KEEPS AWAY OD OF CHINESE

ng Statement Made to missioner King by a ealthy Chinaman

AGES THE MAGNET

Murder of Little Girl ks People of North Vancouver

er, Nov. 12.—Yip Sing, s wealthiest Chinaman, told n Commissioner King this that he believed half of ld come over here if it were practically prohibitive head continued: "If that head emoved I would import Chin- rs just as did . Onderdonk e years ago, when the fare hirty-five dollars each. The here cannot afford to im- se at five hundred dollars

ioner King—"There is no n Japanese. Are the com- ging them over?" tell too fast what I think," o suavely, and the examin- d. Earlier in the inquiry, "Wages too high here. at brings them. Chinese la- wants two-fifty per day, et them four years ago for All over China they know od wages here and would uld afford it."

ilt of the examination to- to show that if the Chinese emoved, there would be a influx of Chinese, which in the shade the Japanese combined.

A Shooting Crime.

frightful crime of its kind occurred in British Colum- o light tonight with the the body of seven-year-old daughter of Captain ahu, of North Vancouver. girl had been killed by a steel wedge, which shatter- ill. Two bloodstained razors e ground beside the lacer- told a story of fearful tor-

d disappeared at noon on and it was not until dusk g that the body was found quarter of a mile from her me. Still grasped in the d were the car tickets her given her with which to trip to Vancouver. Sun- orning hundreds of people in the search for the child. e entire police force of Van- been turned loose on the gro, a former convict, was neighborhood at the time s supposed to have been on Saturday, and that expla- ppeared. He is suspected of

chitect Hofar Dead.

ofar, a pioneer architect, the court house here and rand Trunk Pacific archi- nce Rupert, died today.

AND BANK CLOSES

National, One of City's Institutions Affected by eavy Withdrawals

Ore., Nov. 12.—The Mer- tional bank of this city is e being in the hands of the of the currency. Its doors pened today because of un- it persistent rumors which ays withdrawals lately, ected to be entirely solvent, as today closed temporarily, e advice of the comptroller rency, to whom the bank ve wired details of the in- With $5,212,052 on deposit e of business on August 22 the comptroller called for e the condition of all na- s, the bank's liquidation date has been over $2,300,- ich amount $1,500,000 has rawn since the specially holiday season began on

assistance the bank has the loan of $250,000 from g house association, which ualling the capital stock of was the limit allowed by the nking act. The Hanover he National Bank of Com- d the Merchants' National York, correspondents of the National, offered to extend ry aid, but again the na- king act stood in the way. o other resource than to lay on before the comptroller ency.

, Ohio, Nov. 12.—The vings & Trust Company to- ppointed receiver of the or Car Company in the tes Circuit court. The pro- vere instituted by E. W. f Detroit, and Will K. of Chicago, a stockholder or. The action is brought the company's affairs dur- esent monetary stringecy. ny employs four hundred ts years business now ag- ,500,000.

, Pa., Nov. 12.—The Peo- of California, Pennsylvania, ate institution, closed its y. President Duvall an- hat financial and other t disclosed are responsible pension. The bank is cap- $75,000.

dest Resident Dead

nt., Nov. 12.—Mrs. Barnsbas d today, aged 96. She was ounty's oldest resident.

Stomach, Heart, or Kidney weak, then these organs al- Don't drug the Stomach, nor he Heart or Kidneys. That makeshift. Get a prescrip- to Druggists everywhere as Restorative. The Restora- pared expressly for these s nerves. Strengthen i these d them up with Dr. Shoop's —tablets or liquid—and see help will come. Free sam- nt on request by Dr. Shoop, s. Your health is surely simple test. Cyrus H.

A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

This week a doctor and nurse for the new sanitarium for consumptives at Tranquille, near Kamloops, were appointed. There are already twenty-seven patients asking to be admitted to this hospital. Dr. Fagan has worked hard to provide a place where consumptive patients can be properly cared for. This is a good thing and the people of British Columbia were wise to subscribe money for this hospital.

But the teachers and children can do something better even than this. There is no reason why people should have tuberculosis in a country where they have plenty of room to breathe and where the air is pure. If children keep their chests expanded and if their teachers and parents see that their rooms are full of pure air there is very little fear of their lungs becoming diseased. All children should be careful to take deep breaths and to breathe through their noses so that there will be no fear or a single speck of dust getting into their throats or lungs to irritate the delicate lining of these organs. No girl should be foolish enough to wear clothing so tight that it will press her ribs against the lower part of her lungs. If you do not use any part of your body for a long time it soon gets useless, and the poor bound-up lung only wants a chance to get diseased. This chance comes whenever you catch cold. Your parents see that you all get good food and that with pure air and exercise will make doctors and sanitariums unnecessary.

Every boy and girl in Victoria ought to be proud of our high school. Miss Rena Chandler has beaten all the young men and women in the Dominion in the matriculation examinations and Jean Robinson came first in the province for the junior class. Nelson King has taken a good place in McGill university, having been one in Canada to win a scholarship. This lad is a pattern to all boys, as he not only had no help, but earned money while attending school to help his mother. The boy who could get up at 4 o'clock in the morning to deliver newspapers and study hard at school and in the evenings deserves to succeed. But it is not only these brilliant students who deserve praise. The rank and file of the pupils in all the classes have done good work. As for the teachers, from Mr. Paul down, no one knows better than the students how hard they have worked. And if the truth were told no one appreciates their efforts more than the dull boys and girls whom they have taken the most pains to help. These young people who have been so often discouraged and perhaps who failed in the final examination should not be discouraged. Some of the world's most successful workers were not brilliant students. So long as we work honestly and faithfully we should be satisfied with the results, whether our names stand at the top or the bottom of the list. None the less are we all proud of Victoria college.

A number of Circassian families from the south of Russia are coming out here to live on the Lower Arrow Lakes. These people have determined to escape from oppression in their own country. They are used to a mountain life and like all mountaineers are brave. They are said also to be industrious and skilful workmen as well as sober. They are of the same race as the Anglo-Saxons. If they are really as good as they are reported to be there should be plenty of room for them and many of their race in the valleys of British Columbia.

Some one has said that the best way to maintain peace is to be ready for war. Another wise man said: "How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done." The nations of the world are forging cannon-balls and building gun-boats. Among those who are preparing to defend themselves or attack other nations is Brazil. In that immense country which has so great an area of fertile land comes to understand her own power and strength she may very soon grow to be a great nation.

Canada is to provide for the defence of Esquimalt by water as well as by land. This port is one of the three gateways of Canada and it shows that England has a good deal of confidence in the power as well as in the loyalty of her young daughter, Canada, when she entrusts her with the defence of so important a place.

Did you know that a tenth of the shipping of Canada enters Victoria harbor? There is a great deal to be learned at the outer wharf of the importance of this little city of ours. Some of you boys know something of the ships that come there from the other side of the ocean as well as from Europe. A lad could learn more geography from studying the movements of these ships and finding out what cargoes they carry than by committing to memory every word between the covers of his text book, no matter how good it is.

On the prairies the people have nearly finished threshing, and from every direction the wheat is being hurried on the trains either to the elevators or to the seaports to be shipped to Europe or Asia. Threshing time on the prairie is the busiest season of all. The great mills driven by steam go from farm to farm and the wheat is taken either from the stack or from the field, separated from the straw, winnowed and poured into sacks ready for shipment. A large gang of men goes with each machine, so the farmers' wives have to work hard to prepare their meals. Although the crop has not been so plentiful as in former years the high price will make up to the farmers for the comparative scarcity. As there was a great deal of wheat left over from last year's harvest the rest of the world will not suffer from want of bread this year.

Since last week's article was written a number of old people, both men and women, who have lived in this province ever since its beginning have laid down their work and passed to their rest. Among these in our own city was the first high school teacher, Mr McLaughlin, greatly esteemed by his old pupils as well as by business men in the city, and a lady loved by young and old for her gentleness and kindness, Mrs. Hutcheson. The early settlers, who worked hard to make a province out of the wilderness of scarcely half a century ago are dropping off very quickly. In our stores and offices, factories and shops, the men at the head of affairs are growing grey. The boys in the schools will soon fill their places. If they are strong and steady, honest and clever, as well as industrious, they will keep them. If not, they must make way for others, for the world will not stand still.

The E. & N. railroad is to have a branch to Alberni and men are to be set to work at once to clear and grade the road across the island from Nanoose bay to Alberni. This will be a very good thing for Vancouver Island, as it will enable people to reach the mines and timber in that part of the island now, and when the trees are cleared away fine farms will be cultivated in the district through which the road passes.

The miners who have come down from the north say that the season has been successful. The days when a man with a pick, a shovel and a pan could make a fortune are gone by, even in the Klondike, but great machines are breaking down the banks and washing the gold out of the clay and gravel. These machines are owned and operated by rich companies which employ thousands of men. It would not pay a man now to wash the sand that is left in the river beds discovered more than ten years ago, by hand, but it does pay to wash tons of it for the grains of gold the miners have left in it. Speaking of gold, reminds us that all the week ships crossing the ocean from England and from France have been bringing millions of dollars' worth of the precious metal to the United States. The panic in New York is over (so the financiers say) and now that people know that the banks have plenty of gold in their vaults they will be content to let most of it stay there and carry on their business as before with banknotes and other forms of paper money. People will be given time enough to pay the debts they have contracted and if we in Canada as well as our cousins in the United States find that we must be more careful because it is harder to borrow money, no harm will be done.

This has been the driest season for very many years and the fall rains were never so welcome. It was never expected that Goldstream water would fail but for a few days it was scarce enough to force the Electric Light company to set their steam engines on Store street to work to generate electricity enough to run the street cars. The water at Elk lake stood the dry weather much better than was expected. Many people in the country suffered great inconvenience as their wells ran dry and they had to go long distances for water. However, that is all over now and we shall have a chance to grumble about the rain for many weeks. What an ungrateful set we British people are!

BABY BUNTING

(By Mrs. Edith E. Cuthell, Author of "A Fearful Flight," etc.)

"Gurr-rr! Gurr-rr!" gurgled Baby Bunting, chuckling with delight.

"Miau! Miau!" whined the white cat, as Baby Bunting pulled himself along the floor by her tail.

"Naughty Baby Bunting!" cried Jackie. "If you hurt poor Pussie, I'll give you to the Ogre. Here he comes!"

Both children kept quiet, overawed by the gruff voice of a man with a cross mouth and hard little eyes, who now entered the cottage. Jackie listened with all ears.

"Look here, Mrs. Forster," was what he heard. "I've had enow o' this! Six weeks' rent owing, and I only a poor farmer as can't let you have the cottage for nothing. It's all very well," he went on angrily, "to tell me your husband's sendin' you the money from Amerikey. I won't wait no longer. If it isn't paid in a week, out you go, stick and stock!"

With which he strode out, leaving black despair behind him in the little cottage on the fell.

"To think it should have come to this," sobbed Mother. Seven years before she had married Father, a poor clerk, against the wishes of her father, a rich tradesman, who had declined to have anything more to say to her. Troubles had followed—illness, loss of employment, money difficulties—and Father had been obliged to go to America to find work; and Mother, Jackie, and Baby Bunting had come to live at the little cottage on the fell, very poor indeed. In vain had Mother appealed to her father. He would not even answer her letters.

It was a miserable night. Jackie cried himself to sleep, so unhappy at Mother's weeping. A storm came up, the wind howled, the snowflakes beat against the window. In the morning Jackie awoke to a white world, fell and road and rock covered with a mantle of snow.

"There's no help for it, Jackie," said Mother sadly. "I must just trudge over to the town and sell my last little treasure, the gold brooch Father gave me, to pay the rent. It's a long bad road. I can't get back till dusk; so be a good boy and take great care of Baby Bunting."

At first the hours passed happily enough. Jackie heaped on the logs and kept up a good fire. Then he went out into the road and made a snowball, and brought it in to Baby Bunting, and they both rolled it about till there was nothing left of it but a muddy pool on the floor. Then he gave Baby Bunting his dinner and sang him to sleep. But, after his frugal little meal Jackie began to feel rather dull and lonely; so, leaving Baby Bunting peacefully asleep, he wandered off down the road. Silence everywhere over the white world. Not a sound except the baa-ings from a snug sheepfold away near the wood. So cold it was that even the very birds had sought shelter. But what boy can be dull when he has got the snow to play with? Before very long Jackie was hard at work building a snow man, which he intended to be as big as himself, and to adorn with one of his old caps and to make carry a broomstick. The stone wall that edged the road offered a kindly support for this gentleman's rather weakly back, and Jackie worked away, so absorbed that he never noticed that the dusk was falling over the fell and a chilly-looking moon rising behind the mountains.

Meanwhile, indoors, Baby Bunting had awaked, refreshed by his nap and very wideawake and active. He slithered himself down on to the floor, and began a crawling voyage of discovery all round the room, clambering up by the chairs and the table, standing a moment on his unsteady little fat legs, and then descending abruptly into a sitting posture. This voyage, in course of time, led him round to the fire. He sat in front of it some time, enjoying the warmth, till he was startled by the sudden fall of a half-burnt glowing log on to the hearth. The fall caused it to flicker up into a little flame, which Baby Bunting admired immensely. Never before in all his little experience had he been allowed to sit so near and watch the pretty flames. The flame died down. Baby Bunting tried to blow it up as he had seen mother and Jackie do. But his little breath was too feeble. He seized a dish-cloth drying near and tried to fan with it. The cloth fell on the wood, and then ensued a beautiful flare-up. Baby Bunting, entranced, made the best of his way to a heap of linen in the corner in order to repeat the process. His efforts were crowned with success. There was soon a magnificent blaze, spluttering and crackling, for the wood put to dry near the hearth had caught too and lighted the dry old armchair in the corner. A few minutes later and the flames had run round to the table-cloth and were attacking the legs of the table. That was all Baby Bunting ever saw of the beautiful blaze he had kindled, for the room now became so full of smoke that he coughed and choked and his eyes watered, and he began to cry for his mother.

When Jackie, his snow-man finished and equipped with the old broom, opened the cottage door, he was greeted with a rush of smoke that almost blinded him. His first thought was for Baby Bunting. With a cry he darted in, and, by feeling rather than by sight, grasped the little form lying so still in the corner. Out Jackie fled, left the door open behind him. The draught, rushing in, fanned all the smouldering woodwork into flames, which leapt to the ceiling, licking up the curtains, and catching on to everything inflammable in the room.

How Jackie got out of it he never quite knew. But, somehow or other, he found himself out in the snow with Baby Bunting in his arms. Then, with smarting eyes, he peered down into the little face. Baby Bunting smelt of smoke and fire, but he did not seem to be burnt, and, after awhile, Jackie, with a gulp of relief, saw that he was still breathing.

"Baby Bunting! Dear Baby Bunting! Do wake up!" he sobbed. "Oh! he is still; that's it—he won't wake up! Oh, Mother! Mother! do come to Baby Bunting!"

But, alas! had Jackie but known! An hour before a woman was hurrying across the fell in the town six miles off, making all haste to get home. The light was fading, and she did not notice a slide which careless boys had made in the gutter. She slipped upon it with a cry, and fell, striking her head against the kerb-stone. When the police hurried to pick her up, they found her leg was broken. It was an unknown unconscious stranger that they carried off to the hospital.

Farmer Scrimgeor's wretched cottage was covered with thatch, and it was a grand blaze which flared up into the wintry sky, casting rosy reflections on the snow around. For awhile Jackie, clasping Baby Bunting, watched, half-stupified, the ruin of his home. Then, as the flames died down and the outline of the cottage became a glowing mass, he began to feel bitterly numb and hungry. Whither should he turn? Homeless, where should he go? And Baby Bunting lay in a stupor in his arms, the effect of the smoke and the freezing cold! Not to the Ogre's, though the farm was the nearest shelter. But Jackie was far too much in dread of its owner. He collected his sheep's wits, and decided to make for the village, quite a mile and a half off.

But the snow was deep and soft, and it was heavy walking. Baby Bunting was no light weight. Slowly and laboriously, Jackie stumbled along plodding more and more tired. When he came to the old stone stile which led to the path over the fell to the village, he saw the familiar track was covered with snow, shining all white in the bright moonlight. How was he to find his way? Baby Bunting felt like a lump of lead in his arms.

"I can't carry him another step unless I rest a bit," was Jackie's thought. So he wrapped his little charge in his own jacket and laid him on the stone slab which formed the step of the stile. Then, freezingly cold and with chattering teeth, he climbed the stile and staggered along in the direction

"I'll just look along ahead a bit and when I've found the path I'll fetch him. But oh! I'm so tired, so cold, I think I'll just sit and rest under the wall a bit——"

Almost before he knew where he was, Jackie was fast asleep under the wall.

When Farmer Scrimgeor turned out of the public-house that evening and started for home, he came up in the lane with a traveller warmly wrapped up in cloak and cap.

"The trap I got at the station won't take me up on to the fell on account of the snow," said the latter. "I want to get to Mrs. Forster's at Scaw Farm Cottage. Can you direct me?"

"It's my cottage, and I'm going very nigh it myself," replied Scrimgeor. "But Mrs. Forster's gone into town. You'll only find the children in. Bad night for travelling, eh, sir?"

"Very," replied the stranger; "but when you've got something on your mind—a wrong to repair— you can't wait for weather."

The farmer's conscience pricked him, and he made no reply. In silence the two men trudged along until they came to a turn in the road, and there in the fold of the fell, where the cottage ought to have stood, their horor-stricken eyes caught sight of a glowing mass of embers.

"Oh! my cottage!" cried Scrimgeor. "Merciful heaven!" exclaimed the traveller. "The children! I am indeed punished!"

A little wail, almost at their feet, was the reply. Looking down, they saw Baby Bunting lying on the stone.

"Why, if it ain't the little 'un!" exclaimed Scrimgeor, and the stranger caught up the baby and clasped it in his arms.

"How did he get here? He can't walk!"

"He's wrapped up in the boy's jacket," remarked Scrimgeor. "The boy, where is he? Frozen to death, most like!"

But the stranger was peering at footprints in the snow. Hastily he climbed the stile, still nestling Baby Bunting under his cloak. In the bright moonlight they tracked Jackie's steps.

When Jackie awoke from the deep dreamless sleep, that might indeed have been his last, he found himself in Farmer Scrimgeor's kitchen, clasped in the arms of a man he did not know.

"Baby Bunting?" he asked feebly.

"Gurr-rr, gurr-rr!" came the answer from the corner where Baby Bunting lay munching a piece of bread-and-butter.

"And who's you?" asked Jackie of the man who held him.

"Your gran-dad, my boy; my plucky little grandson! Your poor old grandad, who loves you!" and a hot tear trickled down the wrinkled face and fell on Jackie's cheek.

FINGERS AND MIND

A small boy, who did not look strong enough to be of very much use, came into a hardware store in a big city and asked for a job. The proprietor was busy, and not ready to be bothered just then. "Here," he said, "sort out these screws and tacks, and then I'll talk to you."

The screws were small brass ones, and the tacks were sharp steel ones, and there was a whole mass of them mingled together in a big box by somebody's carelessness. Another boy had been sorting them out before he left on an errand. He had picked the tacks out one by one by the simple process of putting his fingers down among them till the sharp tacks stuck into his finger tips, and so could be lifted out. The new boy began the same way. He fished out about a dozen tacks in this style, and then he looked around the store, and started for the show counter, which he had passed coming in. There were two horseshoe magnets displayed in it. One of these he took out and returned to his box. Then, holding the magnet down toward the chaos within, lo, every tack in the mass started up to see which could cling to the magnet first. The brass screws lay still. Iron jumps to a magnet, but brass is not attracted at all, you see, and the boy knew it. In five minutes, every tack was out of the box, and the proprietor, coming by, nodded approvingly. "I don't know exactly what job I have for you, my boy," he said, "but I'll take you on, and fit you in somewhere."

He knew a valuable worker when he saw one. Some boys work only with their fingers. They are honest and faithful enough. They keep on working steadily. But they also keep on working carelessly. They are not adding their mind power to their finger power. They are thinking of something else, or of nothing at all. So they will never be really valuable, superior workers. It is the workers who add mind to fingers that the employer is always seeking. By thinking about his job hard, that boy in the hardware store remembered that magnets attracted iron, but did not attract brass. He had already had his mind alert as he entered the store, and had noticed the magnets in the show case. The rest was easy. Altogether, the minute one thought of it, it was very simple. But it saved an hour or two of working time—which was something; and it proved that the new worker was also a thinker—which was a great deal more.

Fingers with the mind on them—there is the receipt by which all the treasures of the world have been fashioned, from the cobweb lace that is worth a king's ransom to the mighty locomotive that breaks all records for speed. Exquisite pictures, noble buildings, marvels of sculpture and carving, wonderful inventions—fingers and mind have done them all. Fingers without the mind on them—there is the receipt for poor work, that brings and deserves no reward. What a short step from one sort of work to the other!

Paderewski, the great piano player, has fingers that have brought him in hundreds of thousands of dollars, because he has put mind and feeling and all the energies of his character into making them interpret the best music in the world. But Paderewski, as a very tiny little boy, had to work very hard and put his mind on finger-scale drudgery day in and day out, in order to lay the foundation of his present fame and fortune. A good worker has to begin as a boy. He cannot wait till he is grown up to use his mind on his work. He must use it in his boyhood on drudgery as well as interesting work. If picking tacks out of a box isn't drudgery, what is? But see what happened when a boy came along and took an interest? Fingers and mind—try the combination, boys, and see if it doesn't spell success.—The Presbyterian Review.

Try These Tongue-Twisters

Here are a few tongue-twisters for Chums to try on their friends.

A good one to start with is, "What a pity poor Peter pecked pretty Polly's pigs!"

If the person attacked survives this, ask him to inform the company ten times that "Six misses mixed hisses."

Then follow on with "If he sipped, should she sip?" "Should a ship's steward sell a shoddy suit?" "The bore brought boar brawn." "Sam should soon sell Shem six shilling shingles."

In all probability this will be sufficient. If, however, the "patient" requires still more, you are at liberty to hiss "Should sooty Sue seek soap?" This will certainly be enough.

OUR LETTER BOX

Dear Editor:

Last Saturday I saw a football game; at least that was what the papers called it; if anyone had asked me I would have said it was a loafing competition.

It was between teams from the high school and collegiate school, in the junior schools league. As the high school were at the top of the league and the collegiate trying hard to beat South Park's team for the last place I naturally expected a walk-over. It was late when I got to Beacon Hill, but the game hadn't started as the high school had only ten men on the field, including the two substitutes. Captain Scott was laid up, Williscroft, the centre forward, was taking a holiday trip to Salt Spring, and one of the other forwards did not turn up. The high school started with their ten men to kicking up-hill. That half they scored two goals, and should have scored about six, but when one forward would get the ball and be checked there would be no one to pass to. The shooting was bad, too. If the first half was bad, I don't know what to call the second. The ball got past centre on the high school dozen tacks in this style, and then he only once or twice, the play being all in the collegiate goal. The collegiates seemed to have given up all hope of taking the ball past centre; they just bunched in front of the goal and kicked when the ball came to them. Clarke, one of the high school full-backs, did a foolish thing toward the end of the last half; he played right up with his forwards and left Brown alone. Of course he might say that there was "nothin' doin'," where he should have been playing; still he didn't know but what there might something happen. He should either play full-back or forward, and he should give notice before the game which he is going to play. Perhaps you won't believe me, but in that last half there was but one goal scored out of about a dozen chances.

Of the High school team Brown, at fullback, was as good as ever, though he didn't have much to do; Clarke, his partner, did some good forward work, which I have mentioned; Westcotte, who played a mixture of centre-forward and centre-halfback, did not play as well as he generally does, perhaps, through having too much to look after; of the forwards Pike and Baker were the pick, although the two "subs," especially Dinsdale, did well.

Of the Collegiate the goal and the forward (I think he played centre), who was called "Patty," were the best. The back, who took most of the free kicks, was decidedly lost. One kick he had on the outside line was only in the field for about six inches. The Collegiates will have to hustle if they want to come high in the league.

Mr. Meredith, of the Collegiate school staff, was a good referee. Next week there will be a good game between North Ward and High school. North Wards are showing up well and, with no disrespect to Collegiate, I don't see now they ever managed to play to a draw with Mr. Laing's boys.

SPECTATOR.

Dear Editor:

I thought I would write a piece for your letter box about my holidays. I had a very pleasant time. I went to Chicago on the 2d of July and saw many grand sights. I was out to Lincoln Park all one day. Another day we went to Washington Park. We spent another day at Douglas Park and one at Garfield Park. Another day we visited the place where mama's uncle is a policeman. Then we took in the "White City" and the "Shoot the Shoots," and the River View Park. There are so many nice amusements to go to. My cousin took me across Lake Michigan to Wakegan, and we spent the day there. Chicago is a terribly busy place. You can hardly get across the streets for people and cars and wagons. Then we went to Streator, Morris and Coal City, and had good times at each place. We were there three months. The scenery between here and Illinois was so nice. We were above the clouds in some places. We passed the Mississippi river and the Rocky Mountains. We had a lovely time in the train. We were four days going and coming home.

Thanking you for this space.

LETITIA MATTHEWS.

Erie street.

Dear Editor:

I thought I would write you a little letter about my summer holidays. I went to Pender Island, and had a nice time. We went to Otter Bay to get some fossils and stayed all day. We went in bathing, and took our lunch out with us, then we saw a shingle maker's grave and we saw some guinea fowl that were white, but we didn't get any fossils.

Then two or three or four days before we went away we went to the other side of the island and went through the canal in a boat. The water of the canal was very green and the tide was very swift, but we got to South Pender alright. We saw the Indians catching salmon. They had four canoes and one was very large. They had two nets stretched between the four boats. The boats were about three rods apart. You see there were four boats, well, two were close together and the other two were a good piece away. There were two nets and between two boats there would be one net. The Indians would all stand up and watch the nets to see if any salmon would get in. They would stand as still as statues, then when a few would get in the nets they would call out. There were nine or ten of us in a row boat, there were three boys and they would jump in one of the canoes and help pull in the nets. Then my uncle bought some salmon from them. We stayed there about an hour, but they would not let us talk. Then we saw a lot more canoes coming out. By the wharf there was a lot of tents and women and children. We went away from here and came to a little bay and got some fossils. Then we went back through the canal and went in bathing. Then we had some supper and went back to my uncle's. He has a very large chicken ranch and he's got about seven hundred chickens. There were thirteen of us sat down at the table every day counting the baby. There were two tents and some slept in the tents and some in the house. I slept in the tent all the time I was there. One evening my cousins and my brother and I went in bathing. My auntie took us. The moon was shining and it was dark. The water was cold but it was very nice. We went into a friend's afterwards and found my other auntie there. They gave us some fruit, as they have a nice orchard; then we all went home together and the next day we sailed for home. We had a nice trip down though it was a little windy, it got finer after a while.

My brother got off at one of the other islands and got some candy and cakes. Lots of people take the round trip and go at 7 o'clock in the morning and get back at 7 o'clock at night, then they see all the islands. I enjoyed my holidays very much indeed. Pender Island is a very, very nice place. Now I must close. I hope you will like this letter.

FRANCIS NORRIS.

Dear Editor:

I think I will write a little letter that will be of interest to you. I will tell you about the Eskimos. The Eskimos live along the north coast of North America and islands near by. Eskimos babies sleep in bags of feathers and some times in large hoods in the skin coats worn by their mothers. When they are old enough they wear pretty suits of sealskin. The Eskimos' homes are huts made of stone or ice and they are partly underground. The doors are so small that the people have to creep on their hands and knees. Inside is a large lamp made from a hollow stone. The oil is got from whales, and the wick is made of moss. When the Bishop of Selkirk was there he made them a Christmas tree out of bones. The Eskimos have never seen a tree, flower, or a bird, and they were very surprised at seeing this tree. He gave them presents of molasses, sugar and flour. Now I think I will close.

MELBA.

NATURE STUDY

In the days when wild animals were kept in London Tower, the court used to visit them just as children now go to the Zoo. James VI. went to see them in 1604. He had not long left Scotland, and was full of all the sights of the wonderful metropolis. Into a cage containing a lion and lioness a live cock was thrown, "which," says a quaint chronicler, "being their natural enemy, they presently killed it and sucked the blood." Then the King caused a lamb to be sent into the den, but the lions, "as having respect to its innocency, never offered to touch it, although the lamb was so bold as to go close to them." Then another lion was fetched—the first pair having played their part—and two mastiffs were introduced to him. They flew at him at once, turned him on his back and showed that though they had not his strength they were his match in courage. It seems that a spaniel was once cruelly turned into the lions' den as a punishment, but the creatures made friends, and the dog remained in the den for several years and died in it.

This is a splendid time to begin to study the world out-of-doors. All summer there were so many birds and flowers and such a wealth of leaves that really one did not know what to look at first. Then came the autumn with the grains and fruit and gorgeous blossoms. Now these have all gone. The leaves have fallen from most of the trees and the few which remain do not hide their shape. Do all the children know where to find the tiny buds in which are folded up the leaves and blossoms of next year? I dare say there are scores of you who do not know by its shape how to tell an apple from a cherry tree, or a chestnut from an elm. Well, they stand bare now and you have a splendid chance to examine them. Then there are the evergreens. Who will tell the readers of this page exactly the difference between a Douglas Fur and a spruce? There is a pretty little poem of Hood's in which these lines occur:

"I remember, I remember the fir trees dark and high.
I used to think their slender tops were close against the sky."

in which there are many such pretty pictures.

There are few or no wild flowers now except perhaps a stray dandelion here and there. This would be a good time to learn about the cheerful little fellow who scarcely ever leaves Victoria children without a chance to admire his golden crown.

How busy the spiders are these days and nights. What becomes, in the cold weather, of the industrious little weavers who stretch their silken threads from rails or branches? One day last week there were hundreds of chickadeedees flitting across the street, clinging to the electric wires, picking up crumbs from the road or finding late seeds in the gardens or fields. Among the flock were a few larger birds about the size of our English sparrows but lighter in color. Where did they all come from? Will the saucy jay who now and then wakes us in the morning stay all winter? Now that dark comes long before bedtime, even the little ones will have a chance to look at the moon and the stars. There are many pretty songs about these wonderful worlds that we can only see when our sun has said "good night" and gone to bid "good morning" to our friends in Australia and New Zealand. Can you tell the names of any of the stars? The very wisest and best of men from the oldest times have spent much time under the quiet sky and learned there beautiful lessons that they have taught us in their poems.

This is a fine time for those who love sea-weeds, shells and stones to make a collection. After a storm the beach will be covered with the most lovely sea-mosses and weeds. Mr. Anderson of the Agricultural Department has in his rooms in the parliament buildings a very fine collection of the plants that grow on the rocks and under the waters in British Columbia. When he is not busy some day perhaps he will tell you how he has preserved them so beautifully.

Between this and Christmas time you will have a splendid chance to study the clouds. Sometimes they will hang like a great dark pall over all the sky. Other days there will be great dark masses lying over the mountains and taking their shapes and on still other days they will be light and fleecy far up in the blue sky, or perhaps they will be long and narrow, giving warning of wind. Yes, and there are the winds, but you have had enough to think of for one day and may stop to read this little poem of Stevenson's:

Windy Nights

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at a gallop goes he,
By at a gallop he goes, and then
By he comes at a gallop again.

The Jackdaw of Kilmarnock

In an engineering shop at Kilmarnock a jackdaw was kept as a pet. One morning it disappeared and a search was made for it. It was looked for in vain all over the works, until one of the men happened to see a black object going round and round inside a great wheel. This proved to be the bird, but as the machinery could not be stopped till the dinner hour, its life was still in danger. When dinner time at last came and the wheel was stopped, the jackdaw fell out. Though it had been revolving for two hours and a half at the rate of 176 turns a minute, it was uninjured, though presenting for a time as miserable an appearance as its more famous cousin of Rheims.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

From Chums

On the Wrong Tack

"It's no use running to the painter's every time we want a thing done," remarked young Bob Doolt, in an offhand style, to his parents. I'll get half a pint of varnish and give the front door a coat myself." And that night he went out and returned with some "finest pale oak" varnish in a golden syrup tin.

He had obtained permission to stay away from the office on the following day, and after breakfast in the morning he set to work. At half-past twelve the door was finished, but the amateur decorator was far from satisfied.

"There's either something radically wrong with the varnish," he remarked, "or there's more art in putting it on than I thought."

"It's the varnish," instantly decided his mother, anxious to give him all the encouragement that lay in her power. "Depend upon it, Bob, Mr. Brusher, the painter, didn't like you buying that varnish because he thought you were going to do him out of some work, and he has sold you some bad stuff."

Mr. Brusher was instantly sent for. "There!" said young Doolt, in a voice hoarse with disgust, as he waved his hand in the direction of the dull and sticky door, "that's the stuff I bought from you."

"You're barkin' up the wrong tree, young man," rejoined Brusher, as he examined the tin. "This is like the tin what you 'ad last night, but it ain't like the stuff. This 'ere's treacle!"

And then it dawned on the amateur decorator that he had mixed the tins.

"You say your father is out of town. Will he be away long?"

"It all depends upon the jury!"

Young Sportsman.—I say, did I hit anything that time?

Gamekeeper—I don't think so, sir. There warn't nothing in sight but the birds, sir.

"Your father is a very dogmatic man, isn't he?"

"Yes, he owns about ten or 'leven of 'em."

WITH THE POETS

A Fellow's Mother

"A fellow's mother," said Fred the wise,
With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes,
"Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt
By a thump or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt.

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings,
Rags and buttons, and lots of things.
No matter how busy she is, she'll stop
To see how well you can spin your top.

"She does not care, not much I mean,
If a fellow's face is not always clean;
And if your trousers are torn at the knee
She put in a patch that you'd never see.

"A fellow's mother is never mad,
But only sorry if you are bad,
And I'll tell you this if you're only true
She'll always forgive what'er you do.

"I'm sure of this said Fred the Wise,
With a manly look in his laughing eyes,
"I'll mind my mother, quick, every day,
A fellow's a baby that don't obey."

—M. E. Sangster.

Father's Grouch

Father's got an awful grouch,
And answers things in grunts;
He mopes when he comes home at night
And does some funny stunts,
He wears a frown upon his face,
He's chilly as the pole,
Since mother told him it was time
To buy the coal.

He isn't like the dad of old,
When cheerful as could be,
He'd take us for a trolley ride,
And sport with us in glee.
Instead, he doesn't say a word,
And never wears a grin
Since mother told him it was time
To fill the bin.

He sits and reads the paper when
The supper's cleared away,
And through the evening not a word
Has father got to say,
He has a dazed look in his eyes,
And never minds a soul,
Since mother told him it was time
To buy the coal.

—Will F. Griffin in Milwaukee Sentinel.