

GENERAL GRANT'S FOLLS

plentiful, it is no longer

day is still to be found, acted by the harsh cries

family makes a very

at cut into thin strips,

of making a pet of of

a fairly tame with the

reared by being fed

broken tall is a mis-

s with which to cover

Cent, was in the habit

nts

of Youth.

as well as in dress in

there is no gainsaying

and exercises, she is

years should by rights

claims the march of

regime to which so

the milk curd is under-

ment. This, after all,

rate than the juice of

fresh, and white, too,

tion, which has to be

is never ignored now,

and palms of girls.

little secrets which are

earnings, and in every

of its, by adopting the

of its youth, may gain at

then birthdays are no

ere. Small solitaires

the pendant earrings,

with the latter, set with

corn.

day:

me!"

at big oak!

do like me—

oak tree.

k, I'm have me get!

ill spring,

hings!"

o other way;

way

pu knew."

and sighed.

Oh, me!

ee!"

vised—but no,

ow,

ing!"

at last when fall

in dress,

ing.

ing cow,

ugh

thing things

you'd scarce

me "Ma-a-a-a!"

oo!"

ie hen,

to eat

up—

that seed

cheap!"

in mare,

e,

would rain—

d smiled,

ame,

gar:

younger far,

th—

aid

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 spirits of the British soldiers. Every colony man rallied to the defence of the British flag.

The first Canadian contingent had spent many weary weeks in garrison at Cape Colony, and 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 assaulters 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. Foremost among them, among whom were several Victoria boys, fell in the trenches at Paardeberg. But the victory was theirs, and their gallant conduct has been recorded in 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 so hard a 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 there was in former years. To get drunk is looked upon as a disgrace by the general public. The greater number of the marines who recently came to Esquimaut 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 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. Since then, however, 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 have turned from 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 Duke Nicholas 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 the other products which 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 port. On the Black sea, the world needed 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. Her eyes have been turned to 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. Even 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 a merciful sentence, but 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 a tyrant. They have now 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 auto. Since the work began there have always been rulers 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. Long ago the people chose their strongest man to be their king and obeyed him. Whenever men have tried to do without laws and a governor, suffering and loss have been the result. Because there have been wicked rulers and unjust laws, many men have come to the conclusion 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 murder him. The chief's son, a boy of eighteen, was shot through the heart, 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 change the laws. Here is a free country for the plotters and the murderers.

When the dry dock was built at Esquimaut, 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 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 Esquimaut dock. The building of a new dock would be work for the Dominion government. The more trade 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 that the supplies were intended for Chinese rebels. The Japanese said they intended to 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. That 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.

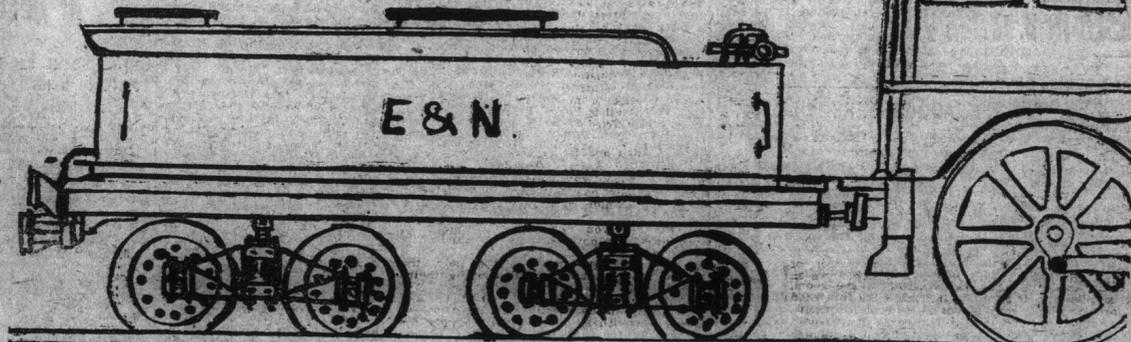
The business done in the banks in Victoria shows that our quiet city is prosperous. We have plenty of money, and it is being used for the improvement of the city. A great deal of money will be spent on improving our streets this summer. The C. P. R. will probably build a new

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 the coast and 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 graceful blossoms. The edging of the catkins of the alders are a little more than 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 women of hateful dispositions and evil natures find that it 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 prisons were filthy places where all sorts of terrible diseases found a home, and the jailers were, for the most part, cruel men, who lived 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 even 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 boy he went to sea, and, not being very strong, he went to Europe. Even as a boy he showed a 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. Here he spent many happy years in study and in caring for the people who lived on his land. His wife, whom he loved very 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 nature of their habitation. He visited every jail in England and made a report of those places to parliament. He was not satisfied with his information, and reform was begun. Howard was the first to write careful reports not 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.)

A Fight for Life and Honor. 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 fear for aught save the ship he was leaving, and little thought for anything save his own safety. 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, which again he could not understand, for he 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 tone seaward where it boiled past the Fang Rocks at the eastward horn of the bay. And dashes of white 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 war of the elements suited 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, which again he could not understand, for he was going out. Men were 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 had to erase that which had been written against it. He bore himself as calmly as any one of the surf that again and again swept with a wild whirling wharf 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 fighter. 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 swept 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 then 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 cable. Pitching, now bows up, now stern up, dropping into an awful hollow or rising to the ridge

water, and exhausted to faintness, an excited old gentleman wearing a naval uniform, an excited old 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 or two 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 any thing to do with anything. He was too busy with the thing to do with anything. He was too busy with the thing to do with anything. He was too busy with the thing to do with anything.

"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 so?"

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 cable. Pitching, now bows up, now stern up, dropping into an awful hollow or rising to the ridge

SHORT STORIES

He Believed in Discipline

He who is fit to command others has first learned that it is good to obey. This relates an incident about General Grant which illustrates his sense and real greatness of the General. Says Mr. Rile:

"One night at a fire in New York I saw, muffled to the neck 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 front 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 I am that day. It was true greatness. A smaller man would have made a row, stood upon his dignity, and demanded the punishment of the watchful policeman."

He Preferred "John"

The use of nicknames is a bad habit which sometimes makes 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 been known by 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 young ensign entered 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 over 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, he proudly 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 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," the gentleman said. "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!"

"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, which the rope had been made fast. He paused a moment or two to recover breath, then he slipped down, and, watching his opportunity, he got a hand on the main shrouds. He art—he ran forward to get a hand on the main shrouds 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 nor! But never mind, there's no time to talk. Now, ar ni fardag?"

The lad was limp with terror. He would not move. Clinton pulled together at the words of Swedish that old Captain Milltown had taught him aboard the Neptune, and framed an encouraging phrase or two, and in the end, nearly 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 hold of the other 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.

"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 fellow was hauled aboard, and Clinton, little better, followed, and both lay in the bottom of the boat, sobbing out their breath and coughing the water from their lungs.

"Ding, I say," he 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, about following his being brought back that evening in a four-wheel growler, saturated by sea-

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