

A LITTLE TOWN.

By G. R.

One time a little town did lie
 Within a hollow, fair and green;
 And, flowing to the open sky,
 A shining river ran between.
 One half that little town lay spread,
 As though asleep, beneath the hill;
 And at the crest, more quiet still,
 The other half were lying dead.

And there one time a little boy
 Was wont to run away from school,
 For much his rebel heart had joy
 To break the master's iron rule.
 He knew the reedy river's brim;
 And when he wandered up and down,
 The green old hill, from base to
 crown,
 Was friend and fellow unto him.

* * *

O, many years since then have flown!
 The hill was cleared by ruthless
 hands;
 The little boy a man hath grown;
 Where slept the town a city stands.
 Yet, when that city seems to frown,
 Ofttimes the 'little boy' doth sigh
 For all the rebel years that lie
 Deep buried with the little town!

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Papua or British New Guinea.

Not every reader of current literature can state the exact geographical position of Papua. Reference is often made to the diversified interests of the British Empire. The following extract from a book written by the Lieutenant Governor of Papua is illustrative:—

"As in most primitive communities, payment is, according to Papuan ideas, a complete satisfaction in a case of homicide, and it is often very difficult to convince an accused person that such a plea is not allowed in law; sometimes I have had to give up the

task in despair, and have seen a prisoner led off to gaol loudly explaining, with vigorous gesticulations, that he has paid a pig, a tomahawk, and a necklace of dog's teeth for the murdered man, and that it was a great deal more than he was worth. The price of a man varies in different parts of the territory, and, strange as it may seem, in a land where the women do most of the work, the price of a woman is always less than that of a man.

"A northern native who had killed his father excused himself on the ground that 'the old man was not much good,' and a favourite defence to a charge of killing women and children is that 'plenty more he stop' (that is, there are plenty more women and children left).

"A defence which showed that all the world is akin was raised recently at Samarai, where the prisoner urged that the murdered man was a bore. 'All the time he talk, he talk, he talk too much.' Needless to say that his sentence was not a very heavy one."
 —The Colonial Journal.
 Harbour.

Doesn't Gran'pa Want to be Superannuated and 'Stay Home' With That 'Little Girl'?

Scene: A departmental office.
 Phone rings.

Little girl's voice at phone: "Is that the Guvverment?"

Ready-witted clerk: "Sure, this is It."

Little girl: "Well, is my Gran'pa there?"

REX.

In his "fourth column" article of the 7th instant, the editor of the Ottawa Citizen again advocates the co-ordination of the public works, railways and marine departments in the great construction works in which they now engage separately, with a view to avoiding duplication of work while promoting unity and completeness of design.