We've got to look for our own matches, didn't we?"

Then, Pawaw in the garb he was born in, carrying his dripping red shirt and fringed leggings (the fancy he had lost in the river) they proceeded to the spot where they had left their clothes. But, to their amazement and horror, somebody had evidently been there and stolen their things, for their nice spring suits were nowhere to be found. They had left them hanging on a tree limb within arm's reach.

Both Indians were now much excited, and Pawaw was shivering with the cold. Mohawk shared his clothing as best he could, giving Pawaw the shirt, while he kept the trousers and leggings. But the day's pleasure had vanished. Both boys were hungry and—yes, homesick. Just as they were on the point of holding a pow-wow to settle on some plan of procedure there came the sound of dogs barking in the woods. "Tip a tree, quick!" said Mohawk to Pawaw. "We'll be discovered if we don't hide."

Like a cat Mohawk was up a big tree whose branches, low and close, made the climb easy. Pawaw also went up a tree, but not so easily, for the one he chose was smaller and fewer of limbs. But he gained a seat on a spreading limb just as a dog came bounding through the shrubbery below him. Then followed several men and half-grown boys.

"Here's where I found their clothes," said one of the youngsters, pointing to a tree limb. "I reckon they must 'a' got into the water 'n' drowned, for I looked every place for 'em."

Pawaw and Mohawk knew the party of men and boys were searching for them, and as they did not want to be seen in this plight they kept very quiet. But Pawaw's feet were hanging over a limb, and in an endeavor to draw them up he lost his balance and fell headlong and screaming right in the midst of the group of men and boys below.

Well, can you imagine anything funnier or more surprising than that half-nude figure of poor, shivering Pawaw—or Billy as he was recognized to be—as he came down among the very persons who were searching for him and his companion? At first they could not believe their eyes. Then Billy's pickled brought them to their senses. They picked him up from

When Billy Gets a Bath

Of all the things that Billy hates
It is the big bathtub.
Each evening filled with water warm,
And his mother there to rub.

And rub his skin with soap and rag,
And put upon him nice clean clothes
And pump him into bed.
Of all the things that Billy loves
To tumble into bed.

And play around with other kids
Till long time after eight;
Then to his room, just as he is,
To tumble into bed.

With dust of street upon his feet
And a tumbled, unmade bed.
Oh, why will mothers so insist
On washing boys each day?

For on the next they'll dirty get—
So let them dirty MAUD WALKER

He lost his balance and fell head long in the midst of the group of men and boys below.

Answer to last week's cut-out puzzle.

Find the Rebel Leader

Five generals and one regular
And then the war's begun.
You see a rebel leader here—
Look and find another one.

Early Shortcake

With one stick and one
Of the cake, make the one
What cake I got left—
It contained with it left.

A woman always expects you to remember
Her birthday, but she also expects
You to forget her age.

Queens of England

Anne of Denmark, queen consort of James I. of the British Isles, was born at Scanderburg, Denmark, December 12, 1575.

Her father, Frederick II, king of Denmark, was the richest prince of the North of Europe. Her mother, Sophia of Neuklenburg, is said to have been a woman possessing a rare character and pronounced domestic virtues. But whatever may have been her charming qualities, she certainly was deficient in the knowledge of rearing children, for, Princess Anne—the subject of this sketch—was in her ninth year before she was allowed to learn to walk, being carried about in the arms of her parents.

And that night two foolish, selfish mothers and two over-fond fathers held a council, arriving at the conclusion that their sons should have the same freedom of conduct and choice of playmates that the children belonging to large families had.

Thus, while Pawaw—otherwise Billy—had met with two dangerous mishaps that day, he had been the means of opening the eyes of his parents to the needs of a healthy boy.

When in her fifteenth year, Princess Anne of Denmark became the queen consort of James VI. of Scotland. Fourteen years later her royal husband became King of the British Isles. Thus Anne was the first queen consort of Great Britain and Ireland.

Her character in some ways was childish and weak, for it is told of her that she had her "spells of silliness and pouting, sometimes lasting for days together, when she was contradicted or her wishes disobeyed." She also had a turbulent temper, causing unpleasant domestic scenes at times, greatly to the King's annoyance. However, barring these faults, Anne was in many ways an admirable woman, and a more than fond mother. On the whole, she and James got on very lovingly together, and he never gave her a rival. When Queen Anne died, in 1702, the king was almost inconsolable and never in the seven years that he survived her did he once contemplate a second marriage. Anne of Denmark left two surviving children—Charles, Prince of Wales, after the ill-fated King Charles I. of Great Britain and Ireland, and Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia.

MARY GRAHAM.

LIGHT COMEDY.

Vaudeville Female—"Ham" that literary duck got that sketch done for us yet?"

Vaudeville Male—"Yen, but it won't do. He had the nerve to call it a refined comedy act, and there was only three chances in the whole piece for you to knock me down. What'd yer think of that?"—Puck.

The children who are seen and not heard must be deaf-mutes.

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Five generals and one regular
And then the war's begun.
You see a rebel leader here—
Look and find another one.

Early Shortcake

With one stick and one
Of the cake, make the one
What cake I got left—
It contained with it left.

A woman always expects you to remember
Her birthday, but she also expects
You to forget her age.

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