

SPACE FOR THE YOUNG

CURRENT TOPICS

Bishop Carmichael, head of the Church of England in Montreal, was buried on the 24th of September. He was a good man and will be greatly mourned.

Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa will form what an English statesman called Greater Britain. Surely England may well be named the Mother of Nations.

Three prospectors who have come down from Ingonka Creek, near the source of the Findlay river say there is every prospect that gold will be found there in large quantities.

Mr. Joseph Martin has decided to run for Victoria in the Dominion elections. This makes three candidates, Hon. Mr. Templeton, Liberal; Mr. F. H. Barnard, Conservative, and Mr. Jos. Martin, Independent.

Another valuable seam of coal has been discovered on the Bay near the Union mines in Comox. The seam is eight feet thick and a shaft will be sunk. The property belongs to the Wellington Colliery Company.

The death of Judge Cane of Vancouver was terribly sudden. Although it is only a year since he took his seat on the bench all the lawyers honored him as a just and a wise judge. He may be said to have died at his post.

This has been a remarkable year in some respects. While there have been floods in some parts of North America, in others the weather has been unusually dry. This has been especially the case in the temperate districts. In Victoria the fall rains are seldom delayed so long.

The Temperance people are holding meetings to persuade the citizens of Victoria and other parts of the province to ask the government of British Columbia to make a law allowing districts or towns to decide whether or not each one shall allow liquor to be sold within its borders. This is what is meant by local option.

The city was full of firemen last week who came to attend the Pacific Association. Meetings were held and speeches were made. As these fire chiefs talked together each would learn much from the other of the best way of fighting fire. No men do better work for the citizens than the firemen and few say less about what they do.

The Synod of the Church of England was held at Ottawa last week. Bishops and clergymen from all parts of Canada were present. Among those attending was Bishop Perrin, who is on his way back from England. Rev. Ernest Miller, of St. James and his family returned last week. His son Gerald remained in England to go to school.

Last week while the Agricultural Exhibition was held in New Westminster the Centenary of the discovery of the river on which the city is built by Simon Fraser was celebrated. Interesting pictures and relics of the explorers and first settlers were shown and all present had an opportunity of learning in a very interesting way of how British Columbia was first discovered and settled.

Australia is to begin to build a navy of her own instead of paying towards that of England. The plan is to build six iron-hulled destroyers, nine torpedo boats and two depot ships. England is to supply the 1,200 men needed to man the little fleet. A beginning must be made sometime but it will be many a year before Australia can do it itself. The British admiralty has given its consent to this plan.

Long ago we read that the Queen of Sheba brought to King Solomon presents of spices and gold and precious stones. This was a custom in old times when Eastern monarchs came to visit others. In the East customs change slowly and we read that the Emperor of China and his mother are sending very rare and costly presents to the president by the ambassador Tang Shao Yi, who with Chung Men Yen is paying a visit to the United States.

There are in the north of Turkey two little countries named Bosnia and Herzegovina. They are very close to Austria and that country would like to annex them. It seems that the little states would be quite willing to join their big neighbor. But Russia says she will not allow this to be done. Affairs in this part of the world were settled many years ago by what is called the Berlin treaty. This arrangement cannot be broken without the consent of all the powers.

It is believed that the Chinese are anxious to gain the friendship of the American nation so that they may remain masters of Manchuria, which both the Russians and Japanese would like to possess. It is said that Chung Men Yen, who is a very well educated Chinaman, will take the place of the Chinese minister at Washington. How surprised people would have been fifty years ago to hear that the Chinamen would leave their own country and travel half round the world.

Earl Grey has been travelling very quietly through Canada. The Governor-General is taking a holiday and has been taking a number of hunting trips on his way. He is now in the interior of British Columbia. He, like Lord Aberdeen, has become a landowner in the interior. If he intends to come to the Coast nothing has been said about it. Another distinguished man who is on his way to the coast is Lord Milner, who was intrusted with the difficult task of governing South Africa after the war was over. Lord Milner will visit Victoria.

There was a horrible fight at the lacrosse match at New Westminster on Saturday week. It would be useless to try to find out who were the most to blame. When men are allowed to strike their opponents with a game is going on the players are in fault. It is a pity that so beautiful a game as lacrosse cannot be played by many fellows who take a delight in tests of strength and skill. It happens far too often that in public games men forget that they are bound to do their best and win if they can, or lose honorably. The victory won by dishonorable means is the worst kind of defeat. Games should be played for fun or not at all.

Another English gentleman, Moreton Frewen, has been using his eyes at Prince Rupert. He tells us that the fishing grounds near the city are very valuable and that temper too, was far from amenable to the cities of the middle and east of the United States. Another thing that this gentleman has noticed is that the new railroad across British Columbia will pass through country that is almost level. This will make it easy to haul the grain from the prairies.

This traveller has noticed too that because the Grand Trunk Pacific will not allow liquor to be sold in Prince Rupert, the workmen are saving money. Many a little child will be warmly clad this winter that would have suffered from cold if her father had been able to spend his money in a saloon and mother and children would have been saved from the money from some who are saved from a temptation they would have been too weak to resist. Mr. Frewen prophesies a prosperous future for this northern country and every one hopes he is right.

The strike in the C. P. R. machine shops still continues. Very little has been said about it in the papers and only the men and their families know just what it means to them. It has lasted now for more than seven weeks and the company has engaged two thousand nine hundred new men. Six hundred of the strikers have returned to work. If the strike were to end now little harm would have been done. The railroad mechanics are a fine lot of men. They earn good wages and the loss of about \$200, which would

be about the average wage of each man will cause no great distress. It is greatly to be hoped that the company and the men will come to an agreement before the winter comes and before the feeling between them gets more bitter.

All the wonderful discoveries that have been made in the last half century none are more wonderful or harder to understand than wireless telegraphy and none are more useful. On Wednesday the Humboldt, a big steamer on her way from Seattle to Alaska went ashore on Pender Island. The operator on board sent a message out into the air and it was heard by the operator on the steamer Iroquois, another of the Seattle boats. He sent the message out and this time it was taken down by the machine out at Gonzales Point and in a very little while the Iroquois and the Iroquois were on their way to save life and property. In the meantime a fishing steamer which also had one of these wonderful little machines on board had heard the call and taken the passengers back to Seattle. The Humboldt has been floated off, brought to Esquimalt for repairs and will soon be at sea again. In none of your fairy books is a stranger story told than this.

It is forty-one years since the four provinces of Canada, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, determined to join in one government. Now the country stretches from ocean to ocean and from Victoria to Halifax, there are very few who are not proud to call themselves Canadians. The country has prospered wonderfully and while united at home is known and respected abroad. Australia followed the example of Canada and already its people look upon themselves as a nation. The provinces of New Zealand are united in a commonwealth and now the colonies of South Africa are preparing to form a confederation. A meeting is to be held at Durban in Natal to arrange this matter very much as the fathers of Confederation met at Quebec forty-one years ago. The South African colonies are the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Orange River Colony and the Transvaal. Before the South African war the two last were little Dutch Republics. England, as soon as the disturbances caused by the war were over gave them the

power to govern themselves and now they are preparing to unite with the older British colonies.

Among the mining men who were here a few days ago was an English gentleman who said that what British Columbia wanted was plenty of men who were willing to work hard. If once the men who had plenty of money knew that there was gold, silver, copper or any other mineral in the rocks they would send money to take it out, but they would not spend their money unless certain of a return. There must first be men who would find the claims and then work on them till they were sure they were rich. Then they could sell them. This is slow and painful work and men in this country have come to believe that it is easy to get rich. They do not want to work hard and live carefully. But even the richest men will tell you that when they were young men they had to do many things that were hard and disagreeable. A gentleman who has made himself famous as the other evening that he loved work. So does everybody who has done anything in the world worth doing. If British Columbia boys do not take off their coats and get to work with a will they will see men from other provinces occupy the highest positions in the province which is their birthright.

During the week there have been many cases of cholera in St. Petersburg. The disease has spread to the parts of the city occupied by members of the royal family and some noblemen have been stricken with the disease. Many of the people are terrified. The Russian students have always been noted for their love of country and for their boldness in opposing what they believed to be tyranny. In this sad time some of them have shown real heroism. It appears that a vaccine has been discovered which scientists believe will cure cholera. Its effect is not yet known but some of the students to find out how it will act have taken the germs of cholera after having been vaccinated. That is, they have run the risk of a painful death in order to prove whether their countrymen can be saved or not. Most of you have read the story of the Russian serf who jumped into the midst of a pack of wolves that his master and his little daughter might escape. The students

whether they live or not will have earned the gratitude not only of their fellow countrymen but of the world. Though cholera is not so bad in the Philippines as in Russia, it is thought best for the Atlantic fleet to put off its visit to this United States possession till after China and Japan have been visited. It will be two months before the ships will again reach the Philippines on their last stretch of their long journey.

Later news says that the disease has been checked in St. Petersburg.

While travellers are telling us how great our country is going to be we are reminded of the men who came into British Columbia when it was a wilderness. Those who live here now, owe a great debt to such men. Neither they nor their work should be forgotten. You learn a little about them in your histories. But it would make them more real to us if, when we wished, we could see their pictures as nearly as possible as they were in life. Only an artist could do such work. Nothing would add more to the value and beauty of our parliament buildings than pictures of the Makers of British Columbia. Some of you may remember that when the very first settlement was made in British Columbia ships passed up and down the coast from San Blas in Mexico to Meekoka Sound on Vancouver Island. Since the capture of Meares' ships there has been little or no traffic between the beautiful tropical country and our own province. Within the last few years, however, it has been learned that a profitable trade between British Columbia and Mexico might be carried on. More than that, a railroad across the narrowest part of Mexico, will many people think afford the cheapest means of communication with Europe. This railroad will be finished before the Panama Canal can be dug. Fine harbors are being made at both ends of it and ships can be easily loaded and unloaded. If this plan is successful Mexico will become a rich and populous country in the near future. If we can sell the Mexicans our coal, lumber and fish and buy their coconuts and other tropical fruits the trade will benefit us both. It is worth while for British Columbia boys and girls to study the map of Mexico. We do not need Mexican silver but we want their salt and fruit.

Fort St. George was erected at the confluence of the Nechaco and the main stream. All this time Fraser had been collecting supplies as well as building forts, and exploring streams. On May 26th, 1808, he set out on the last and most difficult journey. The expedition consisted of Fraser, Stuart, Quesnel, nineteen boatmen and two Indians in four canoes. Few, if any, more dangerous voyages have ever been attempted than that upon which Fraser and his companions were now embarked. Cataracts and whirlpools were so frequent that it is a mystery how the daring boatmen escaped destruction. When even these hardy fellows could no longer venture their boats in the boiling surging stream their journey along the edge of the precipices which hemmed it in was scarcely less perilous. One cannot help admiring the simple courage with which Fraser and his men faced the dangers that they met at every step and the perseverance by which they overcame the difficulties that lay in their path.

As they passed the mouths of the principal tributaries of the Fraser they named them. One on the right they called Shaw's river after one of the partners of the Company. Another on the left still preserves the name of Quesnel. Yet further south the volume of the river was increased by a great stream that flowed into it from the north-east. This Fraser named after the fellow-explorer who was then tracing the course of the Columbia, the Thompson. Near the coast Fraser met unfriendly Indians. They were hostile by some degree as to how they came to the ocean, but Anderson, who had the best opportunities of learning the truth, thinks he reached the present site of New Westminster on July 2nd, 1808. Fraser afterwards occupied several positions in the service of the Northwest Company. When he gave up the life of a fur-trader he went to live at St. Andrews, Upper Canada. He died in 1862, fifty-five years after the exploration of the Fraser, at the age of eighty-nine.

FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

The Little Pink Pig and the Big Road

Once there was a little pink pig with five little spotted brothers and sisters. They had a home in the woods lot with their mama, and a nice yard with a little white fence around it. The little pigs were very happy playing in the yard. They made mud pies and baked them in the sun. One day the little pink pig asked his mama to let him go out of the gate into the big road.

"You are too little and do not know enough yet," said his mama. "When you grow bigger I shall teach you about the big road, and when you are grown, be a good little pig, and run and play with your brothers and sisters."

But the little pig would not play with his brothers and sisters. He ran off in a corner by himself and would not make mud pies.

Pretty soon the milkman came in his wagon to bring the milk for dinner. He carried it in and knocked at the back door, and poured it in a pail for mama. Then he ran out as fast as he could and hopped up in his wagon and drove away.

But he forgot to close the gate. The little pink pig saw the gate was open, and he ran right out into the big road. He will show his mama how much I know," he said. And he trotted down the big road as fast as his little pink legs would carry him.

He had not gone very far, and he saw a big black and white thing. The black and white thing ran after the little pig, and rolled him over in the dust. The little pig squealed and squealed, and the black and white thing rolled him over and over again, and kept saying "Bow-wow!" But by and by he turned and went away.

The little pig got up and tried to shake off the dust, but he couldn't shake it all off. He wanted to go home, but he had rolled over so much, that he couldn't tell where home was. So he ran into a cornfield to hide, till he was sure the black and white thing was gone.

Pretty soon a man came along and found him in the cornfield and said: "Hello, pink pig, are you eating my corn?" "Oh, no!" said the little pig. "I would not eat your corn."

"Then you should keep out of my cornfield," said the man. "I will take you home and shut you in a pen." And he took the little pink pig home and shut him up. "I do not want to be shut up. Please let me out," said the little pink pig.

But the man did not let him out. It was not a nice pen, and the little pig got all muddled and dirty. He wished he was at home in his own little house with his mama, and his spotted brothers and sisters.

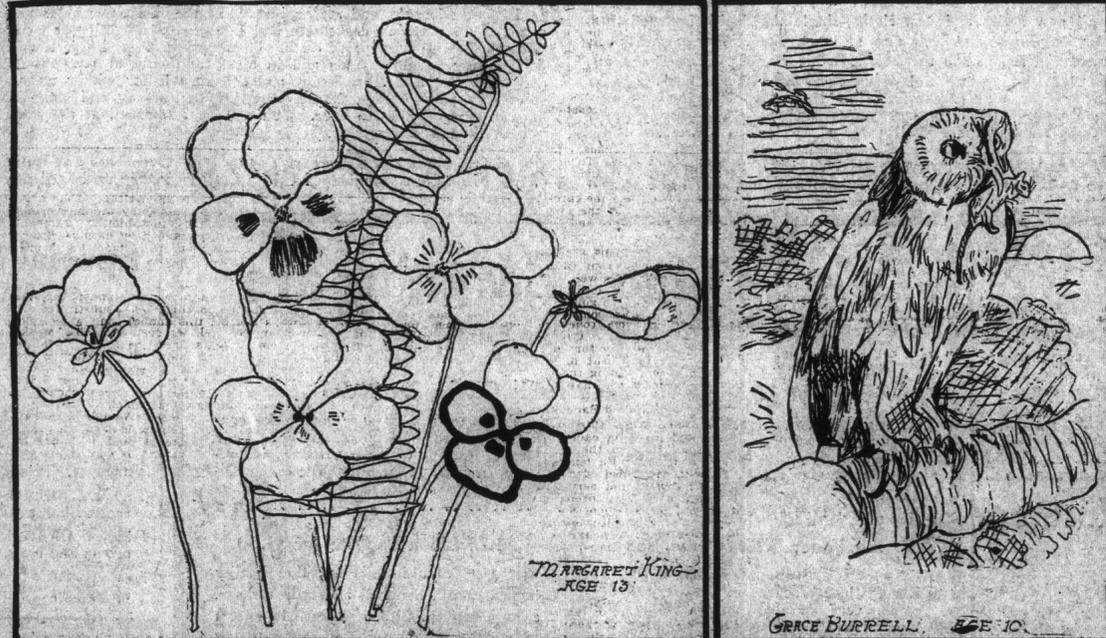
He ran round till he found a little hole in the fence. He was such a tiny pig that he squeezed through the hole and got out, though he had hard time, for the buttons on his jacket got caught, and he could hardly get loose. He did not know which way to go to find his home, but he ran as fast as he could, and came away from the pen.

He ran through a fence into a big place where there was plenty of grass. There were some very big red things in there, and one saw the little pig and ran after him.

"Oh, dear!" said the little pink pig (only he was not pink any more because he was all covered with mud), "are you a big pig?" "The big red thing shook his head and said "Moo!" and tossed the little pig up in the air. The little pig fell on the ground with a hard bump. He lay still till the red thing went away. Then he got up and ran as fast as he could.

He ran out in the road, and right into a black and white speckled thing with two legs. The speckled thing puffed up and said "Squawk!" The little pig ran as fast as he could because he thought the speckled thing was chasing him. But it wasn't.

The little pig did not know where he was running, and he did not have time to find out. The first thing he knew he almost ran into a lot of two-legged things. They had big yellow shoes on their feet. One of them said "His-s-s!" and ran out and nipped the little pig's hind leg. The little pig squealed and ran the other way.



Well Thrown, Sir—A Story for Children

Templeton Minor took the bowling again, but the Selwyn boys were all on the alert, now, and were fielding splendidly. Dick put up a stubborn defence, and played every ball with a scrupulous care, but he did not get a chance to make a single.

"And I do, too," cried Doctor Portmann. Templeton Minor was almost frantic with delight. Hand after hand grasped his and shook it vigorously. There was one notable absentee, and that was Herbert Carter. He had left the ground disgusted beyond all measure.

so into the school house. All was very still; a dim light flickered here and there, making the blackness more dense, as he crept softly along. Presently he reached the Doctor's study, and quietly opening the door, passed in. A full moon lit the room, and by its light he saw the bookcase, and was able to extract the "Tudhunter." He was just about to return with his trophy when he heard some soft foot-falls coming along the corridor.

Seven more came from the captain's bat during the next over, and six from the one following. Templeton Minor took the bowling, and registered a boundary with a pretty smack through the slips, playing out the rest of the over without scoring.

Then Richardson made a speech. In a manner that was characteristic of him he completely overlooked his own share in the great victory, and lauded Templeton Minor up to the skies.

After Mackenzie, the first explorer to cross the Rocky Mountains, was James Findlay. In 1797 he explored the two great tributaries of the Peace River, the Parsnip and the Findlay. Eight years later the Northwest Company determined to seek a further route to occupy the lately discovered country and to explore to its mouth the great river whose difficult and dangerous course Mackenzie had thought it best to abandon.

Only four to get," growled Millington, looking at his watch, and there's only a minute to go. What a pity Richardson hasn't got the bowling; one of his smites would do it."

"Crickets isn't everything," granted Carter after the boys had been in bed for some time. "I've known chaps do well at cricket, and be wretched kids at anything else."

Fraser built Rocky Mountain House, now called Hudson Hope, at the eastern end of the Peace River Pass and there began his preparations for his journey. His principal colleague was Stuart. After spending the winter of 1808 in getting supplies Fraser left the Rocky Mountain house and with three canoes set out towards the end of May. He explored the Findlay River and then turned into the south branch of the Peace River—the Parsnip, and near the end of June reached McLeod Lake by a branch of the Parsnip. Here in 1805 Fort McLeod had been built.

The score was 184—Richardson not out 119, Templeton Minor out 20.

"I'll go, if you dare me," he said quietly. "I do dare you," replied Carter. "Go and fetch the Head's 'Tudhunter' from his bookcase."

Through streams and lakelets the explorers threaded their way till, on the first of July they reached the dividing ridge or height of land that separates the waters that flow into the Peace River from those that empty into the Fraser. Then, carrying their canoes about half a mile, they embarked in the current that bears the snow-fell streams of the northern mountains to the milder shores of the Gulf of Georgia.

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