

THE YOUNG FOLKS

ulation, that it has all "turn-
to cast in her lot with the
ing lawyer has perhaps rea-
on herself, the heat and bur-
on the weary shoulders of
must fight the awful demon
be worried to death about the
"taxes, Doctor's Bills, and
expenses of the home."
agination, the man she cares
for these monetary consider-
to think that, by refusing
chosen the better part, and
at in the home, women, for
their share of what is "go-
bles come, the man is often
d has the heavier burden to

CURRENT TOPICS

1, Great Britain; 2, The United States; 3, France;
4, Germany; 5, Japan; 6, Russia; 7, Italy; 8, Austria.
is the way the great nations of the world rank in
navies. In all these countries thousands of men are
at work and millions of dollars are being spent to
build more warships of all sorts and sizes. Able men
are constantly employed in contriving new machines
to blow men to pieces, and to shatter ships and
buildings. The vessels of Drake or Blake or Nelson
could have seemed but children's toys in comparison
with the immense warships of the twentieth century.
In any sea fight today there would be a hundred times
as many men killed as fell at Trafalgar or at the Nile.
Some people say that these great navies are needed
to keep the peace between nations. Whatever is true,
that, is not. The navies and armies of the world are
signs of envy and hatred, not of love and good will.

There are now 8,000 people living in Nelson, the
capital of the Kootenai. Nelson is a fine little city
and it is said that the mines both there and in Ross-
land are more prosperous than they have been of late.
There is a new coal-mining town in the Crow's Nest
Pass called Hosmer. The mines belong to the C. P. R.
Company and are reported to be very rich. In many
parts of the Upper Country which used to be only
considered fit for mining, there are now some of the
finest valleys between the mountains. Some of the
other provinces are not pleased that the Finance
Minister, Captain Taitow, called this province the Or-
der of Canada, but the name is a good one. Boys
and girls who are growing up in British Columbia
should do well to learn all they can about plants, and
how to grow them. When all the gold is washed out
of the river beds of British Columbia, when the
silver and lead and copper are all gone from the
land will still be left and the valleys and the
slopes of the hills will be covered with fruit trees.
We should be able to exchange our apples and pears, our
strawberries and plums and cherries, with the people
of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Such ex-
change would be a good thing. It would require more
skill and judgment to raise
fruit than to grow wheat, but it will pay quite as well
and we have the advantage of having a better climate.

There are in this city many men who have fought
in the battles of the Empire. These soldiers, young
and old, have a very warm feeling for one another.
There are few names dearer to a man than that of
comrade. Last week these veterans formed a society,
with Capt. Woolley, for Honorary President and Lieut.
Brace, of the Y. M. C. A., for president. In their
meetings the "British Campaigners" will like the old
soldier in the "Deserted Village," tell how they
saw and it was about unfortunately once more break
out they will, no doubt, show that they love their
country as warmly as ever and are as ready to fight
under the Old Flag as when they enlisted for their
first campaign.

One of the things the very first white visitors who
came to the Northwest Coast noticed was that the
Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands were a much
superior race to those who lived on the main-
land or on Vancouver Island. They were fine looking
and very skillful in the Indian arts of carving and
weaving. It has been known for many years that
these were valuable commodities. But they seemed far
away and very few white men went to live there. In
more recent years, copper has been discovered on one
of the smallest of these islands, and there have been
a few white people on the Queen Charlotte Islands.
But latterly companies have been formed to dig coal
and saw lumber and mine for copper. It is said
that there are splendid deep sea fisheries there and
it would be well to start a strong industry on Graham
Island. Charles A. Harrison, who has spent twenty-
five years of his life on this island has been telling
the people of Winnipeg and Victoria how rich the
islands are. Masses of fish are found on these islands,
much farther from Prince Rupert than Vancouver is
from Victoria, and it is believed that, as there is good
farming land on Graham Island, many settlers will go
there as soon as the Grand Trunk Pacific is built.

Paper used to be made chiefly from old linen and
cotton rags, but there is so much paper used for the
big newspapers of these days as well as for other
things that all the rags in the world, supposing there
were none wasted, would not supply the demand. It
was discovered, not so very long ago, that the smaller
forest trees could supply the pulp or starchy sub-
stance of which paper is made, and now paper is made
abundantly on Vancouver Island. There is already a
pulp mill at Swanson Bay and another is to be built
at once at Quatsino Sound.

Many Chinese, so it is said, still refuse to buy Ja-
panese goods or to send freight or passengers by the
Japanese steamboats.

In Manchuria, the Russians will manage the rail-
roads in their own way without further interference
from the United States Consul.

Thousands of settlers are coming to the prairies
of Canada from the United States. These settlers
are all good farmers. Most of them have money and
many are bringing valuable farming machinery with
them. They will have a great advantage over the
settlers who come from England or even from the
United States. The heavy soil of the prairies needs
strong and expensive machinery to break up the land,
and a man who only knows how to work such soil, as
is found in Ontario and the other Eastern provinces
has much to learn. These families from the United
States are bringing their furniture with them.

It is said that the Doukhobors want to settle in
British Columbia because the climate is warmer than
Manitoba or Saskatchewan. In many ways these
people are troublesome settlers. A few of them are
quite mad and the rest, though honest and indus-
trious, have opinions that make it hard to govern
them. However, their leader, Paul Peregrin, says
that most of his countrymen will, if they can get
land, settle near Nelson and the rest in the neighbor-
hood of Vancouver.

The road from Wellington to Nanos Bay and
thence to Alberni will be built as fast as possible.
This will be a branch to Comox and Campbell River.
This road will open up a fertile and beautiful part
of Vancouver Island and no doubt the land will be set-
tled soon. Last week, Louis Hill, president of the
Great Northern Railway Company, was in the city
for a little while and he said that the little road
that runs from Victoria to Sidney. It is a pity Mr.
Hill could not have been persuaded to go out to Sidney
till he could see how much need there is of re-
pairing the road and putting new engines and cars
upon it. This great country has a distance of over
miles of road, on which splendid trains run. But no
one who only knows how badly the Victoria and Sidney
road is managed would want to take passage on a
Great Northern train.

A million dollars are to be spent by the Dominion
Government in deepening and improving the harbor
of Westminister. This city is the port for shipping
the produce of the Fraser Valley, and it is be-
lieved a great centre of the lumbering and salmon
canning industries. It is important that its harbor
should be as good as it can be made. We need money
for the building of a larger drydock at Esqu-
mault. The business of repairing ships is a profit-
able one and the more that come here to be made fit
for sea, the better for the city. Already the Esqui-
mault graving dock pays into the Dominion treasury
more than half the whole sum contributed by the
three graving docks in Canada.

The law of nations says that a country owns the
sea within three miles of the shore and that no other
nation may fish inside that limit without the consent
of the owner.
The fisheries of Canada are more valuable than
those of the United States, partly on account of its
deep and wide bays. In British Columbia, the deep
sea fishing for halibut and cod is very valuable, and
the United States fishermen have been in the habit
of fishing where they pleased and of coming ashore
to cure their fish. The fishing cruiser Kestrel and
the Falcon have tried to prevent these fishermen from
"Not lately!"

he'd take a look around and
running as a fastidious bride
the room where the presents
of unhappy-looking, he came
ly ready, like the wedding
to "beat his breast." He
ok at silver and cut glass
the best man barely knew
"Er—have you kissed the
t. And the answer told far
were words might have been
"Not lately!"

stealing fish belonging to this province, or of coming
ashore to haul the fish out of the water, is strictly
limit. The captain of the Kestrel says another cruiser
is needed.

On Sunday a terrible fire destroyed the town of
Chelsea, a beautiful suburb of the city of Boston,
Mass. There wasn't great loss of life, and though
thousands of homes were destroyed, it is not likely
that there will be much distress. Boston is a wealthy
city and the people are very generous to let their
neighbors want. There are, however, so many idle
people in the United States, that it is sad to think of
more being added to the great army of the unem-
ployed.

As was expected, Mr. Asquith has made many
changes in the government. Some of the cabinet
ministers have been appointed to other offices, for
which their talents specially fitted them, and new men
have been brought in. It is, perhaps, too much to
expect Canadian boys and girls to know much about
the members of the British cabinet. Yet you learn in
your histories about dead statesmen, and why not
then find out something about those who are making
history now. We may some day see what we can
find out about John Morley, Lloyd George, Winston
Churchill and some others who will during the next
few years be the most prominent of the empire. Some of the news-
papers have found fault with King Edward VII. be-
cause he was in France when the important changes
were being made. There was a time when it would
not have been safe for any paper to speak as boldly.

Lord Strathcona, one of the oldest of Canadian
business men, who is now High Commissioner for
Canada in England lately made a speech showing that
it was very important that there should be a line of
British ships both on the Atlantic and on the Pacific
connecting all parts of the British Empire. Such
a line, in time of peace would make trade
more profitable and if war should unfor-
tunately arise, would be of great use, as
soldiers and supplies could be rapidly
transported by it. Lord Strathcona, then
Sir Donald Smith, was one of the first to
see that it would pay to build the Cana-
dian Pacific railway across the continent,
though the greater part of Canada was
then a wilderness.

The fire that destroyed the Sehl block
on Wednesday morning did a great deal of
harm. If there had been a great wind
blowing, as there often is, from the south-
west, it is hard to tell where the fire
would have stopped. Victoria must have
more water with which to fight the fire.

A Toronto paper publishes a letter say-
ing that in Ontario the children and some
of the grown people are very cruel. They
destroy all living wild creatures wantonly
and wastefully gather the wild flowers
and plants. The editor does not think this
is true of all the boys and girls near Victo-
ria. In the orchards near the city the birds
seem to be increasing and not many boys
are cruel enough to molest them.

Since the Natural History Society told us
that it destroyed the lilies to gather the
leaves, all the boys are most careful to
pluck only the blossoms. Game birds are
hunted but this is not, from what we
cruelly. During the Easter holidays we
hope that all the children will enjoy them-
selves to their heart's content and come
back to school on Monday morning. A number
of pretty Easter drawings have to be left
over till next Sunday as they came in
just a little too late. We hope that some
boys and girls will find time to write to us
during the holidays. Surely some bright
eyes will see some bird or flower or scene
that will be interesting to read about.

The editor is very grateful to Miss
Emily H. Woods for taking an interest
in the children's page. A picture has an
added value when it is known to be drawn
from nature or from an object.

HOW "BRICKTOP" BECAME A HERO

For a whole month the high school
junior class had been rehearsing for a
literary play (written by one of their class,
John Edwards, commonly known as "Brick-
top"), and they were now ready to give
production of it in the town hall. There
was a double purpose in the presentation of
this play. The students were proud of their
classmates were proud of his efforts as a
playwright and were anxious to see his first
literary effort tried on the boards—and
sessed considerable histrionic ability. The
class presenting the play wished to raise some funds
to go towards the improvement of their gymnasium,
which was far from being completely equipped.
The boys and girls were all very anxious
in every way to make the entertainment a grand suc-
cess. The play had been appropriately costumed,
and a capable director engaged to stage it. So the
outlook for "Bricktop's" youthful effort was most
promising.

The evening for the play's initial production at
last arrived, and a more excited and enthusiastic
crowd of young folks than the high school class pre-
sented at any time in the history of the school, had
surface that night. Behind the scenes all was con-
fusion, stagehands rushing here and there with the
bits of scenery which they were adjusting for the
first scene, the boys and girls, with several of the
anxious mothers assisting, busy "making up" in
their dressing rooms, which had been arranged at
the ends of the improvised stage built for the occa-
sion.

The house was soon crowded. Long before the or-
chestra began its first overture every seat had been
taken, and the general aspect of the audience was
most favorable and indulgent.

Slowly the curtain went up; the applause echoed
as the play opened behind the play—Bricktop—on
the stage in the garb of a Texas Ranger, a role
quite suited to him, as he was of athletic build for
a chap of 15, and had had the good luck to be born in
Texas, the scene of his play. And so familiar was
Bricktop with the history of Texas that he had built
a really interesting play around the "Lone Star"
state's early days.

After the applause had subsided, and the audi-
ence were silent and attentive, Bricktop's lines led
the play. "The world men of the plains," that could
"chaw skunkskin when tobaccoer was out" and "eat
their cowskin boots for dinner during an Indian raid,"
came dashing into the "early settlers' cabin, making
a great deal of noise and saying but little.

The audience was pleased with every line, he it
humorous, pathetic or commonplace, and they showed
their approval by generous outbursts of applause.

And when the "queen of the prairies" (the favor-
ited girl in the junior class, by name, Polly Jones)
stepped upon the stage in the riding habit—which
was very different to the approved style for a lady
equestrian of today the greeting she received from
her auditors was deafening. Graciously and grace-
fully Polly bowed and smiled at the demonstrative
reception she had received, for, as "leading lady"
she was to share the honors of the evening with the
"author-playwright," Bricktop.

And then the first act drew to a close. The cur-
tain went down and the orchestra strains mingled
with the hundreds of voices in the hall. And Brick-
top, peeping from a tiny hole in the drop curtain,
could see that his play was "a hit." He knew from
the happy faces of those assembled that they appre-
ciated the work of his past two years. And Brick-
top's heart beat with the true pride that follows the
accomplishment of a dear ideal.

And then the second act drew to a close. The cur-
tain went down and the orchestra strains mingled
with the hundreds of voices in the hall. And Brick-
top, peeping from a tiny hole in the drop curtain,
could see that his play was "a hit." He knew from
the happy faces of those assembled that they appre-
ciated the work of his past two years. And Brick-
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worn properly. The red lights which were to be
thrown on the tableau that closed the second act
must be looked after and final instructions given as
to their use and the manner of handling them. In
fact, Bricktop was his own stage manager, and he
was everywhere giving his orders in a quick, calm
voice.

And then the curtain went up on the second act,
a scene in a poor woman's shanty in a Western
town. Throughout this act, tears flowed from the
eyes of the audience, for the scene depicted a poor
woman and her beautiful daughter—"The Queen of
the Prairies"—in the deepest distress, through the
treachery of the villain of the play. At the close of
the act the poor old mother dies on a pallet on the
floor, begging the villain to spare her daughter and
allow her to go to friends in another country. The
villain is determined to marry the "Queen of the
Prairies" and makes his threat that she shall never
leave that room till she goes forth as his bride. As
the villain makes the threat, with upraised arm, the
poor mother drops back dead, and the beautiful
daughter, sobbing, throws herself across the lifeless
and beloved form.

Then the red light should have been thrown on
the tableau, but somehow the material used to get
the effect would not ignite. But as the young man in
charge of the tableau light persevered there was a
small explosion and almost instantly flames were
seen climbing about the bits of paper scenery round
the stage. A dozen boys and girls were about the
wings, and, seeing the danger, ran, screaming, to
their dressing rooms, not knowing what else to do.
"Fire!" The terrible word ran throughout the spec-
tacular hall, and the people raised as one man, their
faces blanching. Many men made wild attempts to
stop the crowd, to reason with it, but a panic seemed
inevitable. At the first word, "Fire!" a dozen men
from the front seats had jumped upon the stage.
Then, as suddenly, the curtain had been rung down.
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stop the crowd, to reason with it, but a panic seemed
inevitable. At the first word, "Fire!" a dozen men
from the front seats had jumped upon the stage.
Then, as suddenly, the curtain had been rung down.
"Stop!" The word rang clear and strong through-

was given in honor of the boy who had presence of
mind to halt the frightened audience before the pre-
sent what might have been a very serious panic.
And for a long time Bricktop—or to be more cor-
rect, John Edwards—was not only alluded to by the
citizens of his town as "the boy playwright," but
also as "our red-headed hero."—Maud Walker, in
Portland Telegram.

ABOUT ANIMALS

Hated the Muzzle.
Mrs. Lee describes a large spaniel, named Flora,
of whom she had personal knowledge. Since she
valued at home, and was generally under no re-
straint; but one hot summer an order was issued by
the magistrates of the town that no dogs should go
abroad without a muzzle. Flora, therefore, when she
went abroad, was equipped with a muzzle, which she
evidently hated and which she made many fruitless
attempts to get off. One day, however, the muzzle
was less securely fastened than usual, and after some
efforts Flora succeeded in getting it off. The attend-
ant tried to get hold of it, and to replace it in its
usual place, but Flora was too quick for him; she
caught it up in her mouth, ran off to a pond in the
neighborhood, and when there saw to the deepwood,
part, and dropped the muzzle into the water, ex-
pressing by looks and gestures the greatest delight.
—Anecdotes of Animals.

Merry Gophers.
They are a saucy set of fellows, those young imps
that through the Western plains and appeal to the
good-hearted Manitoba farmer for their winter food.
They are not beggars, either; the gopher has far too
much independence and character for that.
They just walk into a field well stocked with suc-
culent grain, and they thrive, as happy a lot of
bright-eyed young rogues as you would wish to see.
They have not much dread of man, and wrap up a
mortal enemy—man—as they show by the fear-
lessness with which they build 'or
rather, dig, their homes near by the
prairie roads, and sport about in their own
back yards to their heart's content.
We saw thousands of them when we
drove in a buckboard sixty miles across
prairies in the Canadian territories. It was
a warm, late August afternoon, and the little
chaps were gamboling about in the
sunshine, frolicking like diminutive spring
lambs, and far more agile, graceful and
interesting than any of the horses and
horses hoofs, but the fine old prairie cobs
were too good-natured to step on the little
fellows, and the gophers themselves de-
spised the big brown animals with the com-
tempt born of an absolute assurance of
safety.

Then with an adroit dodge they would
whisk away, scamper off to their burrows,
sit up on their hind quarters, with their
fore legs lifted and paws hanging comi-
cally downward, and with a pretty scampish
look of innocence these little mon-
keys, no larger than a kitten, and with
in their fur coats of grey, would cock
their heads on one side, eye us with those
bright, little black beads of eyes, and—
well—laugh. When we had got under the
always felt that the little fellows were
making grimaces at our backs.

Horses' Illusions.
A coachman who for many years had
been in charge of a large stable of valuable
carriage horses, gave the writer some
curious instances of the nervous illusions
of horses. Only once did he find a whole
stable in anything like permanent fear.
He had taken ten carriage horses to a
large house in Norfolk, where they stood
in a ten-stall stable. There
was a tame monkey in the stable, very
quiet, which slept chained, sitting on
one of the divisions of the stalls. On the
first night, about 11 o'clock, he heard a
disturbance in the stable, the horses
stamping and kicking, and very uneasy.
He got a light, entered the stable, and
found them all in great terror. Nothing
that could disturb them was there, except
the monkey, apparently asleep on his perch.

He quieted the horses, locked the door,
and went away. Soon the disturbance be-
gan again, and this time, slipping quietly
up, he drew a pair of steps to one of the
windows, and as the moon was shining
bright, saw a view of the interior. The
monkey was the source of the terror. It
was amusing itself by a steeplechase along
the whole length of the stable, leaping alter-
nately from the division of the stall to a
horse's back or head, then off on to the
next rail, and so on. The horses were
trembling with fright, though many of
them had not the least objection to a cat
sitting on their backs. The monkey
began again, and this time, slipping quietly
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