A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

The papers this week have been full of reports of trials of several kinds.

Some time ago there was an election in London, Ontario. It was stated that the member who was elected gained his seat by votes for which money was paid. This has been proved to be true, and had he not since resigned, it is probable that Mr. Jameson would have lost his seat.

This crime of bribery has become far too common in Canada. One can imagine few things meaner than that a man should allow himself to take money for his vote. Our country will be well or ill governed according to the men we send to parliament. There was a time in Canada when men were willing to sacrifice their lives to defend her from a common enemy. At a later time, other men sacrificed life and property that they might have a voice in making her laws. Now their grandsons will not even take the trouble to think who are the best men to represent them, but barter the right, for which their forefathers were ready to give their all, for a few dollars, sometimes for less. How little they who thus disgrace their country care for her welfare. And yet this grand country of ours is worthy the love of her sons and daughters. But, notwithstanding her beauty and her riches, the Canadian nation will never be great if her men and women worship money. Righteousness and honor, truth and patriotism should be held priceless by every voter in Canada. No wonder the members who represent such men as the voters of London, Ontario, fail to do their duty in parliament. If they in their turn cheat the people and waste their money, who are more to blame than the dishonest electors who sent them there?

As the enquiry into the Quebec Bridge disaster goes on, it becomes plain that it was caused by carelessness and incompetency. Another terrible railroad accident which took place the other day shows that where human lives are at stake, those who have them in their charge cannot be too careful or too watchful. It is sometimes stated that railroad companies allow their men to work too many hours without rest. An engineer, a brakeman or a train despatcher needs plenty of sleep to keep his nerves in as good order as is necessary for the safety of the life and property under their charge.

The court is still examining into the cause of the collision in which the Charmer and the Tartar were injured and Mr. Mackenzie King, the labor commissioner, has settled the damages in the Vancouver riot case and is now trying to find out whether the Japanese who have been arriving in such great numbers this year came of their own accord or have been sent here by companies.

Young people all over the Empire have been asked to join in a competition on the subject "What does the nation owe to Nelson and her sailors?" The essay must not contain more than a thousand words. Two prizes are to be given for Canada. We hope that some British Columbia boy or girl will get one of them. The competitors must be under sixten and the prize is a beautiful copper plaque bearing the King's initials. The essay must be sent to Alex. Robinson, superintendent of education, by June 1st. It will take the very brightest of the boys and girls a long time to find out what England owes to her sailors, to say nothing of the great admiral, and to put it all in a little essay will require much care and thought. It will be a pleasant task for those who love history as well as composition.

Although the Mauretania did not, on account of stormy weather, beat the Lusitania on the whole voyage she made 624 knots or 714 miles in one day. If the people who lay at the mercy of wind and tide for weeks and even months at a time when our forefathers settled in Eastern Canada could watch these floating palaces plough their way through the water at such marvellous speed what would be their astonishment!

So far as one may judge from newspaper reports, the business conditions are better in the United States than they were a week ago. There are many idle men there though and some of these are coming to Canada. This is a bad time for them to arrive even in British Columbia, and in Eastern Canada the winter puts a stop to all out-of-door work. Money has been found to buy grain and send it to the markets. The closing of the copper mines in our own province has been followed by the shutting down of some of the coke ovens.

There is, living in London, an old man who knew Canada well when buffalos roamed over the prairie and when British Columbia was almost one great forest. Where the handsome city of Winnipeg, with its fine streets and splendid blocks of houses now stands was unbroken prairie, except for a few houses clustered round the Hudson's Bay trading post of Fort Garry. Our own fair city was a stockaded village, while scattered over two thousand miles of territory that lay between were a few little log houses to which the Indians brought their furs. This same wilderness, Donald Smith, now Lord Strathcona, has seen changed to a land of fruitful fields and fine cities. He was one of the few men of the day who believed that Canada would stretch from ocean to ocean. This Hudson's Bay factor has spent his life in Canada's service. He has gained a princely fortune, much of which he is spending for the education of Canadian youth. In the prime of life he helped to build the railroad that has brought people into this western country, and now that he is a very old man he has faith to believe that a plan can be carried out which may make Canada less great or perhaps a greater commercial nation than the United States.

If you look carefully at your maps you will see that while New York is nearer Europe than Quebec, Halifax, or St. John is nearer Ireland than that city. On this side of the ocean Vancouver Island is the nearest point to Asia. There is a plan to establish an All-Red Line—that is a British line of steamboats and railroads which will be shorter than that which now crosses by way of New York and San Francisco from Liverpool to China. It makes old-fashioned people dizzy to think of the speed with which vessels like the Mauretania will cross both oceans and trains rush from Halifax to Victoria. Part of this plan will be the building of a bridge across the Narrows and a railroad ferry from England to Ireland. All this sounds very wonderful but your grandfathers will tell you that the men who first talked about the Canadian Pacific railroad were looked upon almost as madmen by the sober people of that day.

It is said that at Fort William, at the head of Lake Superior an American company is going to open a large factory for building cars. It is hoped to find a market for some of these cars in the Argentine Republic, in South America. Some bright boys might some day go down to the E. & N. depot and the electric car shops and see where our cars are built. It does seem as if Victoria might have car shops where not only our own cars, but those used in Western Canada, and perhaps on the west coast of South America might be built. If our wood could be turned into cars before it was exported one would think many more men could be employed than at present is the case.

The people of the United States are looking with longing eyes on our forests of fir for another reason. The smaller trees which do not make good lumber are now used in the manufacture of paper. The great big newspapers use so much paper that the forests of the United States are being all cut down and while they are growing up again, the manufacturers want to buy pulp wood from Canada. There is a duty now which would make our wood too dear when it got across the line and the paper makers want this duty to be taken off. There does not seem any good reason why Canada should not make much more of her own paper from her own pulp wood than she does now. We should learn from our neighbors to take care of our forests. Wood is a very valuable crop which will grow without cultivation if it is given a chance.

The miners in Rossland have decided that it is beter to take lower wages than have the mines close altogether. They see that since metal has got so cheap the mine owners cannot afford to pay them as high wages as they did when copper was dear.

The children of today are likely to see as wonderful, and perhaps as terrible things happen as they read about in their books of history.

In Russia, there is a parliament, but the Czar and the aristocracy have all the power. This power they use for the oppression of the people. The other day, the Russian duma, or parliament, said the Czar was not to be any longer called by his title "The Autocrat of all the Russias," but that the people were to have their rightful share in the government of the country. Many of the members would not agree in what they considered an insult to the Czar. Many others left the parliament should have all the power. However the address was passed. English people do not care very much what the King calls himself. They are willing to pay him all due respect, but for hundreds of years they have made all the laws, and no king has dared, any more than his humblest subject, to break these laws. John Bull is not as fierce as the Russian bear, but he will not be chained. It makes one tremble to think what the great Russian nation may do when at last they free themselves from the wicked laws which have kept them in slavery all these centuries. They are a brave and able people. Whether they are wise and good enough yet to gain their freedom and use it wisely time alone can tell.

FAMOUS MEN

Linnaeus.

As in early summer you stroll along a winding path through the fir woods, suddenly the air is filled with a delicious fragrance. At a turn in the road you find on the hillock at your feet a carpet of green vines between whose delicate leaves peep out pairs of tiny pale pink flowers on a fine thread-like stem. It is said that the great naturalist, Linnaeus, named this sweet woodland blossom, which is often called the twin flower, after himself, Linnea.

Whether this is true or not, all boys and girls who love flowers will be glad to read something about the life of a man who devoted his life to the study of plants.

Just two hundred years ago a little baby was sent into the home of a humble country clergyman in a little village in the far-away land of Sweden. The baby was christened Carolus, or Charles, but he is always spoken of by his father's name, Linnaeus. The child grew, and very early showed a great love for flowers. As soon as he was old enough, he was given a plot of his own in the parsonage garden. There he amused himself through the long days of the northern summer, working among the flowers and listening to the song of the birds and the hum of the insects. But the happy days passed and little Charles was sent to school. He hated to be shut in the house and did not understand that the ugly books and dull lessons would enable him some day to study better his favorites of the woods and fields. His father intended to make him a minister and denied himself many things to send the lad to school. But whether in the common school or at college, his teachers all had the same complaint. The boy in school was like a caged bird, and though he would walk miles to find a new plant and spend hours in comparing it with others, he could not be persuaded to study those tasks which would fit him to be his father's successor. At last, the minister determined that if the boy would not study he must work, and was about to apprentice him to a shoemaker, when a wise and kind doctor, who had watched the lad and knew that he would some day teach the world, if he had a chance to learn, took him to his home. He could make a living as a doctor and doctors need to study botany. In Germany or Sweden students do not feel it a disgrace to be poor, so at twenty, Linnaeus went to college, having fitted himself to enter it under the guidance of his kind friend, Dr. Rotnmann. In this college, he had a wise teacher who sent him to the university with a curious letter in which he compared the young man to a wild plant, that if carefully tended would make a fruitful tree. The hopes of the professor were not disappointed, and although he was often hungry he worked hard at his favorite study of botany, while he did his best to fit himself to be a doctor.

In the very north of Sweden, on the borders of the Arctic Circle is the cold and dreary region of Lapland. Little was known of the plants in this northern province and Linnaeus was sent to study them and to brig back specimens. Although he had not money enough to buy suitable clothing, he gladly went and accomplished his task so well that he was made a member of the Royal Academy of Science and appointed a lecturer, not only in botany, but on chemistry and mineralogy. But the other professors were jealous of the young man, who though he had not enough book learning to take his degree, knew so much more of the great book of nature than they did. They forbade him to lecture. In revenge, the young botanist fought one of the doctors and almost killed him. Then he went away to carry on his study of nature in the beautiful province of Dalecarlia. Here he fell in love with a lady whose father was a very rich, as well as a very famous doctor. The old gentleman told the naturalist that he must not think of marrying his daughter until he had gained a doctor's degree and established a practice. This was sad news for Linnaeus but the young lady, who loved him dearly, persuaded him to take her money and go to a college in Belgium to study. Here he became famous, published many books and then came back and married the sweetheart who had proved so true to him. The naturalist, from this time, lived an honored life and you will be glad to know that he and the professor with whom he had quarreled and bitterly became great friends and worked together in the university of Upsal for the good of science and mankind. At the age of seventy-one, Linneaus was stricken down while still hard at work lecturing in the Botanical Gardens. By his patient toil the great naturalist has been able to teach men in all countries, and every student of nature loves and reverences the name of Linnaeus, the great Swedish botanist.

A Hero

(By Rev. Wylie C. Clark, B. D., Quebec)

Thirty years ago a storm raged upon the coast of our Eastern Provinces. The winds seemed to be possessed and the waves funed, roared and dashed as if they were mad. The fisher folk gathered to the beach for one boat was at sea. Yet, although the storm was fiercer than the oldest could remember, they had no fear, for Jo Simard, the captain of the boat was the king fisherman of all the coast. For strength, skill and daring he had no equal.

At last the anxious watchers saw the boat round the rocky headland and make for the little bay. Over the waves and through the trough of the sea, she glided like a living thing. Five minutes more and she would be safe. But it was not to be. Even Jo's strong arms could not keep her clear of the sand bar. She struck and over her dashed the angry waters as if they revelled in seizing their prey.

Three men were seen clinging to the upturned keel. One slipped his hold and Jo dived after him and brought him back. Thus for an hour the unequal fight went on. Then even Jo's mighty powers were spent. One man let go and was too faint to give him help. Five minutes and the other was swept away by a wave and the king of fishermen was alone to battle with the foe which all his life he had been used to conquer.

The little priest stood on the shore and prayed for the calming of the waters, but their fury rather increased. Jo's head sank and the priest lifting his hands sent over the waves the last blessing of the church. Another wave and the keel was bare.

Jo left a widow and five children, the oldest of whom was a lad of sixteen. They sold all their possessions and moved to a city where the children would escape the fate of their father.

Thirty years have passed and the lad of sixteen is a man of forty-six. He is only a porter in one of the large hotels, but he is the best porter the house has ever had. He is sober, intelligent, industrious and obliging. He has never married. He still lives with his mother, and by his labor and management his three brothers and sister have all received a splendid education and occupy positions of honor and trust.

Although his burden has been heavy, the light has not faded from his eyes, nor the smile passed from his lips, nor the music left his voice. Nor would he choose another path if he had to go the same way again. Yes, he is a hero, not just for the hour or the day; but a hero for the years—a hero to the end.—The Presbyterian.

NATURE STUDY

The Mightiest Forest in the World

The mightiest forest of which the human race has any knowledge today is that of the Congo. It is a region of impenetrable mystery concerning which accounts have been so strange that until within the past year or so they have been deemed incredible. But recent discovery has transformed scientific incredulity into a measure of belief. Thus, as London Nature sees every reason to believe, on the basis of Sir Harry Johnston's explorations of Uganda, a giant ape, larger than the gorilla, is a denizen of this tremendous forest region. There, too, are animals of a quite unfamiliar kind, notably the okapi. The forest seems to be the resort of the five-horned giraffe, the tallest mammal in the world. The highest elephants, bearing tremendous tusks, are there. The largest fish found in all Africa haunt the stream meandering through the recesses of this forest. Lions seem not to penetrate into the thick growth of the jungle thereabouts. The forest leopards are arboraeal, catching monkeys for their food.

The curiosity of the mighty forest is unquestionably the okapi, a large and seemingly new mammal, discovered by Sir Harry Johnston. In his books of travel Stanley told of an animal of ass-like appearance existing in the dense forest and which [illegible] pits. The occurrence of anything like a quadruped of the equine sort in the thickness of an impenetrable forest seemed so anomalous that no scientist of standing would credit the possibility. Hence the determination of Sir Harry Johnston to investigate.

It would now appear that the okapi actually exists and is a near ally of a fossil specimen found in Greece and Asia Minor. The nearest living relative of the okapi is the giraffe. Sir Harry Johnston describes the okapi as larger than a stag and standing relatively higher in the legs than any of the ox tribe. Like the girafe, it has only two hoofs and no remains whatever of the other digits which are represented in deer, oxen and most antelopes by the two little "false hoofs" on either side of the third and fourth toe. The coloration of the okapi is the most amazing thing about it. The cheeks and jaws are yellowish white, contrasting abruptly with the dark hued neck. The forehead is a deep red chestnut, while the large broad ears are of the same tint, fringed, however, with black. The forehead ranges between vinous red and black in tint and a black line follows the bridge of the nose down to the nostrils. The color of the body ranges from sepia and jet black to rich red. The limbs are marked with purple-black zebra-like stripes. It is a shy animal, living in pairs, it is believed, in the depths of the vastest woods known to man. The mystery of the animal is to be fully investigated by a scientific commission under the joint auspices of the Belgium and British governments.

THE DRAWING COMPETITION.

We are pleased to have received a number of drawings from the children this week and are much disappointed that they could not be reproduced in time for this issue. Next week, however, the best will be printed. Will our little friends kindly go over their drawings with pen and ink, so that the lines will be quite plain? Some of the pictures received were very good indeed and show that the children have clever brains and skilful fingers.

SHORT STORIES

The Folly of Polly Dolly

PART I.

Polly Dolly was melancholy.
Who wouldn't be in the dumps, after
thirteen solid bumps, and seventeen
terrific thumps? Her little head was
full of lumps, and her costume, rags
and frumps.

You see, she fell down the cellar stairs from top to bottom, and, being but a kid doll, was softer than the stairs, which were of stone; so she arrived at the bottom with a big bump, she was a little bent, and a good deal spent. No wonder she was in the dumps! She was in something else, too—pickle; yes, pickle—but I'll tell you about that later.

Some dolls are of bisque
And run a great risk,
If ever they frisk
At the top of the stairs.
Even dollies of kid
Should do as they're bid.
If they would be rid
Of falling down stairs

The fact is, Polly Dolly knew better, but she wanted to have her own way; so, in spite of many warnings, she continually danced too near the edge, and, at last, she fell.

At the very top stair,
She bounced in the air;
At the second stone,
She bruised her some;
At the third,
Nothing occurred.
At the fourth, she thumped her arm;
At the fifth, she bumped her nose;
At the sixth, she stumped her toes.
At the seventh, all was calm.
At number eight, she cracked her pate;
At number nine, she whacked her spine,—

and, as there were no more to fall, she bounced from nine against the wall—and fell—silk—satin—laces—all—including her pink parasol,—into the tub of pickle ! ! ! This was, indeed, a pretty pickle. Of course her mother rescued her; but was it any wonder that Polly Dolly was melancholy?

PART II.

Polly Dolly was jolly!
Who wouldn't be gay as larks and linnets, with everything cured in just a few minutes?

Polly Dolly had such a good mother; who, right after the terrible accident of the cellar stairs and tub of pickle took her damaged daughter to the Dolls' Hospital.

There Polly Dolly went in melancholy, but she came out very jolly. When the doll doctor first spied her, he eyed her; then he took her and shook her, then he poked her. This provoked her!

He felt of her pulse and looked at her tongue, and wrote on a card that by the bed hung. (All this was hard for Polly Dolly, but it relieved her melancholy.) Then he said to her mother—anxious near by—"Your child is much hurt, but will not die! With a needle and thread, I'll mend her head, and soap and water will cure your daughter; for when a kid doll has a case of bumps, a good warm bath will cure the dumps. Good day!—Five dollars ! !"

The mother of Polly paid the fee, and walked away in greatest glee, for she was happy as she could be.

Polly Dolly repented her folly, and never more danced too near the stairs, —or put on airs,—but minded her mother in all affairs.

The Cleaned up Floor

"If you boys will clean up the floor in the shed, you may have the blocks for your carpenter shop," said grandpa. "I want to put some grain in there in a week or two, and the floor must be very clean. Everything you find on the floor you may have for your own."

"Thank you, grandpa," said Hugh. "We will clean it up today."

"I'm going to begin right now," said Curtis, laying down his little hatchet. "Thank you very much, grandpa. We need some new lumber in our work."

The twins ran away to the shed as fast as they could, and grandpa went back to the barn.

"May I have some of the blocks for my playhouse, boys?" said Nellie, running after her brothers. 'I want a few only."

"Yes, take one or two," said Hugh. "I don't see why girls want blocks, but you may have a few. Grandpa said everything we found could be ours if we cleaned the room.'

"Hurrah!" cried Curtis. "This block will make the keel of my new boat. I'm going to try it right away."

"Hadn't we better clean up the floor first?" asked Hugh when they had worked a long time at the boats. "You know grandpa wants the room."

"He said in a week or two," said Curtis, carelessly. "We can do that tomorrow. Isn't this fun?"

I'm going to make a little tool box of my very own," declared Hugh. "This nice, soft wood is just the thing to work with."

'Are you having a good time, boys?" asked grandpa, strolling down to the little carpenter shop one day. "That boat looks first rate."

"Splendid!" cried the twins together. "We're going to clean up the floor tomorrow."

"Look here, Nell,' said Hugh, when grandpa had gone to the house, "how would you like to have some more blocks for your playhouse?"

"I'd like it ever so well," said the little girl, "but I thought you had used them all up."

'No there's lots of stuff down there yet. Everything you can find on the floor you can have. "We're awful busy with our boats and boxes, and you might clean up for us. It isn't a job, and just think of all the nice blocks and things you can get, and maybe you will find something."

So Nellie ran away to get the old broom, and neither of the boys thought the work too hard for her, though she was two years younger than they. Very soon they saw the little girl running as fast as she could to the house with something in her hand. "Grandpa," she cried, "I've been cleaning up the floor of the shed, and I found a dime."

"Well, anything you find is yours," said grandpa with a smile. 'The boys gave up the job, did they? Look carefully, and maybe you will find another dime."

"Where did you get all these things?" asked Hugh, when his sister held up a pretty pocket knife, a dime, a penny, some lead pencils, a top, a paint box, and other pretty things.

"I found them when I cleaned up the floor, and grandpa says they are all mine. He said you boys were too slow about the work, or they would be in your pockets now. I'll let you play with the top and marbles sometimes," explained Nellie. "They are going to put the wheat in this afternoon." —Hilda Richmond, in the S. S. Messenger.

Thoughtful Indians.

Louis James, the veteran player, relates a story of the early days of his career, when he was a member of a "fly by night" combination doing melodrama in the small towns of the west.

The soubrette of this company possessed in addition to her histrionic abilities, considerable skill as a pianist. For a long time the young woman had been desirous of affording the audiences some example of her musical genius, a desire that was finally gratified in an ingenious manner.

One evening in Dubuque the audience was somewhat surprised at the rise of the curtain, to behold a splendid grand piano placed at the foot of a huge mountain, the scene being the Rockies.

From the flies, and down the steep path of the mountain the soubrette sped, with all the haste of one pursued. At the base of the mountain she paused for breath. Then, with a start, observing the instrument, she stopped as if enraptured. Clasping her hands in ecstasy, the soubrette delivered herself of the following lines:

"The fiendish savages have killed my parents and my only brother; they have burned our cottage and stolen our cattle, but Heaven be praised, they have spared my piano. Music shall be my consolation. And now, ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission I shall render that beautiful selection entitled 'The Maiden's Prayer."—Harper's Weekly.

English Boys Smarter Than American

In the belief that the English boy, properly trained, makes the most efficient mechanic and is superior in every way to the American lad under the same conditions, Kirk Bowden, an American millionaire wire nail manufacturer, who is now in England, is taking 30 British lads from 15 to 18 years of age, back to America with him. In an interview he said:

"There can be no question about English boys being superior to their American cousins from the standpoint of willingness to work and to remain at one trade. In learning a given trade they master every detail and turn out to be reliable men, in whom employers can have every confidence. The American boy has no intention of working hard, at any rate for any length of time. He has not the patience, perseverance and pluck of John Bull, Jr."

Dickens's Sons

Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K. C., who is about to proceed to Jamaica to represent the various insurance companies interested in the claims arising out of the recent earthquake, and was named, of course, after Fielding the novelist. Charles Dickens had a fancy for giving his sons names he had learned to love in literature. The first he named after himself, while others were called Walter Lanlor, Francis Jeffrey, Alfred Tennyson, Sydney Smith Haldimand, Henry Fielding, and Edward Bulwer Lytton. In the case of Mr. H. F. Dickens it has been said that Dickens contemplated at first naming his sixth son after Oliver Goldsmith, but afterwards changed the name to Henry Fielding, "in a kind of homage to the style of work he was now so bent on beginning." Mr. Forster, in his Life of the novelist, doubts if anything ever more truly pleased Dickens than his son's success at Cambridge. "Harry has won the second scholarship at Trinity Hall, which gives him fifty pounds as long as he stays there," Dickens wrote, "and I begin to hope that he will get a fellowship."—Westminster Gazette.

In the Emperor's Youth

Francis Joseph, the aged Emperor of Austria-Hungary, is the only living sovereign who can boast of having led an army in actual combat with an enemy. It was a few months before the ascension of Francis Joseph, in 1848, that he turned the fortunes of the day at the bloody battle of Santa Lucia by a magnificent cavalry charge led in person by the then nineteen-year-old Archduke. His dragoons crashed through the squares of the Sardinians and captured the guns which all day had poured a murderous fire into the Austrian ranks. He escaped without a scratch, though men fell like flies around him.—Providence Journal.

All the principal railway companies issue railway tickets made entirely of gold, which entitle the holder to travel free by any class of car and train, on any line, and by any system in the British Isles. They are the size of a florin, but oval in shape and engraved with the particular railway company's coat-of-arms, with the holder's name beneath, and are intended to be worn on watch chains. These tickets cannot be bought, but are presented by the directors to persons who have earned the railway companies' gratitude.—London Tit-Bits.

It is remarkable the number of famous men who have had no ear for music. Sir Humphry Davy, for instance, the inventor of the safety lamp and once President of the Royal Society, though he was a fine speaker, was not musical. It is said that he could not catch even such a simple air as the tune of "God Save the King." When he was a volunteer he was unable to keep step, although he had lessons in private from the sergeant, and was always treading on the heels of the man in front.

OUR LETTER BOX

Dear Editor:—I am going to tell you of how I enjoyed my summer holiday. I went to Vancouver and had a lovely time. My cousin and I went nearly every day to English Bay or Second Beach. I went in swimming. There was an old negro man named Joe. He could swim very fast. One day a man in a launch told him he was giddy, so Joe was very cross. The man set his launch going at full speed. Joe swam after him and soon caught him, and punished him for being so nasty. When I went home I told Aunty Rae about it. She said it was very strange and when father took me home I was very sorry.

FLORENCE McNEILL.

Dear Editor:—One of the summer holidays in San Francisco we went to camp Meeker and had a good time. Every morning before breakfast we had to go two miles for milk in the country. We lived a long way out of town but my brother and I went every morning, and one morning we saw a big snake taking a sun bath on the road, stretched right out. My brother tried to kill it but he couldn't. We went another morning and Mrs. Doane and Mr. Doane came with us, and their big dog Juno. We were half way there and were going through a meadow where there were cows. There was a great big black and white cow in the midle of the road. We tried to shoo it away but we couldn't, so Juno gave a spring and chased it all over the field. At last Juno came back, but we never chased another cow after that.

JEAN E. HALLIDAY.

PUZZLE CORNER

Geography Puzzle

Dear Cape (in Canada),—On (Island in Australia) (Sound in New Zealand) and (Cape in United States) went to a (Point in New Zealand) to see some friends. We saw a pet (Bay in Africa) and a (Isthmus in Africa) which they had had a (Island in Canada) time. After dinner we took a walk in the (District in England) and a (Island in Atlantic) cake, we walked a little farther and saw a (Cape in Africa) and a (Lake in Canada); we ran for our lives and got out of the forest, and then we were out of (Point in Africa). After our (Port in New Zealand) we returned (Bay in Canada), as it was getting (Bay in New Zealand).—I remain, yours affectionately,

(Bay in Africa) Smith.

Riddle-Me-Ree

My first is in pageant, but not in stage;
My second is in servant, but not in page;
My third is in illness, but not in health;
My fourth is in money, but not in wealth;
My fifth is in army, and also in war;
My sixth is in word, but not in star;
My seventh is a sailor, and also in ship;
My eight is in forehead, but not in lip;
My whole is a flower which you find in the wood,
It has its own day, which it very well should.

Hilda Trevelyan, aged 14½.
1, Marston Ferry Road, Oxford.

Hidden Proverb

1. The thunder will soon be over. 2. My fur coat makes me hotter than the serge one. 3. Many volunteers went out to the war. 4. The foolish lad was lost in the bush. 5. The sooner you stitch that tear, the better. 6. Peace reigned in the darkened room.

Marjorie Cartwright-Reid.
Aged 13.

Conundrums

When is a man's watch chain like a reigning belle?
When it has many charms.
When are grass and stars alike?
When shooting.
When is a walking stick like an old lady's hair?
When knotted.
When are muskets like corn stalks?
When stacked.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

From Chums

"What's the matter, my boy?" said the kind-hearted man. "Are you lost?"

"No," was the manly answer; "I ain't lost, I'm here. But I'd like to know where father and mother have wandered off to."

On account of his fiery temper, Mr. Jones could never keep a clerk for long. One of his juniors remained two months, and on leaving bluntly told his employer the reason for his departure.

"Pooh-pooh, Johnson!" said the merchant. "What if I am a bit quick-tempered? My anger is no sooner on than it is off again."

"True, sir," said Johnson, respectfully; "but it is sooner off than it is off again."

And Then.

They were returning from the school cricket match and had been telling of their individual cycling adventures. At last Jones minor spoke.

"I had an experience last year," he said, "which I think surpasses anything we have just heard. I had a puncture, and was delayed getting in from my run, and thought I would cut across country and get to my home by crossing a railway bridge. It was a nasty bit of road, but it saved four miles, so I took the chances. Well, I reached the railway and had just reached the centre of the bridge when an express dashed round the curve.

"All I had to do was to step over on to the other line, and I was safe; but at that very instant, as the express bore down upon me from the front, another train charged down from the rear. I could not go forward; the bridge was seventy feet high, and I couldn't jump; there was not space at either side to squeeze into. I reckoned it would take about half a minute for the two trains to meet, and that meant instant, horrible death to me. I could feel the hot breath of those monsters on my face; their roaring filled my ears. There was no escape. No human power could save me. Yet here I am, without a scratch."

"Well, what did you do?" asked a youth, wearily anxious to have it over.

"I woke up!" replied Jones minor, preparing to defend himself against the inevitable rush.—Chums.

Deserved Only a Nickel.

A charity worker of New York said the other day about Miss Gladys Vanderbilt:

"When this good and charming girl goes to Hungary I know of certain hospital wards where she will be missed."

He paused and smiled.

"But let me tell you," he said "of an incident that befell Miss Vanderbilt last year.

"There was a children's hospital where she visited regularly, taking fruit and flowers to the little patients, and in a certain ward a boy was pointed out to her one day as a bad customer.

"Oh, he is incorrigible," sighed the nurse.

"Miss Vanderbilt talked a while with the little chap, and when she arose to go she said:

"See here, I have heard bad reports about you. Now, I want you to promise me to be good. If you are good for a whole week I'll give you a dollar when I come again next Thursday."

"The boy promised to try to be good. This promise, though, he did not keep. On her next visit Miss. Vanderbilt, going to his cot, said:

"I shall not ask the nurse how you have behaved this last week. I want you to tell me yourself. Now, what do you think—do you deserve that dollar I promised you, or not?"

"The boy regarded Miss Vanderbilt with a troubled frown. Then he said in a low voice:

"Gimme a nickel."

WITH THE POETS

Debby's Dilemma.

By Capt. Harold Hammond, Author of "Pinkey Perkins."

"Autumn" was the awful word that
Debby couldn't spell;
With other words it seemed to her she
got along quite well.
The teacher kept her in one day until
she could remember
The spelling of "the season which ends
with bleak November."

For one half hour poor Debby sat, but,
memory failed to aid her
Or bring before her saddened eye the
word which had delayed her.

At last when deep dejection seemed to
shut out every hope
A happy thought broke through the
gloom, and Debby ceased to mope.
"How stupid of me, silly,—why, it isn't
hard at all!
Few people call it 'Autumn' and I surely
can spell 'Fall.'"

Two Little Maidens

A sorry little maiden
Is Miss Fuss-and-Feather,
Crying for the golden moon,
Grumbling at the weather;
The sun will fade her gown,
The rain will spoil her bonnet,
If she ventures out,
And lets it fall upon it.

A merry little maiden
Is Miss Rags-and-Tatters,
Chatting of the twinkling stars
And many other matters;
Dancing in the sunshine,
Pattering through the rain,
Her clothes never cause her
A single thought or pain.

—Agnes Carr.

Bein' Sick

When I am really sick abed,
It isn't any fun.
I feel all achy in my head
And hate to take my medisun.

I hate for all the folks about
To come and pat me on the face,
An' say "Poor child, you'll soon be out,"
An' tiptoe all around th' place.

They go when I pretend to be
Asleep—I do it for a trick;
I don't like folks to pity me
When I am sick.

My mother's diff'runt—I don't care
If she sits by me, once er twice,
An' says, "Poor boy," an' smooths my
hair—
She ain't just tryin' to be nice.

—Harper's Magazine.—