

Brave Felix.

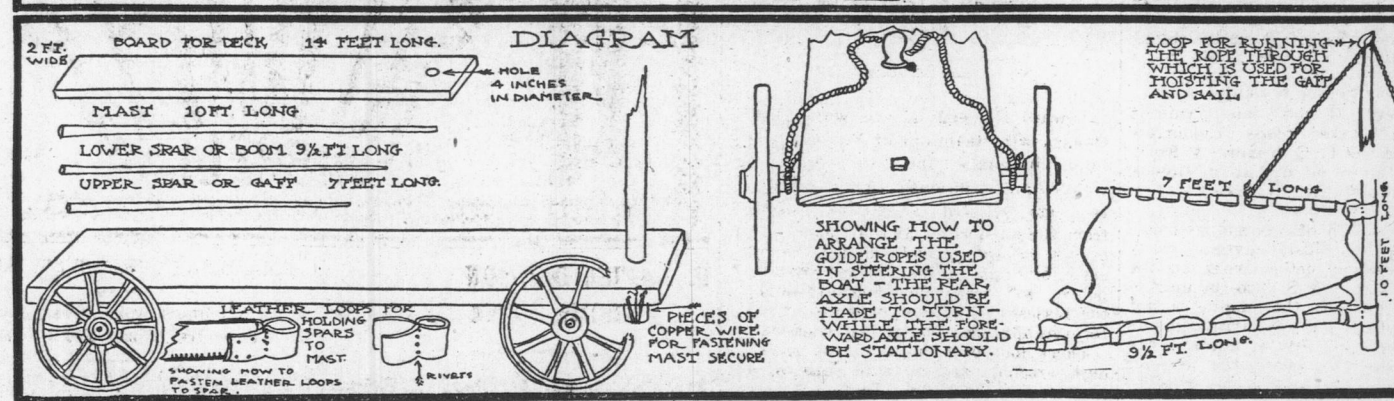
A STORY WITH A MORAL.

Felix Rogers' parents died when he was a very small boy. He had no brothers or sisters, and his only relative, an aunt, his mother's sister, although a poor widow who was unable to work, kindly took him to her home. She had five children—Alice, George, Mary, Lizzy and Leon—and Felix made a sixth. Felix was at the head of his class; he was very bright and learned rapidly. They all went to a public school. When Felix was 14 years old he still lived with his aunt; but she was now old and he had been when Felix came to live with her. Her uncle had died and left her a small sum of money, but quite enough to live comfortably without work. Felix was a strong, tall, good-natured fellow. His honesty and truthfulness made him a great favorite with all his schoolmates and all who knew him. One day at lunch hour, as he was walking home from school, a fire engine passed, but the fire was not in the city; it was in a place called the "White Horse," where a fire engine was working. Felix saw a child at the window of the house, and he thought the child might fall. He looked again, the child was a little girl, about four years old. Her danger increased as the seconds sped. Felix was about to run up a ladder to pick up the child.

When a policeman said, roughly: "See here, young man, don't go up there or you will be killed sure. One dead is better than two." "I will save her if no one else will," and up he dashed through the smoke before the astonished policeman could stop him. Felix was as quick as a flash; he took the child on his arm and descended rapidly. He reached the sidewalk in safety and heard the policeman mutter: "He is a plucky boy. I am a policeman, and wouldn't have done it, neither would the firemen, and everybody knows they are brave." Three minutes later, with a crash that was heard many blocks, the wall fell down; nobody was hurt, for the policeman ordered the people to "stand back," which they did in a hurry. The next day Felix's name was in the newspapers, with a long account of his brave deed. The mother of the child he rescued was Mrs. Richmond, a wealthy lady. She did not live in the firehouse, but her nurse girl went to see her sister and took the child with her. When the fire broke out she ran to save herself and forgot all about the little girl. Mrs. Richmond went to see Felix's aunt, and with her consent she adopted Felix. She had lost a son about Felix's age, and Mrs. Rogers knew Felix had a good home, a loving mother and a dear little sister. He would go to college, and some day might become a great man. Yet she was very sorry to let him go, as she loved him as if he were her own son, but she thought, "He will have a good education and a chance to be a lawyer or write great books, and if he stays with me he soon will leave school and have to work for his living." Was she not unselfish? Felix never forgot his aunt's kindness, and by and by when she moved to the country and three of her children went to college some people thought it was Felix's doing, and perhaps it was. So we see, whether a boy is poor or rich he can always be kind and loving and help others. EDNA FRANCES DESSAR.

Our Young Folks

How To Make A Land Boat.



In a little country town in New Jersey, on a branch line of a large railroad, lived a boy who dearly loved to make strange things out of scrap iron and pieces of wood. Most of the things he made were of no use whatever, but sometimes he would construct something that would answer a practical purpose. One day he found in some old scrap iron four wheels and axles of an old handcar. He made a rough platform, which he fastened to these wheels, fixed a mast into the platform and a sail to the mast, and the first time the wind

blew favorably off he went for a sail on the railroad. Only one train a day passed over the little branch road, and by waiting until that had passed he could cruise up and down the line in perfect safety. The grade in the road was very steep at that point, was very long, and at times he would coast down hill on his "railroad boat" for two miles, and by the time he reached the level he would be going so fast that he would go another mile before stopping. Of course, his sail would be furling all this time, but afterward he would spread it and come sailing back up the hill at a fine rate. He had holes for his mast in both ends of the "deck," so he never had to turn the machine around when he wished to return.

He could sail in any kind of a wind but one from dead ahead. When it blew from either side he would swing the boom of his sail a little further forward and go at a merry clip, but when it blew hard and strong from straight astern the craft would roll along gloriously, and often travel almost as fast as a passenger train and much faster than a freight train. For a long time he enjoyed this novel form of sailing on dry land, and, in fact, although he has since crossed the ocean in a private yacht, he has never felt quite the thrill on shipboard that he experienced when his clumsy old "ship of the line" would roll off before a stiff breeze.

We do not recommend this form of sailing, although its inventor never met with an accident, but we can recommend one which is almost as good, and with which you can cruise about the country finely. Take the wheels and axles of an old "express" wagon; the lower the wheels the better for your purpose. If you can find one your little brother will let you use it, it will be just the thing. Remove the wagon body and put in its place a board 14 feet long, two feet wide and half an inch thick. Screw the board to the axles of your wheels just as the wagon body was fastened and the hull of your boat is complete. Bore a hole four inches in diameter in the center of the board a foot from the rear wheels. Cut a hickory sapling 10 feet high and 4 inches in diameter at the

Composite Animals

Here is a game that is a little too long for recess, but just right for those girls who take their luncheon to school and then eat it so quickly that they have 40 minutes or so to wait before school begins in the afternoon. The girls who play it "choose sides," and there can be as many on a side as you can get, although there should not be less than four. Each side chooses the name of some animal, being careful not to let the other side know their choice. There is a captain of each side. After the animals have been chosen, one side goes to the blackboard, and each girl makes a straight line. Those lines form part of the outline of the animal which that side has chosen. The lines may be joined together or not, but each line must be part of the outline of the animal chosen. The captain of the side may decide whether to have each girl draw one or two lines, but each girl must draw the same number. The object is to sketch on the blackboard enough of the outline of the animal so that an equal number of new lines drawn by the other side and connecting the old lines will complete the picture. The side first at the board is very careful not to let the other side know what animal they intend to picture, and in drawing it they make the outlines as disconnected as possible, so that the other side may be misled into making a finished picture of the animal. They will do in a great many cases, but if they do get the right one and finish the drawing in the same number of strokes used by their opponents, they take their turn at beginning the drawing, while the other side must complete it. But if the guessers do not draw the right animal, or if in drawing it they use one stroke more than did the others in their half of the design, they must guess again and complete another picture. So the game goes on until the bell rings, when the side which has started the most pictures is the winner. Irkutsk, Siberia, is a city of padlocks. There are more padlocks on the shutters and doors of an Irkutsk shop than can be found in an English city of 200,000. There are as many as three padlocks on some shop doors, and every lower story shutter bears from one to five. The padlocks weigh from one pound to fifteen pounds. The popular size is five pounds, and two and one-half inches thick.

The Beaver and His Tail



Many years ago there lived in this country a number of beavers who were like those of the present day except that their tails were long and thin, like those of muskrats, instead of being large and flat as they are now. And the reason that the tails of the beaver had become so changed in shape is this: Even in those early days the beavers lived in fine houses which they built in pools and streams, and in which they lay a great store of food to last them through the winter when ice should keep up the water-courses and keep the animals prisoners in their own homes. Of course they took good care to be snug as home before the cold weather came, but once (and you shall hear us nearly every day) the beavers were shot through their carelessness a party of incautious young beavers went too far in search of some particularly desirable logs, and, to their dismay, found their homes that its surface was covered with a thick coating of ice.

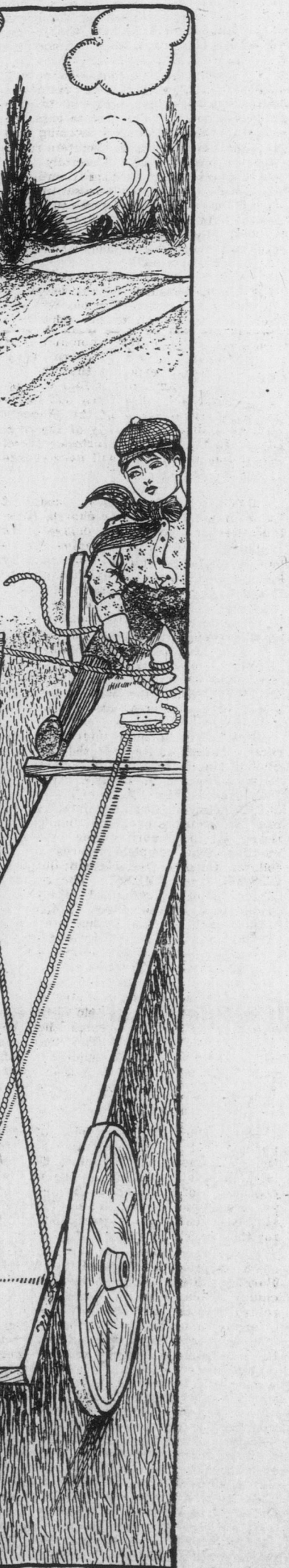
They had been so hard at work over the logs that they had failed to notice the increasing cold, but now the unexpected sight of the ice sent a chill to their very hearts. Still they did not intend to sit still and freeze, but set about their return as speedily as possible, hoping that some charitable relative had remembered their absence and kept a passage open by which they might return to their fine, warm houses. But, alas! when they reached the village of their people, the ice was solid as a rock and only the tops of the dome-like houses rose above the glassy surface. The entrances were all far below near the bottom of the stream, and nowhere did they find an opening by which they might enter. The poor beavers were in despair; the cold was steadily increasing, and chilling them to the very marrow of their bones, and they felt that whatever they did was to be done quickly or else they would die there in the bitter atmosphere within a few feet of their relatives and friends, who were doubtless at

that very moment eating or taking long, cosy winter naps in their warm, comfortable houses. The unfortunate exiles made frantic efforts to dig through the ice, but they found that it only wore out their toenails and made their feet dreadfully sore all to no purpose. Then they tried to dig their way through the top of one of the houses, but the frost had rendered the mud-plastered sticks of which it was built as hard as stone; so they were obliged to abandon that idea also. They jumped up and down and banged with their tails on the tops of several of the houses, hoping to attract the attention of some of the inhabitants, who might in some way aid them in effecting an entrance, but all their efforts seemed fruitless, and they were just about to resign themselves to their fate and lie down on the ice to die, when the top of a partly ruined house, on which they had been jumping as a last resort, gave way with a crash. They were in luck, for they found a hole four inches in diameter at the

base, and, after trimming it carefully of all branches and stubs, fit it in this hole by sticking the small end of the sapling through the hole first. After you have shoved it as far as it will go you will find about six inches of it still sticking out from the bottom of the board. Fasten four pieces of copper wire to this end of the mast, and then fasten the other ends of the wire to the bottom of the board, so that the ends form a square, as in Figure 1. Take a hickory stick 9 feet 6 inches long and 3 inches thick at the large end, and another 7 feet long and 2 inches thick at the large end, and smooth them carefully after peeling off the bark. These will be the frames for your sail. The sail should be made of bed ticking, which is strong, light and cheap. You will need a piece nine feet square. Cut this in the form shown in Figure 2, with the same measurements as are given there. Then fasten it to your seven and nine foot sticks by strong loops of the same material as in Figure 3. When this is done your sail will be complete. Take a piece of leather three inches wide and one foot long. Loop this around the bottom of the mast, and leaving

Three feet from the rear end of the board bore a hole two inches in diameter. Into this hole fit a strong plug six inches high, with a knob on the top. Then tie another cord to the rear end of your boom, and the other end to this plug. The cord should be 15 feet long, and is used to regulate the distance that your boom should swing out to the sides, as in Figure 6. With a wind from directly astern let the cord out to its full length, so that the boom is at a right angle to the body of your craft. When the wind blows toward you from nearly in front the cord should be wound around this plug until the rear end of the boom is only about three feet from the board or "deck."

The rudder is made by fastening a strong cord to both ends of the axles of the rear wheels. These are the ones that were in the front of the express wagon, and they can turn from side to side, while those in front cannot. When you pull on the right hand cord you will go to the right, and when on the left hand cord you will go to the left. Now you are ready to start. You must sit on the very rear of your "boat," so that the lower stick of your sail, or "boom," will not strike you when it swings from side to side. With the wind blowing from straight behind it is "plain sailing," but when it blows from the sides or from almost in front you will have some difficulty at first in finding just the right angle to hold your "rud-



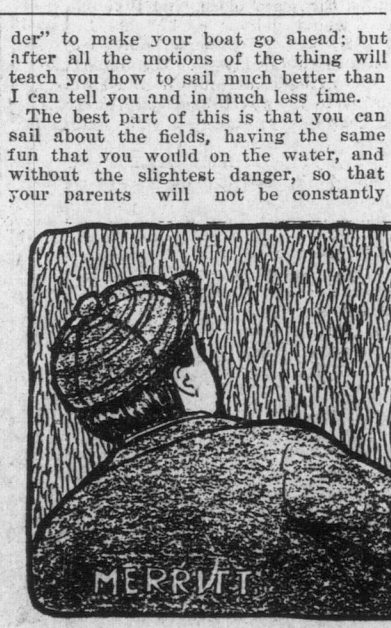
FELIX RESCUES MRS. RICHMOND'S LITTLE GIRL.



ALL THE GIRLS OF ONE SIDE DRAW FIRST.

animals long to scramble through the opening and make their way by various under-water passages to their several homes, where, after a hearty meal, they at once settled down to sleep without disturbing any of their friends, who were one and all found wrapped in deep slumber. But the next spring, when the ice melted and the village awoke, the beavers who had so narrowly escaped death told the others all that had befallen them. And then the chief of the beavers, an animal so old that his whiskers were gray with age, issued a proclamation in which he ordered all of his people to fasten wooden paddles to their tails, so that in case of a similar occurrence they would be able to make good use of the greatest assistance in building and plastering their houses; and gradually, through much exercise in using the wooden implements, the shapes of their tails changed till they were large and flat, like the tails of beavers of the present time. FLORENCE A. EVANS.

der" to make your boat go ahead; but after all the motions of the thing will teach you how to sail much better than I can tell you and in much less time. The best part of this is that you can sail about the fields, having the same fun that you would on the water, and without the slightest danger, so that your parents will not be constantly



FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

Marriage of Herbert Gladstone and Miss Dorothy Paget.

London, Nov. 2.—The marriage of Herbert Gladstone, youngest son of the famous British statesman, to Dorothy Paget, a daughter of Sir Richard Horn Paget, Bart, took place this afternoon at St. Andrew's church. The function, which was one of widespread social interest, was largely attended. At the reception given at Lady Paget's house after the ceremony, the guests viewed the unique and costly presents, which numbered over 600, and included a silver stand from King Edward.

MAN AND WIFE IN DISTRESS.—Dr. Bochner, of Buffalo, says: "My wife and I were both troubled with distressing Catarrh, but we have enjoyed freedom from this aggravating malady since the day we first used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Its action was instantaneous, giving the most grateful relief within ten minutes after first application." 50 cents. Sold by Jackson & Co. and Hall & Co.—152.

BIRTHS.

LARGE.—At Bella Bella, B. C., on Oct. 21st, the wife of R. W. Large, M. D., of a son.

ALLAN.—At Nelson, on Oct. 28th, the wife of Thorburn Allan, of a son.

MARRIED.

GRAVELLE-WESTON.—At Nelson, on Oct. 28th, by Rev. Dr. White, Francis Gravelle and Mrs. Stella Weston.

ALLEN-BRIDGEFORD.—At Nelson, on Oct. 31st, by Rev. Dr. Wright, William Allen and Miss Agnes Bridgeford, both of Comptons.

ARMISTONG-CONNINGHAM.—At Nelson, on Oct. 29th, by Rev. Dr. Wright, John T. Armstrong and Miss Bella Conningham.

WILLIAMS-DRAKE.—At Vancouver, on Oct. 30th, A. J. Williams and Miss Rose Drake, of Victoria.

AIKEN-M-BRIDE.—At Vancouver, on Oct. 30th, by Rev. E. E. Scott, A. Aiken and Miss E. McBride.

DIED.

ALMANZAR.—At Esquimalt, on the 2nd inst., Antonio Almanzar, a native of Cuba, aged 60 years.

JOHNSTON.—At the City hospital, Vancouver, on Oct. 31st, Annie Margaret Johnston, daughter of Joseph and Sophia Johnston, aged 6 years and 10 months.

CRAWFORD.—At Vancouver, on Nov. 2nd, James Crawford, aged 21 years.

ARNOLD.—In this city, on the 31st Oct., Samuel Arnold, a native of Dorchester, England, aged 62 years and 7 months.