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PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FO

CURRENT TOPICS

In our own province there have been several polit-ral meetings and the Premier and other ministers ave been learning what the people of the different

If President Castro, of Venezuela, has offended the uton nation he will be forced to eat very humble ie. Holland is a small nation, but it is a proud and

or many months times have been hard in the States and many people have been idle in the In Minneapolis last week there was a failure, it is feared, will throw many more people out apployment. A big milling company which has and elevators in many of the states was forced

King Edward met his nephew, the Emperor William at Kronburg, Germany. They greeted each other very affectionately and had a long talk. Whether the monarchs will succeed in doing away with the illefelings between the English and German nations remains to be seen. The King goes to Vienna to see the aged Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria.

American fleet has arrived at New Zealand and has been warmly welcomed there. The ships are in the harbor at Auckland and officers and men are enjoying the hospitality of the people of that city. This is all as it should be. After their voyage of more than a month the sailors will be very glad to be on shore and among people of kindred blood and the same speech.

The American, Wilbur B. Wright, who is trying to make a ship that will sail through the air; has been trying experiments at Le Mans in France. He was successful in a short flight.

At Washington, Capt. Baldwin, who is trying to make an airship that can be used to give signals to the army, has also made a flight and found that his airship could travel 12 miles an hour. The board of officers who inspected it, declared that it was properly made,

The time chosen for the Saskatchewan elections must have been a very inconvenient one for the farmers. The harvest is on in many places, and even a day is hard to spare. However, no doubt most of the men made up their minds during the long winter nights for whom they would vote. Few people have as much leisure for reading and thinking as the farmers in a country where winter lasts for many months. This is an advantage not to be despised.

Turkey is no longer a despotic monarchy. The Sultan, Abdul Hamid, has decided to call a parliament and so give the people a voice in making their own laws. The British government has ordered its ambassador to tell the Sultan how greatly pleased the nation is with his decision. For many years the powers of Europe have watched over the "Sick Man," as they called Turkey. If the Young Turks are determined that the people as well as the government will be reformed Turkey may once more become great and powerful. Unless people are good, even freedom cannot make them strong.

The strike in the C.PR machine shops at Montreal and Winnipeg is still going on It is said that the company will bring in men to take the place of the strikers and the men seem determined not to go to work. When the wheat on the prairies is almost ready for the reaper and when every engine and car in Canada will in a few weeks be needed to carry it to the ocean, so that the business of the country may go on and the farmers be paid for their labor, it seems a most unfortunate thing for masters and men to quarrel. It was hoped that the Demieux A t would put an end to labor troubles in this country, but in this case it has failed. It may be, however, that very soon an agreement will be reached.

The people of Fernie have gone to work bravely to rebuild their city. Although a fire seems the most terrible misfortune that could befall a town, it often happens that after a great fire a larger and more beautiful city is built. This was the case in Vancouver and Seattle as well as in Chicago and St. John, N.B. The new city does not rise on the ruins of the old without great suffering and loss to those of the old without great suffering and loss to those who owned the property burned. It is a fine thing to see people forgetting their misfortunes and going bravely forward. Help has come from all directions to the people of Fernie. Whatever we may sometimes think, there are many kind hearts in the world. Suffering or distress seldom pleads in vain for help. The selfish and the cruel or the merely careless who will not reach out a helping hand injure themselves more than the sufferers.

The Emperor and the people of Germany have de-termined to provide Count Zeppelin with plenty of money to build a new airship. Inventors have in the past only succeeded after many failures. Few of them have been fortunate enough to receive presents of

have been fortunate enough to receive presents of great sums of money.

It is said that the Germans expect that airships will be new and terrible engines of war and that they hope by means of them to be able to invade England. But it is not likely that Germany will have this invention to herself. Experiments are being made in France, the United States and in England itself. Some one has said that the size of the battleships and the destruction their guns would cause will put an end to war. How much more horrible would a battle in the air be. The very thought of such a thing seems like some terrible dream.

Even little children know that it costs much less to carry goods by water than by land. From the head of Lake Superior to the Atlantic Ocean is the most splendid inland waterway in the world. It reaches almost to the grain fields of the western prairies and passes through fruitful land farther east. The consequence is that Montreal is fast becoming the greatest grain shipping port in America. New York is making great efforts to keep the etrade but the railroad men say that it is not possible for them to carry grain as cheaply as the steamers can. Some of you may remember that long ago New York and Canada were rivals for the fur trade. What would those French and Dutch traders have said could they have seen the United States and Canada of today, with great steamers instead of canoes and lines of railroad instead of Indian trails through the forest?

If any one had told even the most hopeful of the fathers of Confederation that grain would grow in the Peace River valley and that there would be fine farms on the Skeena River, they would not have believed them. Almost every one in those days expected that the south of Canada would be a fruitful land, but if they thought about the north at all it was as the home of the fur trader and possibly the fisherman or miner. Yet every day shows that land which was supposed to be too far north for cultivation produce splendid crops. In this way Canada and especially British Columbia, is growing larger as it is better known. The report which Mr. A Brown brought lown from the Kitsumkalum valley, east of Fort Rupert, is all the better news that few people expected it. He says that the fruit, vegetables and grain grown there are excellent and that the climate is very pleasant.

It has been so often said lately that England is using ground that many people who should know etter are beginning to believe it. A short time ago and Morley of Blackburn made a speech to some anglish sailor boys who were training on board the hip Worcester, that would have done every lad in the Empire good to hear. He showed that so far is the trade of England from declining that the Empire as nearly as many merchant ships as all the other puntries in the world put together and that Great ritain herself has 46 per cent of the tonnage of the orld. More than that, the new ships built by Englard are the finest and largest in the world. The office of the finest and largest in the world. The office of the safety of British sailors was never so all cared for as now. Last year twenty million tons shipping passed through the Suez Canal and of less fourteen millions were British. It was not nice, and Morley said, to boast, but we must not let ourless or others believe that Great Britian's trade as declining. We can fancy that the boys cheered a speaker and that they will make all the better lions for his hopeful, cheerful words.

There is still trouble in France between the government and the labor unions. One night the electricians stopped work and for two hours the whole city of Parls was in darkness. The workmen, however, returned to their duties. It is wonderful to think how completely the people of all cities have learned to depend on electric light. It is not much more than twenty-five years since the first city was lighted with electricity and now there is scarcely any town so small but it has its electric plant. There are still many people living who remember when all night work was done by candle light. Yet there are no men in the world who can do some kinds of work as well as those who in the centuries that have gone worked in this tiny light. Trains can cross over the continent in less than a week and ships steam over the Atlantic in even less time. We can talk to people hundreds of miles distant and send a message round the world in a moment. We have harnessed the lightning, nay, we have even taught it to do our bidding without confining it and the wireless telegraph brings us news from ships far out at sea. As

Him of whom it was said that never man spake as

Him of whom it was said that never man spake as He did.

When we think that the very wisest and best men and women who live in the world today are only trying to follow these great teachers of the past we may wonder whether after all we have any such great cause for boasting. For the things that will last the longest are not to be seen and handled. It is in the men of a nation that its real greatness lies. But perhaps this is too hard a lesson for you to learn yet. Still, every child who is truthful and pure, obedient, earnest and humble, may be doing as much for the world as Count Zeppelin or Edison.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

A second night fell, and over the eastern fort the moon rose like a silver disc, and the boy Hebert had not returned. The village had been searched and his comrades at the mission school questioned, but no. Hebert was lost and the night had come again. Now,

In the lonely cabin knelt the mother of Hebert, her heart brave with the thought that the good God would guide the footsteps of the seekers as she prayed that it might be. Outside the breeze shivered in the treetops, and from afar off came the echo of a wolf-dog's bark. Suddenly, mingled with these sounds there came to her another, that of someone moving stealthilly beneath her window. Standing in the doorway she called into the darkness, and darting from the shadows there stood the Indian lad, Ouagimon. By broken words of Frenci and gestures he made known to her his purpose. He would seek the lost white brother, search the paths they had strayed together, he. Ouagimon, would return. Gratefully the mother spoke her thanks, and entering the house soon returned with a moccasin belonging to her boy, and gave it to the lad as he had asked. Then silently and swiftly as he had come, he disappeared among the trees.

For hours he glided onward, following the trail of the pad-like imprint, often bending low to see more

for the lad and spoke to him words of praise. Departing, Ouagimon had hung upon his girdle a beautiful keen-bladed knife with a hilt that glittered like a rainbow in the sun. But best of all he had gained the great white father's trust, and Ouagimon went away with sunshine in his heart.—M.H.C. in Canadian Counter. Courier.

NATURAL HISTORY

Dog and Kitten

A correspondent sends to the London Spectator the following anecdote:

The servant man of a family took a kitten to a pond with the intention of drowning it. His master's dog went with him, and when the kitten was thrown into the water, the dog sprang in and brought it back to land.

A second time the man threw it in, and again the dog rescued it; and when for the third time the servant tried to drown it, the dog, as resolute to save the little helpless life as the man was to destroy it, swam with it to the other side of the pool, and ran all the way home with it, and deposited it before the kitchen fire.

From that time the dog kept constant watch over the kitten. The two were inseparable, even sharing the same bed.

Just a Little Yellow Dog

Ben was a worthless, yellow cur, but our baby loved him. They always played together. Their favorite spot was the meadow. There in the tail grass one could see the baby's bobbing pink sunbonnet and close at hand the dog's waving tail. In July the grass was ripe, and the baby's father brought out the mower and set a man to work in the hayfield. The man had made the circuit of the field twice, when Ben sprang from the grass into the horses' faces. When the mower stopped, he stood before it, barking excitedly. The man tried to drive him away but Ben, usually an arrant coward, stood his ground in spite of kicks and blows. The hired man returned to his seat and started on, determined to proceed, even if the machine killed the dog. But Ben, divining his intentions, grabbed him by the leg and dragged him to the ground.

The baby's father came hurrying up. Ben ran to meet him, and then bounded back into the uncut grass. The father followed. There, just a few rods ahead of the mower and directly in the path of the sickle, lay our baby, fast asleep.

WITH THE POETS

Playmates of the Long Ago. Playmates of the Long Ago.
Playmates of the Long Ago,
When the shades of night fall low,
Once again to you I come,
Barefoot boy with broken drum,
Once again I seem to stray,
Blithely down the paths of May;
Laughing, chatting with you there,
Playing baseball on the square;
Wandering with line and pole
To our favorite fishing hole;
Now, where are you, I would know,
Playmates of the Long Ago?

Where's the boy that used to cor Calling nightly for his chum? Long before I'd finished tea, I would hear him calling me; Never dared to ring the bell, Always stood and gave a yell; Seems tonight I'm hearing you Calling, calling loud: "Yu-hoo." Back through all the misty past, Oer the space of time so vast, Come, like troopers in a show, Playmates of the Long Ago.

Where's the litle girl I knew, Cherry lips and eyes of blue? Picture that no brush can paint, In sun bonnet old and quaint; Dainty little maid, and shy, Has Time gently passed you by?
Here a bearded man and gray
Still remembers you as May:
In his heart you're living yet,
As a child he can't forget.
Years shall never crown with snow,
Playmates of the Long Ago.

Back again they run in dreams,
Playmates by the running streams;
Boys I romped with, girls I kissed
Swarm about me from the mist
Of the years that quick have flown,
Still I claim them for my own;
Some are sleeping heath the hill,
But in day-dreams living still.
Some perhaps are trouble-worn
Just as I am—but I scorn
Thoughts that wrong has laid one low,
Playmates of the Long Ago.
—Edgar A. Guest in Detroit Wrong I -Edgar A. Guest in Detroit Free Pres-

FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

The Wind Woman.

I am the Wind Woman who dwells in the air.

I burnish the stars and I set the moon fair.

I sweep away clouds and the mist and the rain,

And bring back the pleasant blue weather again.

I am the Wind Woman who rides through the sky.
I'm a friend of the Earth Folk: I shake washings
dry,
I pluck off the fruit from the ripening tree,
And I swell out the sails of the white ships at sea.

I am the Wind Woman who sings soft and low
A song through the pines when to bed you must go.
Why, I'm with you by night, and I'm with you by
day,
Just to serve you at work, and to help you at play.
—Alice Van Leer Carrick in Youth's Companion.

A Queer Mother.

Mrs. Speckle had heretofore proved a good mother to the fluffy balls that crept under her wings and chirped by her side. But now, for some untold reason, there were three little chicks that she refused to shelter or feed.

Grandmother said it must be because of old age—grandmother always tried to be charitable with all. Hazel, who had come to visit grandmother, insisted that the hen had a bad temper.

Grandmother and Hazel made a nice warm nest in a box for the chicks, and put them in the stable, and covered them with a piece of blanket to keep them warm during the night.

They were lonesome during the day, and though Hazel cared for them all that a little sirl could, still they chirped and chirped for their mother, who woud peck them whenever they went near her.

When Hazel went out to feed them the third morning, she left the task unfinished, and ran back to the kitchen with a shining face, and astonished grandmother with her excited tone.

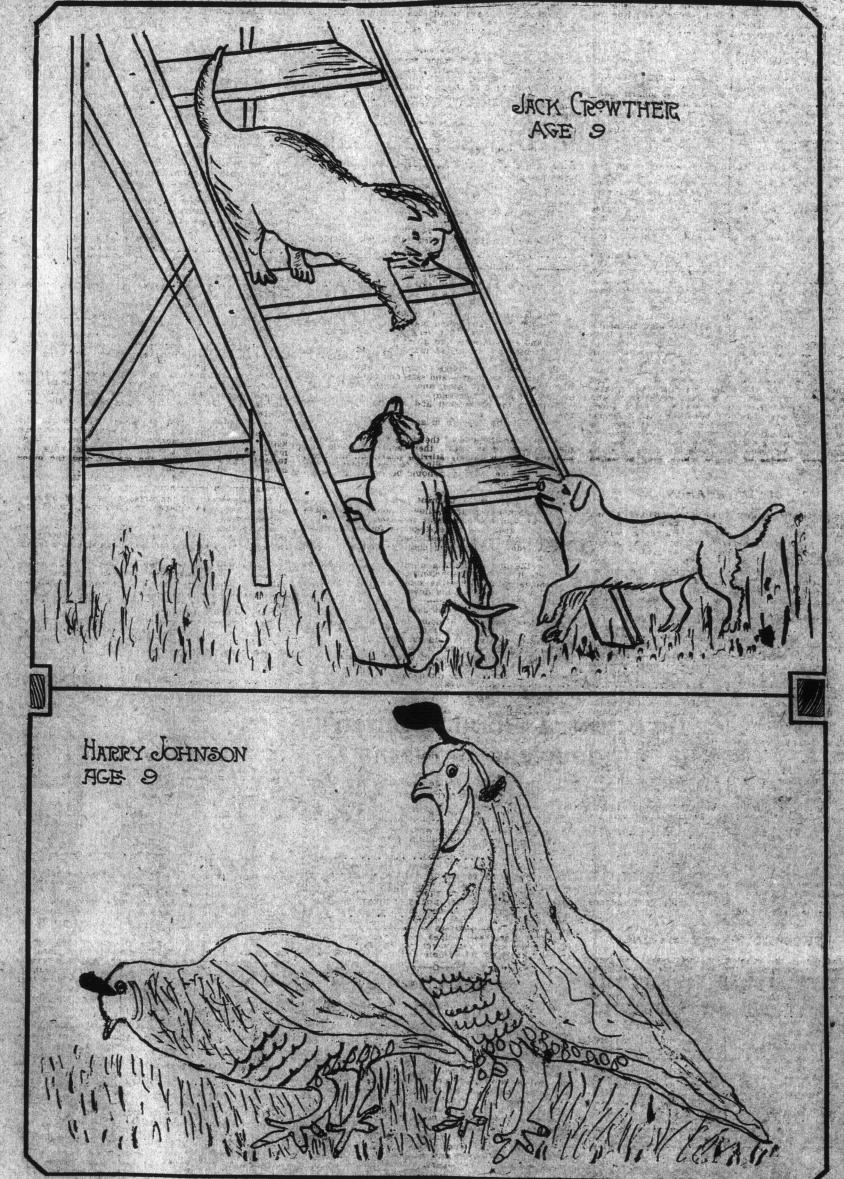
"Grandmother they have a mother now!" She thought grandmother would know who 'they' meant.

"Who, ohld?" said grandmother, cetting the coffee pot on the table, instead of the stove.

"The chickens!" explained Hazel. "The white pigeon has adopted them."

Grandmother was as much astonished as Hazel had been, and throwing her apron over her head, followed Hazel to the barnyard, and there they were, the pigeon and the three little chicks, as happy as could be.—Inez Wilson in the Child's Hour.

We might call Greenland the world's leebox. If you glance at the map, you will see that the state of New York, large as it seems to us, is not over one-twentieth the size of Greenland, for New York contains only 47,000 square miles. Then think that the glaciers are steadily moving away from the centre of Greenland, really being crowded off the land, and it will not seem so strange that here is the birthplace of nearly all the leebergs that are so feared by the mariner.—From Day Allen Willey's "Ice-bergs," in June St. Nicholas.



we have seen, men have learned to sail through the air. Pictures which would have been looked upon with wonder by our forefathers are glanced at with careless eyes and torn by idle hands. Rivers have been bridged and tunnels made under the sea or through the mountains. All these and hundreds of things as wonderful have been accomplished. But who in these days can think the thoughts or express them in the words of Shakespeare or Milton, Wordsworth or Shelley and all the long line of poets whose works have made the name of England famous in all lands? Centuries before their time books were written in Greece and Rome, which have lived long after those great empires have departed and which are read and studied by the wisest men of our own time. In the little country which we now call Palestine, Moses and David, Samuel and Isaiah and many others taught men in words whose beauty has never ben excelled how they should act towards God and towards one another. Here was lived that most wonderful of all lives, whose story is told in simple words in the New Testament, and here was the home of the men who first carried to distant lands the words of

down by the warehouse a little group of colonists had gathered, a search party, torches alight, departing to search for the missing child. It was as the Governor had said, he must be found and God's grace to the man who brought him safe. With his words of courage in their ears and hope in their brave hearts they set forth into the woods, the torches flashing here and there like great fire-flies mid the shadows of the night.

The Indian lad, Ouagimon, had seen them depart. Today in the viliage ine had heard that a little pale-face was lost, and just now, lying motionless in the long grass near where the men had gathered, he had ilstened to their words. "Hebert." That was the name he had heard; the name of the lost one, the little white brother who had betriended him, had taught him the wonderful games of shother world had played his games, had swam with him and fished with him—the little pale-face who had trusted film. Baht what did the white fathers know of a trail? He, the little white chief's brother, would trayed by the forest paths he knew so well and bring him back to them.

clearly if it matched the moccasin he carried. Then again he would speed onward with the lightness of a deer, never resting, never stacking till the first grey shades of morning tinged the eastern sky and filtered through the forest gloom. Here he could see by the dawning light the weasy footsteps had wavered and a beaten spot in the long grass marked the place where the little wanderer had sat to rest. Then on-ward again, and Ouagimon knew the race was nearly run. A little farther and he came upon an old tree, huge and gaunt, hollowed out by storm and tempest, and there, curied like a baby bear in his winter quarters, a bunch of the withered wood-flowers he had come to gather clasped tight in his sun-browned hand, slept the missing boy. "Ouagimon!" he cried, opening his dark eyes and smilling on the lad, "Ouagimon, I have waited here for you to come."

It happened in old Quebeg nearly three hundred years ago, and the story is told of how the brave Ouagimon, spent with his long journeying, returned with the colonist boy after seeking him all through the long night. And the Governor heard and he sent