

A PAGE FOR JUNIORS



After the Holidays.

DEAR Boys and Girls,—Vacation is over and even those who have journeyed the farthest have all come home. It is good to be back again, too, for if life were one long holiday there would be no vacation, and we need to work in order to enjoy our playtime. But however fond you may be of school or of winter time, I am sure you will all look back on the dear old summer holidays with great pleasure. That you have had all kinds of good times I know from the letters and photographs that have reached me, and we have great pleasure in printing a snap-shot of two of our little readers in fancy costume on the lawn, and one of three of our boys with their pet donkey. Another of our boys contributes an interesting story about a visit to Norway, which those of you who are fond of travel—and who isn't?—will enjoy reading.

Already a large number of manuscripts have been received on the discussion as to which is better: Country or city life. Needless to say that the letters written in the heat of summer favour country life, but when the cool weather sets in the city boys and girls will have their say, for we want to hear both sides of the argument, and I can tell you that the city isn't a bad dwelling-place whatever you may say. We hope before the first of November to receive a great many opinions on both sides of the question. We are always glad to publish interesting letters, stories, poems, or photographs by any of our young readers, and hope you will find time to write to

AUNT HELEN.

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A Visit to the Land of Midnight Sun

By HARRY LUNDSTEDT, Paswegin, Sask.

MR. GORDON, a rich old American, who had read much about the "Land of the Midnight Sun," decided that he would make a trip there with his wife and their two children, named Dora and Fred, taking Sulitelma, a mountain in Norway, within the Arctic Circle, as his destination.

It was nearing the end of April, and, as his plan was to get there before mid-summer eve, he began to make preparation for his journey. An interpreter and guide was looked for and this was found. Mr. Kollsen, a newly-arrived Norwegian from the vicinity of Sulitelma, answered for both purposes. He had already learnt the English language in evening schools in Norway. A camera and other sundries were got ready to be used.

At last the day for the departure came. Many friends came and gave their hearty wishes for a delightful voyage across the sea and a journey full of pleasure. Seven days after leaving Boston, they arrived at Liverpool, England. Here they spent two days and then they continued their journey to London, where they stopped a whole week. The Tower of London was visited and many other memorial things were not left unseen. The North Sea was stormy, but they reached Trondjem after three days. Here they had the luck of arriving just in time to follow

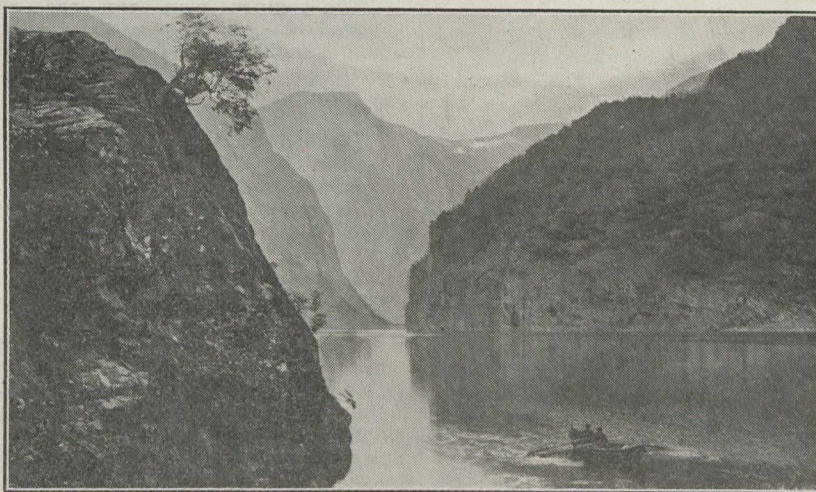
the tourist train that would leave next day. But still they paid a visit to the old, antique cathedral which stood there then.

The 18th of June they arrived at a popular stopping place below the mountain. The owner was a farmer who had an inn, in connection with the farm. Thanks to Mr. Kollsen, the interpreter, who advised them to stop there. Here, both the old and young, especially the latter, received food and good rest, as they had had to do some journeying on foot the last days.

Next morning they felt refreshed, and then Mrs. Gordon, accompanied by Fred and Dora, proposed that a boat ride on the fiord would be lovely, and, as Mr. Gordon was of the same opinion, they went. As they advanced, new scenes opened up to them, and the children could never cease to calculate how high those adamant walls of stone could be. They watched all the eider-ducks that were perched on every projecting piece of rock. Here and there were openings in these massive walls. They revealed to them small pretty meadows, with sheep and goats on them, belonging to some adjacent farmer. They ate their dinner on one green meadow which was prettier to them than the rest. They rowed all day, returning in the evening.

Next day was rainy, and on the morrow, no one went to the mountain as the ground was wet and muddy. On the morning of next day, the sun shone brightly again and to everybody's joy they got up the mountain that day.

The farmer's cattle grazed on the sides of the mountain during the summer. Butter and cheese were made at the seater and a cottage was erected for the servants. They met Laplanders on the road



A Norwegian Fiord

and the children wondered what kind of Indians they were.

Midsummer night was clear, and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon sat down to watch the phenomenon. The children had played all day, so they could not keep awake, but fell asleep beside their parents. Mr. Kollsen told stories about the many superstitious beliefs that were held true when his parents lived. As he spoke the sun sank in the west, and in a little while it rose again in the east.

Two weeks were spent on and in the vicinity of the mountain. Then they left Sulitelma pleased with what they had seen. Many a happy remembrance of the happy days that were spent on Sulitelma will surely stay in the young folks minds.

—Certified as original by John Lundstedt.

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A Novel Stamp Collection.

THE stamp collector incidentally learns a good many facts about history and geography, but it was not until I saw the stamp menagerie that I realized that stamps could teach us natural history as well.

The three cent Canadian stamp of 1851 bears a beaver. Newfoundland issues of 1866 have the seal and the codfish. The seal on these stamps is, however, a queer creature for a museum of freaks, inasmuch as he had claws like a tiger. In 1880 the government had the seal redrawn with flippers. In 1887 the Newfoundland dog appears on the half cent stamp.

In the United States in 1869 the horse was printed in brown on the two cent stamp, and in the Omaha issue, the year of the fair, appeared two more animals, the bull and the buffalo.

In the eastern hemisphere the animal stamps are more numerous and strange. China furnishes a fish, a seagull and a dragon. Across the Indian

Ocean, in the Congo State, one finds the elephant on the one franc stamp. Siberia furnishes the hippopotamus on the two cent stamp.

On the stamps of Nyassa there is depicted the spotted giraffe. In Egypt there is utilized for the Soudanese stamps the camel, and in the French Congo the designs embrace a picture of the leopard.

The stamps of North Borneo afford four more animal specimens—the deer, the peacock, the crocodile and the monkey.

The New South Wales stamps show beasties and birds peculiar to that part of the world—the kangaroo on the one shilling stamp, and the emu and the lyre bird. In New Zealand, the stamps show the sacred huia bird. The picture of the duckbill, half bird, half animal, decorated some of the stamps of Tasmania, and the black swan found a place on the stamps of Western Australia.

The Seychelle Islands show stamps bearing a picture of a turtle. In Peru the llama is used. In Guatemala a quetzal, a queer sort of bird that does not live in captivity, is produced on the stamp as an emblem of national freedom. In Columbia the bald eagle is shown, it likewise being used by France for the stamps of certain of its colonies.

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The Singing Cow Girl.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl called Mary, who used to drive the cows to the meadows every morning, and then she would sit down by the brook and sing while the brook sang, and the sunbeams sang, and everything about her did nothing but sing. Even Colin, who was only a country boy and used to drive his cows to the opposite side of the stream, began to sing when he saw her.

Mary had brown eyes and brown hair and her face and arms and feet were burnt so brown by the sun that everyone called her the nut-brown maiden, and some people said she wasn't real at all, but simply a brownie.

"Mary," said Colin one day, "I love you."

Mary just laughed and sang, but did not answer.

"Mary," said Colin, "tell me, are you real or are you a fairy?"

Just then a golden butterfly alighted on Mary's shoulder.

"Of course I'm real," said Mary, "and I'm only a cow-girl, but I'll marry you if you really love me."

"Well, then," said the golden butterfly, interrupting, "Mary is really a fairy and she is going to live with us as a golden bird for a year and a day, and then if you still love her, she will come back and marry you."

"Dear Colin," said Mary, "I am going away, but though you will not see me you will hear me, for I will come and sing every day and milk the cows in the evening."

Mary flew away with the golden butterfly, and left Colin alone beside the stream.

So every day Colin came and watched the cattle. Some people said that he mistook the singing of the stream for Mary's singing, but Colin knew better, for only one person in the world could sing as Mary sang, and he knew that Mary must be there for the cows were milked without his having to touch them.

And for a year and a day Mary lived as a golden bird among the fairies, then she came back and married Colin, and they lived happily ever after.



Theatricals at a Whitby Summer Home.



Having a Good Time