

PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

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CURRENT TOPICS

A gentleman, Mr. R. H. Fulton, proposes to set up a plant to make turpentine out of the balsam of which so many of our trees are full. There could not be found, anywhere, one would think, a better place to make turpentine than Vancouver Island with its splendid forests.

There will be a good many new public buildings erected in British Columbia this year. The post office in Victoria is to be enlarged and an immigration building is to be begun. We need, not only a larger building, but more post-office clerks if the public is to get their letters and papers as soon as they should.

On Tuesday another son was born to the King and Queen of Spain. The royal children are grand nephews of the King of England. Their mother was Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg, the child of Queen Victoria's youngest daughter. The eldest brother, the Crown Prince was only a year old in May.

Cornwall, Ont., is a very important manufacturing town, large numbers of people are employed in the paper and cotton mills. On one side of the town there is a long canal. On Tuesday a break in this canal caused great damage to property and owing to the rush of water, the factories had to be closed. The loss here will be very great as until the canal is repaired no ships can pass down the St. Lawrence.

A great fire in the old town of Three Rivers at the mouth of the St. Maurice in Quebec has destroyed a great part of the city. Next to Quebec and Montreal this is the most interesting town of old Canada. Many a story could be told of the French soldiers, or courtesans or du Bois who met the Indians there. To this day priests and nuns dress as they did in the time of Frontenac or La Salle. Lake Ontario, like the French maidens differs little from that worn by Madeleine de Vercheres.

In Switzerland an inventor named Zeppelin, has succeeded in constructing an airship that will not drift with the wind but will obey the helm. The experiment was tried near Lake Constance, the airship sailed for an hour and a half and carried twelve passengers. A little more than a hundred years ago people formed little steamers made of tin and certain journeys on the Hudson or the Clyde and writing accounts of their wonderful performances to their friends at a distance.

The Chinamen of this city are following the example of their countrymen in trying to conquer the habit of using opium. Many of them say that they know opium ruins a man and they have formed a league against it. The opium trade supports a great many people, though it does so much harm to others. Yet the world will be a great deal richer when the immense poppy fields are given up to the cultivation of other crops. We will all hope that the anti-opium league will grow and prosper.

Secretary Taft and his friend President Roosevelt were very happy on Friday when they heard that the Republican Convention in Chicago had chosen Taft to be its candidate for President. If he is elected he will carry out the reforms which President Roosevelt has begun. It is said that he will not talk so much as the president does but that he will work as hard. Now the Democratic candidate Mr. Bryan is among the people of the United States what he will do if he is made president. Bryan is a good man, and an able speaker. His party has been out of power for many years. In the next few months we will hear very much more of these two men and of their opinions.

In all parts of the British Empire law reforms. If a man commits a crime, even the most terrible, he is, if discovered, tried and punished. No one thinks of letting a man go to prison as in his own country. Once he has been proved guilty he must serve his term in any way. It is very different in the United States. The state often escapes punishment that men have got into the habit of taking the law into their own hands and punishing those whom they believe to be guilty without the form of a trial. This is a very dangerous thing. The lives of innocent men are sometimes taken by the mob. It is a very dangerous thing. Canadians should be very jealous of the purity of their judges and the justice of their courts.

Rebellion still smoulders in China. Every now and then it breaks out and we hear about battles in some very little we know about the geography of the home of so many millions of the human race. The latest disturbances have taken place in the south and the rebels have used (so the reports say) the same old French colony of Annam as a place from which to get their supplies and in which to drill their troops. There has been trouble for some time between the young ruler and his father, the emperor. In Sumatra, too, the Dutch island in the East Indies, there has been a rebellion of the natives. With Korea, China, Sumatra and Persia and with unrest and discontent in India, the state of affairs in Asia gives much cause for anxiety.

The drink evil among the races of the north is scarcely, if at all less deadly, than the opium habit among the yellow men. In almost all the countries of the world today, there is a struggle against the trade. Yet no law is so good as that which makes a man who conquers it, in many times as good a man as the temptation to drink when one has once acquired the taste for alcohol is too strong for most men to resist in times of trouble. The habit is, at best, a selfish and wasteful one and at the worst, a deadly one. A few days ago Secretary Taft made a speech about General Grant in which he said that once the man who led the great armies of the United States had been almost ruined by drink but that he had finally conquered himself. General Grant won many great triumphs but none for which he deserves more honor than this.

It has long been known that there was coal on the Queen Charlotte Islands. While, however, there were few settlers in the northern part of the province the coal mines in Nanaimo and Comox districts supplied the market. Now, however, that the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad is to be built through the northern part of the province many cities will spring up along its route and settlers will come into the valleys through which it runs. Already Prince Rupert at its terminus is a market for coal. A big company has been formed to dig for coal on Graham Island, and if this is successful, the time of the big steamers come to Prince Rupert to carry the grain of the northern prairies to the east there will be great coal mines in the Queen Charlotte Islands. There is fine timber and, it is said, good copper ore on these islands. We know very little about them and almost as little about the northern part of our own island. The beautiful district between Nanaimo and Alberni is being cleared and soon it will be filled with settlers.

Nothing was talked of in Victoria at the end of last week except the fire. From Thursday night to Saturday afternoon it seemed as if the business part of the city would be a ruin. Though most of the fires were put out before any very serious harm was done, the old Colonist building remains with only one in the standing. Yet had this fire been every one in the city would have been a ruin. On Saturday afternoon it was discovered that a man had been going about setting fire to piles of rubbish wherever they were to be found in or near a building. A man has been arrested whom the police believe to have been guilty of this terrible crime and there has been a great deal of talk about it. It has not been tried it would not be right to say anything about him. British law says a man may be believed innocent till he is proved guilty. It is to be feared his guilt is too often taken for granted before he is tried.

Very few people are on the streets before five o'clock in the morning but as the fire broke out in the Metropolitan building Eimer V. Finlan, one of the

Colonist carriers happened to pass the building and was able to turn in the alarm in time to prevent a destructive fire. Strangely enough it was Norman Spencer, another carrier, who turned in the alarm of the fire in the old Colonist building on Government street.

Of course any boy would turn in an alarm when he saw a fire. Yet all boys do not act with the presence of mind shown by these lads. They will always be thankful that they were on the spot in time to save the property and perhaps the lives which the wickedness or the madness of another had endangered.

There was during the week a mining accident in Monongahela, Pa., and another in Fernie, B. C. In neither case were many men killed. The mine at Fernie was in a very dangerous state from explosive gas, and it was feared that there would be a second and more severe explosion.

One lesson taught by the events of last week is that it is both foolish and wrong to leave rubbish about valuable buildings. The police will see that after this no one shall endanger property by allowing paper or boxes to accumulate in the neighborhood of buildings in the business part of the town.

When we hear of the terrible thunderstorms and the intense heat that prevail in New York and other parts of the east we cannot help feeling thankful that we live in a country where there are no extremes of heat and cold. Nothing but a plentiful supply of good water is needed to make Victoria the healthiest as it is the most beautiful city of Canada.

Many of the ships which sailed for Nome at the beginning of this month have been caught in the ice. Among them is the Transat from this port. People who live quietly at home have little idea of the dangers encountered by the sailors who go to these northern ports of Alaska. The wonder is that the jauntiers are so often made in safety. Men get used to any climate and learn to endure all sorts of hardships. The world owes much to its sailors and its miners, but many of them are the stuff of which heroes are made.

What will the children of Victoria do next year to make their schools more beautiful? In many other Canadian cities the children take a day every week to beautify their grounds and some of the streets by planting trees and flowers. If roses, Clematis, Virginia Creeper and other climbing plants covered the walls of our schools how much prettier they would look. There will soon be two new schools, one near the Republican Conservatory school and the other at the end of Moss street. They will have beautiful sites, and large grounds, and the most should be made of them.

The children have all been so busy this week that they have not had time to make their pictures. Now that the holidays are near you will have time to draw things out of doors. The Editor hopes to see pictures of standing birds and animals, boats and bathers, and other things you will see in the beautiful out-of-doors in which you will spend your long summer days. Send me letters from your camps, and let me know what you children are doing.

Perhaps some one has a camera and can send in a picture which can be reproduced. Your own page ought to be doubly welcome when you have no lessons to trouble you. Don't let any issue be without a Jolly letter from members of the Out-of-Door Club for which we will save a corner of the page. Who will be the first member?

A BOY'S VICTORY

Kolya Izlovski sat up very straight in his little bed, straining his ears to catch the slightest sound. There could no longer be any doubt about it—stealthy footsteps sounded in his uncle's study. What ought he to do about it? Kolya's uncle—whom he had made his home since the death of his parents two years ago, when he was a boy of six, had gone away that evening, saying that he might not return for several days. No one was left in the apartment but Kolya himself and Maasha, the dear old housekeeper. Were burglars taking advantage of his uncle's absence to break in and steal the few treasures that were so dear to him?

Before he could decide what to do, the footsteps moved toward the hallway, and the dim light disappeared. Without an instant's hesitation Kolya followed softly after the intruder, determined to discover what had been stolen from his uncle, should there be any possibility of doing so. To his astonishment he entered a room in the basement of the apartment house, and as he passed through the doorway, Kolya recognized him as one of the janitor's lodgers. What had he been doing in his uncle's rooms?

Low-toned voices sounded within, and creeping noiselessly to the door, the boy listened with bated breath. "Coy little piece he has up there," said the first speaker, "I shouldn't wonder if he's been hiding to the quarters we have just given him." "He would have no complaint to make against his present quarters if he knew how narrowly he had escaped rolling into permanent ones," replied a voice that made Kolya shudder, although he did not quite understand the words. "That was a good idea, all right, to make the fellow believe that the Baron needed him on secret service for several days."

"The papers that I have just left in his desk will supply all the proof that is needed against him," the first speaker rejoined, and now we must lose no time in completing our plans." Kolya was now more bewildered than ever, wondering what all this meant. Of one thing, however, he was sure—these men were not burglars, his enemies of his uncle, who were plotting to throw the blame for some evil deed of their own upon him. What could it be that they were planning? The next words went far toward enlightening him.

"The girl ought to be worth twenty thousand to us, once we get hold of her, and it now looks as though we ought to have a clear path. With fifteen thousand, the blame will fall on him. While the police are hunting for him, we can be spending the money. I like your nerve," the leader replied, "and since you like your uncle so well, why may you have him, and welcome. He is locked up in our den by the river."

Izlovski was soon set at liberty, and he and the Baron, who had each other in expressing their gratitude to Kolya, who, by his courage and daring, had saved not only Marie, but all the other children who might have fallen victims to the kidnapers, had they remained at liberty.

joining rooms at the top of the house. The elder child slept with the nurse. On the same landing was a sort of lumber room containing a cistern. It was Terence's custom to sleep out there in the passage. The family had long discontinued this practice, but the dog was persistent. About three o'clock one November morning fire broke out in the chamber immediately beneath that occupied by the younger of the little girls. Soon there was a crackling and roaring, which not only attracted Terence's attention and set him barking, but very quickly aroused the other inmates of the house. The nurse was seized with panic. She grabbed up the elder girl from her bed and, evidently forgetting all about her other charge, ran to the window which communicated with the roof, whence approach to the next house and safety was attained. The mother, an invalid, was told that the nurse had both children safe. In the meantime the flames had actually burnt through the flooring and had set on the drapery of the bed where the apparently doimed child lay sleeping. Terence, having barked vigorously to no purpose in the dark, now the room was lit up attempted to seize the child and drag her from the bed. He could not manage to lift the weight. Thereupon he rushed to the cistern, jumped in, and then hurried back to the child's room. Springing on the bed, he shook over the child the water which he had soaked into his coat during his immersion in the cistern. This he repeated several times, at length succeeding in putting out the flames, which at one time had a good hold on the bed-clothing. When the flames forced their way into the room they found the child practically uninjured, with the dog mounting guard with his wet body over her."

When morning dawned, dim and gray, as it so often does in St. Petersburg, Kolya had decided on his course. He waited anxiously for the hands of the clock to point toward ten, the hour when his uncle reported for his daily duties.

Great was the surprise of Baron Atlassoff when, instead of the tall, slender figure of his secretary, a plump little boy of eight presented himself at the appointed time. Eagerly the boy told his story, which at first the Baron could hardly believe. Kolya's earnestness, however, together with the absence of Izlovski himself, soon convinced him that he was telling the truth.

For a few moments after the end of Kolya's recital the Baron sat lost in thought. Plan after plan was turned over in his mind, but he found flaws in one after another.

Suppose he kept Marie at home today. What might not happen tomorrow? Even though he sent her to some other part of the country for a time, what assurance had he that they would not follow her there, or attack her on her return?

With a sudden inspiration, he turned and glanced keenly at the sturdy little figure before him. The boy was evidently of about the same age as Marie, certainly of about the same height.

"Are you a boy who is easily frightened?" he asked abruptly. "I am not afraid of any boy of my size," he declared, "nor of some who are bigger than I am. Why, even when I thought that those men were burglars, I was not so awfully scared."

The Baron smiled at this boyish reply. "Would you be willing to go to the park this afternoon, dressed in Marie's clothes, and with a veil over your face?"

"Wear dresses?" "Yes, if you can't do anything else. I am just this way," the Baron explained eagerly. "They are often rough men today, if there is any possibility of our doing so, for my daughter will not be safe anywhere while they are at liberty. If you, disguised in her garments, were to drive with her governess into the park, they would feel sure of their capture, and follow you to a deserted part of the park. There could have been no ambush ready to arrest the kidnapers the moment that they attacked you. I dare not expose my daughter to the fright and danger that Kolya himself and Maasha, the dear old housekeeper, were burglars taking advantage of his uncle's absence to break in and steal the few treasures that were so dear to him?"

"Well, I'm not—that is, not very much," he added honestly. "I'll go." "We shall not be slow in showing our gratitude, as you will see before the day is over," said the Baron earnestly, touching a bell as he spoke.

"When a footman appeared, he filled him with astonishment by ordering that the clothing which Marie was to wear on her drive that afternoon be brought to him at once. The little garments fitted Kolya as well as could be expected, and when the hour came for Marie's daily drive, the disguised boy took her place in the sleigh.

Everything happened just as the Baron had expected. Hardly had the sleigh containing his supposed daughter reached a secluded part of the park, when it was overtaken by another, containing three men. Instantly the child was seized by the newcomers, who then drove away at the top of their horses' speed.

Before they had gone a dozen paces, they were surrounded by a group of determined-looking policemen, and taken quite by surprise, were obliged to obey the order, "Hands up!"

As the handcuffs were slipped over their wrists, a voice which Kolya recognized at once as the one which had reached a seclusion part of the park, muttered, "Izlovski shall pay for this!"

At the mention of his uncle, Kolya sprang eagerly forward. "Where is he?" he demanded breathlessly; "where have you hidden him?"

"The boy had torn off the now useless veil, and boldly faced the prisoners. "For a moment the men stood quite still, staring at the queer little figure before them; then the face of the leader broke into a grim smile. "I thought that I might be beaten some day," he said slowly, "but not by a youngster like you."

Kolya hardly noticed his words. "Where is my uncle?" he repeated insistently. "I like your nerve," the leader replied, "and since you like your uncle so well, why may you have him, and welcome. He is locked up in our den by the river."

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A wonderful story is told in the Strand Magazine of the sagacity and courage of an Irish terrier called Terence, who lived in Dover, England.

So said a grimy-faced urchin whom I met near the home of that true friend of all living creatures, Marshall Saunders, the author of "Beautiful Joe."

And fellow that's got a sick pet takes it to her, and she cures it up fine. If your dog broke his leg, she'd up and away they both go. Swaying far out o'er the grass down below, Tossing their arms in the merriest way, Whirling their skirts to the wind's roundelay.

"I can't see why you call Jacky to come in out of the rain, and I s'posed he was lonesome like I was." "That evening Bertie told mother about the new 'boy' across the way. 'I think he's grand,' said he, as he wound up his story.

Indeed, Jacky could play, and he was much more interesting than a boy. All that afternoon they romped and had all kinds of fun. That evening Bertie told mother about the new 'boy' across the way. 'I think he's grand,' said he, as he wound up his story.

Out in the sunshine, so glad and so free, Two little aprons are dancing with glee. Up, up and up and away they both go, Swaying far out o'er the grass down below, Tossing their arms in the merriest way, Whirling their skirts to the wind's roundelay.

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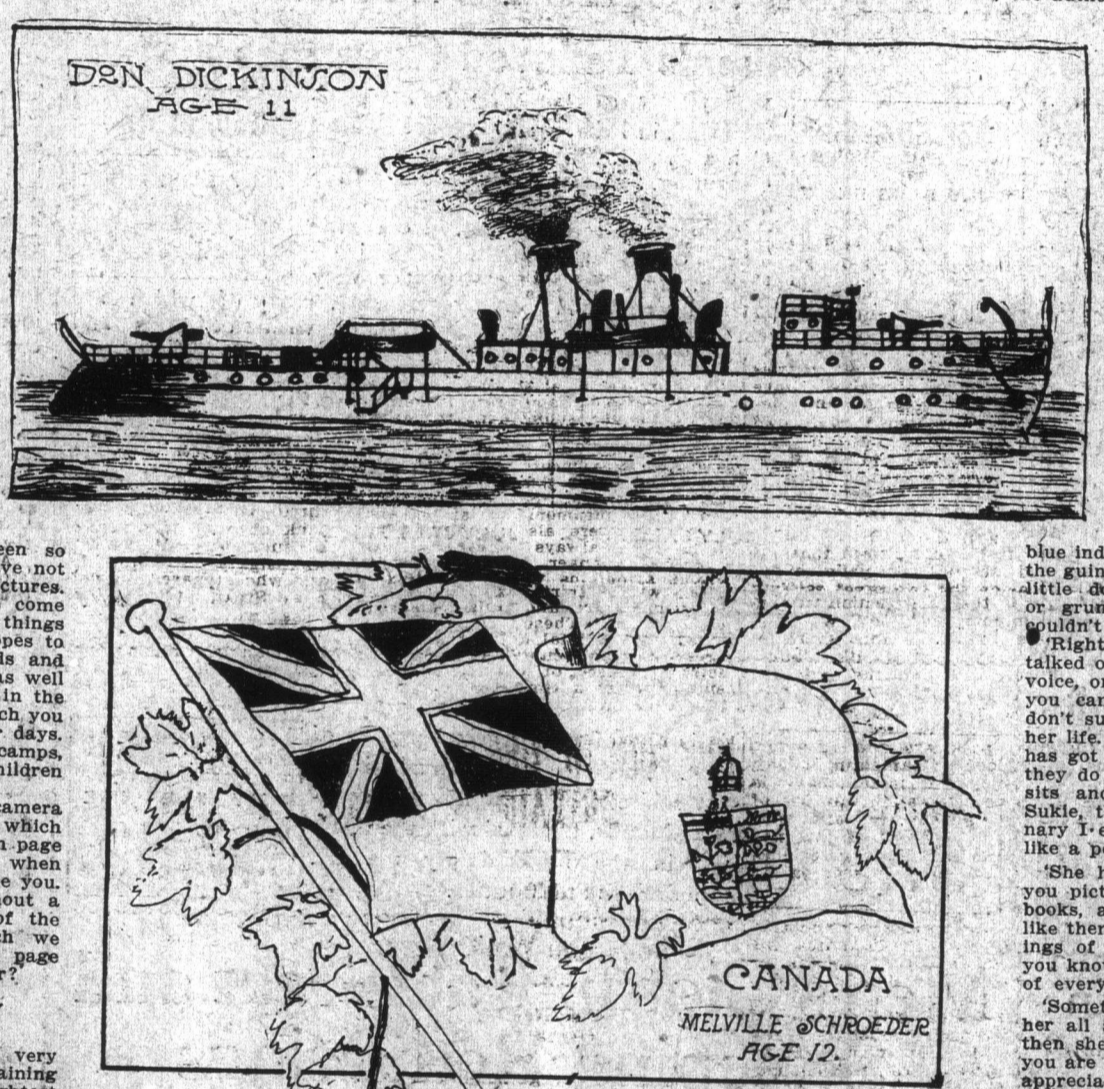
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CANADA MELVILLE SCHROEDER AGE 12

FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

Geography Game. Any number of players up to 26 may take part in this game. Seated in a row one selects a letter of the alphabet and answers whenever a city or country commencing with that letter is mentioned.

A leader is chosen and commences thus: The King of Geog. his face a frown, Set out to search for more renown. At first he went to Cambridge town.

At the mention of Cambridge the player who chose C as his letter replies quickly: At Cambridge town he was seen a day, But now to Lowell's gone away.

The one who chose L must make answer quickly: At Lowell he was seen a day, But now to Brooklyn's sailed away.

If B should not be paying attention to the game and forgets that Brooklyn commences with his letter and so miss his turn, he has to go to the foot of the line (the head and foot must be determined before commencing the game) and each player between him and the foot moves up one seat, at the same time taking the letter that belonged to the player ahead of him. Thus, if eight were playing and the player who held the fourth seat, should miss his turn when "Sydney" was called, he would go down to seat M and M would move in the place of S, taking that as his letter, R and so forth.

To make this into a school game, which will be useful in learning the location of cities, the plan can be changed as follows: At Cambridge he was one day late For this is Massachussetts state, He now in Lowell seeks his fate.

The one who chose L will reply: At Lowell he was one day late, He now in Massachusetts state, He now in Brooklyn seeks his fate.

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