

# Page for the Young Folks

## Our Sab



Samuel Gompers, the great labor leader of the United States, has gone on a visit to Europe to study the ways of the labor unions there and to learn how he can improve the condition of his fellow workers.

A sad balloon accident happened in St. Petersburg. The balloons belonged to the army, and he in it three officers and the wife of one of them. It is reported that the lady and two of the gentlemen were killed.

The Wright brothers, the inventors of the aeroplane, have been on their return from Europe, received with great honor in their native town of Dayton, Ohio. These great inventors do not pretend to be ostentatious. When they were asked to make a speech, they only smiled and said, "Thank you. Would the longest oration have meant any more?"

The meeting of the Emperors passed off quietly, and the other powers seem to have agreed that nothing but the Emperor of Russia and the Emperor of Germany will be invited to the coronation. The Emperor of All the Russias is leaving his prison-palace and going on a tour of Europe. It would not have been polite, it is said, to have overlooked his nearest neighbor among the crowned heads.

The expenses of the governments of France, like those of England, have become greater than the present means of raising money can meet. So new ways of taxation are being tried. In France is a rich country, so it is not likely the government will long be short of funds. It is not said that the ministers have decided to send a large part of the money asked for to pay workmen's pensions.

A number of members of the Russian duma or parliament are now paying a visit to England. They will learn much that will be of value to them during their stay there. It is said that they are, even in England, many great reforms needed. Perhaps Englishmen will learn to think more highly of the nation to which their visitors belong.

The Russian Czar, who is a nephew of the Queen of England, and whose wife is a niece of the King, will visit the King during the naval review at Cowes in the Isle of Wight. Ketr Hardie and Victor Grayson, two of the socialist leaders, have been saying some very bitter things about the Czar and his visit. It is hard to see how the cause of freedom in Russia can be helped by preventing this ruler from paying a friendly visit to England.

The ministers are spending the early summer in traveling about the country. Premier McBride and Mr. Taylor, minister of public works, have been through the southern interior, the Kootenays and Okanagan, and he minister of education, Hon. H. Young, is in the north at Athol. They will see in these fine summer days what improvements the country needs.

A sad railway accident occurred to the Great Northern train last Saturday week at the Fraser river bridge. The engine fell into the river, bringing the engineer and fireman. The name of the engineer was George Zigwald. What seems a miracle the passengers were unhurt. The train, which was a large one, was coming from Seattle. Everyone who has anything to do with the trains or the railroads or any other means of traveling cannot be too careful. Human lives are precious, and it is such a very little thing that often causes an accident.

It is just fifty years since the first bishop came to Victoria, and the anniversary was kept last Thursday. How Victoria has grown since the first church was built! It is not often that "two bishops preside over a diocese for fifty years." There are many who hope that very soon a beautiful new cathedral will take the place of the old Cathedral. This is work for the young men of Victoria, who, with their children, will worship there in the half-century that is now beginning. It would make Bishop Hill very happy to take part in this work as Bishop Hill did in building the old Christ Church.

It appears that the stubbornness of British captives came very near costing the lives of his crew and the loss of his vessel. When the Russian Emperor and the Emperor of Germany were about to meet near Helsinki, all ships were forbidden to come within a certain distance of their yachts. It seems that the captain of the steamer Woodburn took no notice of the order given, and refused to go even after a blank shot had been fired. An engineer was hurt and had to be taken to the Russian hospital. One would think some other way might have been found by the officers of the warships to show the captain he was doing wrong than to run the risk of killing men in time of peace.

The wild, rough country through which the Fraser river and its tributary, the Thompson flows, will before very long be traversed easily enough. Both the Canadian Northern Railway and the Pacific Coast route to Vancouver. As they toll over mountains and through canyons, these surveys are experiencing some of the difficulties that Simon Fraser and his little band went through a hundred years ago. There is no danger that all will go back to the waste of the wilderness for the steady soldier, for scientists have taught the world how to prepare nourishment that can be put up in the smallest space for those who must travel on long journeys.

In the meanwhile the Canadian Pacific is improving and shortening its road in every possible way for this year's harvest of the Alberta plains and foothills will be sent by track to Vancouver, to be shipped to Europe or wherever else bread is needed.

Almost ever since the discovery of America the banks of Newfoundland and the bays of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the North Atlantic coast have afforded a livelihood to a hardy race of fishermen, and as rough as they were, they maintained among themselves a rude sort of discipline. It is said that in the spring saw them always ready to face the hardships and dangers of a fisherman's life, for rarely did they know the taste of idleness. The more certain gains of the farmer or the mechanic.

This year there is unwonted strife among the fishermen. Steam trawlers have gone to work among the hand lines, and the fishermen, who have been fishing since the first day of the world, are angry. The men whose stock-in-trade is their skill in casting nets and throwing lines are ready to fight for what they believe to be their rights, and will try to drive the steamers off the banks. But it is to be feared that as every-day machinery and hand labor compete, the new way will replace the old.

A Montreal gentleman has been telling the people of England that we love the Mother Country because our ancestors lived there, and not because we expected to get rich by trade with English merchants. There is not a school boy who reads the story of Alfred the Great, or Robert Bruce, or Hampden, or Cromwell who does not know that we love England because we are British. The men who in the past did noble deeds belong to us as much as they do to the people who live in London or Edinburgh or Dublin. We read the same books and speak the same tongue as they do, and we are ruled by the same laws and have the same ways of thinking. In our hearts we despise a liar and a coward, and we are ready to fight for what we believe to be their rights, and will try to drive the steamers off the banks. But it is to be feared that as every-day machinery and hand labor compete, the new way will replace the old.

which is groundless. The soldier who fights a battle and is wounded, it may be almost to death, may forget his sufferings, but no one can recall the horrors of a fight without a shudder. If this unreasoning fear is so terrible for a man, what must it be for children? A little more than a week ago the children in three of the public schools of the poorest quarters of New York thought something, they made people better. They preached many sermons and read many papers. One would think some other way might have been found by the officers of the warships to show the captain he was doing wrong than to run the risk of killing men in time of peace.

The men were shabby, but they were mounted on beautiful horses, and they spoke very civilly to Winnie, telling her they were tracking across country to Calgary, but they were so worn out and hungry that they had come to beg for food for themselves and their horses.

"You can tie your horses to the barn for an hour if you like; there is plenty of fodder there," Winnie replied, trying very hard to feel hospitable, but failing rather badly, because she did not like the appearance of the strangers. "And then if you will come to the house, I will get you some food."

"No, it was indoors, so I couldn't get it; but it would only fall off. I expect," he said, clutching nervously at the saddle as Clover began to nicker. "Let her have her head, Tod, dear, and hang on as best you can," Winnie said, as she prepared to start the horses. "When you get to the church, shout as loudly as you can, and some one will be sure to come."

"Why, you haven't got a hat on!" she exclaimed, when he was safely mounted.

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Perhaps it is the presence of the surveying parties who are laying out the Grand Trunk Pacific between the Peace River Pass and Prince Rupert, or the news of the building of that city itself, that has put some of the Indians of the Skeena river in a bad humor. Except at the cannaries near its mouth few white men have been seen in that country, except the missionaries, who the Indians have learned to look upon as friends, and the fur traders, who brought to them many things they needed. Now, however, the men of a tribe near Hazelton imagine that the white men will take their land from them, and are threatening travelers who attempt to cross the river. All the land they can use will be left with them, but the days of the hunting grounds have gone. In Canada, even in the north. One cannot help being sorry for these savages who so uselessly try to stop travelers on the white man's trail.

"Don't you find it dreadful, loneliness to be left like this all Sunday?" Tod asked, as he followed Winnie into the kitchen.

"No, why should I? When you are not here one of the children stays with me," she answered, as she tucked the baby into the cradle for his morning nap.

"Whatever shall we do to pass the time?" asked Tod. He was a restless boy of twelve and the prospect did not seem inviting.

"Oh, we shall find plenty to do. There are a lot of Bible puzzles that we can find out together. Then why baby wakes you can have a try at father's fute. I can play one tune nearly right, only sometimes I make a little squeal in the wrong place. But just hear how furiously Bonner is barking. Run and see what is the matter please. Perhaps the pigs have got into the garden."

He ran and saw that the pigs had broken bounds, because helping Bonner to hunt pigs from forbidden places was the best fun he knew.

He came running back a minute later to say that two horsemen had ridden up, and were asking for Mr. Simpson.

"I will come and see what they want," said Winnie, puckering her forehead into a frown. "Perhaps it is some people who are working their way through to Lineham or High River. But I wish they wouldn't travel on Sunday."

The men were shabby, but they were mounted on beautiful horses, and they spoke very civilly to Winnie, telling her they were tracking across country to Calgary, but they were so worn out and hungry that they had come to beg for food for themselves and their horses.

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course was natural, because she was the eldest girl in a big family has to look after the manners and morals of all the rest.

There were eight of the Simpsons, but the six between Winnie and the baby were going to church with their father and mother on this hot Sunday morning; so Winnie would be alone except for Tod, a straggly, sticky boy from the city, who was spending his vacation in Alberta for the sake of his health.

Winnie stood on the doorstep waving her handkerchief until the wagon was out of sight, then turned into the house with a swelling sense of elation at having been left in charge of the house and farm.

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right, so we are in plenty of time," said one of the strangers. "And they are as pretty a mob as I've ever set eyes on."

"Well, we can have a feed and a rest before we start, anyhow, for Simpson won't be back from church till milking time, and we shall have got clear with the lot by then, with a good many miles between us," replied the other. Then the two passed on round the corner.

Winnie was in the kitchen when they entered, and was arranging the pie on the middle of the table. Her face was rather pale, but she did not betray any fear or confusion, although her heart was beating at a tremendous rate.

"Thank you, miss; now we shall do this!" exclaimed the elder of the two men. "Then they sat down to the table and began to eat, as if they had not tasted food before that day."

"Simpson slipped out of the house then, and running to Tod, who was in the paddock, he barked at the pigs, caught hold of his arm and dragged him off towards the orchard, where they would be out of earshot."

"Tod, Tod, can you be very brave and help me? I am afraid something dreadful is going to happen," she said, looking so queer that his heart gave a great uncomfortable jump.

"What—that is the matter?" he faltered, feeling a desire to run away, while at the same time he was ashamed of his cowardice.

"Those men have come here to steal the horses," she said, in a low, hurried tone. "You know there are thirty in the paddock that are due to be taken tomorrow for High River, where they will be put on the cars for Ottawa. We must save them, Tod."

"But what can we do?" he asked helplessly. Then he looked all round the wide landscape with a shiver, and thought how dreadful it was to be in trouble in such a solitary place, where there was no one to whom to turn for help.

"I'll put the saddle on Clover, will you dare to ride to the church at Three Bridges and ask Father to come round the barn to see what is the matter as hard as he can, and you can come in the wagon with Mother."

"But if I go, you will be safe here with those dreadful men," objected Tod.

"I know, but it can't be helped, and God will take care of me," she answered, with a sob. "Run into the barn, and bring out Father's saddle, while I catch the old horse. We will saddle up here, out of sight of the house, and the men won't know you have gone."

Tod nodded, then darted off to the barn to fetch the saddle. He was trembling all over with excitement, and a sense of the most delightful daring. Indeed, he would have been supremely happy if the prospect of his ride if it had not been for the thought of leaving Winnie alone with the horse thieves.

Clover was always willing to be caught when it was Winnie who came in search of her. She would have been a white horse with plenty of pace in her yet, and she would do the journey to Three Rivers in less than an hour.

They put the saddle on between them, but Winnie fastened the girths herself to make sure they were done properly. Then she helped Tod to mount by giving him a "back," which means that she stooped down, and he mounted to the saddle by stepping on to her back.

"Why, you haven't got a hat on!" she exclaimed, when he was safely mounted.

Winnie stood on the doorstep with the fat baby in her arms, watching them go across to the barn. There was a dreadful despair in her heart now; for the men were going so much sooner than she had expected. Why, Tod could not be more than half-way to Three Bridges yet, and she would not be able to save the horses after all.

But then a wild idea flashed into her brain. The men were in the barn, the key was in the door; she would lock them in and hold them prisoners until her father came home!

Down on the ground she dumped Master Baby, then darted across to the barn. To shut the door and lock it was the work of a moment. But even as she was in the act of doing it, a shaft of sunlight on the wall-side made her remember the window in the stable, which always stood open in the summer time. The doors were locked, but there was the open window, and a ladder ran in the barn people came even as she was in the act of doing it, a shaft of sunlight on the wall-side made her remember the window in the stable, which always stood open in the summer time. The doors were locked, but there was the open window, and a ladder ran in the barn people came even as she was in the act of doing it, a shaft of sunlight on the wall-side made her remember the window in the stable, which always stood open in the summer time. 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