

MESSAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

In our own province there have been several political meetings and the Premier and other ministers have been learning what the people of the different districts need.

President Castro, of Venezuela, has offended the public opinion here by his refusal to eat a humble pie. It is a small nation, but it is a proud and stubborn one.

Many months there have been hard in the United States and many people have been idle in the cities. In Minneapolis last week there was a failure, which it is feared, will throw many more people out of employment. This means that many mills and elevators in many of the states were forced to close.

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 ill-feelings between the English and German nations remains to be seen. The King goes to Vienna to see the aged Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria.

The 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. It should be a source of pride to 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 signal 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 long ago. Few people have as much leisure for reading and thinking as the farmers in a winter month. 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 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, and the Young Turk revolution has reformed Turkey may once more become great and powerful. Unless people are good, even freedom cannot make them strong.

The strike in the C.P.R. 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 be needed to carry it to the coast, 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 "Democrat" 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 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 the cause, sometimes there are many kind hearts in the world. Suffering and distress seldom pleads in vain for help. The selfish and the miserly care of money will not reach out a helping hand to those who are more than the sufferers.

The Emperor and the people of Germany have determined 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 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 airships will cause the destruction of the world, but it is a very old story. How much more horrible would a battle in the air be. The very thought of such a thing in the future seems like some terrible dream.

Even little children know that it costs much less to carry goods 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 lands to the east. The consequence is that Montreal is fast becoming the greatest grain shipping port in America. New York is making great efforts to keep its stranglehold on 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 the 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 had thought about the north at all it was as the home of the fur trader and possibly the which was supposed to be too far north for cultivation and especially British Columbia, is growing larger as the report, which Mr. A. Brown of Fort Rupert, is all the better news that few people 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?

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. Things which were once thought of as impossible are now in these days can think the thoughts of express men 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 faded. How they should live 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

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 Paris was in darkness. The workmen, however, returned to their duties. It is wonderful to learn 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 spoke 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 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 stealthily beneath her window. Standing in the doorway she called into the darkness, and darting from the shadows there stood the Indian lad, Ouaquimon. By broken words of French and gestures he made known to her his purpose. He would seek the lost white brother, search the paths they had strayed together, he, Ouaquimon, 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, Ouaquimon 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 Ouaquimon went away with sunshine in his heart.—M.H.C. in Canadian 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 pond, 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 dog, but our baby loved him. They always played together. Their favorite spot was the meadow. There in the tall 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 horse's faces. When the mower stopped, he stood before it, barking excitedly. The man tried to drive him away, but Ben, usually an ardent 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 uncultivated 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

When the shades of night fall low,
Once again to you I come,
Barefooted 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 come
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;
Some tonight I'm hearing you,
Calling, calling loudly: "Yar-boo!"
Back through all the misty past,
Or the space of time so vast,
Come, like troopers in a show,
Playmates of the Long Ago.

Where's the little 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 thy
Has time gently passed you by?
Here bearded men and gray
Still remembers you as May,
In his heart you're living yet,
Tears 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 'neath 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 Free Press.

FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

The Wind Woman

I am the Wind Woman who dwell 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 Carriek in Youth's Companion.

A Queer Mother

Mrs. Speckle had heretofore proved a good mother to the fluffy chicks 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 the time, they were still chirping and chirping for their mother, who would peck them whenever they went near her."

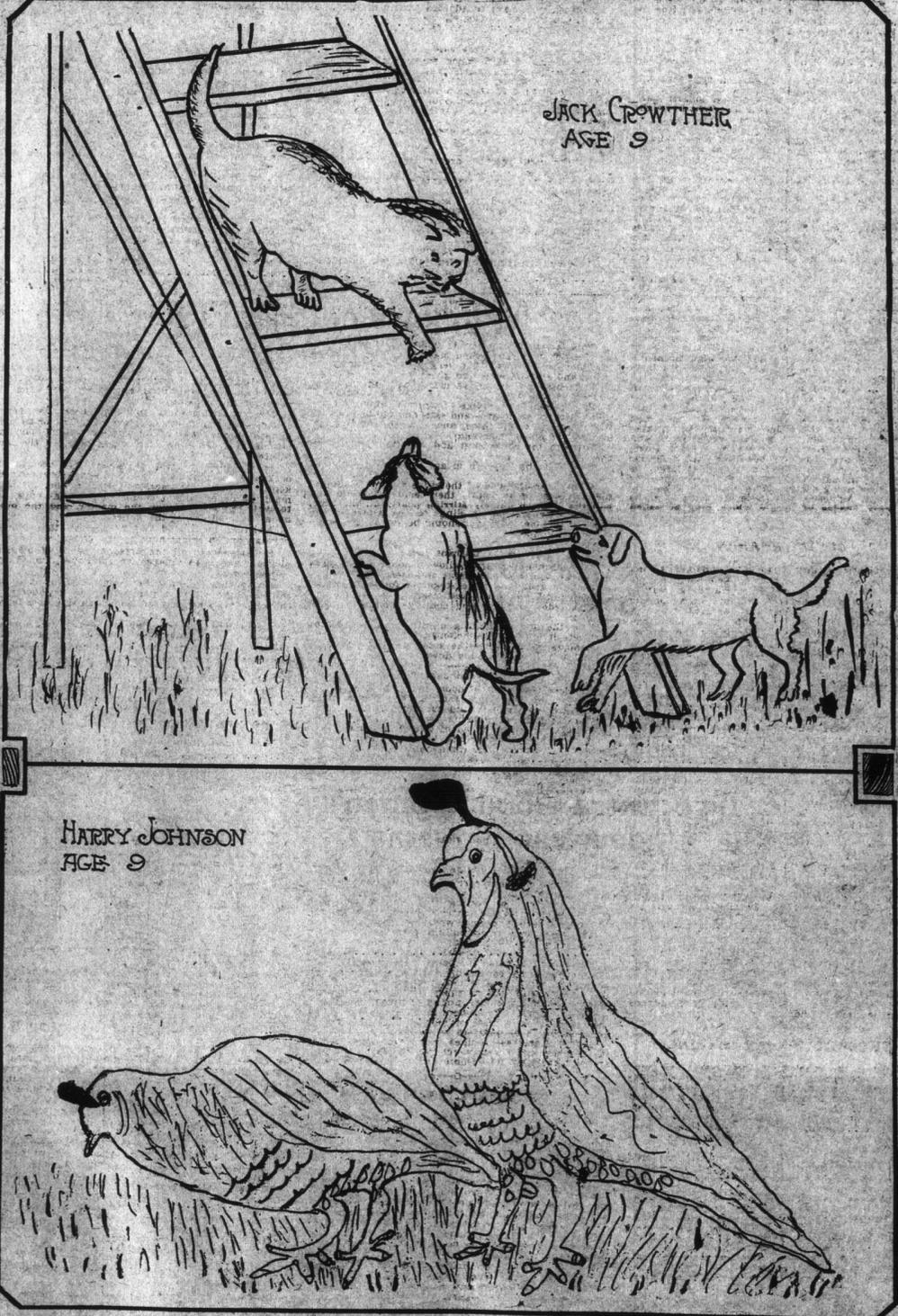
"When Hazel went out to feed them the third morning, she left the task unfinished, and ran back to the kitchen with a shining face, and astonished grandmother with her excited tone.

"Grandmother, they have a mother now!" She thought grandmother would know who they meant, and Hazel, who had said grandmother, setting 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. But she could be.—Inez Wilson in the Child's Hour.

We might call Greenland the world's icebox. 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 49,000 square miles. Then think that the glaciers are steadily moving away from the center of Greenland, really being crowded off the land, and it will not seem so strange that here is the birthplace of nearly all the icebergs that are feared by the mariner.—From Day Allen Willis' "Icebergs," in June 21, Nicholas.



JACK CROWTHER
AGE 9

HARRY JOHNSON
AGE 9