

# The Children's Page

## CURRENT TOPICS

H. C. Elliott has been appointed general passenger agent of the Grand Trunk Pacific and J. D. McDonald, assistant.

The emperor and empress of Germany have been invited to the beautiful little island of Cortez, in the Mediterranean sea. They have both been ill and need a rest.

The Russian prime minister, M. Stolypin, who resigned a short time ago has been restored to power. This is looked upon by the Russians who hope for freedom, as a hopeful sign.

In a very short time, perhaps before next Sunday there will be a city council with full powers to govern the city. It is to be hoped that the members will work together for the good of Victoria.

The show of motors in the Drill Hall and the entertainments held in the casino, have delighted crowds of people. The money made over expenses was given to the society who are preparing to build a home for the sailors.

It is harvest time now in Australia and there is a strike among the harvesters. The employers refuse to let the men have anything to say as to who shall be hired and until they do the union men will not work for them.

Russia and China are again friends, which the government of the Czar and the Imperial government of China have declared. Let us hope the peace will last. Both nations have troubles enough at home without adding to them the horrors of war.

It was shown a short time ago that there is no law in Canada to prevent people who are healthy and law-abiding from coming into the country. A party was stopped at Emerson on the border but afterwards sent to their destination in Edmonton.

Two big American lumber companies who own mills and timber lands on Vancouver Island have combined at Grand Rapids. These are the Michigan and the Michigan Puget Sound companies. J. H. Moore of Victoria has been appointed vice-president and general manager.

Sir Edward Tennant and a party of men have been examining the coal mines, timber lands and wharves of this island. They traveled by motor and would have had an opportunity of seeing how beautiful Vancouver Island is and how much more beautiful it will be when all its valleys are settled and cultivated.

Honolulu has been fortified. This city is the capital of the Hawaiian Islands, which now belong to the United States. It used to be thought that the United States would never look for possessions beyond its own boundaries. Now it is clear that it is necessary to fortify not only the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, but the Isthmus of Panama.

Electricity, made by the water from the Jordan river, will be used before the middle of May, he lighting our streets, running our trams, and setting in motion hundreds of engines in all parts of Victoria. No story half so wonderful is told of the giants and wizards of olden times as this of multiplying the force of water and bringing that force over mountains and hills and valleys to do the work of men.

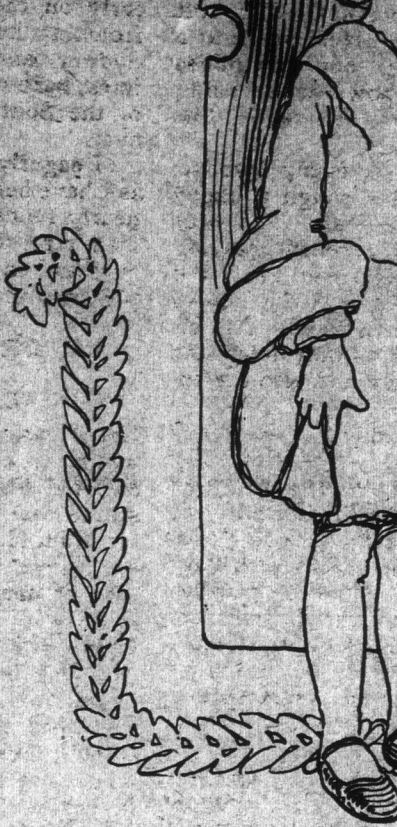
There are now ten whaling vessels ready for service on the coast of Vancouver Island. The last of these (the Brown and Blue) to arrive came in the month of March. They were built in Trondheim, Norway, and on their way called at Dartmouth, Falmouth, St. John's, Montevideo, Coronal, Callao, San Diego, and after leaving there they were stationed at Naden Harbor. Do you know where all these places are?

The bombing of a great factory in New York was one of the most horrible things that has happened for a long time. The plant was a great one and was used for the manufacture of dynamite. The explosion was a terrible one. The men who were working there were killed or injured. This will be a lesson to the manufacturers and the workers. They will be wiser in the future.

A fire broke out on the coast of Vancouver Island at Arrow Lake. It was a short time ago that a man who was very careful people ought to be so careful. Mr. Hawkins, who was smoking his pipe in a box of dynamite, was killed. The fire spread quickly and the dynamite exploded. The man was killed instantly and the room was wrecked. It is supposed a spark from his pipe fell into the box.

There is trouble in the coal mines in the province of Alberta. The coal companies have held a strike for some time ago but no agreement was reached. The men who were working there were not allowed to belong to the union nor to let the disputes be settled by men chosen by the miners. The owners with a justice of the peace court as chairman. Since this strike has been declared and the province is settled no coal will be mined in Alberta.

It is hard to believe that men are so wicked as to cause an explosion which would destroy many in-



strong ruler, Porfirio Diaz, who in his old age has had trouble and sorrow. The loss of the Secheit, has been so much talked of that if it were not for the record of the week's happenings complete the sad story would not be repeated here.

On Tuesday afternoon the little vessel left the wharf in the inner harbor with supplies for the new railroad camps and laborers for Pedder bay, where work is soon to be begun. Among those who took passage for Sooke was the Presbyterian missionary, Mr. Burns and his wife Mrs. Burns had come but a few days before from Alberta to join her husband and the two intended to settle on Pender Island this week. They had just said goodbye to their daughter and her husband, who left Victoria for Calgary, after being married. A number of the passengers landed at Sooke, and others remained on board and Captain James pursued his voyage. The little vessel passed Race Rocks safely, but when off Beachy Head she capsized and sank with all on board. Who these were is not yet known, the names reported are:

Captain James was well known and much beloved in the city.

Mr. J. W. Burns, aged 50, of Sooke, and Mrs. Burns, his wife.

Mr. George King Newton, aged 26, of Victoria, a surveyor.

Mr. J. L. Henderson, aged 26, of Victoria, lineman for Messrs. Grant, Smith & Company.

Mr. H. V. James, aged 27, master and part owner of the Secheit.

Mr. Hugh Young, of Vancouver, engineer of the Secheit.

William Davidson, deckhand, aged 25, formerly on Empress steamers.

William Baislow, fireman, aged 26, native of Halifax, N. S., where his parents reside.

Ernest Barrt, aged 26, formerly in the Royal Navy, deckhand.

### GIORDANO BRUNO

"Great men have great ideas about God, and lead their fellows and those who come after them into the wide space where the eye can see far and clear, and find God everywhere," says a writer and then goes on to tell in the Children's Encyclopedia that "Giordano Bruno was born near Naples in 1584, became a monk, left the Church, was arrested by the Inquisition in 1600, and for a time was prepared to surrender the freedom of his mind for the protection of his body, but finally stood firm, and was burnt in Rome in 1600."

The breeding grounds of northern seals are on the Pribilof Islands in the Bering sea. It is these seals which are the basis of the seal industry. They, as most of you know, belong to the United States—that is—the islands, not the seals. The Americans, at one time, claimed that all the seals in Bering sea were theirs but a court which sat at Paris decided against this claim. It is the Copper and Commander Islands on the Siberian coast are breeding grounds belonging to Russia, and the Kurile, and Ruben Bank and St. John's islands, much smaller, places, are owned by Japan. The Japanese have the most valuable fishing fleet. It is likely that all owners of sealing vessels will be compensated for their losses if it is decided to put a stop to the hunting of seals, but we must watch and learn what the conference decides.

There is a great many things to do in this great new province of ours and every day the need for a man to occupy some important position arises. Most of our newspapers in this province have members of the Young Folks' club in the fisheries department of British Columbia, left some months ago to take a position in California. A short time since Mr. D. N. McIntyre was appointed to fill his vacant place. Almost for a time since the Young Folks' club began, Mr. McIntyre has had the management of the news department of the Colonist. This is a very difficult work as some of the boys who read this may find out some day, for there will be many more newspapers in the province by the time boys now at school will be fitted to take such positions.

Those who work in the fisheries department will have in Mr. McIntyre a kind and an able leader and the province a very careful and efficient servant.

There is a demand for men, and perhaps, for women who know a great deal about the plants, the animals, the insects and the fishes of this province. The nature lessons you learn in school should fit you for more difficult studies in college.

Whether you learn these harder lessons or not you will be happier and better men and women because you have eyes to see the beauty and the wonder of the great out-of-doors.

Great things have been happening in Mexico during the past week. The president has dismissed four old members of his cabinet and appointed new men and young men in their places. The vice-president, who is hated by the people, has asked for leave of absence and will, it is thought, resign. It is even reported that when peace is restored, President Diaz will give up the stars. He was the first thinker in history to declare what all men now believe and know to be true—that the sun is a star, that the stars are stars, and that the mighty universe contains a countless number of solar systems not unlike our own which is, therefore, not the centre of all things, but one among many such that, about an infinite space. Around Bruno, common teaching held that the earth is fixed and is the centre of the universe. The great Copernicus taught that not the earth but the sun is the centre. Bruno declared that the sun is indeed the centre of this system, but in the great universe itself is only one among millions and millions of stars. For asserting this magnificent truth, which he was the first human being to perceive, Bruno was burnt to death.

Greater still, though it certainly was not first thought by himself, was Bruno's second thought, which was that God is not to be found in any one place, somewhere beyond our vision, but that He is everywhere and in all things.

In Bad-Habit Land lives a very ugly giant. He is king, and all the peo-

ple do his bidding day and night. He pays them only with tears and trouble, and he is so strong that they can never get away from him. So look out, boys and girls, the roads of "I don't want-to-mind" and "I will have my-own-way" lead straight to his castle.—Boys and Girls.

A SQUIRREL AT HOME

The most engaging of all wild animals which can be brought to tame-ness is the squirrel. In a garden, of course, the squirrel. Rather oddly, naturalists who have a claim to authority make statements about wild squirrels which can certainly be disproved. Sir Harry Johnston, for instance, writes in the British Mammals His no use trying to do anything except with squirrels caught quite young. After they are grown up they are untamable, and can bite very severely. They can doubtless bite a man, but they are not untamable. Some few years ago a pair of squirrels began to frequent the writer's garden, and one of them has become now almost a domestic pet. The process of taming animals has been slow, but it has been very interesting. The little animal began by eating the cocoonists hung up for the tits, which he did in an extremely attractive manner, hanging upside-down from his hind-feet. Next he came to the nursery window where he found bread, and though at first he was nervous, and would rush away by the wisteria to the trees if he was interrupted, he learned eventually to stay perfectly still if the window was shut; he was seen one day to touch the glass with his nose, and then to go on feeding as if he was quite satisfied. Then one day he came into the house and ate half-a-bowlful of shell, and some time later he jumped right across from a chair by the window to the study table, where he ate all the nuts that were put for him. He now comes for his nuts every day, and either eats them in the garden outside, sometimes he digs them in close to the window, sometimes in an orchard about a hundred yards away, to which he gallops as if he were pursued by a dozen dogs. It is, we imagine, a sort of game, for he will spring almost straight out of the window when he has been feeding as quietly as possible, and when he has buried his nuts, he comes galloping back as fast as he went. It was a long time before he could be induced to feed on the hand; he sniffed the fingers for a long time, but would not touch the nuts; suddenly one day

A New Portrait of H. R. H. The Prince of Wales

year 1600, on a spot where three now stand a statue to his immortal memory.

And while he travelled and lectured and taught and suffered, he thought, above all, two great thoughts which have outlasted his life and will outlast his statue, and Rome and the very face of Europe as we know it. The first of these was a thought about the stars. He was the first thinker in history to declare what all men now believe and know to be true—that the sun is a star, that the stars are stars, and that the mighty universe contains a countless number of solar systems not unlike our own which is, therefore, not the centre of all things, but one among many such that, about an infinite space. Around Bruno, common teaching held that the earth is fixed and is the centre of the universe. The great Copernicus taught that not the earth but the sun is the centre. Bruno declared that the sun is indeed the centre of this system, but in the great universe itself is only one among millions and millions of stars. For asserting this magnificent truth, which he was the first human being to perceive, Bruno was burnt to death.

Letty looked at her as if struck by a new idea.

"Try it, youngster, if only for your sake. You certainly deserve it. And I think you'll like Letty."

Every one liked Letty at once. She was running over with merriment and good-will and had always a helping hand for the old folks. Grandfather, mother, fed the chickens for Grandfather, dropped corn for Uncle Lem, and shared all of Lois's tasks. She even dragged Lois over to pay a friendly visit to old Mr. Perkins, and chattered away as if her welcome, while Lois sat by, wringing her hands and wondering how long the gruff old farmer would endure them. He let them stay, however, and gave each girl a russet apple when they went away.

"You're surely born to be president some day, Lois," said Uncle Lem. Mr. Perkins and Uncle Lem made their bargain; the rows of green things counted; the potatoes for Grandfather; their duty; and Lois and Letty planted flower seeds as well as their seeds of Latin and algebra, which Uncle Lem cultivated. Then the strawberries began to turn red, and the girls sold enough to buy for sufficient sugar to make jams and jellies all summer.

In the midst of it all, Mr. Perkins's horse stepped on his master's leg, and the old man was shut for three days in the house. Lem, with his cheery whistle, did all his neighbors chores a night and morning—though never a word of thanks did he get for it. Lois and Letty carried their unresponsive friend his meals, some cooked by Grandmother and some by themselves. He ate them all without remark, notwithstanding his evident gratitude at the attention.

"I think Mr. Perkins's face is getting nicer," Lois said one day. Letty looked astonished.

he seemed to forget all his suspicions, and took out after him. If the writer sits in a chair near the window, the squirrel will jump all over him, generally using knees, arms and boots as convenient places from which to leap, or on which to seat nuts; and he has become quite used to being stroked. Once he apparently thought of biting, but though he took a finger between his teeth he did not bite. When, if ever, he does bite, it will obviously be only logical to regard it as a further stage in the taming process.—London Spectator.

A REGULAR CUSTOMER

Bruce was a Scottish dog that lived in Edinburgh, writes a young correspondent of the New York Tribune. His master kept a grocery store. A man used to pass almost every day with meat bags to sell. He carried a bell and rang it now and then to let people know when he was coming. He asked only a penny apiece for his pies, but they were small, and an English pie is worth two of our cents. One day Bruce was sitting at the door of the store, when the pie man came along. He saw the dog's wistful look and gave him a pie. Bruce wagged his tail for "Thank you," and ate the pie.

"Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, went the bell next day. Bruce bounded out from the store, caught the pie man's coat in his teeth and would not let him go. He did not tear the coat, but showed very plainly that he meant to keep the man there until he gave him a pie. The dog's master stood in the doorway. The pie man took a penny out of his pocket, showed it to the dog and pointed to his master. Bruce unrolled himself, he bounded to his master's side put his forepaws on him, wagged his tail and looked upon his face with eager, entreating eyes. The penny was given, and Bruce took it in his mouth to the man and brought his pie.

Every day after that he watched for the pie man, and the moment he heard the bell he ran to his master and begged for a penny. It was never refused, and so Bruce became a regular customer; a good one, too, as he always paid promptly and never found fault.

IN FEBRUARY

"First father—It must have cost you a lot to send your son to college." "Second father—It did."

"First father—And what have you received in return?" "Second father—"My son"—Cornell Widow.

Lois's Fairy Gold

(Continued From Last Sunday)

"You're a clever girl, Lois, and you have really done wonders here alone, but you do find more obstacles to it than you ever do find in potatoes. When I come to fertilizing, I'll consider fertilizer. First, I'll plow."

Dan and Molly were both groggy, the chickenhouse cleaned, and the berry bushes trimmed into neat rows, before Lem said that he had earned their supper. The evening went in the making of vegetable lists.

It took two days to do Mr. Perkins's plowing and another day to do the south meadow. Before it was finished Lem had a letter.

"It is from Dr. Larned," he said. "He is taken with the farm idea, and he wants to know if we have room for Letty. But it means that, if she comes, I'll have to find time to tutor her."

Lois's eyes danced with joy, as she exclaimed: "Oh; could you, Uncle Lem? In the evenings? And then I could study, too!"

Uncle Lem looked at her as if struck by a new idea.

"I'll try it, youngster, if only for your sake. You certainly deserve it. And I think you'll like Letty."

Every one liked Letty at once. She was running over with merriment and good-will and had always a helping hand for the old folks. Grandfather, mother, fed the chickens for Grandfather, dropped corn for Uncle Lem, and shared all of Lois's tasks. She even dragged Lois over to pay a friendly visit to old Mr. Perkins, and chattered away as if her welcome, while Lois sat by, wringing her hands and wondering how long the gruff old farmer would endure them. He let them stay, however, and gave each girl a russet apple when they went away.

"You're surely born to be president some day, Lois," said Uncle Lem. Mr. Perkins and Uncle Lem made their bargain; the rows of green things counted; the potatoes for Grandfather; their duty; and Lois and Letty planted flower seeds as well as their seeds of Latin and algebra, which Uncle Lem cultivated. Then the strawberries began to turn red, and the girls sold enough to buy for sufficient sugar to make jams and jellies all summer.

In the midst of it all, Mr. Perkins's horse stepped on his master's leg, and the old man was shut for three days in the house. Lem, with his cheery whistle, did all his neighbors chores a night and morning—though never a word of thanks did he get for it. Lois and Letty carried their unresponsive friend his meals, some cooked by Grandmother and some by themselves. He ate them all without remark, notwithstanding his evident gratitude at the attention.

"I think Mr. Perkins's face is getting nicer," Lois said one day. Letty looked astonished.

Lois read, with eyes that steadily grew larger.

"Dear Neighbors: No man likes to say he is wrong. But a man can't live neighbor to you without trying to be as square as he can. You're a different man from Ezekiel, and so are the rest of his folks. I've been taking out my spite for him on them, and those girls were as good to me as if I had n't plagued them. Ezekiel paid me the money all right. I meant to tell 'em so, when I got good and ready. Now I include the record. You could n't have treated me kinder if you'd been my own son. All the good ain't gone out of the world yet, though."—H. R. PERKINS.

Without a word Lois laid down the letter and took from her desk the list of necessities that only two thousand dollars in hard cash could satisfy. She drew her pencil through the first item on the paper, and said slowly:

"Interest; there was n't any. 'School; you're taught me for nothing. 'Servant; it was that—'and 'Lety. 'Man; that was you. 'Horse; it was standing in Mr. Perkins's stable all the time. 'Clothes; we never had such nice ones. And the 'fertilizer and the 'new soap and the 'soap; I've crossed everything off the list, and except for this check, there has n't been a single penny to do it with!"

"And not a 'fairy purse' in the whole business," teased Uncle Lem.

"But there was," Lois cried. "It was in my lap that very day when I eat in the apple-tree and fruttled, only because it was a fairy purse, it was invisible." "And now it suddenly becomes visible!"

"Yes," said Lois, "because a great big, splendid prince-and-a came along, and he believed in fairness and in loving people and in looking for assets—that is a nice word—right under your nose, and he made the purse visible."

"I think I saw the gleam of the fairy gold from the very first," said Uncle Lem.—Helen Ward Banks in St. Nicholas.

Governor Winter's Woodpile

By Hesekiah Butterworth.

The winds o'er the Mystic blew bitter and cold.  
The snow o'er the hills like a winding sheet rolled,  
And clouded days, vanished in fireless gold.

But the governor's farms on the Mystic were stored,  
His chimneys were smoke-stained, his wood-piles were broad;  
They laughed at the snowpakes who fed at his board.

His fire-dogs were golden, his fenders were red,  
The warming-pans waited to comfort his bed,  
And his wood-pile stretched full forty feet, it is said.

"Ho, governor, listen" the wood-choppers spoke,  
As they stood at his door 'neath the reaches of smoke,  
And curled in the sunset the spirals of smoke.

"Each night comes a thief to your wood-pile and steals,  
And the tracks that the snow from the storm-sheet reveals  
Lead over the pasture to old Grandair Beals!"

Then Windthrop looked grave, could such crimes be abroad,  
In preclainers' homes in the Province of God?  
First of judgment he thought, then of Saint Matthew's word.

"Your news," said the governor, "fills me with pain,  
I'll attend to the case, and my duty is plain.  
Old Grandfather Beals will ne'er steal again!"

"Alack-and-a-day!" said Grandmother Beals,  
The last cloud of smoke from our empty hearth steals,  
And there's not in the province one true heart that feels.

"The sunset is red, cold tomorrow will be.  
The north wind is keen in the capes of the sea,  
Alack-and-a-day! Ah-a-me! Ah-a-me!"

Then wringing her hands she sank down on the floor,  
"I would we were dead, and our troubles were o'er!"  
She stared—there fell a loud rap on the door!

Then Grandfather Beals from his empty hearth vent,  
And opened the door—there the governor bent,  
To the old man, as though from the Lord he were sent.

The northern winds moaned in the reaches of sea,  
The ice fetters craked on the tall savin-trees,  
Alack-and-a-day! Ah-a-me! Ah-a-me!

"Your woodpile is gone," so the governor said,  
"You were wrong, and I need seasoned all in my shed,  
You may need it, you need," and he low bowed his head.

"I will send you a load!" Then he turned from the door,  
And the old man spoke gently, "Rise up from the floor,  
'Twas the good Lord that sent him, I'll never steal more."

The governor strode home in his happiest mood,  
And he said, "enjoying the great fire, he stood at the door,  
"I have cured him forever of stealing my wood!"—Youth's Companion.

Lois's Fairy Gold (Continued)

Uncle Lem laughed. He looked at his niece and with a twinkle, said: "You're bound not to get your needs filled in any way except through that purse, aren't you? I'm content to take mine in peas and potatoes and strawberry jam."

"You can't pay interest with strawberry jam," said Lois.

"You might, on a pinch," answered Uncle Lem.

"Oh, Lois," Letty said, "you are so funny! Come on, and label our jam, and let's give one jar out of every ten we put up to Mr. Perkins, shall we?"

The hay was housed and the rye reaped. The garden yielded its succession of vegetables, and with the help of the cow and the chickens, kept Grandmother's old mahogany table groaning with good things. Mr. Perkins got his tithes of sweetness, as currants and cherries, raspberries and blackberries trod in turn upon each other's heels in rapid succession.

It was September before Mrs. Larned came to take Letty home. When she was here, she held up her hands in horror.

"My child! My child!" she exclaimed. "Is this what a farm does for you? You have certainly grown a puny, thin, and you'll not be able to wear one of your last year's frocks!"

Then she turned quickly to Lois, with a glow in her loving, motherly eyes.

"I shall send them all to you as a punishment for letting Letty outstrip you so. I took such pains in making them. I wonder if you will wear them?"

Letty dashed at her with a quick embrace.

"Oh, Lois, what fun! And Mother will make my new ones just like these, and then when you come to visit me next winter, everybody will take us for twins!"

The box came after Letty reached home. It it were not only the pretty clothes for Lois, but the warm things that Grandmother and Grandfather needed—"with Letty's love and gratitude for the hardest summer, and her parents' best thanks."

When the harvest of the outside work was done, Uncle Lem settled down with Lois into regular study-hours. Studying alone, she learned more in a month than she could have learned in three in any country school.

One morning in October Uncle Lem, his face one broad smile, came up to her directly from the postoffice. He tossed two letters into Lois's lap.

"This will do for an English lesson," he said. "Read them and criticize them."

The first was a kind note from Dr. Larned. It held not only a check for Letty's tutoring, but one for Uncle Lem's last quarter's salary as well.

"I think that's the coal and the new roof, is n't it?" he said. "But this other is better yet. Read it."

Lois read, with eyes that steadily grew larger.

"Dear Neighbors: No man likes to say he is wrong. But a man can't live neighbor to you without trying to be as square as he can. You're a different man from Ezekiel, and so are the rest of his folks. I've been taking out my spite for him on them, and those girls were as good to me as if I had n't plagued them. Ezekiel paid me the money all right. I meant to tell 'em so, when I got good and ready. Now I include the record. You could n't have treated me kinder if you'd been my own son. All the good ain't gone out of the world yet, though."—H. R. PERKINS.

Without a word Lois laid down the letter and took from her desk the list of necessities that only two thousand dollars in hard cash could satisfy. She drew her pencil through the first item on the paper, and said slowly:

"Interest; there was n't any. 'School; you're taught me for nothing. 'Servant; it was that—'and 'Lety. 'Man; that was you. 'Horse; it was standing in Mr. Perkins's stable all the time. 'Clothes; we never had such nice ones. And the 'fertilizer and the 'new soap and the 'soap; I've crossed everything off the list, and except for this check, there has n't been a single penny to do it with!"

"And not a 'fairy purse' in the whole business," teased Uncle Lem.

"But there was," Lois cried. "It was in my lap that very day when I eat in the apple-tree and fruttled, only because it was a fairy purse, it was invisible." "And now it suddenly becomes visible!"

"Yes," said Lois, "because a great big, splendid prince-and-a came along, and he believed in fairness and in loving people and in looking for assets—that is a nice word—right under your nose, and he made the purse visible."

"I think I saw the gleam of the fairy gold from the very first," said Uncle Lem.—Helen Ward Banks in St. Nicholas.