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CURRENT TOPICS

('hildren who have been brought up in British Coa cannot understand the poverty of the large of the United States or even of Canada. In York last week little children and old women and dead of cold and hunger. In Toront direds of strong men had to watch their wives and drens starving, while they sat idle. In New York ich and the poor live a short distance apart. It make poverty still harder to bear to see all the by that is wasted in the fine houses of the rich. ronto reporters went to see the poor p told the story of their wants next day, and food lothing were sent to the sufferers, and in some d clothing were sent to the es employment was found for those who were able

In last Sunday's paper Berlin was put for Lisbon which as you all know, is the capital of Portugal. Franco, the premier under King Carlos, has fled from the new premier is Amaril is an admiral. He will rule according to the laws the country and the young king seems determined to act upon his advice.

Everyone should be ready to pay something. Everyone should be remarked by the should be forms of this kind of wrong none is worse than bling. No one can win unless his partner loses gains. The worst of this is that the passion kind of winning becomes a disease, and the bler learns to hate honest work and will risk, only his own money, but the bread of his wife children or even his employer's property. The who bets on a game takes the first step in this, which generally ends in the ruin of all who take

For some time, newspapers and magazines from a United States have been more expensive owing the high rate of postage charged by Canada. This is been found to be foolish. Many of the magazines inted in the United States are very good and the interpolation of the hetter class pay more than they should have of the better class pay more than they should ders of the better class pay more than they should them. The post office rates have been lowered, ch to the satisfaction of most people.

The British officer Sir Harry Maclean, who was the Moorish bandit Rasuli has been rereased. The British government paid a ransom of 100,000 to have him restored to safety. The British prisoner was brought to Tangier and Rasuli and his ends were allowed to depart peacably.

There has been another coal mine explosion. This it took place in Cape Breton and ten men were

The Dominion parliament has voted a large sum of money to buy grain for seed for the farmers whose crops were frozen in Saskatchewan and Alberta. No one will complain at paying their share of money really needed to supply the needs of the people of these provinces. The farmers will return this money to the government as soon as they are able.

When the government of one country are about to When the government of one country are about to send a man to do their business with another nation they are usually very careful as to the man they shall send. He must be wise and prudent, as well as learned, or he will make some blunder that will destroy the good feeling between the nations. The British ambassador at Washington, Mr. Bryce, is such a man. He has studied affairs in the United States as well as in Great Britain. There are certain matters upon which Great Britain and the United States do not agree. It is not certain what rights Canada and the It is not certain what rights Canada and the igree. It is not certain what rights Canada and the Inited States have to send ships into each other's inland waters, to fish in the Great Lakes or to use the waters of Niagara river. Then it appears there are still some boundary questions, although it was shought when the Alaskan boundary question was settled that no other dispute of that sort could rise. On all of these things England and the United States have, after much study by those who understand on all of these things England and the United States have, after much study by those who understand these subjects, come to an agreement. But a treaty cannot be made unless Canada agrees. Ambassador Bryce is coming to lay the matter before the premier and his government. It has often been said that canada has been obliged to give in to the United States when that country wanted territory that she claimed. This was the case, we think, in the disputes about New Brunswick, Oregon, San Juan and Alaska. It is to be hoped that this time there will be no doubt about the justice of the settlement.

The United States and France have agreed to leave inture disputes to be settled by arbitration—that is, to call in some one who is not interested to say what is to be done.

There are some things that cannot be settlement.

re are some things that cannot be settled by rd party. If one boy knocks another down

all a cheat, there is no use in any one interfer-But if he loses his hat or tears his clothes the fellows might say how much he ought to pay tem. the same way questions concerning the honor independence of another country cannot be settled arbitration. Twice before England and the United ates could have made such a treaty as that which talked of between France and the United States, it the Senate would not agree and no one seems to low how that body will act in this case.

The Natal act, which says that no Asiatic except those who are educated, can come into British Columbia, has become law. This shows that men of both parties have quite determined that if they can help it all the work in British Columbia shall be done by white men without help from Chinamen, Japanese or Hindus. When we remember that this is the biggest province in Canada, and that on account of our great forests and many mountains the work is very hard to do, we will understand that if our province is to prosper there will be no room in it for lazy or stupid men, or women either. The Natal act, which says that no Asiatic except

The Sultan has been sending soldiers into Persia and Armenia. Both these places are near the border of Russia. That country has become alarmed and will send large bodies of troops to guard her interests in Persia. Both Russians and Turks have proved themselves brave soldiers.

There is not a family in Victoria more to be pitied lay than that of the Russian emperor. The ill and the father in terror of death. That there is traitor within the closely guarled home is certain, and no one knows who it is. Everyone in the palace were in dread of sudden and horrible death. Do we see in dread of sudden and horrible death. r think how thankful we should be for our peacesafe and happy homes?

The United States will build two large battleships year instead of four as the president advised.

ddition to this there will be a number of destroyand torpedo boats built. It costs a great deal of any torpedo boats built. It costs a great deal of any to build these terrible machines for killing ple. When we think that the United States, ich is not a warlike nation, will spend this year than one hundred million dollars on her navy ne we can form some faint idea of how much the rid spends on her soldiers and sailors even in time peace. Will the day ever come when nations can one another, and will not be obliged to be pre-at a moment's notice to "let loose the dogs of to rend and destroy one another?

cotton factories of Canada have been prosyear. The government has a large rev-canadian Pacific railroad has earned a al of money. This would seem to show that is, on the whole, well off. The frost in some damage to the grain and people who have ling too much money have had to change ays, but a good summer will fill the farmers' and bring them to the cities to spend their in the stores and deposit it in the banks.

nothing that people in Canada should be than that the laws against evilish Empire he is sure, if found guilty, to consequence is that the punishment of thieves and murderers is left to the officers of th law. In the United States this is not so. A man may, and often is, found guilty, and his friends either with money or in some other way can put off or perhaps prevent his punishment. One dreadful consequence of this is that when any terrible crime is committed the people do not wait to see whether the person accused is guilty or not, but take him out of prison and put him to death. This lynching, as it is called, makes murderers of all who assist in it.

Few worse things can happen in a country than that its judges should in any way be persuaded to allow injustice to be done. Canada should be jealous of the honor of those who carry out the laws of the of the honor of those who carry out the laws of the

The High school boys won the football game last week and are naturally very proud of their victory. Well, it is rather good to find the boys best at studies, best at play. The lads in the lower school will have their turn at winning one of these fine days. Hard practice and perseverance will, in the end, make perfect at football, as in other things.

Some children have sent pictures of what they some children have sent pictures of what they mean to be when they grow up, and they are very clever. Before the month is over we hope to have more. Have our letter writers gone to sleep? It is time they waked up. The flowers and birds will soon be here. Indeed, some of them have never gone away, We will give a corner of the paper for the boys and girls who find the first wild flower as they come. The alders must be hanging out their extinction. girls who find the first wild flower as they come. The alders must be hanging out their catkins already. Describe the flower and tell where and when you found it. If you can do so make a little drawing on a separate piece of paper. If you don't know the name of the flower, press it and send it with your description, and we will try to find its name. We would like bright eyes all over the province to seek for flowers and plants. The birds are harder to observe, but patient waiting will enable anyone to see these dear little visitors. Thy are not all small by the way. Those who live near the sea, and many do, can way. Those who live near the sea, and many do, can any day see the larger seafowl.

The names of all who write on these subjects of birds and plants will be published with the descrip-

THE WHITE KAYOSHK

tion first received, and any others that are very good.

By Marjorie L, C. Pickthall.

"You're not goin' down today, o' course!" shouted Brent, against the wind. "Does it look as if I was?" sarcastically answered Jim Allan, the diver, tramping through the wet sand. "There's a big swell boomin' on the pier, an' the water's thick as soup. That's what you get, workin'

He looked discontentedly round him at the sand He looked discontentedly round him at the sand bar, which produced nothing but bent grass and ground willows. Yet here the new lighthouse was to stand and dominate the shoal, guiding ships to the city's broad harbor behind it. Innes & Norton had the contract of building the light. So for weeks the sand bar had been home to a small army of men. And the squat, white tower was beginning to rise, and piers and groins were pushing out into the water, to hold the light safe against the fury of the great lake.

"Look there!" growled Allan. "There's another storm comin'! 'Where's Innes?"
"I come over this mornin' with him," said Brent.
"He's on the scow now talkin' to Merrick. Badger's taken the launch back."

I saw it go," answered Allan. "Innes may 's well make up his mind to stay here for the night. Guess the wind's trebled in the last hour. Badger won't bring the launch back in the teeth o' this, with his propeller lackin' a blade. Innes 'll be mad. But a man 'd be reckless to come out in this."

"There's one boat out, anyhow," said Brent: He pointed across the low dunes to where

pointed across the low dunes to where a couple of stone-hookers sheltered under the lee of the sand bar, their bare masts reeling against the gray sky.

"My word!" said Allan, "that white mackinac again! Is that boy a fish?"

again! Is that boy a fish?"

"Dunno!" answered Brent, "but there's the boat, run up on the sand. Merrick lets that boy fool around the job all he wants. And he wants all the time. He and that old white boat o' his 'll cut through or get round anythin'. Here he comes now!"

"Here comes somethin' else!" said Allan, suddenly. "Hold on t' yerself!" "Hold on t' yerself!"

Across the open lake a dim, white line was rushing and spreading, a line of foam and mist. Behind it drove the full weight of the wind, and, even as Allan spoke, the lake, in its anger, hurled itself upon the sand bar. Tall whitecaps began to race even upon the more sheltered bay behind it. The temporary buildings clustered around the site of the light were blotted from sight in gying sand and spray and were blotted from sight in flying sand and spray, and the dark barriers of the piers went out in spouting

"Whew!" cried Allan. "This is fierce! We'd bet-"Whew!" cried Allan. "This is fierce! We'd better get out of it. There's that boy, Brent! Hi, sonny! Come along to the engine house with us!"
"Thanks," said the boy, cheerfully; "guess I will.
This sand stings horrid. Great storm, though, isn't it?"
He was a sturdy lad of about fifteen, having that look of passive strength and quiet activity which look of passive strength and quiet activity which comes to those who are accustomed to pit themselves against the moods of wind and water. Allan, looking at his steadfast eyes and broad shoulders, as they

turned toward the buildings together, liked him. "We often see you around the job," he said. "You handle that pretty old mackinac o' yours well. Where "My name's Dick Bennet," said the boy, "and I "My name's Dick Bennet," said the boy, "and I live in the city. I—I wish I lived here, like you do." "Thank goodness we're only here till the job's finished!" grunted Brent. But you seem in love with the lake. And you don't seem to fear much weather."

"We come through most things, the 'Kayoshk,' and I," was the answer, with a touch of pride. At the door of the engine-house a man met them

a tall man with flapping raincoat, and trouble in 'Mornin', Mr. Innes!" said Allan, "Nasty wea-

"Bad for me, Allan," said Innes, anxiously. "Merrick's just told me that the launch isn't fit to face it. And it's absolutely necessary that I should be in the city again this afternoon."

"Well, sir," said Allan, slowly, shaking the wet from his cap, "I say plain that I don't see how ye're to manage it. Short of a matter of life and death, there's no one who'd venture out in this."

"Il be just as plain with you," answered Innes, grimly. "It is almost a matter of life and death—for the firm. We stand to lose heavily, by this the But for the firm. We stand to lose heavily by this job. But there's a big bit of work on the upper lakes that we've the chance of. I was to sign the contract for it this afternoon. If I don't sign it today—why, we miss our chance, and it'll go to Smith & Watson. And it's not work we'd lose over this time. Now, d'ye

"Couldn't Mr. Norton sign?" asked Brent, uneasily. "No, he couldn't!" snapped Innes, "because he's in Montreal."

"Oh!" said Brent. They looked at the raging lake, at the scarcely

quieter bay, then they looked at each other, and shook their heads, feebly. A hand was laid on Innes' sleeve. He spun around, cing Dick Bennet. Well?" he said, sharply "Pil take you over, sir," said the lad, quietly. "Eh?" cried Innes, amazed.

As one man, the three stared at the boy, Anger,

As one man, the three stared at the boy, Anger, impatience, doubt, surprise, showed swiftly on Innes' keen face. But they gave place to hope before Dick Bennet's steady confidence of look and bearing.

"You'll take me over?" he demanded. "You?"

"Yes, sir," said Dick, in his slow way. "I'll take you over, if you'll trust yourself to me."

"What in?" asked Innes 'What in?" asked Innes.

"The 'Kayoshk,' sir; my mackinac," explained Still Innes stared at him, frowning.

"He'll get you over if anyone can, sir!" cried Allan, excitedly. "He's more of a fish or a gull than a boy! We've only two or three old dinghies and a punt here, but his mackinac's a fine one. But I—I wish he'd take one of us along."

"Two's company, three's a crowd," said Dick, stolidly. "Are you coming, sir?"

"Yes," said Innes, suddenly. "Til come. I'm insured. But I don't know anything of boats."

"All the better," answered Dick. "You can bail! We'll need to!" he added, grinning.

Innes looked at him again, his keen, anxious face growing very kind. "Ought I to let you take this

growing very kind. "Ought I to let you take this risk?" he asked, gravely.

"I take 'em every day," answered Dick, "and it's

not as big a one as you think. I know the 'Kayoshk,' and I know the lake." "That he does, Mr. Innes!" chorused Allan and "Come on, then!" said Innes, shortly. As he plow-

"Come on, then!" said Innes, shortly. As he plowed heavily through the wet sand, he thought of old, kindly Maurice Norton, his partner and of what the loss of the new contract would mean to him and his. "Please God, I get over safely!" he said to himself. "Here's the 'Kayoshk," said Dick, "I'll be ready in a minute." He climbed on board rapidly unshipped the rudder and lashed an oar in its place. Then he took a couple of reefs in both fore and mainsail, loosened the stern boards, and produced a big tin dipper. "Come on, Mr. Innes!" he said, gayly, "here's your tool!"

Innes leaped on board and took the dipper. Allan, up to his ankles in water, leaned across th awale and gripped Dick's hand a moment, "All "All right!" said Dick. And Allan shoved her

For a moment, in the quiet water under the lee of the sand bar, the white "Kayoshk" seemed to hesitate. Then she came slowly about before the wind, and Dick put her wing and wing. Almost immediately the full weight of the wind struck her. Swift and strong as the gulls, for whom she was named, she leaped forward with the driving gloom of the storm. At first, Innes, unused to wild weather, was blinded, deafened, robbed of breath and thought by the ceaseless roar and riot about him. The short, high, lake waves seemed perpetually uplifting behind the "Kayoshk's" stern, pursuing her as she fied. But For a moment, in the quiet water under the lee the "Kayoshk's" stern, pursuing her as she fled. Bu Dick, hanging his weight on the steering oar in a constant smother of spray, seemed quiet and even cheerful. His eyes were a little bright, his lips a little white, but he was master of the "Kayoshk" and

Innes watched those pursuing waves with fascinated eyes. There was something wolfish in their ceaseless threat. He began counting them unconciously. "Seven, eight, nine!" The tenth upreared itself high above its fellows, rushed forward roaring, poised above the "Kayoshk" for an appreciable instant, and then fell in a categories of form. then fell in a cataract of foam.

then fell in a cataract of foam.

The "Kayoshk" staggered, hesitated, and then leaped on again, but less lightly, Innes was conscious of a surge of ice-cold water about his feet, and dashed the spray out of his eyes. Dick was still hanging to the oar, his lips a little whiter. He shouted some word at Innes, but the riot of the storm drowned the sound. Innes guessed his meaning, however. He seized the dipper, tore aside the loosened ever. He seized the dipper, tore aside the loosened bottom boards, and began bailing, as he guessed for their lives. And the "Kayoshk" whirled onwards in the heart of the storm

When she was lifting lightly once more, Innes straightened his aching back and looked at Dick. He straightened his aching back and looked at Dick. He had lost his hat, his fine, new raincoat was a tattered wreck, his hands were numb and aching from the bitter chill of the water, he was wet to the skin. Yet he laughed aloud, joyfully, "This is great!" he yelled. "Beats automobiling! Good old "Kayoshk!" Oh, this is great!"

is great!"
And Dick, though he could hear nothing, guessed his meaning, and laughed in response. They were strange, whirling, white glimmer showed, called by bottom boards, and began bailing, as he guessed, for

bottom boards, and began bailing; as he guessed, for comrades in peril and daring.

Swifter and swifter sped the "Kayoshk." In the driving darkness of the sky above their heads a sailors "the eye of the storm." Then the lightning began flaring across the clouds, turning the waves steelblue, showing the white "Kayoshk" like a blask shadow upon the torn water, her strong sails spread wing-like on either side. She seemed like some great, silent bird, not fearing the tempest, but one with it.

Innes had forgotten his contract. He had forgot-Innes had forgotten his contract. He had forgotten everything but the storm and the bright-eyed, close-lipped boy who controlled the flying "Kayoshk." He longed to be in Dick's place, to feel the good mackinac obedient to his will. The music of the storm was making his blood dance to an unaccustomed tune. When, ahead through the rain and scud, he saw a tall, black bulk, and knew it to be a grain elevator on the city wharves, he sighed with regret elevator on the city wharves, he sighed with regretthat that wild passage was so nearly over. Swiftly sped the good "Kayoshk." They

sped the good "Kayoshk." They slipped ht, heaving and straining wildly at her past a yacht, neaving and straining wholy at ner moorings, like some living thing in chains; missed a tossing, black-and-white channel-buoy by six inches. And then the "Kayoshk" turned under Dick's steady hand, steering to fetch up to leeward of the landing-place. They felt the air grow suddenly quieter about them, as the grain elevators took the wind. And then it was that Dick's eye failed him by

They saw the wharf ahead, and the "Kayoshk" surged forwards, her sails shivering. It was all over in a moment. Innes felt the lift of a wave, saw the weed-grown piles above them, heard the splintering crash as the mackinac struck. He and Dick hurled themselves upon the end of the wharf. And the old "Kayoshk," split almost in two, sank in fourteen feet

"Well," said Innes, gasping upon the wharf-end, "you've given me the finest run of my life, and you've saved the firm!" "But I've lost my "Kayoshk!" said Dick, staring

at the surging water with dimmed eyes.
"We'll make it up to you!" said Innes. And he did. Dick is now the owner of one of the

And he did. Dick is now the owner of one of the finest mackinacs on the lakes. But she is not as dear to him as was the white "Kayoshk."

WHEN GRANDMOTHER WAS YOUNG

Original Story by I. M. H.

The rain was pattering softly on the window, little Betty nodded in her chair and said drowsily, "Oh, Lucy dear, I am so sleepy." Grandmother from the fire-side heard and said, "Come, come, little lass, don't go to sleep before you have your tea! Bring Lucy and I will tell you about a doll I once had and the awful thing that happened to her."

Betty quickly seated herself at Grandmother's feet, for to most every little girl a story is welcome.

Betty quickly seated herself at Grandmother's feet, for to most every little girl a story is welcome, that is why I tell you the tale of the ill-fated dolly. "Her name was Arabell," began Grandmother, "and was the gift of my dear Uncle Dick, who was a captain on a great sailing vessel and traveled a great deal. The last time he came home he brought Arabell and presented her to me on my eleventh birthday. Mother chided him, because she wanted to encourage me to spend my time at useful things birthday. Mother chided him, because she wanted to encourage me to spend my time at useful things, instead of dolls, and she added a few words about great girls like me liking dolls. Nevertheless I was pleased, and took great pains in showing both mother and Uncle Dick the extent of my joy. And Arabell really was pretty. Little girls now-a-days Arabell really was pretty. Little girls now-a-days never saw such gorgeous dolls. She was dressed in blue satin and the most cunning little velvet cap, blue satin and the most cunning little velvet cap, long drooping plume. Down to her tiny highheeled slippers everything was in the fashion, and she even wore a little gold necklace."

"What was the awful thing that happened to her, Grandmother dear?" askel little Betty. "What was the awful thing that happened to "What was the awful thing that happened to her? Well, to go on, I was naughty and disobeyed my dear mother, which no little girl should do when mothers are so kind, and the punishment was the loss of Arabell. Ah! how well I remember how I wept when my mischievous brother Dick tied Arabell to Terrier's tail. I was shelling peas on the porch when up rushed the terrified dog, and I instantly added to his terror by rushing pell-mell down the garden after him as soon as I perceived down the garden after him as soon as I perceived Arabell's danger. Finally I rescued her, a good deal battered by her adventure. But here comes

her ending. It was funny, as Dick remarked long afterwards, when I had quite got over it.

"Well, mother had sternly forbidden me to climb fences, and up till now I had never been tempted to disobey her. But one morning, as I sat under the maple with Arabell, up rushed brother Dick, breathlessly telling me of a pig sticking that was going on at the farm about a half a mile distant. A man had come to borrow some necessity from father, and Dick had heard him. Consequently he was wild to go, and as the man had said he must was wild to go, and as the man had said he must return directly we, to see the animal killed, must go through the field, which meant climbing fences. I wanted very much to go, but, as I knew, Mother would never allow us to, and certainly not me by the way Dick proposed. Dick argued strongly, slip among the potato rows to the fence, and tell Mother when we returned. I was almost convinced and we returned. I was almost convinced, and when we saw the farm hand running through the adjoining field I allowed Dick to grab my hand, and rushed after him. Off we went at a most terrific pace, through the rows of potatoes, I keeping my feet as best I could and tightly clutching Arabell lest she felt. lest she fall

"Dick was not forbidden that accomplishment, which I afterward found most useful, so he was instantly on the other side and away, while I was left to my fate." to my fate. It was a rail fence, and I could not climb at all, so now I found it the greatest difficulty to hold Arabell and get over. I was in mortal fear of dropping the doll, but at last I clumsily gained the topmost rail, where I sat, not daring to descend, and calling on Dick for help. He looked around and called loudly to hurry, and indeed from where I sat called loudly to hurry, and indeed from where I sat I saw the farm hand disappearing through the door of a shed, from whence issued a series of short squeals from the doomed piggle. So I made one great effort to get down, but, alas! rail fences are neither so easy to climb nor so strong as the fences we know now. There was a crash, and I found mysel famongst rails and weeds in a ditch which Brother Dick had evidently forgotten to tell me of.

"I screamed for Dick, who hastily came back, having seen from a second fence what had happened, and penitently asked, "Oh, Elsie, what did you do it for? We shan't see it now." And sure enough a dreadful commotion arose. Piggie was dying, and was accompanying his last efforts with squeals and squeaks such as I had never heard before. But I paid no attention to the poor creature,

fore. But I paid no attention to the poor creature, who seemed to be in a far worse predicament than I, my ankle was paining dreadfully, and I begged Dick to stop pulling me and go for Mother. Considering how naughty we had been it was pretty brave of Dick to face mother and tell her what had happened, but she never said a word of reproach then or after, for I was punished enough. When the doctor came at Mother's call it was to provide her

doctor came at Mother's call it was to prove her fears that my ankle was broken true."

"But where was Arabell?" asked little Betty.

"Ah, I am coming to that. Arabell was not to be found in the whole house, although I was positive I put her away in the nursery. You can imagine my grief, when she did not turn up as day after day. rpit her away in the nursery. You can imagine my grief when she did not turn up, as day after day passed. It was nearly a week after the accident that Dick thought of searching by the fence, and there he found her, and how changed she was! All her pretty beauty was gone, her lovely gown was faded; indeed, she looked like nothing else but a bit of faded rag smeared with melted wax. Day after day the fierce rays of the sun had fallen upon her, and she was utterly ruined. and she was utterly ruined.

"I cried bitterly for her, and would never have other doll to take her place, although Mother offered to get another, which was very kind of her, considering how she wished me to give up dolls," and grandmother fell to musing on those days long past, while little Betty ran away for tea.

SHORT STORIES

Duty Was First

worker in the Sailor's Mission in East Boston tells in the Youth's Companion a story which illustrates devotion to duty under the most trying circumstances. One dark winter night one of the firemen an an ocean steamer fell down an open ha into the hold, breaking his leg and sustaining

His loud outcry brought assistance, and then swooned. The men who were trying to help him were discussing what it was best to do, when he partly revived and made an effort to speak.
"Hush!" said one, "maybe Jake wants to send a

But with all his pain, it was duty that was upperost in the mind of poor Jake, who whispered the fifth engineer to look after the boiler!"

A Hen Adopts Kittens

Some very queer things sometimes happen among domestic animals, but one of the oddest occurred re cently at Arcola, Ill., on the premises of Mr. Wil-liam Louth. A large Plymouth Rock hen on the place, having lost her young brood of chickens, walked about the barnyard with a sorrowful air for a day or two, until the family cat appeared, leading her two little kittens out for an airing. The motherly instincts of the hen made her covet the kittens; and she attacked the cat with such vigor that she was glad to

The hen, clucking to the kittens, gathered them under her wings, and gave them such affectionate attention that she won them completely. Although their own mother came to the yard occasionally and gazed on them wistfully from a respectful distance, they paid no attention to her, preferring to follow they paid no attention to her, preferring to their feathered stepmother all over the place.

Every Boy a Missionary

Did it ever occur to you that every boy reader could be a missionary? An exchange gives a practical suggestion in the

"That fellow is a missionary," said my friend. Going to the window, I saw a man, with collar off, and coat swung carelessly over his shoulders, crossing the coat swing carelessiy over his shounders, crossing the street. Near by stood a boy with an umbrella; for it was thundering and lightning, and the rain was des-cending in torrents. Small rivers flowed along the gutters, and diminutive ponds stood in every depres-

tion of the pavement and sidewalks.

The man had stepped across the street, from the corner where he had been waiting for a car, and with his foot had pushed aside a bunch of rubbish that had collected in the gutter and was obstructing the flow of the water

was a little thing, and cost only a moment's effort; but it was backed by a great principle. As far as he knew, no one witnessed his deed who would interpret the motive in it. His name will never appear in the newspapers; the city council will not ex-tend to him a vote of thanks for his benevolent act; but the lad who stood there with the umbrella saw it, reflected a moment, seemed to catch the idea, and, stooping down, removed a big stick that lay in the

That man may never do anything great; yet if each day as he goes about his work, he performs these little thoughtful acts, the benefit of which may reach to one, or two, or a whole community.

What the Dog Testified

A dog recently testified in a court at Prague, Bohemia, in a way that satisfied everybody except the beaten plaintiff, Emanuel Dastych, who, having the peaten plaintiff, Emanuel Dastych, who, having been bitten at night by the dog, had brought suit against Herr Weinert, his master, claiming heavy damages from him for keeping a vicious dog. The defence was that the dog was not vicious, but

had merely done his duty as a good watch-dog. Herr Deuk, a veterinary surgeon, showed the court and spectators that the dog was a good-tempered animal, for though he teased the dog in every possible way, it did not get angry, but finally, to escape further teasing, hid under a bench.

The attorney for Dastych claimed that the reason the dog was so quiet was that its mester was in the

The attorney for Dastych claimed that the reason the dog was so quiet was that its master was in the room. Then, at the request of the judge, Herr Weinert went out. The dog did not seem to notice the absence of his owner, and then the judge called him. He trotted up to the bench and gave the judge a paw, and then went to several other persons in the

room to pay his respects. The evidence that he was a kind dog was so plain that the judge decided at once that the animal had only bitten the plaintiff in self-defence, and therefore that no damages could be collected. collected.

Sea Caverns

Sea Caverns

Pirates, smugglers and others have often found caverns by the sea very convenient shelters. There is, however, no reason why caverns should be met with by the sea; and if the cliffs were always everywhere made of hard rock there would be far fewer caves. For the caverns are hollowed out by the power of the sea—and terrible that power is; but the very presence of a cave shows that there has been some weak spot in the cliff which has been some weak spot in the cliff which has been less able to resist the attack of the waves than the rest of the rock has been. in the cliff which has been less able to resist the attack of the waves than the rest of the rock has been. In process of time this weak spot has grown into a cavern, it may be of huge size, the sea working its way inland until the waves have become too weak to do further damage. One curious thing is that some rocks, though harder than others, are more easily broken up and removed, owing to the way in which rocks, though harder than others, are more easily broken up and removed, owing to the way in which they are put together, so to speak. Basalt, for instance, is a harder material than sandstone, but since it contains so many joints or cracks it is more readily shattered by the waves. But for this weakness it might not have been possible even for the sea to carve out such a vast and majestic retreat as Fingal's Cave in Staffa's lonely isle.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Mrs. Brown looked around her uneasily. "Do you know," she said to Mr. Brown, "I'm expecting every minute to hear the doorbell ring, and to be told that Clarence has been in some dreadful mischief."

"What makes you think that?" asked Mr. Brown. "Oh, he's been so good all day; and this morning he took down one of his lesson books and studied for nearly two hours."

Young Tomkins' attendances at the evening school ambulance classes were most regular. He entered into the spirit of the thing with an enthusiasm and wholeheartedness that the spirit of the spirit of

into the spirit of the thing with an enthusiasm and wholeheartedness that was really delightful to witness. But at last his enthusiasm seemed to wane, and he left the ambulance class in disgust.

"Ha, Tomkins!" said his instructor, meeting him one day. "Why did you leave the class? I always looked upon you as a most promising pupil."

"Well," said Tomkins, "nothing ever happens. I've thrown bits of orange and banana skins on the payement opposite my house, but no accidents occur, so what's the good of going on?"

Jessie's Dance

In the harsh old days when the Scottish church thought dancing was a sin, a pretty country lass was brought before the managers of the kirk she attended, to answer the charge of dancing at a wedding. She was a decent, well-behaved girl, a special favorite of the minister, who was in the chair at the

'Jessie," asked the minister, "were ye dancin'?"

"Yes," she answered in tears.

"Ye must promise never to dance again, Jessie."

"Yes, sir, I will promise," she said with a curtsey.

"Noo, Jessie" began a stern-looking elder, "what were ye thinkin' o," when ye were dancin'? Tell the truth."

"Nae ill, sir," was the reply.
"Then Jessie, woman," cried the delighted minister, "aye dance!"

"Stitch, Stitch."

In the schools in Holland every girl is taught to sew, not what is called "fancy" sewing only, but also the plain, common sort. The needlework and embroidery that were required for the ornamentation of the carriage which the Dutch presented to their young Queen Wilhelmina on the occasion of her coronation was all wrought by the girls of an industrial school in Amstradam. One may see better "feneral" ronation was all wrought by the girls of an industrial school in Amsterdam. One may see better "fancy" work in parts of Great Britain than in any Dutch home, but nowhere can one see more beautiful, useful needlework, even in mending and patching. "In many Dutch Families," writes David S. Meldrum, "still the saying is that machine should never touch linen." In how many schools in England are plain sewing, kritting and darning systematically taught? The same girls that are required to write an essay on the construction of a sonnet (with examples) or to discuss struction of a sonnet (with examples) or to discuss the influence of the French Revolution on Words-worth's poetry, cannot darn a stocking, and turn un-willingly to a plain seam.

AMONG THE POETS

An Overworked Elecutionist

One there was a little boy, whose name was Rebert Reece; And every Friday afternoon he had to speak a piece. poems thus he learned, that soon he had a Of recitations in his head, and still kept learning

And now this is what happened: He was called upon, one week,
And totally forgot the piece he was about to speak!
His brain he cudgeled. Not a word remained within

And so he spoke at random, and this is what he said:

'My Beautiful, my Beautiful, who standest proudly

It was the schooner Hesperus,—the breaking waves dashed high!
Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir Under a spreading chestnut tree there is no place like

When Freedom from her mountain height 'cried, Twinkle, little star, Shoot if you must this old gray head, King Henry of Navarre! Roll on, thou deep and dark blue castled crag of Drachenfels,

My name is Norval, on the Grampion Hills, ring out, wild bells! If you're waking, call me early, to be or not to be, The curfew must not ring to-night! Oh, woodman, spare that tree! charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! And let who will be clever!

The boy stood on the burning deck, but I go on for-

His elocution was superb, his voice and gestures fine: His schoolmates all applauded as he finished the last

"I see it doesn't matter," Robert thought, "what words So long as I declaim with oratorical display!"

> Aim High Aim high!
> Watch the target with an eye
> Steady as the eaglet's glance;
> Fit your arrow, let it fly,
> Fear no failure, no mischance!
> Aim high!

Though your arrows hurtle by, Miss the target, sail below, Pick them up, once more to try, Arms a-tingle, eyes aglow!
Aim high!

Aim high!
Learn to laugh and cease to sigh,
Learn to hide your deep chagrin:
Life's a test at archery
Where the true of heart will win!
Aim high!