

SPACE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

In the United States, too, elections are being held. In November it will be decided whether Bryan or Taft is to be president. It is not often that the Canadians and the United States elections take place in the same year.

On her way from Fort Wrangell, in Alaska, to San Francisco the bark Star of Bengal was wrecked on the coast of Coronation Island. Nearly all on board perished, being lost, and the men were rescued by the Alaskan coast guard.

In St. Petersburg, Russia, and in the Philippine Islands, thousands of miles away, cholera is killing many hundreds of people. It is not often such diseases as cholera and the plague enter a city where the people are well fed and keep both themselves and their city clean. Hunger and dirt are the parents of most diseases.

Perhaps some of you do not know that the grain in most of the fields in the United States is raised by big machines driven by steam. This work is now, at least in Alberta, nearly finished, and it has been found that the yield of wheat is even greater than was expected. Many people from the United States are coming to take up land in this fertile province.

In the beautiful city of Paris the telephone building was burned down and great loss and inconvenience was caused. It is surprising how much use is now made of the wonderful little instrument which carries the sound of our voices for such long distances. Will it ever be possible to see into Seattle or Vancouver? Can any boy tell?

A very sad thing happened last week near Washington. While Wilbur Wright and Lieut. Selfridge were taking a trip in the aeroplane at Fort Meyer, a propeller broke and the machine fell to the ground, killing Lieut. Selfridge and injuring, though not seriously, the inventor, Wilbur Wright. The accident does not prove, Mr. Wright thinks, that the machine was not properly made, but only that the propeller was weak. He will, as soon as he recovers, go on with his experiments.

While we read in the English papers that shipbuilders are idle in Glasgow, on the Tyne, in Belfast and many other centres, we find that in Cape Breton there is a little demand for coal, and that many of the miners are out of work. Men often complain because they have to work too hard, but nothing in the world is so terrible as to be forced to sit idle while those depending on us suffer want. The world today is like some vast piece of machinery. One part of it cannot be injured without the whole suffering.

It is with great pain that the editor of this page hears that there are cruel and cowardly boys in our lovely city. The papers have reported that Chinamen who are going quietly about their work have been attacked by lads who should know better. The boys who behave in this way are disgracing not only themselves and their parents, but their race and their religion. The sons of Englishmen and Christians should know better than to do harm to any defenceless creature, much less any fellow-being.

Presence of mind is a splendid thing for a girl to have. Last week a young girl in Vancouver was almost burned to death. Her dress caught fire and she ran out into the street. A man met her, caught her in his arms and crushed out the flames. If at first she had laid down and rolled on the carpet, or thrown a mat around her, she would have saved herself. Women even more than men must learn to think in danger. Many lives have been saved by women who knew just what to do when sudden danger arose.

There is an island on the Alaskan coast which is only visited once a year by ships from the outside world. Yet there is a man good enough to live in this desolate place, and to teach the Christian religion to the natives. The island is St. Lawrence, and the name of the missionary is the Rev. Edgar O. Campbell, who belongs to the Presbyterian church. In a letter to his friends he tells of his people going to visit a tribe of Esquimos on the coast of Siberia found them all dead of starvation. Such a story of want and suffering is only too common among the wandering tribes of the North.

Next year Victoria will be a much nicer place to live in. Not only are the new water mains being laid and the reservoirs built to give us a plentiful supply of clean water, but permanent sidewalks are being laid down on all the principal streets, and if the city and property owners cannot make the boulevards, every household, who is industrious and wants his home as well as the city to look well, should see that the space between his house and the streets is clear of weeds and planted with grass. Children can help in this work.

It is a pity that the Scottish farmers were not allowed time to see British Columbia. While our province is not a wheat-growing country like the prairies, the valleys both on the islands and the mainland are fertile, and the people who know how to cultivate them, for they understand the art of making much grow from a few acres of land. However, it will not be long before the world will know the value of the province, that is to be the orchard of Canada. It is better that good settlers should come even if they come slowly, than that ignorant or vicious people should become citizens of our province.

A great number of very learned and skilful men visited Victoria last week. Engineers and other gentlemen who know a great deal about mining, from Canada, Great Britain and some other countries, stayed here for a few days. They saw some of our British Columbia, and were much pleased with what they saw. British Columbia, one of their number says, is the best mining country in Canada. These men can give us many weeks in Canada. When they return they will tell the people of their own countries what they have noticed. Such visitors do the country great good, for they can judge it fairly and they tell the truth about it.

The Fair will be over when you read this. The editor will say nothing about it this week, except that the school exhibition was very good. It might have been larger, but that was not the fault of children or teachers. Now a great many of the pupils have been to the Fair and have seen everything. Some noticed one thing and some another. If boys and girls will send in an account of what they noticed, space will next week be given to their letters. But if this is to be well done, you must only describe what you liked best. One, for instance, can tell about the horses, another the flowers, a third the fruit, and so on. If several letters are sent on one subject, the best will be chosen. Perhaps a few will have seen the horse show, and many boys will have watched some of the races. Now let the older people see what sharp eyes the boys and girls have. The picture-drawer is nearly empty again.

Have any Victoria children pretty magazines or picture papers that they do not need any longer? If they have, Miss L. Angus, 95 Belcher street, would like very much to have them sent to her house. She will mail them to some lonely little girls and boys who live up in the North where children must stay lonely during the long cold nights of winter, on some lonely island or away among the mountains where there is no school near enough to go to. Miss Angus is secretary of the Aberdeen Society, whose work she finds out where lonely people live and to send them books and papers. On the rocky shores of this lonely island the children living in some of the huts. Yet even there find amusement, for children cannot live without it. It may be that this copy of the Children's Page will be read by a child

living in one of these lonely places. Wouldn't it be nice if he or she would write a letter to the Colonist, giving us an account of the life children lead in their out-of-the-way homes?

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, the forests of Canada have been swept by fire. Last week the woods on both sides of the St. Lawrence were burning and the river was covered with smoke so that too, the forests were burning, and fires were also raging in Maine, New York and Pennsylvania. Such dry weather has not been known for years. A poor woman and her babe were caught in the fire near Parry Sound and died. The wonder is that more terrible things do not happen, when the fires sweep through the forests. How little we know of the loss of life among the wild creatures who make their home in the woods or of the agony of fear they must suffer as they flee before the roaring flames. The rains of last week quenched the fires of Eastern Canada; yet near Fort William the fires broke out again, but did no damage to the city. In the state of Wisconsin two small towns were burned and thousands of people are homeless.

There are in all British Columbia about 200,000 people. There are many times that number in the great city of Manchester, in England. This great city is covered always with a pall of smoke, which comes from the great factories where many women and children work to card, spin and weave the cotton of which so much of our clothing is made. There is a danger that 200,000 of these people may be idle, because they refuse to accept 95 cents instead of a dollar for their wages. The manufacturers say they will shut their gates next January if the low wages are not taken. It is greatly to

be hoped that something may be done to prevent the frightful suffering that would come from the locked-out Victoria children who think so little of five cents should remember that many people live on so little that this tiny piece of money would make the difference between having enough food and being always hungry. Since the above was written the mills have closed and the people are idle.

The parliament at Ottawa has been dissolved and the election will be held on the 24th of October. In every district from Halifax to Victoria, and from the United States boundary to the Arctic Circle, men are thinking and talking about what men they will vote for. Some are basing their votes on the man who is not a criminal or insane has a vote, there are many who are too lazy, too stupid, or too selfish to spend time in learning how Canada has been governed, and who ought to be entrusted with the management of the business of the country. Such men do not vote at all. Then there are others who sell their votes. Some are basing enough to take money; the most. It is true both the man who sells and the man who buys votes can be severely punished when either is found out, but this is hard to prove, and the more cunning escape. But often the friend or relative of the dishonest voter gets an office or some other advantage in return for his vote. This is nearly if not quite as bad. No man worthy the name will vote for a member whom he does not trust, and who is dreadfully nervous at being put on to bowl. He only sent down two overs, and off these the Selwyn men scored nineteen runs. Then Richardson, his face grim, took his new recruit off, and Templeton resumed his place in the field, feeling dreadfully sick. Indeed, he was so upset by his poor display that he had to bite his lips to keep the tears back. He noticed Carter's face in the crowd, and saw

his own advantage. Can you imagine a family where the sons try to rob and wrong the father? The country which has dishonest voters and untrustworthy members is in as bad a state, in little things and in great, as a boy or man must do what he believes to be right, whether he gains or loses by his action. Size and riches in a country do not make it great. The Jews, the Greeks, the Romans and the English nations did not become powerful because the land they lived in was large or fertile, but because of the wisdom, the bravery and the patriotism of their people.

A very important event was the sending out of the first train of the Grand Trunk Pacific from Winnipeg to Battle River on Monday of last week. This means that 466 miles of this new road through the eastern part of the northern prairies is finished, and it is thought the trains may be running to Edmonton before winter is over. Although the Canadian Pacific has two lines through the wheat country, and the Canadian Northern and the Great Northern have branches in many places, there will be work enough for them all. New settlers will come to take up the unoccupied lands. The part of the Grand Trunk Pacific between Edmonton and Prince Rupert is being built and both the farmers and miners who have visited the country through which it passes believe that the valleys are fertile and that the rocks contain copper and other minerals. Prospectors are looking for gold in the rivers and creeks, but so far they have not found it in large quantities. If Canada grows as fast after the Grand Trunk Pacific is finished as it has done since the last year, the drive in the Canadian Pacific railroad, many children in the schools today will live to see great cities along the line of the new railroad in what some one has called the Middle North of Canada.

NATURAL HISTORY

Salt on Birds' Tails

Sir Ray Lankester tells the story of his first attempt to deal experimentally with a popular superstition. I was, he says, a trustful little boy, and I had been assured by various grown-up friends that if you place salt on a bird's tail the bird becomes as it were transfixed and dazed, and that you can then pick it up and carry it off. On several occasions I carried a packet of salt into the London park where my sister and I were daily taken by our nurse. In vain I threw the salt at the sparrows. They always flew away, and I came to the conclusion that I had not succeeded in getting any salt, or, at any rate, not enough on the tail of any one of them. Then I devised a great experiment. There was a sort of creek eight feet long and three feet broad at the west end of the ornamental water in St. James Park. My sister attracted several ducks with offerings of bread into this creek, and I, standing near its entrance, with a huge packet of salt, trembled with excitement at the approaching success of my scheme. I poured quantities—whole ounces of salt—on the tails of the doomed birds as they passed me on their way back from the creek to open water. Their tails were covered with salt, but to my surprise and horror, they did not stop! They gaily swam forward, shaking their feathers and uttering derisive "quacks." I was profoundly troubled and distressed. I had clearly proved one thing, namely, that my nursemaid, uncle and several other trusted friends—but not I, am still glad to remember, my father—was not a liar. I was, however, distressed by the victims of illusion. I was confirmed in my youthful wish to try whether things are as people say they are or not.—Selected.

FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

Truant Bob

Robbie was down by the willow tree fishing for minnows. It seemed to him a shame to be in school when the robins were singing and the old apple trees in the orchard were covered with beautiful white blossoms. He asked a robin if it would not be a good plan to go fishing. "Chee, chee!" sang the robin. "That means 'yes,' says Robbie; so he hid his bag under a bush, and promised himself a good time. By and by he heard a short, cropping noise close behind him, and turning he saw a slight figure causing him to say 'Oh, my!' in a very dismayed tone. There was grandpa's six Alderney calves standing at a respectful distance from him, and saying as plainly as calves can say, 'We're playing truant, too, Robbie. Isn't it fun?' " "To think that I forgot to put the bars!" cried Robbie. Then he made a dash and the calves made a spring all at once. But the calves had each four long legs, and Robbie only two short ones. "I guess those calves have come to stay," he sighed, after he had chased them for half an hour. "No, a calf would go to the bars." Clearly they thought grandpa's orchard was a nice place as he did. But help came to him at last in the form of his dog, Shep. "Dear Shep!" he cried heartily. "Good doggie! Help me drive those calves home!" Shep understood, and started after the calves with such firmness and method that every booby went bounding over the rails in considerably less than five minutes. "Splendid fellow!" declared Robbie, as he put up the bars. "Ah, but a very naughty boy!" said a very familiar voice from the wagon-house. "You've had a fine holiday with the calves, my laddie, and now you must go to school." "Oh, Uncle Ned!" cried Robbie, hanging his head, while Shep's tail wagged in sympathy. "But there was no help for it, as Robbie very well knew. Uncle Ned topped him into the spring wagon without another word, and started directly for school. "Who told you I was there, Uncle Ned?" he asked very soberly. "Boo boos and how-woos!" replied Uncle Ned, with a twinkle in his eyes. "Oh!" said Robbie. "That entrance into the busy schoolroom at half-past ten, and the ache in his poor, tired little legs caused Robbie of truantcy. The booby never had such a good chance again.—Frank H. Sweet, in the Child's Hour.

Too Many Splinters

They had shad for breakfast yesterday morning, and the small boy of the family was allowed to have a trial at it. After a minute or two he stopped. "What's the matter?" asked his father. "Don't you like it?" "Yes, sir," sending up his plate; "but gimme a piece tain't got so many splinters in it."

WITH THE POETS

Bed Time

Before the last good-night is said, And ere he tumbles into bed, A little child should have a care And not forget to say a prayer To God, the Father, who, with love, Looks down on children from above. To guard them from all evil, night and day, And guide their feet upon the way. —St. Nicholas.

A Bath

When I was just a little child, Before I went to sleep I always took my evening bath— I liked it "pretty deep."

Sometimes I didn't want to go, And sometimes there were tears; But Mother never failed to say: "Now wash behind your ears, "And don't neglect the corners," or, "Don't splash too hard!" she'd cry; Yet she was quick to help me When soap got in my eye.

And now that I'm a great big boy, I wonder every day, Where other mothers learn the things My Mother used to say. —St. Nicholas.

Yes and No

There's a time to say "Yes" and a time to say "No," Alone or when all together; There's a time to stay home and a time to go, In cloudy or sunny weather. If a boy can't say, when he's urged to sin, "No, no!" in a voice decided, But halts and waits, he's at last drawn in, And wages of sin provided.

The only thing that a lad need fear 'Is evil' and all wrong-doing; So turn on your heel while you stop up your ears, When voices of sin are wooing; 'Tis a manly boy who will boldly say, "When comrades are softly calling, 'T will not go, 'Tis a slippery way!" No danger, then, of his falling.

A sturdy "No" and a cheery "Yes," When bravely and rightly spoken, Will lead to the summit of sure success, And send a body's heart broken; Just think of the triumph and happy glow That crowns all noble endeavor, And learn to say "Yes" with a will, and "No" And you will repent it never!

Well Thrown Sir—A Story for Children

(From Chums)

A fag thrust his head into the study that Templeton Minor shared with his chum, Harry Willmott. "Templeton!" he said. "Richardson wants you." Dick Templeton shut up his book with suspicious eagerness—he was supposed to be studying hard—disregarding the fag's remark. A few moments later he stood in the presence of Jack Richardson, the captain of the school.

"Hullo, young 'un," cried the captain affably. "I want to have a little chat with you. Sit you down there." He pointed to a capacious armchair. "Now then," he began when his visitor was comfortably settled. "I'm going to give you your cap against Selwyn's." "Me!" cried Templeton Minor, with great enthusiasm and a complete disregard for grammar. "Me play for the school?" "That's about the size of it," replied the captain. "I've been watching your play for the second, and as Gray can't play next Saturday I've selected you to take his place."

Jack Richardson then gave Templeton a few words of kindly advice concerning his play. "Now you can cut, young 'un," he said, for the Head is coming to sit in that armchair shortly."

"It's jolly good of you, Richardson," Templeton cried, "and I don't know how to thank you." "Cut quickly, that's your best way," cried the captain cheerfully, and Dick Templeton hastened away, hardly knowing whether he was on his head or his heels, and in consequence, all but bowling over the Head, Doctor Portman.

His chum was nearly as glad as he was himself when Templeton told him his news. "I saw him watching us when we were playing Wellington Second," he said; "and when you were batting he pointed to you and jawed away to old Millington. I'm not surprised, for you're one of the best all-round men in the school."

On the following morning when the selected team for the match with Selwyn was posted up on the big notice board outside the games room, a buzz of surprise went up when it was seen that Templeton Minor's name was included.

"That's the best of having a brother in the sixth," remarked Herbert Carter, the captain of the second team. "What do you mean, Carter?" demanded Templeton. "It's a shame, that's what I mean. I ought to be first reserve for the first team. I might be if I'd got a brother who was what I mean."

"You know that's a lie," cried Templeton. "I mean what you're getting at is a lie. My brother wouldn't dream of pushing me, and if he did the Dux would make his own selection."

But Herbert Carter walked away with a scowl on his face and a fervent wish in his heart that Templeton Minor would make a muck of things on Saturday.

The day of the great match came at last, and every boy was greatly excited, for the fixture with Selwyn School was the most popular of the season. Templeton Minor, with his new cap sticking out of his pocket, came from the pavilion in his flannels, his face alight with pride and enthusiasm. He went across to the nets and helded for a while, little dreaming that the captain was watching him.

"Look at that again!" said Richardson to Templeton Major. "How well your brother shies in—he's a ripping shot." "Yes, he's got a straight eye for a kid," returned Templeton Major, who was keenly anxious for his brother to do well.

both men battling with confidence. Another change made no difference, the score now being 140, and then Richardson tossed the ball to Templeton Minor. The latter had been fielding smartly, and his quick returns had elicited some applause; but he was dreadfully nervous at being put on to bowl. He only sent down two overs, and off these the Selwyn men scored nineteen runs. Then Richardson, his face grim, took his new recruit off, and Templeton resumed his place in the field, feeling dreadfully sick. Indeed, he was so upset by his poor display that he had to bite his lips to keep the tears back. He noticed Carter's face in the crowd, and saw

for only seventy-nine runs, Richardson being still not out with thirty-eight runs to his credit. "This is awful!" roared Tom Millington, the secretary of the cricket team. "We've got a hundred and four behind, and there's only young Selwyn to go in. We haven't even a chance of playing out time."

"No," returned Templeton Major gloomily, looking at his watch. "There's an hour and a quarter to go yet."

"There goes your young brother," Millington said, pointing to Dick Templeton as the boy left the pavilion bat in hand, his face as white as his flannels. "He looks jolly nervous, and I'm not surprised. I wish he could bat as well as he can throw; there might be a chance for us yet."

The Birkdale boys looked very gloomy as Templeton Minor took middle and leg, whilst the Selwyn boys were wondering whether their team would win by over a hundred runs or not. Dick Templeton looked towards the bowler. As he did so Jack Richardson, watching him from the other end, gave him a smiling nod of encouragement. It seemed to put new life into Dick, his teeth ceased to chatter, and his hands gripped the handle of his bat more firmly.

There were three balls left of the over, and each of these Templeton Minor blocked stubbornly towards the bowler. At the end of the over it was the captain's turn. Now Jack Richardson felt it was a case of do or die, and he opened up the batting. Three times during that over did the ball go to the boundary midair, and the Selwyn boys faced the music again, and an anxious hush pervaded the ground. But an hour of cheers cut short his thoughts, for the captain had lifted the Selwyn slow bowler right out of the ground. He followed this up with a smite to the leg boundary and a glance through the slips for two.

Templeton again faced the bowling, and the Selwyn boys fielded in close, to prevent a repetition of the previous over. But the Birkdale boys were beginning to lose their supporters were not looking so sanguine as they had done a quarter of an hour before.

"Then another loud cheer rent through the air, for Templeton Minor had hit off for the first time. The ball went towards the boundary, and the batsmen ran three. They might have run four, but Templeton Minor shook his head, for Richardson had the bowling again.

"By Jove, sir," said the Selwyn headmaster to Doctor Portman. That youngster is distinctly clever. He should go into the army; he would make an excellent officer."

Jack Richardson added a four and a single to his score during the over, and so he faced the bowling again. He was playing grandly now, and with the utmost confidence. He added twelve runs to the score during the next over, and sent up his century amidst a roar of cheers, the like of which had never been heard before on the Birkdale ground.

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(To Be Continued)



DRAWN BY VIOLET TOWNSEND AGE 12



VALERIE MAUD AGE 10