

# THE AGE OF THE BOILING FOLKS

plentiful, it is no longer  
day is still to be found  
acted by the harsh cries  
sh through the whole of  
e silent.  
family makes a very  
It is not so readily or  
or jackdaw, but with a  
ht to whistle and pro-  
intended for cage life,  
be taken as a nestling,  
at cut into thin strips,  
seasonally barley-meal,  
a plenty of fresh water  
posess.  
of making a pet of of  
e fairly tame with the  
out, and turned out in  
not be the glossy, fine  
sared from the nest by  
reared by being fed  
real made crumbly with  
ether with a few drops.  
will do well on the same  
hardy and robust, liv-  
it kept clean and in a  
broken tail is a mis-  
e that is too small for  
pearance. The cage  
the floor being covered  
s with which to cover  
of this description  
prevents all unpleasant  
at in good condition.  
comes perfectly docile  
sagacious and tricky,  
of his family, a born  
Cent, was in the habit  
ch changed horses at  
to London—till it met  
nstered itself to that

## NOTE AND COMMENT

Eight years ago on February 27, the battle of Paardeberg, in South Africa, was fought. Even the oldest of the boys or girls who read this page were but little children then. For months the Boers had withstood all the efforts of the British troops to drive them from their intrenchments or to relieve the beleaguered cities. The news of the successful resistance roused the spirit of the British and from every colony men rallied to the defence of the British flag.  
The first Canadian contingent had spent many weary weeks in garrison at Cape Colony, and the proved their value as scouts when it was learned that General Cronje lay entrenched at Modder River. An army of which the Canadian regiment formed part set out at midnight to surround and capture, if possible, this army. Foremost among the assailants were the Canadians, many of them scarcely more than school boys. But they showed that the oldest veterans possessed no more patience or greater courage than they. Many of them, among whom were several Victoria boys, fell in the trenches at Paardeberg. But the victory was theirs, and their gallant comrades from the old land were the first to praise their bravery and give them the honor due them.

The British nation has become convinced that the enormous quantities of beer and strong drink consumed by the people is one of the chief causes of the crime and poverty which is so hard to remedy. The parliament is trying to make a law doing away with many of the drinking places in England. This is harder to do because it is felt to be unjust to take the means of living from the public house keepers without paying them for their loss. There is less drinking among the better classes of Englishmen than was the case in former years. To get drunk is looked upon as a thing among gentlemen. The greater number of the marines who recently came to Esquimaux would not use intoxicating drinks during their journey across the continent. There are very few, if any, countries in the world today where laws are not being made against the buying and selling of liquor.

The Prince of Wales is to come to Canada to help the Canadians celebrate the hundredth birthday of their country. If Champlain could see Canada today, would he be satisfied? Great as it is, it would have been far greater if all Canadians had been as enterprising, as brave and as faithful as Champlain, the founder of Quebec. Such men as he have, in all ages, been the founders of great nations.

For twenty-five years the Liberal party have ruled New Brunswick, but at the election which took place last week the Conservative party won by a great majority. Just why the people of that province got tired of Liberal rule we are too far away to understand.

More than two hundred years ago, Peter the Great went to Holland to learn shipbuilding, in order that he might be able to encourage his countrymen in building ships. At that time Moscow was the capital of Russia, and its chief seaport was Archangel, on the White sea. This monarch saw that Russia could never be a great nation unless she had ships to carry away the timber, the grain, the furs, the leather and other commodities that were produced so abundantly in her vast dominions. The magnificent city of St. Petersburg was soon built on the Neva, and Riga on the Baltic became a great seaport. On the Black sea Odessa which is an outlet for the wheat of the southern plains. But Russia was not satisfied, and ever since she has planned to get a seaport either on the Mediterranean or on the Indian ocean. It was her dream to find an outlet for the produce of Siberia in the Pacific ocean that led to the war with Japan. That war might have had a different ending if it had not been that her navy was no match for the navy of the ships of Japan. Now Russia wants to build new ships so that she will be able to meet her enemies on sea as well as on land. But the government finds that it will be impossible to spend such immense sums of money on the navy as it at first intended. There has been no outbreak in either Macedonia or Persia, and both Turkey and Russia declare that they do not intend to go to war. Seven of the conspirators who plotted to kill the Grand Duke Nicholas were condemned to death. Among the prisoners was a young girl of seventeen. She must spend the next ten years of her life in prison. This is thought to be a very slight punishment for those who have heard of the horrors of a Russian prison might well think this poor girl would be happier if she shared the fate of her comrades.

We learned some weeks ago that the Shah of Persia had taken away from his country the liberties which his father had granted them. The people of that Far Eastern country have learned from Europeans that bomb-throwing is an almost sure way of removing when they have a king who has thrown into the Shah's automobile. Three innocent men were killed, but the man who was looked upon as a tyrant escaped as he was not in his own automobile. Since the world began the king has always been ruler among men. The father rules the home, the teacher governs the school. Boys themselves choose a leader, and in their games submit to the captain's orders. The king is the people's strongest man to be their king and obey his laws. Whenever men have tried to do without laws and a sovereign, suffering and loss have been the result. Because they have been wicked rulers and unjust laws, many men have come to think that there should be no laws. They have gone about trying to kill the rulers and breaking the laws. They call themselves anarchists, and wherever they have gone they have done mischief.

In Chicago on Monday one of these anarchists entered the house of the chief of police and tried to shoot him. The chief's son, a boy of eighteen, was shot through the body, and the anarchist was killed. He, too, was only a young man.  
There is now much want and suffering in the United States, and it is said this man was out of order. There are people who think that the laws governing wages might be improved. In Canada, and the United States, the people make their own laws. Teach them that the laws are bad and they will be changed. The laws are in a free country for the people and the murderer.

When the dry dock was built at Esquimaux, it was thought that it was large enough for any ship that would want to enter it for repairs. It is said that already it will be necessary to build another and larger one if Victoria is to have the profitable work of repairing the ocean going ships that visit our port. Very soon one of a French line of great ships which make trips round the world will come here from Yokohama. This ship could not be repaired at the Esquimaux dock. The building of a dry dock would be work for the Dominion government. The more there is here the more money will be sent to the Ottawa treasury. The whole of Canada, as well as British Columbia, is benefited by the trade of its western seaports.

A Japanese ship sailed from Kobe for Macao with a load of supplies of war. Macao belongs to the Portuguese. The ship was seized by the Chinese, who believed the arms and ammunition were intended for Chinese rebels. The Japanese say that China must apologize for the insult to her flag and release the ship, and that then an inquiry will be made by the courts as to how much China ought to pay for the loss caused.  
English business men are not satisfied with the claims which Japan is making for control of railroads in Manchuria. Japan is large tract of country may yet be the scene of another war before long. We do not hear a word about what its own inhabitants want.

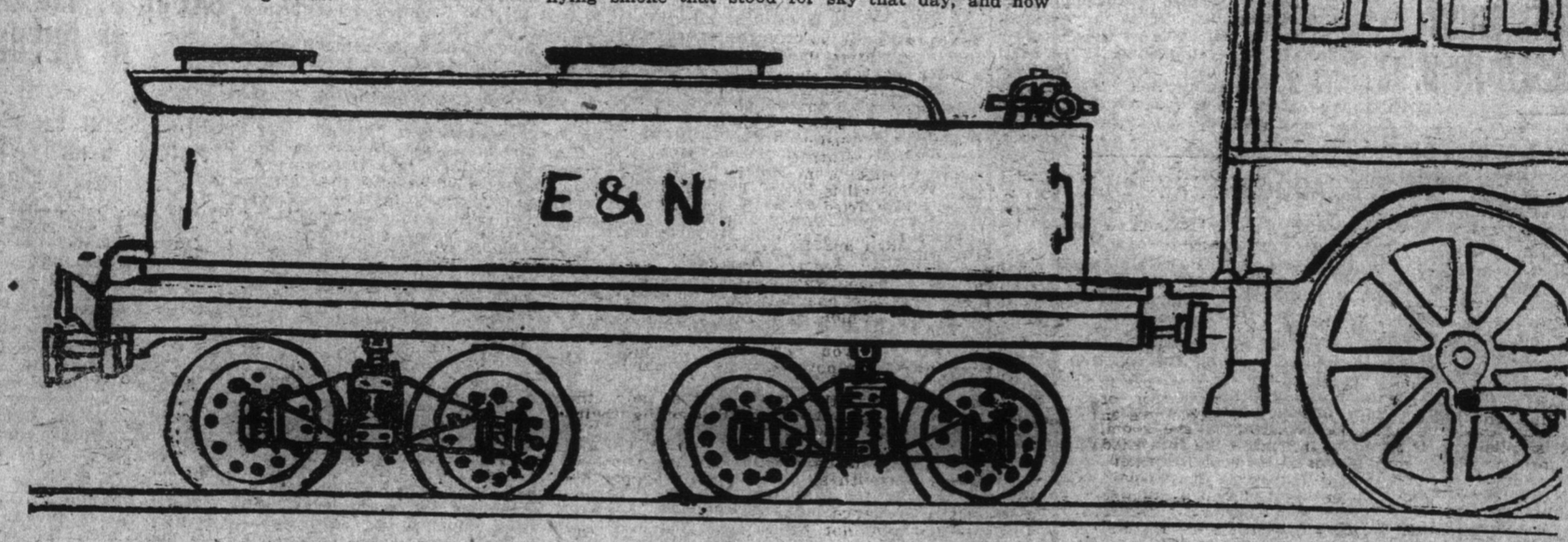
The business done in the banks in Victoria shows that our quiet city is prosperous. We have plenty of money, and it is being used in the way for the improvement of the city. A great deal of money will be spent on improving our streets this summer. The C. P. R. will probably build a new

station where the old Alibon-iron works used to be, and will certainly build new freight sheds. A new wharf is to be built near the C. P. R. dock, and it is said that before long the harbor will be improved. Houses are going up in all directions, and yet there are not enough for the people who want them.

The most important piece of news that has been told here for a long time is that the Grand Trunk Pacific is going to commence at Port Rupert and build the road from the coast to Edmonton. This will bring thousands of men into British Columbia to work, and our merchants will have a great deal of business to do to supply them with clothing and provisions. But the most important thing is that the country in the north will be opened up and settlers will come in. There are many people who believe that Port Rupert will be a great city. Many of your fathers can remember when Vancouver was laid out. Wouldn't it be strange if Prince Rupert would grow as big before the children who read this have boys and girls of their own. Those who know nothing about the country through which the Grand Trunk Pacific runs is as rich and the climate quite as good as that traversed by the Canadian Pacific, and the distance from Prince Rupert to China or Japan is shorter and more direct than the present route.

The children have allowed the first of the spring wild flowers, the willow and alder catkins, to blossom and die without noticing them, or at least without writing about them. There were, no doubt, many little hands breaking off the pretty catkins. The alders are harder to gather. The trees are generally tall, although there are low bushes growing in damp places with lovely grass and blossoms. The edibles are almost sure some of the children have found them. There will soon be a tiny white blossom forming a pretty mat under the maple trees here and there, and then it will be time to look out for the first blossom of the blue-eyed grass.

Is it a song sparrow that warbles in the hedges on bright days? Its song is quite different from the high, clear notes of the meadow lark. The robins were more plentiful a few weeks ago than they are now. Where have they gone? It is a pity that we cannot teach our cats not to prey on the little birds. They are so useful in ridding the place of rats and mice that we can hardly destroy them all yet. Yet we need the birds, not only for their beauty and their sweet songs, but for the sake of our orchards. There would not be nearly so many caterpillars and other pests if we had more song birds.



By Jack Crowther, Aged Nine Years, Catherine Street, Victoria West.

## JOHN HOWARD

It is easy for most people to be kind to those who are gentle and lovable, although few of us will deny ourselves even for our nearest and dearest. But when we meet a man who is kind and lovable, and who is also a woman of helpful and serving men and women, it is not easy to be kind to him. Yet that is how the man acted about whom this short article is written.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century men were hanged for such crimes as stealing a loaf of bread or a piece of linen. English men and women were sent in hundreds over the sea to toil under the heat of a burning sun on sugar or cotton plantations for crimes which in these days would not be considered worthy of severe punishment. But neither death nor banishment was so terrible a punishment as imprisonment. The prisoners were filthy places where all sorts of terrible diseases found a home, and the jailers were, for the most part, cruel men, who tried by what they could wring from the unfortunate under their charge. That all this has been changed is due to the work of John Howard, who was the first to feel and to teach others that if a man had committed a crime he was still a brother who must not be used more cruelly than a brute.

John Howard was born in 1727, and was the son of a retired merchant. While he was still a young man he went to sea, and, not being very strong, he went to Europe. Even as a boy he showed his kindness of heart for which he was afterwards noted. He married young, but his wife did not live long. After her death he went on a journey to Lisbon, where there had been a great earthquake. He saw the most constant wars with France was going on at this time, the ship was captured, and Howard was taken as a prisoner to France. Here he first learned what a cruel thing imprisonment was.

After his release he wrote a description of what he endured, with the result that the French government for the better the treatment of soldiers and others captured during war. After this, Howard married and went to live in the beautiful county of Hampshire, in the New Forest. Here he spent many happy years in study and in caring for the people who lived on his land. His wife, whom he loved so dearly, died suddenly, leaving a little boy to his father's care.

The British government, having learned of the kindness and worth of Howard, appointed him high sheriff of the county of Bedford. This office gave him charge of the prisoners and made him acquainted with many prisoners. He determined to find out how they were used, and discovered that many of the prisoners were unhealthy due to the want of light and air. He visited every jail in England and wrote a report of those places to parliament. He was thanked for his information and his reform was begun. Howard was not satisfied with this result. He went from country to country, visiting not only prisons, but the hospitals where plague and leprosy were only for the people of England, but of the countries he visited.

Although Howard was gentle, he was not mean or cowardly. He went to see the Emperor of Austria to tell him about the sufferings of his prisoners. It was the custom of visitors to kneel to the Emperor, but Howard refused, as he did not think it right that one man should kneel to another. The Emperor respected his scruples, listened to him patiently, and promised that prisoners in his dominions should no longer suffer such terrible cruelties as his visitor described. As was to be expected, Howard at last caught one of the terrible diseases whose progress he was trying to check. He had traveled through Russia, visiting the prisons and hospitals, and at last arrived at Cherson, on the Black sea. Here a terrible fever was raging. A young lady was suffering from it and begged Howard to come to see her. He did so, and from her, it was thought, he caught the fatal sickness.

He died, as he had lived, quietly and simply. He begged to be buried without show or expense, and to have his grave covered with a simple stone, bearing only these words, "My hope is in Christ."

## HIS GOOD NAME

A Splendid Story of Pluck and Heroism, by Stacey Blake

(Conclusion.)

Clinton had an interview with Captain Milltown the next day. What passed between him and that stern officer who controlled the school-ship never transpired, but the outcome of it all was plain for everyone to see. Clinton went ashore that afternoon, and his chest followed him in the evening. He departed during lesson hours, so that no one saw him go. Had it been otherwise it is doubtful whether a single hand would have gone out to him.  
The sky was grey when he went down the ship-side. Smoky, thin, wind-driven clouds flitted across the heavens, and the roll of water that came with the tide up the estuary spoke of heavy seas outside. But he had little eye for aught save the ship he was leaving, and little thought for anything save his own misery. He was in that mental state which refused to realize what had happened. That he should be dubbed "coward" seemed incredible. Yet he remembered with hot shame that he had deserved the epithet. Such again he could not understand, for the had never lacked courage before.

When he got ashore his first act was to take a room at a quiet hotel, where he left instructions for his chest to be taken, and then, no longer able to bear the depressing influence of his own thoughts, he started out, intending to walk himself tired. He came out upon the water front where a jutting hill shut off sight of the Neptune, for he could not bear to look at her, and then he continued his way towards where he could get a view of the open bay.  
The swell had increased. It was now rolling into the estuary with weight and volume, and there was a menacing hiss in the sound of the surf and a still deeper note seaward where it boiled past the Fang Rocks at the eastward horn of the bay. And dashes of white spray came from there. Indeed, at times the teeth-like rocks were white from end to end with the foam of the driving water.

The wind was increasing. Clinton put his head down and forced his way through it. The anger and the gloom of his mood. The fierce rush of the wind seemed to carry away some of his load of trouble. He found himself presently beside the wooden pier, where it seemed that something was going on. Men hung about in little groups, glancing now to seaward, now up into the murky flying smoke that stood for sky that day, and now

down on his thwart and gripped his oar. He was doing a man's work now. He had his name to redeem. He bore himself as calmly as any one of them, nor so much as stooped at any one of hissing althwart his sea-helmet, as it rose in solid white over the weather bow.

At first his heart beat faster at sight of the boiling peaks of water that seemed to bear certain death and destruction with them as they tumbled forward; but when he saw how gallantly the boat rose on every snowy ridge, and how she shook herself free of the billows that burst their powdery whiteness over her, he grew less afraid. Presently the emotion of fear went from him altogether, and there filled him only the fierceness of the fight. He felt a peculiar joy in battling against the storm. He was pitting himself against these hungry waves. He was winning back from them his good name.

Presently a flame broke out from the wreck—it may have been an armful of oil-saturated shavings or a tar-barrel. It burned luridly against the ragged horizon. One moment it was in sight, together with the foam sweet rocks about her, then lost as they fell down into the deep hollow of the under-running billow, where their outlook was bounded by the next rugged-topped wall of water.

Clinton glanced only once, by turning half a shoulder toward the wreck, but he saw the what made him grip his teeth hard. By the light of the flare he saw a crowd of men hanging together in the port fore-rigging, and several more in the main-shrouds. All about them tossed the wild, shrieking seas, and a soul-confusing noise of booming and hissing rose from the rocks.

"Let go the anchor!"  
Clinton heard the order faintly. He knew it was the coxswain's voice, but it seemed somewhere a long way off, and then there came a second order to veer the cable. Pitching, now bows up, now stern up, dropping into an awful hollow or rising to the ridge

of a surge that lifted one end of the boat almost dead over the other, they came as near to the wreck as it was safe to do, because of the reefs that were thickly strewn in the sea.  
Of the rest it is difficult to write intelligibly, for it was naught but an inextricable confusion of washing and a confusion of voices and confusion of questions, and answers in a foreign tongue that were not understood. The roar of the contending waves drowned the most powerful voice, and the shrieking wind helped to carry it away.  
Amid the bewilderment a line was presently shot out from the lifeboat. After minutes had passed the line was secured on the wreck and pulled in, to be followed by a substantial rope, that was in its turn made fast. And then one by one the wretched crew, understanding what was expected of them, began to cross by that frail, swaying bridge, hooking their knees over it and pulling with their hands. All came over save one, and this one frightened wisp of humanity hung in the main rigging by himself, apparently too terrified to move.

"Wily! Wily! A lad, sir, a mere bit of a lad!" exclaimed one of the men.  
"Jah! der gaptain's son," cried one of the rescued sailors. "Der old man go overboard few hours since. Der boy was frightened."  
"You beggars should never have left him," roared the coxswain; "go back now one of you and get him on to the rope."  
"I try," I go back, jah. I no go back."

"Oh, confound you lot of cowards! I'll have a man among you!" bawled the coxswain through his funnelled hands. Apparently there was not, or that few of them understood.  
The boat diving down into the abyss again, and rage shudderingly as a white smother of froth tumbled into her.

"Go, sir," Clinton was half standing on the forward by a gang, already beginning to ease himself of his cork jacket. "I'll go, sir," he cried again. "I can hang on to the rope better than most."  
"No, my lad, I can't let you take that risk."  
"And I take the risks with everyone else. I can do it best. My lighter."

The reasoning was unanswerable. The boy who had been called "coward" started to cross the bridge of death. A great wave rose spitefully to meet him. It flung right over him, plucking and tearing at him. Yet he stuck on, and gradually wormed his way along the rope while the furious surges, rising and falling, foamed about him. Presently he was clinging against the main-shrouds, to which the rope had been made fast. He paused a moment or two to recover breath, then he slipped down, and, watching his opportunity—for the waves swept the deck fore and aft—he ran forward, got a hand on the main shroud to starboard and climbed up. He was beside the shivering youngster, a yellow-haired boy of 12 or so, in the twinkling of an eye. The latter broke out into voluble speech.

"Eh, can't you talk English?" cried Clinton. "You are Svenska, eh? Speak slowly; I understand a bit of Swedish. Se har hor! But never mind, there is no time to talk. Now, ar ni fardag?"  
The lad was limp with terror. He would not move. Clinton pulled together all the words of Swedish that old Captain Milltown had taught him aboard the Neptune, and framed an encouraging phrase or two. In the end, he said by persuasion and partly by force, he induced him to come down, and make for the mizen. They rushed across the deck with the water rushing in a cataract almost knee-deep about them. Clinton grasping hard the mizen rigging, till they got hold of the rat-lines on the mizen rigging. They climbed up to where the long black rope swayed over the sickening wash of water.

"Now," cried Clinton, "hang on like this. Go first. I will come behind you and give you a hand if you want it."  
Half dead with fear and cold, and the buffeting of the waves, the little fellow was hauled aboard, and Clinton, little better, followed, and both in the bottom of the boat, sobbing out their breath and coughing the water from their lungs.

"Did I say I was a good plucked 'un," cried the voice that Clinton had been grateful to before. "As has been indicated, the hotel where Clinton had elected to find a bed was a quiet place; there, following his being brought back that evening in a four-wheel growler, saturated by sea-

water, and exhausted to faintness, an excited old gentleman wearing a naval uniform, with a half dozen uniformed youngsters at his heels, equally excited, burst into the place at closing time, the land-lady, who was a quiet soul, decided that she had fallen into stirring times.

"My name's Milltown, ma'am!" exclaimed the officer. "Captain Milltown of the Neptune. You have, I believe, one of my boys staying here."  
"The one who's been out in the lifeboat, sir?" asked the landlady.

"Lead me to him, ma'am, at once," cried Captain Milltown. "I want to—bless my soul, ma'am, I believe I'm excited. Will you kindly point out his room to me?"  
Clinton heard the noise of hurrying feet out in the corridor, but he had no idea that the sound had anything to do with himself until the door of his bedroom was thrown widely open and Captain Milltown, with Hallas, Potter, Stockwin and several other boys behind him, trooping into the room.

Captain Milltown seized Clinton's hand, and shook it violently. "We have heard all about it, Clinton," he exclaimed, "and there's the whole ship staying up till you come aboard."  
"Till I come aboard, sir?" echoed Clinton, with his eyes going from one face to another.

"Yes, you've got to come back with us, Clinton, old man," cried Hallas, impulsively. "The whole ship wants to apologize to you. We're a lot of rotters to treat you as we did."  
"No, you're not," answered Clinton, "because I deserve it. I flunked it yesterday. I don't know why. I can't understand it even now."

"A beastly nerve inside you got wrong for a minute, I'll bet," put in Potter hastily; "don't you think the captain's right?"  
Captain Milltown had many theories on the matter, and to support them he recounted instances of lapses of courage quite as unaccountable as Clinton's. "I'll come aboard," said Clinton in conclusion.

When they had got aboard, and things had quietened somewhat, Hallas announced that he had a little ceremony to perform in the maintop, and he begged Clinton and all the others as could crowd up there to follow him.

"There's a bit of carving up there that I did," he said, "and I badly want to obliterate it."  
"I should have known you'd leave his name on," suggested Potter. "Only cut out the bottom word."  
"I think the bottom word ought of come off," said Clinton quietly, "cut them both away. I have nothing to be proud of"—Chums.

## SHORT STORIES

### He Believed in Discipline

He who is fit to command others has first learned that it is good to obey. A man who is fit to command others has first learned that it is good to obey. A man who is fit to command others has first learned that it is good to obey. A man who is fit to command others has first learned that it is good to obey.

One night at a fire in New York I saw, muffled to the ears in an overcoat, a man whom I immediately recognized as General Grant. The policeman who stopped him did not. He grabbed him by the collar, swung him about, and hitting him a resounding whack across the back with his club, yelled out, "What's the matter with you? Don't you see the lines? Chase yourself out of here, and be quick about it!"

"The General never said a word. He did not stop to argue the matter. He had run up against a sentinel, and when stopped went the other way. That was all. The man had a right to be there; he had none. I was never so much of an admirer of Grant as that day. It was true greatness. A smaller man would have made a bow, stood upon his dignity, and demanded the punishment of the watchful police man."

### He Preferred "John"

The use of nicknames is a bad habit which sometimes places the user in a position that is very embarrassing; and it is certain that respectful politeness in mentioning elders and superiors is the best practice for boys and young men.

Admiral John G. Walker, a distinguished naval officer, now president of the Isthmian Canal commission, has long since taken the other way. That a few years ago, when he was chief of the bureau of navigation at Washington, the Admiral was one day washing his hands behind a screen in his office, when a pert young ensign, eager and seeing the chief's chair vacant, said to the colored messenger, "Hello, Bones; where's old Whiskers?"

He was dumfounded when the Admiral, with a towel in his hands, emerged from behind the screen and addressed him: "Take a seat; I'll be with you in a moment." With blazing face and sinking spirit he obeyed, and, when the Admiral took his seat, timidly protested that he did not wish to be impertinent.

"Oh, no," the Admiral replied, "I don't mind it; but if you'd just as soon do so, I'd rather you called me 'John.'"

### A Test of Honesty

The straightforward, honest man or boy feels insulted when his integrity is questioned—and with good reason. He is slow to distrust others, and he does not like to be distrusted. Here is a pretty and amusing story in illustration:

"Paper, sir? Evenin' paper?"  
The gentleman looked curiously on the mite of humanity—the two-foot newsboy, and said, with a slight smile:  
"Can you change a quarter?"

"I can get it changed, mighty quick!" was the prompt reply. "What paper do you want?"  
"Star," replied the gentleman. "But," he added hesitatingly, "how do I know you will bring back the change?"  
"You don't know it," replied the little fellow sharply.

"Then I must trust to your honesty?"  
"That's about the size of it. Or—Hold on! Here's your security. There's thirty-four papers in this bundle. Ketch on to this!"  
Before the gentleman had time to remonstrate, the boy had placed the bundle of newspapers in his arms and was off like a flash.

The boy was gone perhaps three minutes, but during that time the gentleman was rendered completely miserable. A half-dozen of his acquaintances passed, and each one stopped to inquire if he had gone into the newspaper business, and how it paid, while the newsboys gathered around and jeered him, under the impression that he was an interloper. So he gave great sigh of relief when the boy returned and put twenty-four cents in his hand.

"I didn't run away, did I?" the boy said, with a cheerful grin.  
"No," answered the man, with a groan; "but if you hadn't returned in another minute, I would have run away."

"And cheated me out of ten cents?" demanded the boy indignantly.  
But the gentleman did not stop to explain.

### Still More Surprising

"Do you know," remarked a woman to her husband, "that Johnny was a somnambulist?"  
"A what?" was the gruff query.  
"A somnambulist. He walks in his sleep!"  
"When did he begin to do that?"

"I never noticed it until last night. After he'd gone to bed and was sound asleep, he got up, dressed himself, went down into the cellar, and brought up a boxful of coal."  
"He did that in his sleep?"

"He did. I watched him. He didn't know anything about it this morning, either. How can you explain such a thing?"  
"Well," replied the husband, "I can't. But if he had done it while he was wide awake it would have been more incomprehensible!"

### A Word of Goodspeed and Good Cheer

To all on earth or far or near,  
Or friend or foe, or thine or mine,  
In echo of the police dine.  
Heard when the star bloomed forth and lit  
The world's face, with God's smile on it.  
—James Whitcomb Riley.